



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

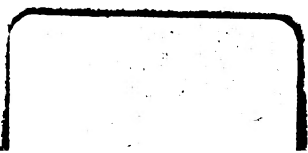
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

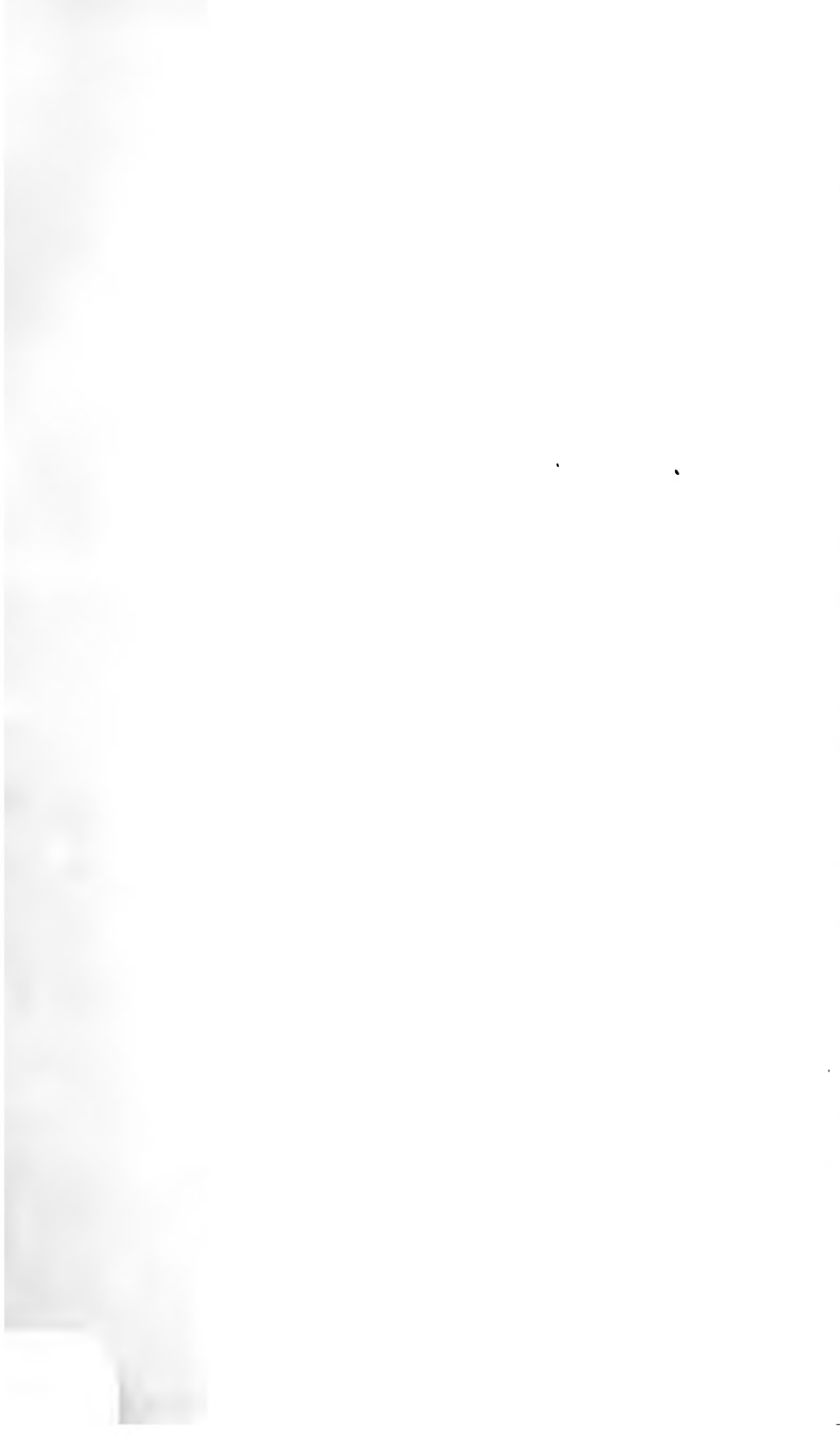
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

3 3433 08167376 0



*10

Penelope

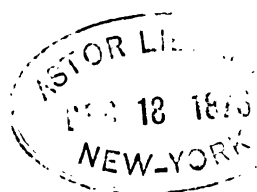


BENTLEY'S
MISCELLANY.

VOL. IX.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1841.



ROY WEN
OLIVER
YRABELL

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Guy Fawkes: a Historical Romance, by William Harrison Ainsworth,	1, 113, 225, 329, 441, 551
✓ Merrie England in the Olden Time, by George Daniel,	17, 129, 257, 361, 486, 593
Opinions of the "Times,"	37
Bells,	90
The Pop Visit,	150
The Mump,	457
Victoria Regina, by Miss Acton,	38
My Grand Tour,	40
Abdications, a Prize Essay,	49
The Children of the Mobility <i>versus</i> The Children of the Nobility,	164
Diary of a Dining-out Man,	280
Secrets of the Blue Chamber,	399
The Link Man,	635
The Village Blacksmith,	53
It is not always May,	196
The Old Ledger. No. I. The Grey Mare,	54
No. II. Septimus Jeffs,	197
No. III. The Mountebank,	390
No. IV. The Girl at No. 7.	507
When shall we three meet again?	64
Colin Clink, by Charles Hooton,	65
County Legends. No. II. Nell Cook,	81
No. III. The Lay of the Old Woman clothed in grey	521, 574
Biographical Sketch of Thomas Hill, Esq.	86
Cemeteries and Churchyards, a Visit to Kensall Green,	92
Stanley Thorn, by the Author of "Valentine Vox,"	98, 209, 423, 531
To One far away,	149
A Day with Nature,	646
The Dancing Master,	157
A tough Yarn, by O. Smith,	158
Sydney, from the Memoranda of a Physician, by Capt. Medwin	168
Elective Freedom, by Lady Wyatt,	179
The Three Ravens,	180
Praise of Wine, by J. M. Moscherosch,	186
Irish Superstitions, by P. M'Teague,	188
The Exile's Song to Fatherland, by W. J.	205
Marine Memoranda, by a Sub-marine,	206, 503
Summer in the Heart, by Epes Sargent,	208
An Irish Love Adventure,	241
An Adventure in the Fifteen Acres— Bob Donellan's Story,	647
National Deficiencies,	254
One Hour with Death!	255
On Galatea, by Gotthold Ephraim, Lessing,	271
Horæ Officinæ, by a Man about Town,	272, 413
A Classical Ode, with a "free Translation,"	292
Messrs. Leach, Battye, and Slug's Managing Chancery Clerk,	293
Modern English Dramatists—Serjeant Talfourd,	301
Ho-Fi of the Yellow Girdle,	305
Wanted a Widow, by Charles Whitehead,	319

Epistle to Fanny Elssler at New York, from "the Omnibus" in London,	328
Lines occasioned by the successful getting-up of a new Comedy, by J. S.	344
Rumfuskin, King of the North Pole, by John Poole,	345
The Sailor, by W. Law Gane,	357
A Rencontre with the Brigands, by Albert Smith,	375
Hyson and Bohea, a Tale of the Tea-pot, } by "T. T. T."	382
The Porcelain Bath,	610
Contentment, by Martin Opitz Von Boberfeld,	398
The Return of the Birds, by W. G. J. Barker,	421
Light, by the Author of "London Assurance,"	422
On the Knighting of Brunel, by E. L. J.	461
Ghost Gossips, by the Author of "Stephen Dugard,"	462, 622
To Myrtha, by George Rudolph Weckherlin,	473
Plain Advice to Mr. Gabriel Blackadder,	474
Wishes, } by Paul Flemming,	502
Song,	550
Song—The Wanderer,	506
The German Student's Tale,	516
Notes on some new Novels, by Dr. Pangloss,	526
Bridal Hymn, by Zacharias Lundt,	530
The Stage-Coachman Abroad, by Dudley Costello,	543
Hours in Hindostan,	567
Sonnet on presenting a young Lady with a locket of hair,	573
Specimens of Modern German Poets, by Mary Howitt,	573
The Lonja of Seville, by the Hon. R. Dundas Murray (Elibank),	583
Hope, by Jesias Rumpfer von Loenwenthalt,	592
The Mill of Pouldu, by Miss Costello,	644
Taglioni, by O. Smith,	662

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Viviana Radcliffe examined by the Earl of Salisbury and the Privy Council in the Star-Chamber,	1
Portrait of Thomas Hill, Esq.	88
Mr. Bouncewell and his Colleagues "trying it on" after Stanley's election,	99
Guy Fawkes laying the train,	113
Stanley and his Mother going into their accounts,	211
Arrest of Guy Fawkes,	225
Ho-Fi caught in his own trap,	312
Guy Fawkes interrogated by King James the First,	329
Rumfuskin, or Treason rewarded,	352
The Earl and the Professional Gentlemen,	440
Guy Fawkes subscribing his Examination after the torture,	441
The Old Woman clothed in grey,	525
The Explosion at Holbeach,	566
Si-Long's Arrival at the Philosopher's,	610





*Virginia examined by the Earl of Salisbury
and the Privy Council in the Star Chamber*

34

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STAR-CHAMBER.

VIVIANA, as has already been intimated, after her capture at the house at Lambeth, was conveyed to the Star-Chamber. Here she was detained until a late hour on the following day, when she underwent a long and rigorous examination by certain members of the Privy Council, who were summoned for that purpose by the Earl of Salisbury. Throughout this arduous trial she maintained the utmost composure, and never for a single moment lost her firmness. On all occasions, her matchless beauty and dignity produced the strongest impression on the beholders; but on no occasion had they ever produced so strong an effect as the present. Her features were totally destitute of bloom, but their very paleness, contrasted as it was with her large dark eyes, which blazed with unwonted brilliancy, as well as with her jet-black hair, so far from detracting from her loveliness, appeared to add to it.

As she was brought before the Council, who were seated round a table, and remained standing at a short distance from them, guarded by Topcliffe and two halberdiers, a murmur of admiration pervaded the group, — nor was this feeling lessened as the examination proceeded. Once, when the Earl of Salisbury adverted to the unworthy position in which she, the daughter of the proud and loyal Sir William Radcliffe, had placed herself, a shade passed over her brow, and a slight convulsion agitated her frame. But the next moment she recovered herself, and said,

“However circumstances may appear against me, and whatever opinion your lordships may entertain of my conduct, the King has not a more loyal subject than myself, nor have any of you made greater efforts to avert the danger by which he is threatened.”

“Then you admit that his Majesty is in danger?” cried the Earl of Salisbury, eagerly.

“I admit nothing,” replied Viviana. “But I affirm that I am his true and loyal subject.”

“You cannot expect us to believe your assertion,” replied the Earl; “unless you approve it by declaring all you know touching this conspiracy.”

“I have already told you, my lord,” she returned, “that my lips are sealed on that subject.”

“You disclaim, then, all knowledge of a plot against the King’s life, and against his government?” pursued Salisbury

Viviana shook her head.

"You refuse to give up the names of your companions, or to reveal their intentions?" continued the Earl.

"I do," she answered firmly.

"Your obstinacy will not save them," rejoined the Earl in a severe tone, and after a brief pause. "Their names and their atrocious design are known to us."

"If such be the case," replied Viviana, "why interrogate me on the subject?"

"Because — but it is needless to give a reason for the course which justice requires me to pursue," returned the Earl. "You are implicated in this plot, and nothing can save you from condign punishment but a frank and full confession."

"Nothing *can* save me then, my lord," replied Viviana, "but Heaven knows I shall perish unjustly."

A consultation was then held by the lords of the council, who whispered together for a few minutes. Viviana regarded them anxiously, but suffered no expression of uneasiness to escape her. As they again turned towards her, she saw from their looks, some of which exhibited great commiseration for her, that they had come to a decision (she could not doubt what?) respecting her fate. Her heart stopped beating, and she could scarcely support herself. Such, however, was the control she exercised over herself that, though filled with terror, her demeanour remained unaltered. She was not long kept in suspense. Fixing his searching gaze upon her, the Earl of Salisbury observed in a severe tone,

"Viviana Radcliffe, I ask you for the last time whether you will avow the truth?"

No answer was returned.

"I will not disguise from you," continued the Earl, "that your youth, your beauty, your constancy, and, above all, your apparent innocence, have deeply interested me, as well as the other noble persons here assembled to interrogate you, and who would willingly save you from the sufferings you will necessarily undergo, from a mistaken fidelity to the heinous traitors with whom you are so unhappily leagued. I would give you time to reflect did I think the delay would answer any good purpose. I would remind you that no oath of secrecy, however solemn, can be binding in an unrighteous cause. I would tell you that your first duty is to your prince and governor, and that it is as great a crime, as unpardonable in the eyes of God as of man, to withhold the revelation of a conspiracy against the state, should it come to your knowledge, as to conspire against it yourself. I would lay all this before you. I would show you the magnitude of your offence, the danger in which you stand, and the utter impossibility of screening your companions, who ere long will be confronted with you,—did I think it would avail. But, as you continue obstinate, justice must take its course."

"I am prepared for the worst, my lord," replied Viviana, humbly. "I thank your lordships for your consideration: but

I take you all to witness that I profess the utmost loyalty and devotion for my sovereign, and that, whatever may be my fate, those feelings will remain unchanged to the last."

"Your manner and your words are so sincere, that, were not your conduct at variance with them, they might convince us," returned the Earl. "As it is, even if we could credit your innocence, we are bound to act as if you were guilty. You will be committed to the Tower till his Majesty's pleasure is known. And I grieve to add, if you still continue obstinate, the severest measures will be resorted to to extract the truth from you."

As he concluded, he attached his signature to a warrant which was lying on the table before him, and traced a few lines to Sir William Waad, lieutenant of the Tower.

This done, he handed the papers to Topcliffe, and waving his hand, Viviana was removed to the chamber in which she had been previously confined, and where she was detained under a strict guard, until Topcliffe, who had left her, returned to say that all was in readiness, and bidding her follow him, led the way to the river-side, where a wherry, manned by six rowers, was waiting for them.

The night was profoundly dark, and, as none of the guard carried torches, their course was steered in perfect obscurity. But the rowers were too familiar with the river to require the guidance of light. Shooting the bridge in safety, and pausing only for a moment to give the signal of their approach to the sentinels on the ramparts, they passed swiftly under the low-browed arch of Traitor's Gate.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE JAILER'S DAUGHTER.

As Viviana set foot on those fatal stairs, which so many have trod, and none without feeling that they took their first step towards the scaffold, she involuntarily shrank backward. But it was now too late to retreat; and she surrendered her hand to Topcliffe, who assisted her up the steps. Half-a-dozen men-at-arms, with a like number of warders bearing torches, were present; and as it was necessary that Topcliffe should deliver his warrant into Sir William Waad's own hands, he committed his prisoner to the warders, with instructions to them to take her to the guard-room near the By-ward Tower, while he proceeded to the lieutenant's lodgings.

It was the first time Viviana had beheld the terrible pile in which she was immured, though she was well acquainted with its history, and with the persecutions which many of the professors of her faith had endured within it during the recent reign of Elizabeth; and as the light of the torches flashed upon the grey walls of the Bloody Tower, and upon the adjoining ramparts, all the dreadful tales she had heard rushed to her recollection. But having recovered the first shock, the succeeding impressions were powerless in comparison, and she accom-

panied the warders to the guard-room without expressing any outward emotion. Here a seat was offered her, and as the men considerably withdrew, she was able to pursue her reflections unmolested. They were sad enough, and it required all her firmness to support her.

When considering what was likely to befall her in consequence of her adherence to the fortunes of Fawkes and his companions, she had often pictured some dreadful situation like the present, but the reality far exceeded her worst anticipations. She had deemed herself equal to any emergency, but as she thought upon the dark menaces of the Earl of Salisbury, she felt it would require greater fortitude than she had hitherto displayed to bear her through her trial. Nor were her meditations entirely confined upon herself. While trembling for the perilous situation of Guy Fawkes, she reproached herself that she could not requite even in thought the passionate devotion of Humphrey Chetham.

"What matters it now," she thought, "that I cannot love him? I shall soon be nothing to him, or to any one. And yet I feel I have done him wrong, and that I should be happier if I *could* requite his attachment. But the die is cast. It is too late to repent, or to retreat. My heart acquits me of having been influenced by any unworthy motive, and I will strive to endure the keenest pang without a murmur."

Shortly after this, Topcliffe returned with Sir William Waad. On their entrance, Viviana arose, and the lieutenant eyed her with some curiosity. He was a middle-aged man, tall, stoutly-built, and having harsh features, stamped with an expression of mingled cunning and ferocity. His eyes had a fierce and bloodthirsty look, and were overshadowed by thick and scowling brows. Saluting the captive with affected courtesy, he observed,

"So you refuse to answer the interrogations of the Privy Council, madam, I understand. I am not sorry for it, because I would have the merit of wringing the truth from you. Those who have been most stubborn outside these walls, have been the most yielding within them."

"That will not be my case," replied Viviana, coldly.

"We shall see," returned the lieutenant, with a significant glance at Topcliffe.

Ordering her to follow him, he then proceeded along the ward in the direction of the Bloody Tower, and passing beneath its arched gateway, ascended the steps on the left, and led her to his lodgings. Entering the habitation, he mounted to the upper story, and tracking a long gallery, brought her to a small circular chamber in the Bell Tower. Its sole furniture were a chair, a table, and a couch.

"Here you will remain for the present," observed the lieutenant, smiling grimly, and placing a lamp on the table. "It will depend upon yourself whether your accommodations are better hereafter."

With this, he quitted the cell with his attendants, and barred the door outside.

Left alone, Viviana, who had hitherto restrained her anguish, suffered it to find vent in tears. Never had she felt so utterly forlorn and desolate. All before her was threatening and terrible, full of dangers real and imaginary; nor could she look back upon her past career without something like remorse.

"Oh that Heaven would take me to itself!" she murmured, clasping her hands in an agony of distress, "for I feel unequal to my trials. Oh! that I had perished with my dear father! For what dreadful fate am I reserved?—Torture,—I will bear it, if I *can*. But death by the hands of the public executioner,—it is too horrible to think of! Is there no way to escape *that*?"

As this hideous thought occurred to her, she uttered a loud and prolonged scream, and fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered it was daylight; and, weak and exhausted, she crept to the couch, and throwing herself upon it, endeavoured to forget her misery in sleep. But, as is usually the case with the afflicted, it fled her eyelids, and she passed several hours in the severest mental torture, unrelieved by a single cheering thought.

About the middle of the day, the door of the cell was opened by an old woman with a morose and forbidding countenance, attended by a younger female, who resembled her in all but the expression of her features, (her look was gentle and compassionate,) and who appeared to be her daughter.

Without paying any attention to Viviana, the old woman took a small loaf of bread and other provisions from a basket she had brought with her, and placed them on the table. This done, she was about to depart, when her daughter, who had glanced uneasily at the couch, observed in a kindly tone,

"Shall we not inquire whether we can be of service to the poor young lady, mother?"

"Why should we concern ourselves about her, Ruth?" returned the old woman, sharply. "If she wants anything, she has a tongue, and can speak. If she desires further comforts," she added, in a significant tone, "they must be *paid* for."

"I desire nothing but death," groaned Viviana.

"The poor soul is dying, I believe," cried Ruth, rushing to the couch. "Have you no cordial-water about you, mother?"

"Truly have I," returned the old woman; "and I have other things besides. But I must be paid for them."

As she spoke, she drew from her pocket a small, square, Dutch-shaped bottle.

"Give it me," cried Ruth, snatching it from her. "I am sure the young lady will pay for it."

"You are very kind," said Viviana faintly. "But I have no means of doing so."

"I knew it!" cried the old woman, fiercely. "I knew it. Give me back the flask, Ruth. She shall not taste a drop. Do you not hear she has no money, wench. Give it me, I say."

"Nay, mother, for pity's sake," implored Ruth.

"Pity, forsooth!" exclaimed the old woman, derisively. "If I, and thy father, Jasper Ipgreve, had any such feeling, it would be high time for him to give up his post of jailer in the Tower of London. Pity for a *poor* prisoner! Thou a jailer's daughter, and talk so. I am ashamed of thee, wench. But I thought this was a rich Catholic heiress, and had powerful and wealthy friends."

"So she is," replied Ruth; "and though she may have no money with her now, she can command any amount she pleases. I heard Master Topcliffe tell young Nicholas Hardesty, the warder, so. She is the daughter of the late Sir William Radcliffe, of Ordsall Hall in Lancashire, and sole heiress of his vast estates."

"Is this so, sweet lady?" inquired the old woman, stepping towards the couch. "Are you truly Sir William Radcliffe's daughter?"

"I am," replied Viviana. "But I have said I require nothing from you. Leave me."

"No—no, dear young lady," rejoined Dame Ipgreve, in a whining tone, which was infinitely more disagreeable to Viviana than her previous harshness, "I cannot leave you in this state. Raise her head, Ruth, while I pour a few drops of the cordial down her throat."

"I will not taste it," replied Viviana, putting the flask aside.

"You would find it a sovereign restorative," replied Dame Ipgreve, with a mortified look; "but as you please. I will not urge you against your inclination. The provisions I have been obliged to bring you are too coarse for a daintily-nurtured maiden like you, — but you shall have others presently."

"It is needless," rejoined Viviana. "Pray leave me."

"Well, well, I am going," rejoined Dame Ipgreve, hesitating. "Do you want to write to any one? I can find means of conveying a letter secretly out of the Tower."

"Ah!" exclaimed Viviana, raising herself. "And yet no—no—I dare not trust you."

"You may," replied the avaricious old woman, — "provided you pay me well."

"I will think of it," returned Viviana. "But I have not strength to write now."

"You must not give way thus, —indeed, you must not, dear lady," said Ruth, in a voice of great kindness. "It will not be safe to leave you. Suffer me to remain with you."

"Willingly," replied Viviana; "most willingly."

"Stay with her, then, child," said Dame Ipgreve. "I will go and prepare a nourishing broth for her. Take heed, and make a shrewd bargain with her for thy attendance," she added in a hasty whisper, as she retired.

Greatly relieved by the old woman's departure, Viviana turned to Ruth, and thanked her in the warmest terms for her kindness.

A few minutes sufficed to convert the sympathy which these two young persons evidently felt towards each other into affectionate regard, and the jailer's daughter assured Viviana, that so long as she should be detained, she would devote herself to her.

By this time, the old woman had returned with a mess of hot broth, which she carried with an air of great mystery beneath her cloak. Viviana was prevailed upon by the solicitations of Ruth to taste it, and found herself much revived in consequence. Her slight meal ended, Dame Ipgreve departed, with a promise to return in the evening with such viands as she could manage to introduce unobserved, and with a flask of wine.

"You will need it, sweet lady, I fear," she said; "for my husband tells me you are in peril of the torture. Oh! it is a sad thing, that such as you should be so cruelly dealt with! But we will take all the care of you we can. You will not forget to requite us. You must give me an order on your steward, or on some rich Catholic friend. I am half a Papist myself,—that is, I like one religion as well as the other,—and I like those best, whatever their creed may be, who pay best. That is my maxim. And it is the same with my husband. We do all we can to scrape together a penny for our child."

"No more of this, good mother," interrupted Ruth. "It distresses the lady? I will take care she wants nothing."

"Right, child, right," returned Dame Ipgreve;—"do not forget what I told you," she added in a whisper.

And she quitted the cell.

Ruth remained with Viviana during the rest of the day, and it was a great consolation to the latter to find that her companion was of the same faith as herself,—having been converted by Father Poole, a Romish priest who was confined in the Tower during the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, and whose sufferings and constancy for his religion had made a powerful impression on the jailer's daughter. As soon as Viviana ascertained this, she made Ruth, so far as she thought prudent, a confidante in her misfortunes, and after beguiling some hours in conversation, they both knelt down and offered up fervent prayers to the Virgin. Ruth then departed, promising to return in the evening with her mother.

Soon after it became dark, Dame Ipgreve and her daughter re-appeared, the former carrying a lamp, and the latter a basket of provisions. Ruth's countenance was so troubled, that Viviana was certain that some fresh calamity was at hand.

"What is the matter?" she hastily demanded.

"Make your meal first, dear young lady," replied Dame Ipgreve. "Our news might take away your appetite, and you will have to pay for your supper, whether you eat it or not."

"You alarm me greatly," cried Viviana, anxiously. "What ill news do you bring?"

"I will not keep you longer in suspense, madam," said Ruth.

"You are to be examined to-night by the lieutenant and certain

members of the Privy Council, and if you refuse to answer their questions, I lament to say you will be put to the torture."

"Heaven give me strength to endure it!" ejaculated Viviana, in a despairing tone.

"Eat, madam, eat," cried Dame Ipgreve, pressing the viands upon her. "You will never be able to go through with the examination, if you starve yourself in this way."

"Are you sure," inquired Viviana, appealing to Ruth, "that it will take place so soon?"

"Quite sure," replied Ruth. "My father has orders to attend the lieutenant at midnight."

"Let me advise you to conceal nothing," insinuated the old woman. "They are determined to wring the truth from you,—and they *will* do so."

"You are mistaken, good woman," replied Viviana, firmly. "I will die before I utter a word."

"You think so now," returned Dame Ipgreve, maliciously. "But the sight of the rack and the thumbscrews will alter your tone. At all events, support nature."

"No," replied Viviana; "as I do not desire to live, I will use no effort to sustain myself. They may kill me if they please."

"Misfortune has turned her brain," muttered the old woman. "I must take care and secure my dues. Well, madam, if you will not eat the supper I have provided, it cannot be helped. I must find some one who will. You must pay for it all the same. My husband, Jasper Ipgreve, will be present at your interrogation, and I am sure, for my sake, he will use you as lightly as he can. Come, Ruth, you must not remain here longer."

"Oh, let her stay with me," implored Viviana. "I will make it well worth your while to grant me the indulgence."

"What will you give?" cried the old woman, eagerly. "But no—no—I dare not leave her. The lieutenant may visit you, and find her, and then I should lose my place. Come along, Ruth. She shall attend you after the interrogation, madam. I shall be there myself."

"Farewell, madam," sobbed Ruth, who was almost drowned in tears. "Heaven grant you constancy to endure your trial!"

"Be ruled by me," said the old woman. "Speak out, and secure your own safety."

She would have continued in the same strain, but Ruth dragged her away. And casting a commiserating glance at Viviana, she closed the door.

The dreadful interval between their departure and midnight was passed by Viviana in fervent prayer. As she heard through the barred embrasure of her dungeon the deep strokes of the clock toll out the hour of twelve, the door opened, and a tall, gaunt personage, habited in a suit of rusty black, and with a large bunch of keys at his girdle, entered the cell.

"You are Jasper Ipgreve?" said Viviana, rising.

"Right," replied the jailer. "I am come to take you before the lieutenant and the council. Are you ready?"

Viviana replied in the affirmative, and Ipgreve quitting the cell, outside which two other officials in sable habiliments were stationed, led the way down a short spiral staircase, which brought them to a narrow vaulted passage. Pursuing it for some time the jailer halted before a strong door, cased with iron, and, opening it, admitted the captive into a square chamber, the roof of which was supported by a heavy stone pillar, while its walls were garnished with implements of torture. At a table on the left sat the lieutenant and three other grave-looking personages. Across the lower end of the chamber a thick black curtain was stretched, hiding a deep recess; and behind it, as was evident from the glimmer that escaped from its folds, there was a light. Certain indistinct, but ominous sounds, issuing from the recess, proved that there were persons within it, and Viviana's quaking heart told her what was the nature of their proceedings.

She had ample time to survey this dismal apartment, and its occupants, for several minutes elapsed before a word was addressed to her by her interrogators, who continued to confer together in an undertone, as if unconscious of her presence. During this pause, broken only by the ominous sounds before-mentioned, Viviana scanned the countenances of the group at the table, in the hope of discerning in them some glimpses of compassion; but they were inscrutable and inexorable, and scarcely less dreadful to look upon than the hideous implements on the walls.

Viviana wished the earth would open and swallow her, that she might escape from them. Anything was better than to be left at the mercy of such men. At certain times, and not unfrequently at the most awful moments, a double current of thought will flow through the brain, and at this frightful juncture it was so with Viviana. While shuddering at all she saw around her, nay dwelling upon it, another and distinct train of thought led her back to former scenes of happiness, when she was undisturbed by any but remote apprehensions of danger. She thought of her tranquil residence at Ordsall,—of the flowers she had tended in the garden,—of her father, and of his affection for her,—of Humphrey Chetham, and of her early and scarce-acknowledged attachment to him,—and of his generosity and devotion, and how she had requited it. And then, like a sullen cloud darkening the fair prospect, arose the figure of Guy Fawkes—the sombre enthusiast—who had unwittingly exercised such a baneful influence upon her fortunes.

"Had he not crossed my path," she mentally ejaculated, "I might have been happy—might have loved Humphrey Chetham—might, perhaps, have wedded him!"

These reflections were suddenly dispersed by the lieutenant, who in a stern tone commenced his interrogations.

As upon her previous examination, Viviana observed the utmost caution, and either refused to speak, or answered such

questions only as affected herself. At first, in spite of all her efforts, she trembled violently, and her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. But after a while, she recovered her courage, and regarded the lieutenant with a look as determined as his own.

"It is useless to urge me farther," she concluded. "I have said all I will say."

"Is it your pleasure, my lords," observed Sir William Waad to the others, "to prolong the examination?"

His companions replied in the negative, and the one nearest him remarked, "Is she aware what will follow?"

"I am," replied Viviana resolutely, "and I am not to be intimidated."

Sir William Waad then made a sign to Ipgreve, who immediately stepped forward and seized her arm. "You will be taken to that recess," said the lieutenant, "where the question will be put to you. But as we shall remain here, you have only to utter a cry if you are willing to avow the truth, and the torture shall be stayed. And it is our merciful hope that this may be the case."

Summoning up all her resolution, and walking with a firm footstep, Viviana passed with Ipgreve behind the curtain. She there beheld two men and a woman,—the latter was the jailer's wife, who instantly advanced to her, and besought her to confess.

"There is no help for it, if you refuse," she urged; "not all your wealth can save you."

"Mind your own business, dame," interposed Ipgreve, angrily, "and assist her to unrobe."

Saying this, he stepped aside with the two men, one of whom was the surgeon, and the other the tormentor, while Dame Ipgreve helped to take off Viviana's gown. She then tied a scarf over her shoulders, and informed her husband she was ready.

The recess was about twelve feet high, and ten wide. It was crossed near the roof, which was arched and vaulted, by a heavy beam, with pullies and ropes at either extremity. But what chiefly attracted the unfortunate captive's attention was a couple of iron gauntlets attached to it, about a yard apart. Upon the ground under the beam, and immediately beneath that part of it where the gauntlets were fixed, were laid three pieces of wood of a few inches in thickness, and piled one upon another.

"What must I do?" inquired Viviana, in a hollow voice, but with unaltered resolution, of the old woman.

"Step upon those pieces of wood," replied Dame Ipgreve, leading her towards them.

Viviana obeyed, and as soon as she had set foot upon the pile, the tormentor placed a joint-stool beside her, and mounting it, desired her to place her right hand in one of the gauntlets. She did so, and the tormentor then turned a screw, which compressed the iron glove so tightly as to give her excruciating pain. He then got down, and Ipgreve demanded if he should proceed.

A short pause ensued, but, notwithstanding her agony, Viviana made no answer. The tormentor then placed the stool on

the left side, and fastened the hand which was still at liberty within the other gauntlet. The torture was dreadful — and the fingers appeared crushed by the pressure. Still, Viviana uttered no cry. After another short pause, Ipgreve said,

"You had better let us stop here. This is mere child's play compared with what is to come."

No answer being returned, the tormentor took a mallet and struck one of the pieces of wood from under Viviana's feet. The shock was dreadful, and seemed to dislocate her wrists, while the pressure on the hands was increased in a tenfold degree. The poor sufferer who was resting on the points of her feet, felt that the removal of the next piece of wood would occasion almost intolerable torture. Her constancy, however, did not desert her, and, after the question had been repeated by Ipgreve, the second block was struck away. She was now suspended by her hands, and the pain was so exquisite, that nature gave way, and uttering a piercing scream, she fainted.

On recovering, she found herself stretched upon a miserable pallet, with Ruth watching beside her. A glance round the chamber, which was of solid stone masonry, with a deep embrasure on one side, convinced her that she had been removed to some other prison.

"Where am I?" she asked, in a faint voice.

"In the Well Tower, madam," replied Ruth;—"one of the fortifications near the moat, and now used as a prison-lodging. My father dwells within it, and you are under his custody."

"Your father," cried Viviana, shuddering as she recalled the sufferings she had recently undergone. "Will he torture me again?"

"Not if I can prevent it, dear lady," replied Ruth. "But hush! here comes my mother. Not a word before her."

As Ruth spoke, Dame Ipgreve, who had been lingering at the door, entered the room. She affected the greatest solicitude for Viviana — felt her pulse — looked at the bandages fastened round her swollen and crippled fingers, and concluded by counselling her not to persist in refusing to speak.

"I dare not tell you what tortures are in store for you," she said, "if you continue thus obstinate. But they will be a thousand times worse than what you endured last night."

"When will my next interrogation take place?" inquired Viviana.

"A week hence, it may be,— or it may be sooner," returned the old woman. "It depends upon the state you are in,—and somewhat upon the fees you give my husband, — for he has a voice with the lieutenant."

"I would give him all I possess, if he could save me from further torture," cried Viviana.

"Alas! alas!" replied Dame Ipgreve, "you ask more than can be done. He would save you if he could. But you will not let him. However, we will do all we can to mitigate your suf-

ferings—all we can—provided you pay us. Stay with her, child," she added, with a significant gesture to her daughter, as she quitted the room, "stay with her."

"My heart bleeds for you, madam," said Ruth, in accents of the deepest commiseration, as soon as they were alone. "You may depend upon my fidelity. If I can contrive your escape, I will,—at any risk to myself."

"On no account," replied Viviana. "Do not concern yourself about me more. My earthly sufferings, I feel, will have terminated before further cruelty can be practised upon me."

"Oh! say not so, madam," returned Ruth. "I hope—nay, I am sure you will live long and happily."

Viviana shook her head, and Ruth, finding her very feeble, thought it better not to continue the conversation. She, accordingly, applied such restoratives as were at hand, and observing that the eyes of the sufferer closed as if in slumber, glided noiselessly out of the chamber, and left her.

In this way a week passed. At the expiration of that time, the chirurgon pronounced her in so precarious a state, that if the torture were repeated, he would not answer for her life. The interrogation, therefore, was postponed for a few days, during which the chirurgon constantly visited her, and by his care, and the restoratives she was compelled to take, she rapidly regained her strength.

One day, after the chirurgon had departed, Ruth cautiously closed the door, and observed to her,

"You are now so far recovered, madam, as to be able to make an attempt to escape. I have devised a plan, which I will communicate to you to-morrow. It must not be delayed, or you will have to encounter a second and more dreadful examination."

"I will not attempt it if you are exposed to risk," replied Viviana.

"Heed me not," returned Ruth. "One of your friends has found out your place of confinement, and has spoken to me about you."

"What friend?" exclaimed Viviana, starting. "Guy Fawkes?—I mean——" And she hesitated, while her pale cheeks were suffused with blushes.

"He is named Humphrey Chetham," returned Ruth. "Like myself, he would risk his life to preserve you."

"Tell him he must not do so," cried Viviana, eagerly. "He has done enough—too much for me already. I will not expose him to further hazard. Tell him so, and entreat him to abandon the attempt."

"But I shall not see him, dear lady," replied Ruth. "Besides, if I read him rightly, he is not likely to be turned aside by any selfish consideration."

"You are right, he is not," groaned Viviana. "But this only adds to my affliction. Oh! if you *should* see him, dear Ruth, try to dissuade him from his purpose."

"I will obey you, madam," replied the jailer's daughter. "But I am well assured it will be of no avail."

After some further conversation, Ruth retired, and Viviana was left alone for the night. Except the slumber procured by soporific potions, she had known no repose since she had been confined within the Tower; and this night she felt more than usually restless. After ineffectually endeavouring to compose herself, she arose, and hastily robing herself,—a task she performed with no little difficulty, her fingers being almost useless,—continued to pace her narrow chamber.

It has been mentioned that on one side of the cell there was a deep embrasure. It was terminated by a narrow and strongly-grated loophole, looking upon the moat. Pausing before it, Viviana gazed forth. The night was pitchy dark, and not even a solitary star could be discerned; but as she had no light in her chamber, the gloom outside was less profound than that within.

While standing thus, buried in thought, and longing for day-break, Viviana fancied she heard a slight sound as of some one swimming across the moat. Thinking she might be deceived, she listened more intently, and as the sound continued, she felt sure she was right in her conjecture. All at once the thought of Humphrey Chetham flashed upon her, and she had no doubt it must be him. Nor was she wrong. The next moment, a noise was heard as of some one clambering up the wall; a hand grasped the bars of the loophole, which was only two or three feet above the level of the water; and a low voice, which she instantly recognised, pronounced her name.

"Is it Humphrey Chetham?" she asked, advancing as near as she could to the loophole.

"It is," was the reply. "Do not despair. I will accomplish your liberation. I have passed three days within the Tower, and only ascertained your place of confinement a few hours ago. I have contrived a plan for your escape, with the jailer's daughter, which she will make known to you to-morrow."

"I cannot thank you sufficiently for your devotion," replied Viviana, in accents of the deepest gratitude. "But I implore you to leave me to my fate. I am wretched enough now, heaven knows, but if aught should happen to you, I shall be infinitely more so. If I possess any power over you,—and that I do so, I well know,—I entreat,—nay, I command, you to desist from this attempt."

"I have never yet disobeyed you, Viviana," replied the young merchant, passionately—"nor will I do so now. But if you bid me abandon you, I will plunge into this moat, never to rise again."

His manner, notwithstanding the low tone in which he spoke, was so determined, that Viviana felt certain he would carry his threat into execution; she therefore rejoined in a mournful tone,

"Well, be it as you will. It is in vain to resist our fate. I am destined to bring misfortune to you."

"Not so," replied Chetham. "If I *can* save you, I would rather die than live. The jailer's daughter will explain her plan to you to-morrow. Promise me to accede to it."

Viviana reluctantly assented.

"I shall quit the Tower at daybreak," pursued Chetham; "and when you are once out of it, hasten to the stairs beyond the wharf at Petty Wales. I will be there with a boat. Farewell!"

As he spoke, he let himself drop into the water, but his foot slipping, the plunge was louder than he intended, and attracted the attention of a sentinel on the ramparts, who immediately called out to know what was the matter, and not receiving any answer, discharged his caliver in the direction of the sound.

Viviana, who heard the challenge and the shot, uttered a loud scream, and the next moment, Ipgreve and his wife appeared. The jailer glanced suspiciously round the room; but after satisfying himself that all was right, and putting some questions to the captive, which she refused to answer, he departed with his wife, and carefully barred the door.

It is impossible to imagine greater misery than Viviana endured the whole of the night. The uncertainty in which she was kept as to Chetham's fate was almost insupportable, and the bodily pain she had recently endured appeared light when compared with her present mental torture. Day, at length, dawned. But it brought with it no Ruth. Instead of this faithful friend, Dame Ipgreve entered the chamber with the morning meal, and her looks were so morose and distrustful, that Viviana feared she must have discovered her daughter's design. She did not, however, venture to make a remark, but suffered the old woman to depart in silence.

Giving up all for lost, and concluding that Humphrey Chetham had either perished, or was, like herself, a prisoner, Viviana bitterly bewailed his fate, and reproached herself with being unintentionally the cause of it. Later in the day, Ruth entered the cell. To Viviana's eager inquiries she replied, that Humphrey Chetham had escaped. Owing to the darkness, the sentinel had missed his aim, and although the most rigorous search was instituted throughout the fortress, he had contrived to elude observation.

"Our attempt," pursued Ruth, "must be made this evening. The lieutenant has informed my father that you are to be interrogated at midnight, the surgeon having declared that you are sufficiently recovered to undergo the torture (if needful) a second time. Now listen to me. The occurrence of last night has made my mother suspicious, and she watches my proceedings with a jealous eye. She is at this moment with a female prisoner in the Beauchamp Tower, or I should not be able to visit you. She has consented, however, to let me bring in your supper. You must then change dresses with me. Being about my height,

you may easily pass for me, and I will take care there is no light below, so that your features will not be distinguished."

Viviana would have checked her, but the other would not be interrupted.

"As soon as you are ready," she continued, "you must lock the door upon me. You must then descend the short flight of steps before you, and pass as quickly as you can through the room where you will see my father and mother. As soon as you are out of the door, turn to the left, and go straight forward to the By-ward Tower. Show this pass to the warders. It is made out in my name, and they will suffer you to go forth. Do the same with the warders at the next gate,—the Middle Tower, —and again at the Bulwark-Gate. That passed, you are free."

"And what will become of you?" asked Viviana, with a bewildered look.

"Never mind me," rejoined Ruth: "I shall be sufficiently rewarded if I save you. And now, farewell. Be ready at the time appointed."

"I cannot consent," returned Viviana.

"You have no choice," replied Ruth, breaking from her, and hurrying out of the room.

Time, as it ever does, when expectation is on the rack, appeared to pass with unusual slowness. But as the hour at length drew near, Viviana wished it farther off. It was with the utmost trepidation that she heard the key turn in the lock, and beheld Ruth enter the cell with the evening meal.

Closing the door, and setting down the provisions, the jailer's daughter hastily divested herself of her dress, which was of brown serge, as well as of her coif and kerchief, while Viviana imitated her example. Without pausing to attire herself in the other's garments, Ruth then assisted Viviana to put on the dress she had just laid aside, and arranged her hair and the head-gear so skilfully, that the disguise was complete.

Hastily whispering some further instructions to her, and explaining certain peculiarities in her gait and deportment, she then pressed her to her bosom, and led her to the door. Viviana would have remonstrated, but Ruth pushed her through it, and closed it.

There was now no help, so Viviana, though with great pain to herself, contrived to turn the key in the lock. Descending the steps, she found herself in a small circular chamber, in which Ipgreve and his wife were seated at a table, discussing their evening meal. The sole light was afforded by a few dying embers on the hearth.

"What, has she done, already?" demanded the old woman, as Viviana appeared. "Why hast thou not brought the jelly with thee, if she has not eaten it all, and those cates, which Master Pilchard, the chirurgeon, ordered her. Go and fetch them directly. They will finish our repast daintily; and there are other matters too, which I dare say she has not touched."

She will pay for them, and that will make them the sweeter. Go back, I say. What dost thou stand there for, as if thou wert thunderstruck? Dost hear me, or not?"

"Let the wench alone, dame," growled Ipgreve. "You frighten her."

"So I mean to do," replied the old woman, "she deserves to be frightened. Hark thee, girl, we must get an order from her on some wealthy Catholic family without delay—for I don't think she will stand the trial to-night."

"Nor I," added Ipgreve, "especially, as she is to be placed on the rack."

"She has a chain of gold round her throat I have observed," said the old woman; "we must get that."

"I have it," said Viviana, in a low tone, and imitating as well as she could the accents of Ruth. "Here it is."

"Did she give it thee?" cried the old woman, getting up, and grasping Viviana's lacerated fingers with such force, that she had difficulty in repressing a scream. "Did she give it thee, I say?"

"She gave it me for you," gasped Viviana. "Take it."

While the old woman held the chain to the fire, and called to her husband to light a lamp, that she might feast her greedy eyes upon it, Viviana flew to the door.

Just as she reached it, the shrill voice of Dame Ipgreve arrested her.

"Come back!" cried the dame. "Whither art thou going at this time of night? I will not have thee stir forth. Come back, I say."

"Pshaw! let her go," interposed Ipgreve. "I dare say she hath an appointment on the Green with young Nicholas Hardesty, the warder. Go, wench. Be careful of thyself, and return within the hour."

"If she does not, she will rue it," added the dame. "Go, then, and I will see the prisoner."

Viviana required no further permission. Starting off as she had been directed on the left, she ran as fast as her feet could carry her; and, passing between two arched gateways, soon reached the By-ward Tower. Showing the pass to the warder, he chuckled her under the chin, and, drawing an immense bolt, opened the wicket, and gallantly helped her to pass through it. The like good success attended her at the Middle Tower, and at the Bulwark Gate. Scarcely able to credit her senses, and doubting whether she was indeed free, she hurried on till she came to the opening leading to the stairs at Petty Wales. As she hesitated, uncertain what to do, a man advanced towards and addressed her by name. It was Humphrey Chetham. Overcome by emotion, Viviana sank into his arms, and in another moment she was placed in a wherry, which was ordered to be rowed towards Westminster.

Merrie England in the olden Time;

OR, PEREGRINATIONS WITH UNCLE TIM AND MR. BOSKY, OF
LITTLE BRITAIN, DRYSALTER.

BY GEORGE DANIEL.

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"—SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER IV.

"A MERRY morning, Eugenio. Did not soft slumbers and pleasant dreams follow the heart-stirring lucubrations of Uncle Timothy? I am mistaken if you rose not lighter and happier, and in more perfect peace with yourself and the world."

"My dreams were of ancient minstrelsy, Christmas gambols, May-day games, and merriments. Methought Uncle Timothy was a portly Apollo, Mr. Bosky a rosy Pan—"

"And you and I, Eugenio?"

"Foremost in the throng."

"Of capering satyrs! Well, though our own dancing days are over, we still retain a lingering relish for that elegant accomplishment. As antiquaries we have a great reverence for dancing. Noah danced before the ark. Certain is it that there were Vestrises and Taglionies in the antediluvian world. The boar's head and the wine and wassail were crowned with a dance to the tune of '*The Black Almayne*,' '*My Lorde Marques Galyarde*,' and '*The firste Traces of due Passa*.'"

'Merrily danc'd the Quaker's wife,
And merrily danc'd the Quaker!'

Why not? Orpheus charmed the four-footed family with his fiddle: shall it have less effect upon the two?

"The innocent and the happy, while the dews of youth are upon them, dance to the music of their own hearts. 'See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing!' The savages have their war-dance, and the high and low of every country their national jigs. The Irishman has his lilt; the Scotchman his reel, which he not unfrequently dances to his own *particular fiddle*! and the Englishman his country-dance. With dogs and bears, horses and geese,¹ game-cocks and monkeys exhibiting their caprioles, shall man be motion-

¹ There is an odd print of "Vestris teaching a goose to dance." The terms, for so fashionable a professor as he was in his day, are extremely moderate; "Six guineas entrance, and one guinea a lesson." The following song is inscribed underneath.

"Of all the fine accomplishments sure dancing far the best is,
But if a doubt with you remains, behold the Goose and Vestris;
And a dancing we will go, will go, &c.

Let men of learning plead and preach, their toil 'tis all in vain,
Sure labour of the heels and hands is better than the brain:
And a dancing, &c.

less and mute? Sweetly singeth the tea-kettle; merrily danceth the parched pea on the fire-shovel! Even grim Death has his dance."

"And music, Eugenio, in which I know you are an enthusiast. What says the immortal?"

'The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.'

The Italians have a proverb, 'Whom God loves not, that man loves not music.' The soul is said to be music.

'Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.'

We read of the hymning of the morning stars,—the music of the spheres:

'From harmony—from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began;
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.'

And of the general effect of music, take the oft-quoted lines of Congreve,

'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak.'

Then talk no more, ye men of arts, 'bout keeping light and shade,
Good understanding in the heels is better than the head:
And a dancing, &c.

Great Whigs, and eke great Tories too, both in and out will dance,
Join hands, change sides, and figure in, now sink, and now advance.
And a dancing, &c.

Let Oxford boast of ancient lore, or Cam of classic rules,
Noverre might lay you ten to one his heels against your schools!
And a dancing, &c.

Old Homer sung of gods and kings in most heroic strains,
Yet scarce could get, we have been told, a dinner for his pains.
And a dancing, &c.

Poor Milton wrote the most sublime 'gainst Satan, Death, and Vice;
But very few would quit a dance to purchase Paradise.
And a dancing, &c.

The soldier risks health, life, and limbs, his fortune to advance,
While Pique and Vestris fortunes make by one night's single dance.
And a dancing, &c.

'Tis all in vain to sigh and grieve, or idly spend our breath,
Some millions now, and those unborn must join the dance of death.
And a dancing, &c.

Yet while we live let's merry be, and make of care a jest,
Since we are taught what is, is right; and what is right, is best!
And a dancing, &c."

"Haydn used to say that melody was the soul of music, without which the most learned and singular combinations are but unmeaning, empty sound. What but the elegant simplicity and pathetic tenderness of the Scotch and Irish airs constitute their charm? This great composer was so extravagantly fond of Scotch, Irish, and Welsh melodies, that he harmonised many of them, and had them hung up in frames in his room. We remember to have heard somewhere of an officer in a Highland regiment, who was sent with a handful of brave soldiers to a penal settlement in charge of a number of convicts; the Highlanders grew sick at heart; the touching strains of 'Lochaber nae mair,' heard far from home, made them so melancholy, that the officer in command forbade its being played by the band. So, likewise, with the national melody, the '*Rans-des-Vaches*' among the Swiss mountaineers. When sold by their despotic chiefs, and torn from their dearest connexions, suicide and desertion were so frequent when this melody was played, that orders were issued in all their regiments, prohibiting any one from playing an air of that kind on pain of death. *La maladie du pays*,—that sickening after home! But Handel's music has received more lasting and general applause than that of any other composer. By Boyce and Battishall his memory was adored; Mozart was enthusiastic in his praise; Haydn could not listen (*who can?*) to his glorious Messiah¹ without weeping; and Beethoven has been heard to declare, that were he ever to come to England he should uncover his head, and kneel down at his tomb!

"Blessings on the memory of the bard,"² and 'Palms eternal

¹ Bishop Ken says,

"Sweet music with blest poesy began,
Congenial both to angels and to man,
Song was the native language to rehearse
The elevations of the soul in verse:
And through succeeding ages, all along,
Saints praised the Godhead in devoted song."

And he adds in plain prose, that the Garden of Eden was no stranger to "singing and the voice of melody." Jubal was the "father of those who handled the harp and organ." Long before the institution of the Jewish church, God received praise both by the human voice, and the "loud timbrel;" and when that church was in her highest prosperity, David, the King of Israel, seems to have been the composer of her psalmody—both poetry and music. He occupied the orchestra of the temple, and accounted it a holy privilege "to play before the Lord" upon "the harp with a solemn sound." Luther said, "I verily think that, next to divinity, no art is comparable to music." And what a glorious specimen of this divine art is his transcendent "Hymn!" breathing the most awful grandeur, the deepest pathos, the most majestic adoration! The Puritans—for devils and Puritans hate music—are piously economical in their devotions, and eschew the principle "not to give unto the Lord that which costs us nothing!" Their gift is snuffed through the vocal nose—"O most sweet voices!"

² A few old amateurs of music and mirth may possibly remember Collins's Evening Brush, that rubbed off the rust of dull care from the generation of 1790. His bill comprised "Actors of the old school, and actors of the new; tragedy tailors, and butchers in heroics; ghosts without their lessons, and readers without their eyes; bell-wethers in buskins, wooden actors, petticoat caricatures, lullaby jinglers, bogglers and blunders, buffoons in blank-verse, &c. &c." The first of the three Dibdins opened a shop of merriment at the Sans Souci, where he introduced many of his beautiful ballads, and sung them to his own tunes. The navy of England owe lasting obligations to this harmonious Three. It required not the aid of poetry and

flourish round his urn,' who first struck his lyre to celebrate the wooden walls of unconquered and unconquerable Merrie England ! If earth hide him,

' May angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by his reliques made ;'

if ocean cover him, calm be the green wave on its surface ! May his spirit find rest where souls are blessed, and his body be shrined in the holiest cave of the deep and silent sea !"

" ' Hark ! the lark at Heaven's gate sings.' "

" I was not unmindful of the merry chorister, Eugenio ! 'Tis a welcome to the bright orb of day ; a note of gratitude to the giver of all good. But the lark has made a pause ; and I have your promise of a song. Now is the time to fill up the one, and to fulfil the other."

EUGENIO'S SONG.

' Sweet is the breath of early morn
That o'er yon heath refreshing blows ;
And sweet the blossom on the thorn,
The violet blue, the blushing rose.

When mounts the lark on rapid wing,
How sweet to sit and hear him sing !
No music like the feather'd choir,
Such happy, grateful thoughts inspire.

Here let the spirit, sore distress'd,
Its vanities and wishes close :
The weary world is not the rest
Where wounded hearts should seek repose.

But, hark ! the lark his merry strain,
To heav'n high soaring, sings again.
Be hush'd, sweet songster ! ev'ry voice
That warbles not like thee.—Rejoice !'

" Short and sad ! Eugenio. We must away from these bewitching solitudes, or thy note will belong more to the nightingale than to the lark ! Proceed we to those localities where musicians and

music (and how exquisitely has Shield set the one to the other !) to stimulate our gallant seamen ; but it needed much to awaken and keep alive enthusiasm on shore, and elevate their moral character — for landmen " who live at home at ease," were wont to consider the sailor as a mere tar-barrel, a sea-monster. How many young bosoms have been inspired by the lyrics of the three Dibbins ! how have they soothed the dying hero, and embalmed his memory ! What can surpass the homely pathos of " I thought my heart would break when I sung, Yo ! heave O ! " " The last Whistle," and " Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling ? " stirring the manly heart like the sound of a trumpet ! The last of the three Dibbins has just received a somewhat economical reward — a yearly pension of one hundred pounds. He had " done the state some service," and was descending the downhill of life, destitute of those cheering appliances that the author of " May we ne'er want a friend, nor a bottle to give him ! " might have reasonably hoped for. How sad to cry " *Poor Tom's a-cold !* " and remember the hearts he had warmed with patriotism and humanity ! His lyre is not unstrung — there is yet music in the aged minstrel. Let him strike up, and we will ensure him a response ; for Wellington has not conquered, nor Nelson died in vain.

dancers most do congregate.¹ Let imagination carry thee back to the reign of Queen Anne, when the Spectator and Sir Roger de Coverley embarked at the Temple-Stairs on their voyage to Vauxhall. We pass over the good knight's religious horror at beholding what a few steeples rose on the west of Temple-Bar; and the waterman's wit, (a common thing in those days,²) that made him almost wish himself a Middlesex magistrate! 'We were now arrived at *Spring Garden*,' says the Spectator, 'which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of the year.' When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choir of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of *Mahometan* paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales.'

"And mark, in what primitive fashion they concluded their walk with a glass of *Burton-ale*, and a slice of hung-beef!

"Bonnel Thornton furnishes a ludicrous account of a stingy old citizen, loosening his purse-strings to treat his wife and family to Vauxhall. But 'Colin's Description to his wife of Greenwood Hall, or the pleasures of Spring Gardens,' gives by far the most lively picture of what this popular place of amusement was a century ago.

'O Mary soft in feature,
I've been at dear Vauxhall;
No paradise is sweeter,
Not that they Eden call.

At night such new vagaries,
Such gay and harmless sport;
All look'd like giant fairies,
At this their monarch's court.

¹ There were rare dancing doings at

Barber's Hall,	in the year 1745
The original dancing-room at the <i>field-end</i> of King-Street, Bloomsbury,	1742
Hickford's great room, Panton-Street, Haymarket,	1743
Mitre Tavern, Charing-Cross,	1743
Richmond Assembly,	1745
Lambeth Wells,	1747
Duke's long room, Paternoster-Row,	1748
The large room next door to the Hand and Slippers, Long-Lane, West Smithfield,	1750
Lambeth Wells, where a <i>Penny Wedding</i> , in the Scotch manner, was celebrated for the benefit of a young couple,	1752
Old Queen's Head, in Cock-Lane, Lambeth,	1755
Large Assembly Room at the Two Green Lamps, near Exeter 'Change, (at the particular desire of Jubilee Dickey!)	1749

and at Mr. Bell's, at the sign of the Ship, in the Strand, where, in 1755, a *Scotch Wedding* was kept. The bride "to be dressed without any linen; all in ribbons, and green flowers, with Scotch masks. There will be three bag-pipes; a band of Scotch music, &c. &c. To begin precisely at two o'clock. Admission, two shillings and sixpence."

"O such were the joys of our dancing days!"

² What a sledge-hammer reply was Doctor Johnson's to an aquatic wag upon a similar occasion. "Fellow! your mother, under the *pretence* (!!!) of keeping a ***** is a receiver of stolen goods!"

³ May 20, 1712.

Methought when first I enter'd,
Such splendours round me shone,
Into a world I ventured
Where rose another sun :

Whilst music, never cloying,
As skylarks sweet I hear ;
The sounds I 'm still enjoying,
They 'll always soothe my ear.

Here paintings, sweetly glowing,
Where'er our glances fall,
Here colours, life bestowing,
Bedeck this green-wood hall !

The king there dubs a farmer,¹
There John his doxy loves ;¹
But my delight, the charmer
Who steals a pair of gloves !¹

As still amazed, I 'm straying
O'er this enchanted grove ;
I spy a harper² playing
All in his proud alcove.

I doff my hat, desiring
He 'd tune up Buxom Joan ;
But what was I admiring ?
Odzooks ! a man of stone.

But now the tables spreading,
They all fall too with glee ;
Not e'en at Squire's fine wedding
Such dainties did I see !

I long'd (poor starveling rover!)
But none heed country elves ;
These folk, with lace daub'd over,
Love only dear themselves.

Thus whilst, 'mid joys abounding,
As grasshoppers they 're gay ;
At distance crowds surrounding
The Lady of the May.³

The man i' th' moon tweer'd slyly,
Soft twinkling through the trees,
As though 'twould please him highly
To taste delights like these."

The days of this modern Arcadia are numbered. The axe is about to be laid to the roots of its beautiful trees ; its green avenues are to be turned into blind alleys ; its variegated lamps must give place to some solitary gas-burner, to light the groping inhabitants to their dingy homes ; and the melodious strains of its once celebrated vocalists shall be drowned in the discordant dismal drone of some

¹ Alluding to three pictures in the Pavilions, — viz. the King and the Miller of Mansfield,—the Sailors in a tipping house in Wapping,—and the Girl stealing a kiss from a sleepy gentleman.

² The statue of Handel.

³ Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales sitting under her splendid Pavilion.

ballad-singing weaver out of employ, and the screeching responses of his itinerant and interesting family. What would the gallant, gay Mr. Lowe, and his sprightly Euphrosyne, Nan Catley, say, could they be told to what "base uses" their harmonious groves are condemned to be turned? Truly their wonder would be on a par with Paganini's, should ever that musical magician encounter on the other side Styx "My Lord Skaggs and his Broomstick!"¹

¹ This celebrated professor played on his musical broomstick at the Haymarket Theatre, November 1751. The following song has his portrait at the top, with on one side a bear dancing on a broom, and on the other a French horn.

Introduction.

Each buck and jolly fellow has heard of Skegginello,
The famous Skegginello, that grunts so pretty
Upon his broomsticado, such music he has made, O,
'Twill spoil the fiddling trade, O,
And that 's a pity!

But have you heard or seen, O, his phiz so pretty,
In picture shops so grin, O,
With comic nose and chin, O,
Who 'd think a man could shine so
At Eh, Eh, Eh, Eh?

A tragi-comical Dialogue between My Lord Skaggs and his Broomstick.

By H. Howard.

(Tune—*Biddy over the hopper, &c.*)

As Skaggs did on his Broomstick play,
His Broomstick to him thus did say,
'What mean you, Matt, to play on me,
Who have as good a head — as thee?
And I'll bet you a crown
That half the town
Will say you have got no wit of your own.'

Recitative.

Matt stood amazed, as erst poor Balaam did,
When by the sluggish ass he once was chid;
'Thou vile domestic thing,' says angry Matt,
'How durst thou thus presume at me to prate,
Who raised you up from low to high degree,
And introduced you—to the quality?'

(*Good morrow, Gossip Joan.*)

'Why, how now, Master Skaggs!'
The Broomstick then replies, 'Sir,
You must have been in rage,
Had but the age been wiser,
Master Skaggs!

Go, con your hornbook o'er,
And learn to know your letters,
Ere you presume once more
To entertain your betters,
Master Skeggs!'

'You lie!' says Matt, enraged;
'I know my letters well, sir;
And could—but I'm engaged,
Give proofs that I could spell, sir,
Broomstick vile!

Who has not heard of Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day, and the Easter Ball at the Mansion House? But we profane not the penetralia where even Common-Councilmen fear to tread! The City Marshals, and men in armour (*Heros malgré eux!*); the pensive-looking state-coachman, in all the plumpness, pomp, and verdure of prime feeding, wig, and bouquet; the postilion, "a noticeable man," with velvet cap and jockey boots; the high-bred and high-fed aristocracy of the Poultry and Cheapside, and their Banquet, which might tempt Diogenes to blow himself up to such a pitch of obesity, that, instead of living in a tub, a tub might be said to live in him, are subjects infinitely too lofty for plebeian handling. Cæsar was told to beware of the Ides of March; and are not November fogs equally ominous to the London citizen? If, then, by some culinary magic, he can be induced to cram his throat, rather than to cut it, —to feast himself, instead of the worms,—to prefer a minuet¹ in the Council Chamber to the Dance Macabre in the shades below,—the

Lords, Dukes, and Earls I please,
With singing, fun, and grunting;
I blow the horn with ease,
And I can ride a-hunting,
Broomstick vile!"

Recitative.

This said, the Broomstick hastily he took,
And snapp'd it short at one malicious stroke.
Nor ended there his dread revengeful ire,
But with a grin he thrust it in the fire;
Though soon his voice in penitential strain
His Broomstick thus bemoan'd, but mourn'd in vain.

(*My fond shepherds, &c.*)

'My poor Broomstick, of Broomsticks the best,
On which I was wont for to play,
Whose notes were the sweetest confest,
To ashes is quite burnt away!

Oh, where shall I find one so dear,
That the table oft set in a roar?
Thy grunting, so soft to the ear,
Shall revive the choice spirits no more!"

There is a curious *Tobacco Paper* of Skaggs playing on his broomstick in full concert with a jovial party! One of the principal performers is a good-humoured looking gentleman beating harmony out of the salt-box.

¹ "Still a beau, though my locks are grey,
Dancing, prancing,
Laughing, quaffing,
Who but I, on my Lord Mayor's Day,
To charm the hearts of the gay, boys?
See me advance, all powder and friz,
The pretty girls lift their glasses to quiz,
With looks so sly,
They giggle and cry,
'What an elegant fellow the Alderman is!'
Sidling, bridling, gammon and strut—
Zounds! my cough, ma'am:—
Now lead off, ma'am—
Capering, tapering, shuffle and cut,
For that is the time o' day, boys!"

gorgeous anniversaries of Gog and Magog have not been celebrated in vain.¹

¹ "Search all chronicles, histories, and records, in what language or letter soever,—let the inquisitive man waste the deere treasures of his time and eye-sight,—he shall conclude his life only in this certainty, that there is no subject upon earth received into the place of his government with the like state and magnificence as is the Lord Maior of the City of London." This was said by the author of the "*Triumphs of Truth*," in 1613. The following list of City Poets will show that the office was not an unimportant one in the olden time:—*George Peele*; *Anthony Munday*; *Thomas Dekker*; *Thomas Middleton*; *John Squire*; *John Webster*; *Thomas Heywood*; *John Taylor* (the Water-Poet, one of Ben Jonson's adopted poetical sons, and a rare slang fellow); *Edward Gayton*, and *T. B.* (of the latter nothing is known), both Commonwealth bards; *John Tatham*; *Thomas Jordan*; *Matthew Taubman*, and *Elkanah Settle*, the last of the poetical parsons who wedded Lord Mayors and Aldermen to immortal verse. One of the most splendid of these anniversary pageants was "London's Triumph; or, the Solemn and Magnificent reception of that Honourable Gentleman, Robert Titchburn, Lord Maior, after his return from taking his oath at Westminster, the morrow after Simon and Jude day, being October 29, 1656. With the Speeches spoken at Fosterlane-end and Soperlane-end."—"In the first place," (says the City Poet T. B.) "the loving members of the honourable societie exercising arms in Cripplegate Ground being drawn up together, march'd in a military order to the house of my Lord Maior, where they attended on him, and from thence march'd before him to the Three Crane Wharfe, where part of them under the red colours embarked themselves in three severall barges; and another part took water at Stone Staires, being under green colours, as enemies to the other; and thence wafting to the other side of the water, there began an encounter between each party, which continued all the way to Westminster; a third body, consisting of pikes and musquets, march'd to *Bainard's Castle*, and there from the battlements of the castle gave thundering echoes to the volleys of those that pass'd along the streame. Part before and part behind went the severall barges, with drums beating, and trumpets sounding, and varietie of other musick to take the eare, while the flags and silver pendants made a pleasant sight delectable to the beholders.

"Thus the Lord Maior and Companies, together with the military souldiers being landed, put an end to the water solemnitie, than which there hath not been a more gracefull sight upon the Thames ever since the city stood. The Lord Maior being landed, the severall Companies went to their severall stations appointed for them in the streets; and the Lord Maior being now readie to proceed on his way, the military band march'd before with drums beating and colours flying, all in a noble and warlike equipage; after them the aged pensioners of the city, doing a kind of small homage for their maintenance, went bearing the escucheons of the city, and severall of the members of that Company out of which the Lord Maior was chosen.

"After these came severall gentlemen-ushers adorn'd with gold chaines; behind them certaine rich batchelours, wearing gownes furr'd with foynes, and upon them satten hoods; and lastly after them, followed the Worshipfull Company of *Skinners* itself, whereof the Lord Maior is a member. Next these, the city officers passing on before, rode the Lord Maior with the Sword, Mace, and Cap of Maintenance before him, being attended by the Recorder, and all the aldermen in scarlet gowns on horseback. (*Aldermen on horseback!*) Thus attended, he rode from *Bainard's Castle* into *Cheapside*, the Companies standing on both sides of the way as farr as the upper end of the Old Jury, ready to receive him. When he was come right against the Old Change, a pageant seem'd to meet him. On the pageant stood two leopards bestrid by two Moors, attir'd in the habit of their country; at the foure corners sate foure virgins arraid in cloth of silver, with their haire dishrivel'd, and coronets on their heads. This seem'd to be the embleme of a city pensive and forlorn, for want of a zealous governor: the Moors and leopards, like evill customs tyrannizing over the weak virginities of undefended virtue; which made an aged man, who sate at the fore part of the pageant, mantled in a black garment, with a dejected countenance, seem to bewaile the condition of his native city; but thus he remaind not long: for at the approach of the Lord Maior, as if now he had espy'd

CHAPTER V.

BUT Easter-Monday was not made only for the city's dancing dignitaries. It draws up the curtain of our popular merriments; and Whit-Monday,¹ not a whit less merry, trumpets forth their joyous

the safety of his country, he threw off his mourning weeds, and with the following speech made known the joy he had for the election of so happy and just a magistrate.

* * * * *

"The speech being spoken, the first pageant past on before the Lord Maior as far as *Mercers' Chappel*; a *gyant* being twelve foot in height going before the pageant for the delight of the people. Over against *Soper-Lane* End stood another pageant also; upon this were plac'd several sorts of beasts, as lyons, tygers, bears, leopards, foxes, apes, monkeys, in a great wilderness; at the forepart whereof sate *Pan* with a pipe in his hand; in the middle was a canopie, at the portal whereof sate *Orpheus* in an antique attire, playing on his harp, while all the beasts seem'd to dance at the sound of his melody. Under the canopie sate four satyrs playing on pipes. The embleme of this pageant seem'd proper to the Company out of which the Lord Maior was elected; putting the spectators in mind how much they ought to esteem such a calling, as clad the Judges in their garments of honour, and Princes in their robes of majestie, and makes the wealthy ladies covet winter, to appear clad in their sable furs. A second signification of this emblem may be this, — that as *Orpheus* tam'd the wild beasts by the alluring sound of his melody, so doth a just and upright governor tame and govern the wild affections of men, by good and wholesome lawes, causing a general joy and peace in the place where he commands. Which made *Orpheus*, being well experienced in this truth, to addresse himself to the Lord Maior in these following lines.

* * * * *

"The speech being ended, the Lord Maior rode forward to his house in *Silver Street*, the military bands still going before him. When he was in this house, they saluted him with two volleys of shot, and so marching again to their ground in *Cripple-gate* Churchyard, they lodg'd their colours; and as they began, so concluded this dayes triumph."

The above is one of the rarest of the city pageants, and also one of the most interesting. When the barges wherein the soldiers were came right against *Whitehall*, they saluted the *Lord Protector* and his *Council* with several rounds of musketry, which the *Lord Protector* answered with "signal testimonies of grace and courtesie." And returning to *Whitehall*, after the Lord Mayor had taken the oath of office before the Barons of the Exchequer, they saluted the *Lord Protector* with "another volley." The city of London had been actively instrumental in the deposition and death of King Charles the First, and Cromwell could not do less than acknowledge, with some show of respect, the blank cartridges of his old friends. The furr'd gowns and gold chains, however, made the *amende honorable*, when they "*jumped Jim Crow*," and helped to restore King Charles the Second.

¹ June 9, 1786. On Whit-Tuesday was celebrated at Hendon in Middlesex, a burlesque imitation of the Olympic Games. One prize was a gold-laced hat, to be grinn'd for by six candidates, who were placed on a platform, with horses' collars to exhibit through. Over their heads was printed in capitals,

Detur Tetrici; or
The ugliest grinner
Shall be the winner.

Each party grinn'd five minutes *solus*, and then all united in a grand *chorus* of distortion. This prize was carried by a porter to a *vinegar* merchant, though he was accused by his competitors of foul play, for rinsing his mouth with *verjuice*. The whole was concluded by a hog, with his tail shaved and soaped, being let loose among nine peasants; any one of which that could seize him by the *queue*, and throw him across his shoulders, was to have him for a reward. This occasioned much sport; but the animal, after running some miles, so tired his hunters that they gave up the chase in despair. A prodigious concourse of people attended, among whom were the Tripoline Ambassador, and several other persons of distinction.

continuation. We hail the return of these festive seasons when the busy inhabitants of Lud's town and its beautiful suburbs, in spite of hard times, no trade, tithes, and taxes, repair to the royal park of Queen Bess to divert their melancholy ! We delight to contemplate the mirthful mourners in their endless variety of character and costume ; to behold the forlorn holiday-makers hurrying to the jocund scene, to participate in those pleasures which the genius of wakes, kindly bounteous, prepares for her votaries. The gods assembled on Olympus presented not a more glorious sight than the laughing divinities of One-Tree-Hill,¹ rolling down from its enchanting summit !

What an animated scene ! Hark to the loud laugh of some youngsters that have had their roll and tumble. Yonder is a wedding party from the neighbouring village. See the jolly tar, with his true blue jacket and trousers, checked shirt, radiant with a gilt brooch as big as a crown piece, yellow straw-hat, striped stockings, and pumps ; and his pretty bride, with her rosy cheeks and white favours. How light are their heels and hearts ! And the blythesome couples that follow in their train — noviciates in the temple of Hymen, but who ere long will be called upon to act as principals ! All is congratulation, good wishes, and good humour. Scandal is dumb ; envy dies for the day ; disappointment gathers hope ; and one wedding, like a fool, or an Irish wake, shall make many.

“ O yes ! O yes ! O yes !
When the peripatetic pieman rings his bell
At morning, noon, or when you sit at eve ;
Ladies and gentlemen, I guess
It needs no ghost to tell,
In song, recitative,
He warbles cakes and gingerbread to sell !

¹ There is a droll print, called “ Greenwich Hill, or Holiday Gambols,” with the following appropriate inscription :—

“ Ye sweet-scented sirs, who are sick of the sport,
And the stale, languid follies of ball-room or court,
For a change, leave the Mall, and to Greenwich resort.
There, heighten'd with raptures that never can pall,
You 'll own the delights of assembly and ball,
Are as dull as yourselves, and just nothing at all.”

The Easter-Monday of 1840 gave token of returning hilarity. The Regent's Park, Primrose Hill, and the adjoining fields, presented one merry mass of animated beings. At Chalk Farm there was a regular fair, — with swings, roundabouts, ups-and-downs, gingerbread-stalls, theatres, donkey-races, penny chaises, and puppet-shows, representing the Islington murder, the Queen's marriage, the arrival of Prince Albert, and the departure of the Chartist rioters ! Hampstead Heath, and the surrounding villages, turned out their studs of Jerusalem ponies. Copenhagen House, Hornsey Wood House and the White Conduit, echoed with jollity ; the holiday-makers amusing themselves with cricket, fives, and archery. How sweetly has honest, merry Harry Carey described the origin of “ Sally in our Alley,” which touched the heart of Addison with tender emotion, and called forth his warmest praise. “ A shoemaker's 'prentice, making holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying-chairs, and all the elegances of Moorfields, from whence proceeding to the Farthing Pye-house, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese-cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef, and bottled ale ; through all which scenes the author dodged them. Charmed with the simplicity of their courtship, he drew from what he had witnessed this little sketch of Nature.”

Tarts of gooseberry, raspberry, cranberry ;
 Rare bonne-bouches brought from Banbury ;
 Puffs and pie-*ses*
 Of all sorts and sizes ;
 Ginger beer,
 That won't make you queer,
 Like the treble X ale of Taylor and Hanbury ! ”

“ Here, good Christians, are five Reasons why you *shouldn't* go to a fair, published by the London Lachrymose Society for the suppression of fun.”

“ And here, good Christians, are five-and-fifty why you *should* ! published by my Lord Chancellor Cocke Lorel, President of the High Court of Mummery, and Conscience-Keeper to his merry Majesty of Queerumania, for the promotion of jollity.”

These zealous rivals vociferated in each other's ears, *sans* intermission. The former gave away his five reasons for nothing—which was about their value: still Chancellor Cocke Lorel's fifty-five had the greater circulation, though at the *noli me tangere* price of a Penny Magazine.

One of the better order of mendicants, whom time had touched with a gentle and reverent hand, and on whose smooth, pale brows, hung the blossoms of the grave, arrested our attention with the following quaint ditty, which pleased us, inasmuch that it seemed to smack of the olden time.

“ I love but only one,
 And thou art only she
 That loves but only one—
 Let me that only be !
 Requite me with the like,
 And say thou unto me
 Thou lov'st but only one,
 And I am only he ! ”

“ Cold comfort this, broiling and frying under a burning hot sun ! ” soliloquised a solitary ballad-singer. “ But, what's the use of sighing ? ” (*Singing.*) “ Gently, Simon Scrape, you can't afford to sing to yourself *solus*.—Good luck to me ! A rush o' two !—A merry holiday to your honours ! ” And, having two strings to his bow, and one to his fiddle, he put a favourite old tune to the rack, commenced killing time by beating it, and enforced us to own the soft impeachment of

THE BALLAD-SINGER'S APOLOGY FOR GREENWICH FAIR.

Up hill and down hill, 'tis always the same ;
 Mankind ever grumbling, and fortune to blame !
 To fortune, 'tis uphill, ambition and strife ;
 And fortune obtain'd—then the downhill of life !

We toil up the hill till we reach to the top ;
 But are not permitted one moment to stop !
 O how much more quick we descend than we climb !
 There's no locking fast the swift wheels of Old Time.

Gay Greenwich ! thy happy young holiday train
 Here roll down the hill, and then mount it again.
 The ups and downs life has bring sorrow and care ;
 But frolic and mirth attend those at the fair.

My Lord May'r of London, of high city lineage,
His show makes us glad with, and why shouldn't Greenwich?
His gingerbread coach a crack figure it cuts!
And why shouldn't we crack our gingerbread nuts?

Of fashion and fame, ye grandiloquent powers,
Pray take your full swing—only let us take ours!
If you have grown graver and wiser, messieurs,
The grinning be ours, and the gravity yours!

To keep one bright spark of good humour alive,
Old holiday pastimes and sports we revive.
Be merry, my masters, for now is your time—
Come, who 'll buy my ballads? they're reason and rhyme."

Peckham and Blackheath fairs were celebrated places of resort in former times, and had their modicum of strange monsters.

"Geo. I. R.

"To the curious in general, and particularly those that are lovers of living curiosities. To be seen during the time of *Peckham Fair*, a Grand collection of Living Wild Beasts and Birds, lately arrived from the remotest parts of the World.

"1. A curious Bird called the *Pellican* that suckles her young with her heart's blood, from Egypt.

"2. The Noble *Vulture Cock*, a beautiful bird, not one of the kind ever seen in *England*. He was brought from *Archangell*, being a very astonishing bird, and having the finest talions of any bird that seeks his prey; the fore part of his head is covered with hair, the second part of his head resembles the wool of a Black; below that is a white ring, having a Ruff, that he cloaks his head with at night. He is esteemed a very great curiosity.

"3. An *Eagle of the Sun*. This is the bird that takes the loftiest flight of any bird that flies. There is no bird but this that can fly to the face of the Sun with a naked eye.

"4. A curious Beast bred from a *Lioness*, and like a foreign *Wild Cat*.

"5. The most beautiful *He-Panther*, from Turkey. This Beast is allowed by the curious to be one of the greatest rarities ever seen in *England*, and on which may be seen thousands of spots, and not two of a likeness.

"6 & 7. The two fierce and surprising *Hyænas*, Male and Female, from the River *Gambia* in *Africa*. These Creatures imitate the human voice, and so decoy the Negroes out of their huts and plantations to devour them. They have a mane like a horse, and two joints in their hinder leg more than any other creature. It is remarkable that all other beasts are to be tamed, but *Hyænas* they are not.

"8. A curious *Ethiopian Toho Savage*, having all the actions of the human species, and (when at his full growth) will be upwards of five feet high.

"Also several other surprising Creatures of different sorts, too tedious to mention. To be seen from 9 in the morning till 9 at night, without loss of time, till they are sold. Also, all manner of curiosities of different sorts, are bought and sold at the above place by JOHN BENNETT."

Mr. Mathews's Bartholemew Fair showman had surely seen John Bennett's bill!

The grand focus of attraction was in the immediate vicinity of the "*Kentish Drovers*," and what a roaring trade did it drive when *Flockton's Fantocini and Musical Clock*, *Mr. Conjuror Lane*, *Sir Jeffrey Dunstan*, and the *Mackabee Monsters*, made Peckham fair a St. Bartholemew in little. This once merry hostelry was a favourite suburban retreat of Dicky Suett. Cherub Dicky! (we never think of him without a smile and a tear,) who when (to use his own peculiar phrase) his "copper required cooling," mounted the steady, old-fashioned, three mile an hour Peckham stage, and journeyed hither to allay his thirst, and qualify his alcohol with a refreshing draught of Derbyshire ale. The landlord (who was quite a character) and he were old cronies; and, in the snug little parlour behind the bar, of which Dicky had the *entrée*, their hob-and-nobbings struck out sparks of humour that, had they exhaled before the lamps, would have set the theatre in a roar. Suett was a great frequenter of fairs. He stood treat to the conjurors, feasted the tragedy kings and queens, and many a mountebank did he make muzzy. Once in a frolic he changed clothes with a Jack Pudding, and played Barker and Mr. Merriman to a precocious giantess; when he threw her lord and master into such an ecstasy of mirth, that the fellow vowed hysterically that it was either the devil, or (for his fame had travelled before him) Dicky Suett. He was a piscator,¹ and would make a huge parade of his rod, line, and green-painted tin-can, sallying forth on a fine morning with dire intentions against the gudgeons and perch: but Dicky was a merciful angler: *he was the gudgeon*, for

¹ All sports that inflict pain on any living thing, without attaining some useful end, are wanton and cowardly. Wild boars, wolves, foxes, &c. may be hunted to extermination, for they are public robbers; but to hunt the noble deer, for the cruel *pleasure* of hunting him, is base. How beautifully has Shakspeare pleaded the cause of humanity in his picture of the "sobbing deer;" and Sheridan Knowles has some fine lines on this detestable sport.

"And yet I pity the poor crowned deer,
And always fancy 'tis by Fortune's spite,
That lordly head of his he bears so high—
Like virtue, stately in calamity,
And hunted by the human, worldly hound,—
Is made to fly before the pack, that straight
Burst into song at prospect of his death.
You say their cry is harmony; and yet
The chorus scarce is music to my ear,
When I bethink me what it sounds to his;
Nor deem I sweet the note that rings the knell
Of the once merry forester!"

With all our love of honest Izaak Walton, and admiration of his cheerful piety and beautiful philosophy, we feel a shuddering when the "sentimental old savage" gives his minute instructions to the tyro in angling how most skilfully to transfix the writhing worm, (as though you "*loved him!*") and torture a poor fish. Piscator is a cowardly rogue to sit upon a fair bank, the sun shining above, and the pure stream rippling beneath, with his instruments of death, playing pang against pang, and life against life, for his *contemplative* recreation. What would he say to a hook through his own gullet? Would it mitigate his dying agonies to hear his dirge (even the milkmaid's song!) chanted in harmonious concert with a brother of the angle, who had played the like sinister trick on his companion in the waters?

the too cunning fishes, spying his comical figure, stole his bait, and he hooked nothing but tin pots and old shoes. Here he sat in his accustomed chair and corner, dreaming of future quarters, and dealing out odd sayings that would make the man in the moon hold his sides, and convulse the whole planet with laughter. His hypocrene was the cream of the valley ; he dug his grave with his bottle, and gave up the ghost amidst a troop of spirits. Peace to his *manes* ! Cold is the cheerful hearth, where he familiarly stirred the embers ; and silent the walls that echoed to "*Old Wigs* !" chanted by Garrett's Mayor (one of Dicky's prime pets) when he danced hop-scotch on a table spread out with tumblers and tobacco pipes ! Hushed is the voice of song. At this moment, as if to give our last assertion a flat negative, or what Touchstone calls "the lie direct," some stray Corydon from Petty France, the Apollo of a select singing party in the first floor front room, thus musically apostrophised his Blouzelinda of Bloomsbury.

She's all that fancy painted her, she's rosy without rouge,
Her gingham gown a modest brown turn'd up with bright gambouge ;
She learns to jar the light guitar, she plays the harpsichols,
Her fortune's five-and-twenty pounds in Three per Cent Consols.

At Beulah Spa, where love is law, was my fond heart beguiled ;
I pour'd my passion in her ear—she whisper'd, "Draw it mild !"
In Clerkenwell you bear the bell : what muffin-man does not ?
And since, my Paul, you've gain'd your *p'int*, perhaps you'll stand your pot.

The Charlie quite, I've, honour bright, sent packing for a cheat ;
A watchman's wife, he'd whack me well when he was on his beat.
"Adieu !" he said, and shook his head, "my dolor be your dow'r ;
And while you laugh, I'll take my staff, and go and cry—the hour."

Last Greenwich Fair we wedded were ; she's won, and we are one ;
And Sally, since the honey-moon, has had a little son.
Of all the girls that are so smart, there's none than Sally smarter ;
I said it 'fore I married her, and now I say it *arter*.

"GEO. 2, R.

"This is to give notice to all gentlemen, ladies, and others,
That there is to be seen at the end of the great booth on *Black-Heath*, the wonder of the age lately come from the West of England, a woman above 38 years of age *alive*, having *two heads*, one above the other, the upper face smooth ; having no hands, fingers, nor toes ; yet can dress and undress, knit, sew, read, sing," (*Query—a duet with her two mouths ?*) "and do several sorts of work ; very pleasant and merry in her behaviour. She has had the honour to be seen by *Sir Hans Sloane*, the King's physician, and several of the *Royal Society*, and gives entire satisfaction to all that ever see her.

"She is to be seen from eight in the morning till nine at night, without loss of time.

"N.B. Gentlemen and ladies may see her at their own houses, if they please. This great wonder never was shewn in England before this, the 13th day of March, 1741.

"Vivat Rex."

Our West of England lady¹ beats little Matthew Buckinger by a head.

Peckham² and Blackheath Fairs are abolished ; and those of Cam-

¹ That the caricaturist has been out-caricatured by Nature no one will deny. Wilkes was so abominably ugly that he said it always took him half an hour to talk away his face ; and Mirabeau, speaking of his own countenance, said, " Fancy a tiger marked with the small-pox ! " We have seen an Adonis contemplate one of Cruikshank's whimsical figures, of which his particular shanks were the *bow*-ideal, and rail at the artist for libelling Dame Nature ! How marvellously ill-favoured were Lord Lovat, Magliabecchi, Scarron, and the wall-eyed, bottle-nosed Buck-horse the Bruiser ! how deformed and frightful Sir Harry Dimsdale and Sir Jeffrey Dunstan ! What would have been said of the painter of *imaginary* Siamese twins ? Yet we have " The true Description of two Monstrous Children, borne in the parish of Swanburne in Buckinghamshyre, the 4th of Aprill, Anno Domini 1566 ; the two Children having both their belies fast joyned together, and embracing one another with their armes : which Children were both alyve by the space of half an hower, and wer baptised, and named the one John, and the other Joan. "—A similar wonder was exhibited in Queen Anne's reign, viz. " Two monstrous girls born in the Kingdom of Hungary, " which were to be seen " from 8 o'clock in the morning till 8 at night, up one pair of stairs, at Mr. William Suttcliffe, a Drugster's Shop, at the sign of the Golden Anchor, in the Strand, near Charing-Cross. " The Siamese twins of our own time are fresh in every one's memory. Shakspeare throws out a pleasant sarcasm at the characteristic curiosity of the English nation. Trinculo, upon first beholding Caliban, exclaims,—*"A strange fish ! were I in England now (as I once was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver : there would this monster make a man : when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."*

² *Peckham Fair, August 1787.*—Of the four-footed race were bears, monkeys, dancing-dogs, a learned pig, &c. Mr. Flockton, in his theatrical booth opposite the *Kentish Drovers*, exhibited the Italian fantocini ; the farce of the Conjuror ; and his " inimitable musical-clock. " Mr. Lane, " first performer to the King, " played off his " snap-snap, rip-rap, crick-crack, and thunder-tricks, that the grown babies stared like worried cats. " This extraordinary genius " will drive about forty twelve-penny nails into any gentleman's breech, place him in a loadstone chair, and draw them out without the least pain ! He is, in short, the most wonderful of all wonderful creatures the world ever wondered at."

Sir Jeffrey Dunstan sported his handsome figure within his booth ; outside of which was displayed a staring likeness of the elegant original in his pink satin smalls. His dress, address, and oratory, fascinated the audience ; in fact, " Jeffy was quite tonish ! "

In opposition to the " Monstrous Craws " at the Royal Grove, were shown in a barn " four wonderful human creatures, brought three thousand miles beyond China, from the Kickashaw Mackabee country, viz.

" A man with a chin eleven inches long.

" Another with as many wens and warts on his face as knots on an old horn-back.

" A third with two large teeth five inches long, strutting beyond his upper lip, as if his father had been a man-tiger !

" And the fourth with a noble large fiery head, that looked like the red-hot urn on the top of the monument ! "

" These most wonderful wild-born human beings (the Monstrous Craws), two females and a male, are of very small stature, being little less or more than four feet high ; each with a monstrous craw under his throat. Their country, language, &c. are as yet unknown to mankind. It is supposed they started in some canoe from their native place (a remote quarter in South America,) and being wrecked, were picked up by a Spanish vessel. At that period they were each of a dark olive complexion, but which has astonishingly, by degrees, changed to the colour of that of Europeans. They are tractable and respectful towards strangers, and of lively and merry disposition among themselves ; singing and dancing in the most extraordinary way, at the will and pleasure of the company."

berwell¹ and Wandsworth² are fast going the way of all fairs. Bow, Edmonton,³ Highgate,⁴ West-end (Hampstead⁵), and Brook Green (Hammersmith) Fairs, with their swings, roundabouts, spiced gingerbread, penny-trumpets, and halfpenny rattles are passed away. The showmen and Merry Andrews of Moorfields⁶ are no more; the

¹ A petty session (how *very* petty!) was held at Union Hall on the 4th July, 1823, in order to put down *Camberwell Fair*, which is as old as Domesday Book. Shakspeare has truly described these ill-conditioned, peddling, meddling Dogberry's. "You wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you speak best to the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards, and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle."

² *Wandsworth Fair* exhibited sixty years ago, Mount Vesuvius, or the burning mountain by moonlight, rope, and hornpipe-dancing; a forest, with the humours of lion-catching; tumbling by the young Polander from Sadler's Wells; several diverting comic songs; a humorous dialogue between Mr. Swatchall and his wife; sparring matches; the Siege of Belgrade, &c. all for three-pence!

On Whit-Monday, 1840, Messrs. Nelson and Lee sent down a theatrical caravan to *Wandsworth Fair*, and were moderately remunerated. But the "Grand Victoria Booth" was the rallying point of attraction. Its refectory was worthy of the ubiquitous *Mr. Epps* of ham, beef, tongue, polony, portable soup, and sheep's trotter memory!

Cold beef and ham, hot ribs of lamb, mock-turtle soup that's portable,
Did blow, with stout, their jackets out, and made the folks comfort-able!

³ In the year 1820, the keeper of a menagerie at *Edmonton Fair* walked into the den of a lioness, and nursed her cubs. He then paid his respects to the husband and father, a magnificent Barbary Lion. After the usual complimentary greetings between them, the man somewhat roughly thrust open the monster's jaws, and put his head into its mouth, giving at the same time a shout that made it tremble. This he did with impunity. But in less than two months afterwards, when repeating the same exhibition at a fair in the provinces, he cried, like the starling, "I can't get out!—I can't get out!" demanding at the same time if the lion wagged its tail? The lion, thinking the joke had been played quite often enough, *did* wag its tail, and roared "Heads!" The keeper fell a victim to his temerity.

⁴ "July 2, 1744.—This is to give notice that *Highgate Fair* will be kept on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday next, in a pleasant shady walk in the middle of the town.

"On Wednesday a pig will be turned loose, and he that takes it up by the tail and throws it over his head, shall have it. To pay two-pence entrance, and no less than twelve to enter.

"On Thursday a match will be run by two men, a hundred yards in two sacks, for a large sum. And, to encourage the sport, the landlord at the Mitre will give a pair of gloves, to be run for by six men, the winner to have them.

"And on Friday a hat, value ten shillings, will be run for by men twelve times round the Green; to pay one shilling entrance: no less than four to start; as many as will may enter, and the second man to have all the money above four. No one to be entitled to the hat that never won that value."

⁵ "The Hampstead Fair Ramble; or, The World going quite Mad. To the tune of 'Brother Soldier dost hear of the News.' London: Printed for J. Bland, near Holbourn, 1708." A curious broadside.

⁶ *Moorfields*, during holiday seasons was an epitome of *Bartlemy Fair*. Its booths and scaffold had flags flying on the top. A stage near the Windmill Tavern, opposite Old Bethlem, was famous for its grinning-matches. *Moorfields* had one novel peculiarity, viz. that whilst the Merry Andrew was practising his buffooneries and legerdemain tricks in one quarter, the itinerant Methodist preacher was holding forth in another. Foote makes his ranting parson exclaim,

"Near the mad mansions of Moorfields I'll bawl,
Come fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, all,
Shut up your shops, and listen to my call!"

Gooseberry Fairs¹ of Clerkenwell and Tottenham Court² Road, (the minor Newmarket and Doncaster of Donkey-racing!) are come to a brick-and-mortary end. High-smoking chimneys and acres of tiles shut out the once pleasant prospect, and their Geffray Gambados (now grey-headed jockeys!) sigh, amidst macadamisation and dust, for the green sward where in their hey-day of life they witched the fair with noble donkeyship!—Croydon (famous for roast-pork³

The Act 12 of Queen Anne aimed at the suppression of the *Moorfields'* merriments. The showmen asked Justice Fuller to license them in April, 1717, but in vain. Fuller had a battle-royal with Messrs. Saunders and Margaret, two Middlesex justices, who sided with the conjurers, and forbade the execution of his warrant. Justice Fuller, however, having declared war against Moorfields mountebanking, was inexorable, and committed the insurgents to the house of correction; from whence, after three hours' durance vile they were released by three other magistrates.

Kennington Common was also a favourite spot for this odd variety of sports. It was here that Mr. Mawworm encountered the brick-bats of his congregation, and had his "pious tail" illuminated with the squibs and crackers of the unregenerate.

¹ This fair commenced in the New River pipe-fields, and continued in a direct line as far as the top of Elm Street, where it terminated. The equestrians always made a point of galloping their donkeys furiously past the house of correction.

² "April 9, 1748.—At the Amphitheatrical Booth at *Tottenham Court*, on Monday next (being Easter Monday), Mr. French, designing to please all, in making his Country Wake complete, by doubling the prizes given to be played for, as well as the sports, has already engaged some of the best gamesters, Country against London, to make sides. For Cudgelling, a laced hat, value one pound five shillings, or one guinea in gold; for Wrestling, one guinea; Money for Boxing, besides Stage-money. And, to crown the diversion of the day, he gives a fine Smock to be jiggled for by Northern Lassies against the Nymphs to the westward of St. Giles's Church—to be entered at the Royal Oak, in High Street, by Hob, Clerk of the Revels, or his deputy. To prevent disorder, no gamester or others will be admitted without a ticket, or paying at the door. Those who engage, their money to be returned. The doors will be opened at eleven o'clock; the sport to begin at two. Cudgelling as usual before the prizes. Best seats, Two Shillings; Pit and First Gallery, One Shilling; Upper Gallery, Sixpence."

Mr. French advertises, May 12, 1748, at his booth at *Tottenham Court*, six men sewed up in sacks to run six times the length of the stage backwards and forwards for a prize, — a prize for wrestling and dancing to the pipe and tabor, — and the gladiator's dance. He also kept the race-course on Tothill-Fields, August 4, 1749.

"August 8, 1730. — At Reynolds' Great Theatrical Booth, in *Tottenham Court*, during the time of the Fair, will be presented a Comical, Tragical, Farcical Droll, called The Rum Duke and the Queer Duke, or a Medley of Mirth and Sorrow. To which will be added, a celebrated *Operatical Puppet-Show*, called Punch's Oratory, or the Pleasures of the Town; containing several diverting passages, particularly a very elegant dispute between Punch and another great Orator (Henley?); Punch's Family Lecture, or Joan's Chimes on her tongue to some tune. No Wires—all alive! With entertainments of Dancing by Monsieur St. Luce, and others."

³ "At the *London Spaw* (1754), during the accustomed time of the *Welsh Fair*, will be the usual entertainment of *Roast Pork*, with the fam'd soft-flavor'd Spaw Ale, and every other liquor of the neatest and best kinds, agreeable entertainments, and inviting usage from the Publick's most obedient servant, George Dowdell."

Talking of *Welsh Fairs*, reminds us of a *Dutch Fair* that was held at *Frogmore* in the year 1795, when a grand fête was given by King George the Third, in celebration of his Queen's birth-day, and the recent arrival of the Princess of Wales. A number of dancers were dressed as haymakers; Mr. Byrne and his company danced the Morris-dance; and Savoyards, in character, assisted at the merriments. Feats of horsemanship were exhibited by professors from the Circus; and booths erected, with signs on the outside, for good eating and drinking within, and the sale of toys, work-hags, pocket-books, and fancy articles. Munden, Rock, and Incledon diverted the company with their mirth and music; and Majesty participated in the

and new walnuts!), Harley-Bush, and Barnet, are as yet unsuppressed; but the demons of mischief—[the English populace (their Majesty the Many!) are notorious for this barbarity]—have totally destroyed the magnificent oak, the growth of ages, that made Fairlop Fair 'the favourite rendezvous of the better sort of holiday folks, who could afford a tandem, tax-cart, or Tim-whisky. How often have we sat, and pirouetted too, under its venerable shade.

May Fair (which began on May-day), during the early part of the last century, was much patronised by the nobility and gentry. It had nevertheless its Ducking Pond for the ruder class of holiday makers.² "In a fore one-pair room, on the west side of Sun-court, a Frenchman exhibited, during the time of May Fair, the astonishing strength of the '*Strong Woman*,' his wife." Though short, she was

general joy. The Royal Dutch Fair lasted two days, and was under the tasteful direction of the Princess Elizabeth.

¹ By an act passed 3rd of 2nd Victoria (not *Victoria* for the *Fair*!) it was rendered unlawful to hold *Fairlop Fair* beyond the first Friday ("Friday's a dry day!") in July. This was the handywork of the Barking Magistrates.

"And when I walk abroad let no dog bark!"

² "June 25, 1748.—At *May Fair* Ducking Pond, on Monday next, the 27th inst. Mr. Hooton's Dog Nero (a poor old dog ten years old, hardly a tooth in his head to hold a duck, but well known for his *goodness* to all that have seen him hunt) hunts six ducks for a guinea, against the bitch called the Flying Spaniel, from the Ducking Pond the other side of the water, who has beat all she has hunted against, excepting Mr. Hooton's Good-Blood. To begin at two o'clock.

"Mr. Hooton begs his customers won't take it amiss to pay Twopence admittance at the gate, and take a ticket, which will be allowed as *Cash* in their reckoning. And no person admitted without a ticket, that such as are not liked may be kept out.

"Note. Right Lincoln Ale.

"But poor old toothless Nero with his art and skill

We hope will beat the Flying Bitch against her will!"

Apropos of other mirthful rendezvous.

"A new Ducking Pond to be opened on Monday next at *Limehouse Cause*, being the 11th August, where four dogs are to play for Four Pounds, and a lamb to be roasted whole, to be given away to all gentlemen sportsmen; and several other matches more that day. To begin at Ten o'clock in the forenoon."—*Postman*, 7th August 1707.

"*Erith Diversion*, 24th May 1790.—This is to acquaint the publick, that on Whit-Monday, and during the holidays, the undermentioned diversions will take place. First, a new Hat to be run for by men; a fine Ham to be played for at Trap-ball; a pair of new Pumps to be jumped for in a sack; a large Plumb-pudding to be sung for; a Guinea to be cudgelled for,—with smoking, grinning through a collar, with many other diversions too tedious to mention.

"N.B. A Ball in the evening as usual."

But what are the hopes of man! A cruel press-gang (this is the freedom of the press with a vengeance! this the boasted monarchy of the middle classes!) interrupted and put an end to these water-side sports.

If the following Kentish gentleman ever lost his appetite, the finder of it must have been ruined. Kent has long been renowned for strong muscles and strong stomachs!

"*Bromley in Kent*, July 14, 1726.—A strange eating worthy is to perform a Tryal of Skill on St. James's Day, which is the day of our *Fair*, for a wager of Five Guineas,—viz: he is to eat four pounds of bacon, a bushel of French beans, with two pounds of butter, a quartern loaf, and to drink a gallon of strong beer."

The old proverb of "*buttering bacon*" here receives farinaceous illustration!

³ This was probably Mrs. Alchorne, "who had exhibited as the *Strong Woman*," and died in Drury Lane in 1817, at a very advanced age. Madame also performed at Bartholomew Fair, 1752.

beautifully formed, and of a lovely countenance. She first let down her hair (a light auburn), of a length descending to her knees, which she twisted round the projecting part of a blacksmith's anvil, and then lifted the ponderous weight from the floor. She also put her bare feet on a red-hot salamander, without receiving the least injury. May Fair is now become the site of aristocratical dwellings, where a strong *purse* is required to procure a standing. At Horn Fair, a party of humorists of both sexes, cornuted in all the variety of Bull-Feather fashion, after perambulating round Cuckold's-Point, startled the little quiet village of Charlton on St. Luke's day, shouting their emulation, and blowing voluntaries on rams' horns, in honour of their patron saint. Ned Ward gives a curious picture of this odd ceremony,—and the press of Stonecutter Street (the worthy successor of Aldermay Churchyard) has consigned it to immortality in two Broad-sides¹ inspired by the Helicon of the Fleet,

“ Around whose brink
Bards rush in droves, like cart-horses to drink,
Dip their dark beards among its streams so clear,
And while they gulp it, wish it ale or beer,”

and illustrated by the Cruikshank of his day. Mile-end Green, in ancient times, had its popular exhibitions, which almost constituted a fair :—

“ Lord Pomp, let nothing that 's magnificall,
Or that may tend to London's graceful state
Be unperformed—as shewes and solemne feastes,
Watches in armour, triumphes, cresset-lightes,
Bonafiers, belles, and peales of ordinance.
And, Pleasure, see that plaies be published,
Maie-games and maskes, with mirth and minstrelsie ;
Pageants and School-feastes, beares and puppit-plaies :
Myselfe will muster upon Mile-end-greene,
As though we saw, and feared not to be seene.”

And the royal town of Windsor,² and the race-course in Tothill-Fields³ were not without their merriments.

¹ “ A New Summons to all the Merry (Wagtail) Jades to attend at *Horn Fair*,” —“ A New Summons to *Horn Fair*,” both without date, with woodcuts.

² “ The Three Lordes and Three Ladies of London,” 1590.

³ “ On Wednesday the 13th, at *Windsor*, a piece of plate is to be fought for at cudgels by ten men on a side, from Berkshire and Middlesex. The next day a hat and feather to be fought for by ten men on a side, from the counties aforesaid. Ten Bargemen are to eat ten quarts of hasty-pudding, well buttered, but *d—d hot* ! He that has done first to have a silver spoon of ten shillings value ; and the second five shillings. And as they have anciently had the title of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, six old women belonging to Windsor town challenge any six old women in the universe (we need not, however, go farther than our *own country* !) to out-sold them. The best in three heats to have a suit of head-cloths, and (what old women generally want !) a pair of nut-crackers.”—*Read's Journal*, September 9. 1721.

“ According to Law. September 22, 1749.—On Wednesday next, the 27th inst. will be run for by *Asses* (!!) in *Tothill Fields*, a purse of gold, not exceeding the value of Fifty Pounds. The first will be entitled to the gold ; the second to two puds ; the third to thirteen pence halfpenny ; the last to a halter fit for the neck of any ass in Europe. Each ass must be subject to the following articles :—

“ No person will be allowed to ride but Taylors and Chimney-sweepers ; the for-

OPINIONS OF THE "TIMES."

BY HAL WILLIS.

THE cobbler declares the times want "mending,"—that his "*little awl*" is insufficient to support him, although he is the "*last*" to complain.

The watchmakers say their watches "don't go," and they shall be "wound up" if the "*spring*" does not produce a "*movement*." Even the undertakers complain that their trade is "*dead*;" and the little ale-brewers, that everything in their line is "*flat, stale, and unprofitable*." Cabinet-makers are compelled to return their bills to their "*drawers*;" and chair-manufacturers vow they have not a "*leg to stand on*."

Bed-manufacturers say these are not times for "*feathering their nests*," and that they are obliged to "*bolster up*" their business by getting "*tick*" wherever they can.

The trunk-makers, when others talk of distress, hold up their hands and cry, "*they never saw such a deal*," and that they daily see more cases of distress than packing-cases!

The little wine-merchant declares, like the "*cabin-boy*," that he is "*wrecked in sight of port*!"

The poulterer, that purchasing stock is really making "*ducks and drakes*" of his money, for all his customers are "*on the wing*."

The rope-maker finds "*spinning a long yarn*" as unprofitable as an author's writing "*wonderful tales*" without the prospect of a publisher, and thinks seriously of making a rope for himself.

The hackney-coachman says that the omnibuses have run away with his customers, and that his vocation is all at a—*stand!*

Ask the market-gardener "*How are turnips?*" or "*How are potatoes?*" and he answers that they are "*Flat—very flat*."

And thus it is with every calling and profession. Some have recourse to emigration, and, of course, many *journey-men* become *travellers* from necessity.

The philosophers say there is no such thing as *colour*, yet the times certainly look *black*, and everybody looks *blue*.

The want of money is undoubtedly universal, and the *smallest change* would be acceptable.

mer to have a cabbage-leaf fixed to his hat, the latter a plumage of white feathers; the one to use nothing but his yard-wand, and the other a brush.

"No jockey-tricks, too commonly practised, will be allowed upon any consideration.

"No one to strike an ass but the rider, lest he thereby cause a retrograde motion, under a penalty of being ducked three times in the river.

"No ass will be allowed to start above thirty years old, or under ten months, nor any that has won above the value of fifty pounds.

"No ass to run that has been six months in training, particularly above stairs, lest the same accident happen to it that did to one nigh a town ten miles from London, and that for reasons well known to that place.

"Each ass to pay sixpence entrance, three farthings of which are to be given to the old clerk of the race, for his due care and attendance.

"Every ass to carry weight for inches, if thought proper."

Then follow a variety of sports, with "*an ordinary of proper victuals, particularly for the riders, if desired*."

"*Run, lads, run! there's rare sport in Tothill Fields!*"

VICTORIA REGINA.

No. I.

THE ACCESSION.

FAIR seems she unto mortal sight
 As forms which haunt the dreaming-land ;
 Yet mingles with her beauty bright,
 A something of command.

A calm and gentle sense of power
 Is throned upon that lovely brow ;
 But 'tis unto the spirit's dower
 Of *sweetness* that we bow.

And to the deep affections shrined
 Within that bosom free from guile ;—
 The purity of heart and mind
 That beameth in the smile.

The spirit of a lofty race
 Breaks through the softness of her mien ;
 Yet blends she still, with matchless grace,
 The *woman* with the Queen !

Let England's chivalry draw nigh
 Her throne,—to watch with holiest zeal,—
 And guard with noblest fealty
 Its honour and its weal !—

And England's people round her form
 A bulwark of brave hearts and true,
 Whose strength of love, nor art, nor storm,
 Nor years, shall e'er subdue !

And while her goodness charms away
 From Faction's self its subtlest wiles,
 Long may she rule with golden sway
 The Children of the Isles !

No. II.

THE PROCLAMATION.

MY mother, most beloved ! upon *thy* breast
 Now let my tears flow forth !—The pomp is o'er,
 And the strong rush of feelings, late suppress'd
 In their full tide, may be controll'd no more !

I have kept down my swelling heart, and stood
 Before my people with a brow serene,
 Quelling,—as thine and Albion's daughter should,—
 My nature's weakness through th' o'erpowering scene.

A Mighty Nation's voice, with loud acclaim,
 Hath hail'd me Sov'reign of the brave and free,
 And mingled rapturous blessings with my name !—
 I wait a holier benison from thee !

Soothe thou the tumult of my soul away
 With thy calm accents, mother, dear and mild ;
 And o'er thy daughter's loftier fortunes pray !
A Queen ! a Queen !—'tis more to be—THY CHILD !

No. III.

THE MARRIAGE.

A SCENE of such high pomp and sumptuous state,
 As only on earth's regal children wait,
 Is here,—yet thrilling with emotions strong
 Each gazer's spirit in the glittering throng.

Supreme in grace, before God's altar stand
 A radiant pair—the Lady of the land,
 With her soul's chosen ;—and the sacred vow
 Is breath'd, which links their fates *for ever* now !

The sceptred Sovereign of broad realms is there,
 All trust—*all Woman*—as the humblest are ;
 And softly unto *him* her beaming eye,
 Affection-lighted, turns confidingly.

*Guard well thy treasure, Prince !—*The giant arm
 Of England's self may shield *her Queen* from harm,
 But only *thine* can be that dearer part
 From wound and blight to save the *Woman's heart !*

No. IV.

THE BIRTHDAY.

SPEED—speed the joyous tidings on !
 The hour of dread is past ;
 And spells of tenfold tenderness
 Around our Queen are cast !
 Though she no more may reign, as once,
 Within our hearts *alone*—
 A child is born to England's love,
 An heir to England's throne !

Speed—speed the joyous tidings ! tell
 That God hath heard the prayer
 By millions breathed, from day to day,
 For her, the young and fair !
 Whose peerless beauty was our pride,
 In its fresh morning glow ;
 But whom more sacred charms adorn
 As wife and mother now !

Joy to the land ! and joy to him,
 The loved of that fair breast !
 With fervour pour'd by full hearts forth,
May blessings on them rest !
 And may the brightest days by far
 Our England e'er hath seen,
 Be those in which she's govern'd by
 Her young and noble Queen !

E. A.

MY GRAND TOUR.

WHAT is the world to a man who has not seen Paris?

Why, in sober sadness, such an one is not fit to live, and, what is worse, will not be allowed to live. O Miss Muggins! Miss Muggins!—defend me, ye powers, if any powers there be that preside over untravelled young gentlemen, from the horrors of another tea-party at the Mugginses!

Paris—Paris—Paris? Never been to Paris? What! not to Paris?—not at Paris? Astonishing!—incredible!—can't be! Never heard of such a thing! Who'd have thought it!

Such was the entertainment I received the last night I took tea at Muggins's. Muggins had travelled,—so had his wife, Mrs. Muggins,—and so had his daughters, Emmeline and Philadelphia Muggins;—they had actually, bodily, substantially, and in the flesh, been to foreign parts—boldly dared the perils of the vasty deep, landed at Boulogne, and penetrated, like the allied armies, to the very gates of Paris. There was, unluckily, no mistake; they had been at Paris these same Mugginses—*had been*, did I say? By King Pepin! they are at Paris now!—they were at Paris when I took tea with them in Camomile Street—they have been at Paris ever since. Their hearts and souls, eyes, ears, noses, fingers, and tongues are at Paris; and all they can talk of, think of, or dream of, are the men and women, streets and lanes, sights, sounds, smells, and tastes of Paris—Paris—Paris!

“Confound the lot of you!” said I to myself, as I turned the corner into Bishopsgate Street, after having bid an affectionate good night to all the Mugginses,—“confound the lot of you! where did you *forget* to learn manners? Here have you been crowing over me all the evening; because I have not, like yourselves, taken advantage of the present unprecedentedly low fares, and earned the reputation of a traveller at a cheaper rate than I can stay at home. Who would make his life miserable in this way, when thirty shillings there, and thirty shillings back, will make a man of him? Who that can get a Continental reputation for sixty shillings would allow himself to be crowded over in this manner. I'll be even with the Mugginses. I *will* go to Paris, through Paris, and come out at the other side, that I will. I'll book myself all the way this very night, and start before daylight in the morning. *Au revoir, mon ami Muggins!*”

“But with the morning cool reflection came.” A passport I must have; and, as it did not suit my views to pay for a passport at the Foreign Office, I went off to the office of the French Embassy in Poland Street, indicated by a little shabby house, with a little shabby green door, and a little shabby brass plate, as the establishment where letters of introduction to the Gallic territories might be had for the asking. I entered my name, age, profession, destination, with several other little particulars, in a book kept for the purpose, and was desired to call again at the same hour on the following day. This little affair being arranged, I betook myself to the Regent Circus, that common centre of the travelling world, and stood for a long time undecided what course to adopt. I had two objects in view. Paris was, of course, the first; but money was the second. Vanity commanded me to go; but economy whispered me in the ear, not to make a fool of myself in going.

Never was there such a concurrence of favourable circumstances. The Spread Eagle invited me to go "all the way," — the entire animal for six-and-twenty shillings. The Bull and Mouth was even lower. For one guinea I was to be put on a level with the presuming Mugginses—only one-and-twenty shillings! — 'twas cheaper than standing still. The Spread Eagle, to be sure, is a noble animal, and promises to convey me under the shadow of his wings in eight-and-forty hours. The Bull and Mouth, more tardy, advertises fifty; but then the Bull and Mouth is five shillings less than the Spread Eagle — that made all the difference in the world. I turned my back on the Spread Eagle,—had the eagle been a phoenix I should have done the same,—and made up my mind. I did not take my place, because it is my rule of travel never to pay until I am called upon; but I made up my mind to go to Paris under the protection of the Bull and Mouth, and with that determination went home to dinner.

On my way to my lodgings, I scrutinised carefully the bookstalls, and, as good luck would have it, was enabled to provide myself, for four-and-sixpence, with a "Guide to Paris" of the year of the battle of Waterloo, and a "Trésor d'Ecolier Français," which struck me as quite a literary curiosity. The phrases most essential to the ordinary travellers, were there to be found, intended to initiate the neophyte into the mysteries of the true Parisian pronunciation! The curious reader will form a better idea of the arrangement of this work from the few specimens subjoined:—

Comment se porte votre mère ?	Common sea port vote mare ?	How 's your mother ?
Quel chapeau épouvantable !	Kel chapo poof on tabbell !	What a shocking bad hat !
C'est très bien, Monsieur Ferguson ; mais c'est ne pas possible que vous pouviez rester ici !	Se tray byeang, Moshoeu Fargosong ; may say nay paw possee bell kay voo poovey restey see !	It's all very well, Mr. Ferguson ; but you don't lodge here !
Vous voilà sans un œil !	Voo vvoila sans oon ale !	There you go with your eye out !
Sacre bien !	Sakker blue !	Flare up !
Qui l'a volé l'âne ?	Kee la voley l'ann ?	Who stole the donkey ?

The "Guide," although rather out of date, I thought would do very well for me. How admirably well Paris looks upon paper! No wonder the Mugginses are in raptures! Bless us! there's the Louvre—very fine; the Pantheon, not *quite* St. Paul's; Notre Dame, very fine too, but not *exactly* Westminster Abbey; the Tuileries—queer sloping roofs—rum concern, certainly; and the Triumphal Arch—all very high, and mighty, and great, to be seen for the small charge, as the puppet-showman says, of twenty-one shillings sterling.

Then the cafés, and the restaurateurs, and bills of fare—such a bill of fare! Why, 'tis a dinner to look upon! *Dîner à la carte*; or, if you don't like that, soup, fish, *quatre plats à choix*; dessert, a pint of wine, and bread *à discrétion*. Think of that, ye poor wretches, who put up with the ghost of a penny roll!—think of bread *à discrétion*!

On the morrow I repaired, as directed, to Poland Street, and in the order of our names, as inserted in the book of yesterday, we were accommodated with passports. My turn soon came; and not without awe did I find myself ushered into the presence of Monsieur Auguste de Bacomt, *Charge des Affaires* to the embassy. My name, age, residence, profession, destination, and so forth, were answered as soon as asked, Monsieur Auguste de Bacomt regarding me during the progress

of the examination with fixed attention ; after which the attendant secretary handed me a slip of semi-transparent paper, and with much *politesse* bowed me out of the apartment.

Emerging into Oxford Street, I set about translating my passport ; and having sufficiently admired the royal arms of France, wherewith it was surmounted, with the help of a pocket-dictionary, I made out the subject matter as follows :—

“ IN THE NAME OF THE KING.

“ These are to will and command all mayors, prefects, commandants of garrisons, and others in authority, to receive and protect Erasmus Twig, of the firm of Twig and Figg, wholesale grocer and foreign fruit dealer, of Rosemary Lane, Minorities, now proceeding singly to Paris, *via* Calais or Boulogne, and to give him every aid and assistance in their power, in case of necessity.

(Signed) “ A. DE BACOMT,
Chargé des Affaires.”

“ Very polite, upon my word ! ‘ In the name of the King ! ’— that is something. And then to be received and protected by all prefects, mayors, commandants of garrisons ! ”

Flattered to find myself a person of such vast importance in the eyes of all prefects, mayors, and commandants of garrisons, and considering what Philadelphia Muggins would think, and how the other Mugginses would stare when they heard of it, I drew myself up to my full height opposite the shop of a carver and gilder, where was exhibited close to the door a mirror of one plate of glass, six feet square, or thereabouts, ticketed at the moderate figure of three hundred guineas, in whose bright reflection I sported *my* figure, very much to my own satisfaction.

The fact is, thought I, Monsieur Auguste de Bacomt, Charge des Affaires, was struck with my appearance when he gave me so flattering a letter to the Gallic functionaries. And faith, now that I look at myself in that three-hundred-guinea glass, I think myself not quite the ugliest fellow on the shady side of Rosemary Lane. Ah ! Philadelphia Muggins, Philadelphia Muggins ! the time *may* come when— But what the devil’s this ? Here’s something I didn’t see before, as the exciseman said when he found the contraband tobacco. Something like an order for groceries in the margin of my passport, headed ‘ DESCRIPTION.’ ”

No mortal ever yet beheld a veritable, *bonâ fide*, genuine ghost with more unmitigated horror than I, unhappy Twig that I am ! beheld my own portrait in pen and ink on the margin of my too flattering, as I fondly thought it, letter of introduction to the mayors, prefects, and commandants of garrisons.

Such a description ! That I should live to describe it ! Thus it was, however, between you and me and the post ; but for Gracious’ sake, humane reader, never let it be known in Camomile Street. Thus it was :—

“ DESCRIPTION.

Hair, . . . Red, wiry.
Forehead, . . . Low, transversely wrinkled.
Eyes, . . . Swivelly, greyish green.

(P.S. This is an abominable falsehood.)

Nose, . . . Pug (*petit nez retroussé*).
Shoulders, . . . Fiddle pattern.

Legs, . . . Bandy.
 (Another thumper.)
Height, . . . Five feet nothing.
Complexion, . . . Tallowy.
Physiognomy, . . . Suspicious.
Age, . . . Wrong side of thirty.”
(N.B. The last three items false.)

"Powers of distortion!" I involuntarily exclaimed, "am I then so ugly as all this! What! am I to carry this offensive record of my own deformity to all prefects, mayors, and commandants of garrisons?—to present it at the gates of fortified towns, to sniggling soldiers of the line, and sneering subalterns? Impudence! Confound that sneering Charge des Affaires! I thought he was laughing at me all the time. Low scrub! I'll not carry my own caricature about with me. Why should I spend British gold among a parcel of foreigneering chaps? All slaves, every man jack of them, frog-eaters, fellows that wear wooden shoes! What care I for old Muggins? And as for Philadelphia, with her three thousand pounds (*they* call it twelve, but *I* always divide by four), there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught."

Having achieved this magnanimous soliloquy, I turned away in disgust, and swaggered along Oxford Street, and so down Regent Street, when I passed the Bull and Mouth and the Spread Eagle with as much indifference as if no such unique examples of animated nature existed on the face of this terraqueous globe, fully determined to abstain from the criminality of abandoning my country, and expending my means in enriching foreigners, who, while they fleece, laugh at us. In this happy frame of mind, who should I stumble upon in the Haymarket but my old friend and fellow apprentice, Tom Taylor, with whom I served four years of my time in the eminent wholesale house of Muscovado, Knaggs, and Muscovado, of Thames Street.

Tom never was a promising youth for business; very fond of the play, literary books, and the like of that, and, moreover, a remarkably slow hand at accounts. I did my best to help him out of scrapes every now and then; but it would not do. Tom became a dissenting-minister down in the country, by which he gained a little money, a great reputation, and, what was better still, a remarkably handsome wife, with whom he had just come up to town to spend a day, and see the lions.

After the usual salutations, — Tom was remarkably glad to see me, and I was uncommonly glad to see him,—his Reverence introduced me to his little wife, and invited me to join their exploring party, and to dine with them at their hotel in the evening.

"Well, I don't care if I do make a day with you, Tom," said I, in reply to his kind invitation; "but the fact is, I was just on the point of starting for Paris."

"Paris!" exclaimed my friend. "Don't you think, now, friend Twig, that there is a good deal to see in London."

"Well, I don't know, Tom. 'Pon my life, now, that's very true. I wonder I didn't think of that before. But some friends of mine tell me that Paris—"

"Have you ever been to Westminster Abbey?" inquired Tom.

"Never in my life," replied I.

"Never! Dear me, I wonder at you, Mr. Twig!" exclaimed Mrs. Tom Taylor.

"Have you visited the Tower?"—"Not yet."

"St. Paul's?"

"No, indeed."

"The Zoological Gardens."—"Never."

"Bless me! my dear fellow!" exclaimed the minister, putting his arm within mine, "you may go to Paris any time these twenty years.

Come with us, and recollect the proverb, that 'far-off fields look green.'"

We accordingly walked very leisurely as far as Westminster Abbey. With what reverential awe did we enter that hallowed fane!—"that receptacle of the dust of heroes, statesmen, poets, conquerors, and kings!—that temple whose venerable walls enclose more departed wit, and worth, and fame than all the Pantheons that have flouted the sky since the days of Greece and Rome! Here, in the pride of youth and hope, strength and beauty, have the successive monarchs of our mighty England, amid the clangour of trumpets, the roaring of cannon, and the acclamations of their people, assumed the external symbols of that extended sway, which, if it does not rule, influences at least all the world; and here, after various fate and fortune, in the silence of night, and in darkness, have many of them returned, to be deposited in the silent tomb, no more to fill with their renown aught save the page of history,—no more to carry in their right hands the destinies of millions—no more to be fawned upon or flattered,—now lying low as the meanest of their subjects! There needs no preacher to set forth the vanity of human wishes, the absurdity of human ambition, the hollowness of human enjoyments here. *Here* we read a sermon in every stone,—the sepulchre becomes a teacher,—the very walls are eloquent!

From the Abbey, which my friend Taylor assured me is as much superior to Notre Dame both in intrinsic beauty and in the magic of its associations, as Muscovado's sugar warehouse is to a sweet-stuff shop, we went to the Houses of Parliament, where we performed the customary operations of seating ourselves by turns upon the Woolsack, and in the Speaker's chair, without finding any material addition made thereby to the stock of information we already might have possessed either in law or politics.

Our destination was next to the river, and we were speedily at Hungerford Market, whence we embarked in a Greenwich steamer; two clarionets and a harp on board, striking up "Rule Britannia" with the enthusiasm of true Britons. It was high tide, the day was fine, and the broad silvery stream was covered with every variety of craft, whether of business or pleasure, from the lumbering barge slowly worked up with the advancing tide by her sweeps (like an enormous black-beetle), to the dashing six-oared cutter, manned by a crew of gallant young lawyers, at this moment putting off in high style from the Temple Stairs. Soon we swept through London Bridge,—that model, as Tom Taylor called it, of lightness, grace, and strength, the ample arches of which rather skimmed over than spanned the river; and became lost in the forest of masts that grow upon the bosom of old Thames.

"Talk to me of the Seine!" exclaimed Tom Taylor, with a curl of the lip.

"What! you have seen the Seine?" inquired I; "and is it really, now as fine a river as this?"

"As *this*!" exclaimed my companion, in astonishment; "as this—the commercial artery of Europe,—the highway of nations,—the element of wealth, fertility, and beauty! The Seine, forsooth! a pitiful runlet of two-milk whey; whose most important services are those it renders to swimming-schools and washerwomen!"

"Lord!" said I to myself, "what fools these Mugginses must be, to be sure!"

We were now wandering up and down the spacious courts and noble corridors of the palace, for truly such it is, of the Greenwich pensioners. We inspected their chaste and beautiful chapel; lingered a long time in their hall, where the thousand triumphs of the British flag live on the glowing canvass; but were most of all gratified with the air of contented satisfaction that beamed in the weather-beaten faces of the time-honoured veterans who, outliving all the chances of war and tempest, luxuriated here in the well-earned repose provided for them by a grateful country.

"This," said Tom Taylor, who was waxing of late rather oratorical,—"this in part redeems the horrors and the miseries of war. Can we any longer wonder that our gallant tars have so long preserved to England the empire of the sea, when England provides for them in age, and mutilation, and disease, so glorious an asylum? Well, indeed, may they expend their life-blood in her service, when she shelters them in the palaces of her sovereigns. Glory and honour cannot surely desert the land that makes the worthy recompense of her brave defenders not merely a duty, but an honour. May we never see the day when the British tar will no longer be treated with the marked consideration of the country he defends! for surely never will he cease to deserve it."

Leaving Tom Taylor's fine sayings, of which I have forgotten the rest, for visitors less hungry than we, let me go on to observe that the sight of Blackwall—it was the white-bait season—suggested ideas of something more substantially refreshing than oratory, and all that sort of thing; the result of which was a suggestion of mine that we should dine comfortably at the Artichoke, and then make the most of our time for the rest of the afternoon, to which my worthy friend, Tom, and his fair companion, willingly agreed.

It is not always the fate of the traveller to fall in with a good dinner every time that he feels himself able to do it justice: to-day, however, we were in clover. Dinner being over, I ventured to ask my friend, Tom, if the French cookery, of which I had heard and read so much, and upon which my guide-book and the Mugginses were so eloquent, was really the splendid thing they made it out to be; and in particular, whether it was true that with an old shoe and an onion a French cook can turn out a "*potage*" that might tickle the palate of Apicius himself.

"Have you any fault to find with the dinner of to-day, Mr. Twig?" inquired Mrs. Taylor with an expression of surprise.

"By no means, my dear madam," I replied. "The stewed eels were perfect; the flounders uncommonly good; and the hashed venison—not to speak of the Mulligatawny—superb."

"The pastry I thought was excellent," observed the lady.

"But," continued I,—I said but, because I would not give you a farthing for a true-born Englishman if he is not to be allowed to grumble,—"but the variety of French dishes is extraordinary. I happened to fall in with a Parisian bill of fare—"

"I beg pardon for interrupting you," observed Tom, "but that variety of which you speak is produced curiously enough. I happened to take up my quarters once upon a time at the Café de l'Orangerie, and I know the trick. There the bill of fare exhibits a catalogue of three hundred dishes; but, in truth, there are never more in the house than three. For instance, there appear on the '*carté*' a hundred different *entrées* of veal, another hundred of beef, and a third

hundred of mutton. A piece of each of these meats is kept simmering in a stew-pan, and a copper of universal gravy with a few handfuls of sliced vegetables are always at hand. You order, for example, '*gigot mouton avec sauce piquante*,' — that sounds well, and probably you may think it will eat as well as it sounds: a scrap of meat is immediately cut from the shapeless junk in the stew-pan, is then well slopped with universal gravy, and a dash of the vinegar-cruet supplies the '*sauce piquante*.' If, haply, you prefer '*bœuf à la sauce Tomate*,' or '*à la Jardinière*,' it is all the same: a little red-lead or brick-dust colours the universal gravy for the former, and a pinch of dried sage gives a refreshing verdure to the latter. Veal is treated in a manner precisely similar: whether you order '*veau à l'oseille*,' or any of the other ninety-nine variations that are played upon the subject in the stew-pan, it is all the same, — the sorrel, spinage, anything green will do, is plastered over the bit of meat, and served up to order. 'Tis the universal gravy that does it."

"Muggins—Muggins," thought I on hearing all this, "what a hopeless old ass you must be!"

Having enjoyed ourselves sufficiently at the Artichoke, and paid our not unreasonable bill with the readiness of guests who have been well-treated, and wish to come again, we made the best of our way to the Brunswick Wharf, where places were to be taken for our journey by railway to town. A train was that moment about to start; we got into one of the carriages, and, in less time than I take to chronicle the event, were deposited at the town terminus, where we got a hackney coach, and drove off at full speed for the Zoological Gardens, regretting very much that time did not permit us to take the Tower and the Docks in our way. We reached the gardens in good time, and had another opportunity of admiring the extraordinary way in which the co-operative wealth and intelligence of mighty London procures materials of knowledge and enjoyment. We had seen in the earlier part of our excursion the creative genius of art in various ways elicited for purposes of profit, glory, or pleasure, — *here*, as Tom Taylor observed, "Nature herself, coy and reserved Nature, is called from her wild retreats to be made tributary to man's enjoyment. The monarch of African wilds; the denizens of the sandy deserts of Arabia; the grisly tyrant of the Polar ice; nay, the very inhabitants of air, are brought familiarly before our eyes, and the student of animated nature may lay aside his books, and in this place become intimate with the animals that formerly he must have journeyed thousands of miles amid dangers and privations innumerable, to have looked upon."

When we had paid our customary tribute of biscuits to the bear, apples to the elephant, and twigs of hawthorn to the giraffes, and examined the other curiosities of the place, we thought it high time to retire; and, getting into our coach, we desired the coachman to drive us as near as possible to the foot of Primrose Hill. Here we got out; and, taking advantage of a footpath, were speedily at the summit, where a delightful view more than rewarded us for the toil of our ascent. The sun was sinking in the west, and its horizontal rays glancing along the thousand roofs of smoky London, and lighting up as in flame the giant dome of St. Paul's, towering in bulky eminence over the wide-extended city; behind us, in deep and harmonious shade were the richly-wooded and luxuriant "sister hills" of Hampstead and Highgate, and at our feet was the Regent's Park, and the

Gardens we had just quitted. Mrs. Taylor was in ecstasy ; and Tom declared it was the finest thing we had seen that day.

"I have heard," said I, addressing my reverend friend, inquiringly, "a great deal of Montmartre, and think they call it the Primrose Hill of Paris."

"Primrose Hill !—if they called it Rubbish Hill, or Mount Misery, my dear fellow, the name would be more appropriate ; a naked rock, with a few stone-quarries, and a dilapidated windmill on the top, are its whole attractions, I assure you."

We now descended the hill, and drove as rapidly as possible to Fladong's Hotel, where, while we were indulging ourselves with a cigar and glass of sherry and water, Tom Taylor happened to take up a newspaper ; and, casting his eye over the public amusements, proposed that, as Mrs. Taylor had gone to rest, we might finish our grog, and employ the remainder of the evening in going to the play.

"What is there to-night ?" I inquired.

"Hamlet : the part of Hamlet by a gentleman, his first appearance on the Metropolitan boards," replied my friend.

"That will do," said I. "We can't be wrong."

"'Twill be either tragical or comical, I suppose," rejoined Taylor, "as the case may be." Whereupon off we went together to the play.

The house was tolerably filled ; the boldness of the aspirant to histrionic fame having attracted a sprinkling of critics prompt to "squabash" the unfortunate delinquent, who, "neither having the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, or man," might have, in the simplicity of his heart, essayed the enactment of a part so difficult of comprehension, even to the all-illuminated critics themselves, as that of Hamlet the Dane. To the great astonishment, and probably disappointment of the critics, the aspirant did *not* break down in the ghost scene, nor yet in the soliloquy, — in addition to a complete knowledge of the conventionalities of his art, and of stage business generally, he never lost for a moment that deep feeling that exhibits the man of mind in the actor ; there was soul in every tone, and with much art he so carried himself in his performance, that he might have truly said with Polonius, "Madam, I swear I use no art at all." The play went off exceedingly well. I would have waited for the after-piece ; but my friend, Taylor, told me that there was nothing to see after Hamlet.

"What do you think of the French tragedy, Tom ?"

"Did you ever see a hornpipe in fetters, Twig."

"To be sure," replied I ; "in the Beggar's Opera ; but what has that to do with it ?"

"What has that to do with it ? Why that *is* it."—"Is what ?"

"Why, that same French tragedy of which you spoke."

"Nonsense ; you're joking."

"Not I, upon my life ; a hornpipe in fetters, or tragedy upon stilts."

As we went home together I opened by degrees my heart to the excellent Tom Taylor, and told him all the history of my being crowded over by the Mugginses simply because I had the misfortune of not having been to Paris. I also hinted my suspicions that if I had been a travelled man, and could say that I had been on the Continent, I thought it was possible that Philadelphia Muggins—a very nice girl, by the way—would have no objection to change the inharmonious name of Muggins for the softer sound of Twig ; that she had the reputation of

twelve thousand pounds, and might possibly be good for three ; that I was very fond of her, and did not want her money (of course not !) and finally implored Tom Taylor, for old apprenticeship's sake, to give me a wrinkle how I might circumvent the enemy, and take Philadelphia !

"Come down to the country with us to-morrow," replied my hospitable friend, and we can see what is to be done. Town is a bad place for giving advice, and a worse for taking it."

"Oh ! I see ; and when I come up to town again, put a bold face on the matter, and say I've been to Paris. Eh ?"

Down to the country we went together the following morning,—the Reverend Thomas Taylor, Mrs. Thomas Taylor, and myself. At the expiration of three happy weeks I returned to town with a stock of health and spirits sufficient to last me at least a twelvemonth.

My first visit was to Camomile Street, to the Mugginses. On entering the drawing-room, who should meet my embarrassed eyes but Philadelphia, and alone. It was with difficulty that I repressed the quick throbbing of my palpitating heart, and forced my trembling lips to utter, "How's your mother ?"

"Quite well, I thank you, Mr. Twig."

"And the governor ?"

"Laid up with the face-ache. Shocking, isn't it ?"

"Ah ! very—very glad—very sorry, I mean."

"But, bless me, Mr. Twig, where have you been hiding these three weeks ?"

"Ya !—eh ?—why—the—fact—is—on the Continent,—grand tour, you know,—Paris, and all that——"

"Have you, really ? Delightful, isn't it ?"—"Delightful, indeed !"

"And the Louvre,—isn't it sweetly pretty ?"—"You *may* say that."

"And the statues and pictures, ain't they darlings ?"—"Ducks !"

"And the Palais Royale ?"—"Don't mention it."

"And the *Tweeleries* ?"—"Uncommon natty."

"And the beautiful Seine ?"—"Say no more !"

"Oh, dear !" exclaimed the sentimental girl, "is there any thing in this world more sweetly pretty than dear delightful Paris ?"

"There is—there is," said I in a tremulous tone, drawing the hand of Philadelphia gently within mine, and gazing intently on her—"there is something in this world more beautiful than Paris, with all its beauties—that is, *to me* ; something that surpasses all the—I mean everybody that ever I——"

"In the name of goodness, Mr. Twig, what is it ? tell us !" exclaimed Miss Muggins, colouring to the tips of her fingers.

"Can you ask ?—can *you* ask ?" exclaimed I impassionately. "'Tis the loveliest of earthly creations,—'tis Philadelphia !"

"Oh, Twig !" ejaculated the lovely girl, and sank upon my bosom.

My business was done. The Governor's face-ache precluded him from coming to close-quarters with me about the sights and lions of Paris : and, by carefully keeping to the windward of Mrs. Muggins, and talking generalities out of my guide-book, (which I had got by rote while at Tom Taylor's,) I effectually bamboozled the old lady, and even Emmeline declared that she thought I travelled to some purpose.

I thought so too when I went to the bank yesterday to touch three thousand pounds sterling—Philadelphia's fortune. To-morrow—(for the family are as cracked as ever about travel,) Mrs. Muggins, Emmeline, my wife and I, are off, per steamer, to Rotterdam and the Rhine !

ABDICATIONS.

A PRIZE ESSAY, BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

"Unsey is the head that's got a crown!"—SHAKESPEARE, *O'Neil loquitur*.

THOSE who have ears to hear must be aware that, every now and then, the concatenation of public events brings into fashion some noun substantive, "more guarded than its fellows," which is bruited from club to coterie, kept in pica by correctors of the press for the use of leading articles, and stereotyped for the pamphlets of budding politicians. Enter the gallery of the House of Commons, and within five minutes you will be struck by the pellet of the word in authority. One session, it is "NON-INTERVENTION;" the next, the "INTEGRITY" of the Ottoman Empire. Of late, the crack word has been "ABDICATION."

During the present year, all the thrones in Europe appear to have been thrown over, just as in Napoleon's time they were overthrown. Royalty has been at a discount; crowns have been going a begging; scarcely a *sovereign* but has been in want of *change*!

There is something strangely *ad captandum* in the magnanimity of such an act. Ever since, in our days of birchhood, we inclined our little schoolboy eyes over the frontispiece of Robertson's History of Charles V, instead of "minding our book," we have retained a fond impression of the very great superiority of that Emperor, standing awful and imperious in his cuirass and tin-pantaloon, over the pale pitiful Philip, in his ermine tippet, kneeling before his father, and about to be translated to a higher see; the abdicator looking exceedingly like "'possum up a gum-tree," and the abdicatee like "racoon in a hollow," watching below. Abdication, for the use of schools, could not have been more edifyingly set forth.

But we own we fancied this regal sacrifice in five syllables one of the heroics of the middle ages. We had the weakness to imagine that, unless, like Napoleon at Fontainebleau, with a hundred thousand bayonets at his throat and fifty pieces of cannon at his gates,—modern princes were fonder of laying down the law than laying down the sceptre,—that is, laying down the law instead of the *profits*. It never occurred to us that, in this matter-of-fact century,—this age of calculating machines,—this era, of which Josephus is the historian (meaning Hume, not Adam but Joseph),—this epoch of utilitarianism and go-a-headism,—potentates could be found sufficiently soft to quarrel with their bread and butter, and indulge in the amiable weakness of ABDICATION.

Nothing else, however, is heard of among the capitals of civilized Europe. Scarcely have we opened a paper since January last, but the word ABDICATION has occupied an honourable station in the Foreign Intelligence, or "own correspondent" department. Week after week, Kings have been accepting unattached majorities on half pay; and Queens going out, receiving the difference!

In more than one instance, it appears that "All for love, or the throne well lost," should have been the title of these singular performances.—"*All for love*" in the nineteenth century!—A very great writer has observed that "were honour driven from the earth its

refuge should be the breast of Kings ;" and romance appears to have taken shelter in the same retreat :—Romance is marked with the broad arrow :—romance is regalized ! Cupid, on finding his torch broken by the rollicking spirit of the times as though it were a watchman's lantern, has thought fit to lighten his darkness with a royal spark ; for his Majesty King William is said to have flung aside the flats of Holland in favour of a maid of honour, " fat, fair, and forty," unquestionably deserving to be made titular King of Cyprus by way of compensation.

The universal acclamations lavished upon this truly royal action began at length to fill our minds with alarm, lest the example should become contagious. The epidemic of ABDICATION was raging, and " by the simplicity of Venus' doves ! " we trembled lest our own little throne of England should be weighed in the balance and found wanting by those who honour it with all the graces and virtues of royalty. We looked out with anxiety in every Saturday's Gazette, and our breath came short whenever her most gracious Majesty's First Lord of the Treasury opened his lips as if he had something to say. A mere hint of the word ABDICATION from such a quarter, would have put three kingdoms into crape and bombazine, and the colonies into weepers !

Judge, therefore, oh ! sympathizing public ! what was our consternation, when one day last summer, as we panted our way up the steep ascent of St. James's Street, while the clubs sneered at our peripatetic philosophy from under their cool awnings, a general buzz and murmur issuing from the portals of those temples of gossipry, concentrated in appalling accents the fatal word ABDICATION !—It was not of William those idlers were talking. It was not of Christina. Neither King nor Kaiser occupied their minds ; or if Kings and Queens mingled in any degree in their calculations, it was as regarded the odd tricks of a pack which hath no record in the Almanack of Saxe Gotha. There was a sound of lamentation ; but its ohs ! and ahs ! were under no sort of control from the pursuivants of the Herald's Office.

" What will become of us ! " cried one.

" Where shall we hide our diminished heads ! " exclaimed another.

" Where shall we breakfast ? " sighed a third.

" Where shall we dine ? " a fourth.

" Where sup ? " a fifth.

" What shall I do with my mornings ? " said A.

" What shall I do with my evenings ? " said B.

" What shall I do with my *nights* ? " yawned C.

" I shall have twelve hours of the twenty-four thrown on my hands ! " swore his Grace.

" I, fifteen ! " simpered his lordship.

" I, twenty ! " lisped Sir Henry.

" Decidedly, if he persist in his project of abdication I will break up my establishment, and fly the country ! " faltered one, who shall be nameless.

In horror-struck suspense, we gazed upon this new Caius Marcius, listening anxiously to the murmurs of the ingenuous youth and middle age of Britain, till our souls grew still more and more disquieted !

" What can he mean, pray ? " resumed the first speaker. " What

can be his projects?—Is he going into Parliament, or into La Trappe—or what?—”

“It will be the greatest loss this nation ever sustained!” added the second, with oracular solemnity.—“What a patron has he been to the arts!—The *marmite perpetuelle* has bubbled ever since his accession!—Truffles have been imported by him, under a treasury warrant; and his Sillery came direct from Epernay, under an escort of the municipal guard!”

“I once encountered a caravan in crossing Mount Ceniz,” faltered a third, in querimonious accents, “and, from the importance of the convoy, conceived that it must contain some royal corpse, or a copy of the Transfiguration for the National Gallery.—My lords and gentlemen, it was a Parmesan cheese—a *cheese* FOR HIM!”

“An argosy is annually freighted for him from Bourdeaux,” cried another.

“He keeps a frigate to cruise in the Yellow Sea with his Madeira,” rejoined the first.

“Jamaica forwards him her first turtle,” cried his Grace.

“A* * * Park its last buck,” rejoined his Lordship.

“Petersburg presents its compliments to him with a pot of caviar—”

“Marseilles, with a jar of tunny—”

“Java sends him soy and birds’ nests—”

“India, her buffalos’ humps—”

“Iceland, her reindeer’s tongues—”

“Archangel, her Sterlet soup—”

“All the kingdoms of the earth bring tribute to him!” moaned a chorus of voices;—and by this time, not only were tears in my eyes, but water was in my mouth.

“And then, such a financier!” resumed one of the mourners;—“in his own person a consolidated fund!—I have been drawing upon him at sight these six months.”—

“I have not paid him a guinea for these two years!” whispered his Grace.

“Nor I for three!”

“Nor I for five!”

“What other Chancellor of the Exchequer would accept our L. O. U.s, instead of L. S. D.s?”

“What other find our names in his books, without putting them in his *bad* books?”

“He *has* no bad books!” exclaimed the most energetic of the group. “I swear I never knew him give us a bad thing—except his grammar!”

“By Jupiter! he shall *not* abdicate!”—cried the Duke, stamping his cane on the pavement.

And the rejoinder was so much in the tone of the oath sworn by my Uncle Toby that the lieutenant should *not* die, that, like the recording angel, we dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

“What *can* be the meaning of all this!” we exclaimed, staggering towards the palisades before White’s window, with the consciousness that some terrible consummation was impending, to endanger the happiness and tranquillity of the country at large. But at that moment, gasping for breath with excess of emotion, we chanced to raise

our eyes, and lo! the first object they encountered explained the mystery. *There stood the Hall of Eblis—the Club of Crockford—“by its own lightness made steadfast and immovable!” There stood the temple whose incense rises to Heaven, charged with the fumes of pheasants and the aroma of haunches. There the palace where,*

If to live well mean nothing but to eat,

a hundred Monthyon prizes for enormous virtue ought to be daily distributed!—There stood, in short, the great safety-valve of the effervescence of aristocratic leisure!—

“CROCKFORD abdicate?” was our immediate ejaculation. “*Crockford abdicate?*” And it was all we could do, though the dog-star was raging—and the street crowded, to refrain from smiting our pensive bosom like the *jeune premier* at Astley’s, exclaiming, in tones of cracked thunder, “It may not be!”—Great powers of darkness!—ABDICATE! In whose disfavour? Who would, could, should, or might succeed to such a throne? Belgium and Greece had a hard matter to find sovereigns; but *who* will presume to point out a successor for Crockford? Were Talleyrand resuscitated for the purpose, or even old Warwick, of king-making memory, he would be at a nonplus! Popes, Chancellors, Primates may be replaced. No sooner does an India director drop, than fifty polite addresses from good and sufficient men curry favour with the proprietors of East India stock, in the columns of the *Times*; but *who*—*who* will ever consult the Polite Letter Writer with a view to addressing circulars to the members of Crockford’s,—members who avowedly digest, but neither read, mark, nor learn!—

Were even Crockey himself, like his great prototypes, Alexander of Macedon and Elizabeth of England, to name his successor, the nomination would be all—Bayonne!—(we were about to say *gammon*!) Crockey will be the Sardanapalus of the empire of Clubs. No one shall come after him. As the Huns pricked their eyes with their swords, to weep tears of blood for Attila, so shall the *marmions* of St. James’s Street prick theirs with their larding-needles to weep for Crockey! “*Cos vy?*” (as he himself would say)—“*Cos there von’t be never sich another!*”

WILLIAM—CHRISTINA—CROCKEY!—oh! mystic Cerberus!—oh! thrice-honoured triad!—triumvirate to be drunk hereafter with three times three, in solemn silence!—royal Graces, departed Destinies!—can it be that you have conspired together to withdraw yourselves from the allegiance of your faithful subjects!

We’re fallen upon gloomy days—
Star after star decays:
Every bright throne that shed
Light on our age hath fled;—

But *this* flight—this *last* abdication would be the unkindest cut of all.—No, no! *Sauvez la coupe*, great Crockey, in pity to our sons and nephews!—Holland had a son,—Spain a daughter,—*your* sceptre, great King of Clubs, would be

Wrench’d from an unlineal hand
No son of yours succeeding!

It is not for such as you to descend into the pale monotony of private life. Recall the word!—relent!—die game, old boy!—game

and the rubber !—No more talk of **ABDICATION** !—stand to your post. After a reign of fifty years, we promise you a jubilee ; and in the year 1880, a grave in the last new cemetery, — probably on Epsom Downs,—having over it your effigy in bronze, from the foundry of the last new Westmacott, in the robes of estate of Pam, under the title of Earl of Deal.

An thou lovest us, not a word more of **ABDICATION** !

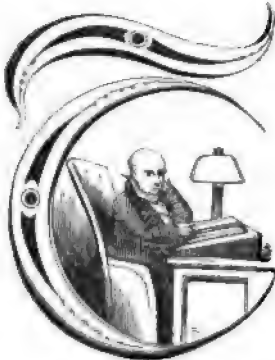
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
 The village smithy stands ;
 The smith a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands,
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.
 His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
 His face is like the tan,
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,
 He earns whate'er he can,
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.
 Week out, week in, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow,
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
 With measured beat and slow,—
 Like a sexton ringing the old kirk-chimes,
 When the evening sun is low.
 And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door ;
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.
 He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys ;
 He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice,
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.
 It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise !
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in her grave she lies,
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear from out his eyes.
 Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes ;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close ;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.
 Thanks ! thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught !
 Thus at the sounding forge of Life
 Our fortunes must be wrought,
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped,
 Each burning deed and thought.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The Old Ledger.

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.



THE INTRODUCTION.

My acquaintance with Mr. Thorley was purely accidental, and arose out of a commercial transaction which I had with the well-known firm of Holdfast, Steady, and Co. of — Yard, in the City of London. Having postponed from various causes the commission with which I had been intrusted, and hearing that the packet was to sail on the following day, I hastily threw aside my books, my slippers, and my indolence, and hurried off to execute my correspondent's commands, not without experiencing some apprehension that my procrastination might have already rendered my intentions abortive.

Through lane and alley I made my tedious way, jostling in my expedition smart clerks and greasy porters, all as busy as so many ants, and, to my great relief, at last entered the quiet precincts of — Yard, with no other damage than a slight contusion, occasioned by my coming in contact with an empty milk-pail, which the milk-maid (a stout Irishwoman of fifty summers) swung carelessly against my right leg.

After buffeting the motley throng, the place really appeared a haven of rest, into which I had run from a "sea of troubles."

A ticket-porter, with his short white apron and his pewter badge, was walking up and down with the calmness of a peripatetic philosopher—I am quite sure he was not a Cynic; for upon inquiring for the office I sought, he politely pointed it out. At the same time I thought I detected a look of wonder at my ignorance of the locality of the greatest house in the world—that is, his world—which was

probably limited to this solitary yard, wherein he moved and got his daily bread.

I pushed open the green baize doors, with their orbicular ground-glass panes, which appeared like a pair of huge eyes deprived of vision, and entered a spacious office.

There was a gloom — an oldness — a certain wear-and-tear about the place, that looked both cozy and respectable.

Many grey heads, and bald heads, and spectacles both of silver and tortoiseshell, did I behold, and only one smart hat, and that was stuck jauntingly on the head of a gentleman about two-and-twenty, with a handsome florid complexion, dressed in a cut-away New-market coat, top-boots, and white corduroys.

He was swinging to and fro on an office-stool, with a penknife poised 'twixt his fore-finger and thumb, and darting it javelin-wise at the desk.

"Now, really, Mr. William," said a soft voice, in a tone of remonstrance, "really, Mr. William, that is so childish of you!" And the speaker picking up the knife, removed it beyond his reach.

Observing me, the young man coloured with confusion, and wheeling round upon the stool, walked off, "whistling as he went for want of thought," and vanished behind the intervening partition. I afterwards learned that "Mr. William" was the eldest son of the senior partner of the firm.

A little, pleasant, gentlemanly-looking man, dressed in the fashion of the last century, with his silver-rimmed spectacles thrown up above his eyebrows, whom I recognised as the speaker, now came forward, and politely demanded my business.

Having shortly communicated the purport of my visit, and handed him the packet with which I had been intrusted, he begged me to step into the adjoining room, and he would furnish me with the necessary receipt, &c.

I entered a spacious office, covered with a well-worn Turkey-carpet. On one side hung a map of the world, as yellow as if the fogs of forty Novembers had been sublimated on its dingy surface; a portrait was suspended over the fire-place, almost as obscure as the map; mahogany chairs, with horse-hair bottoms: a library table littered with papers, and an easy chair covered with black leather, completed the appointments. Everything around, indeed, appeared coeval with the old-established firm.

The old gentleman sat himself down to his desk, after inviting me to be seated, and having deliberately adjusted his spectacles, commenced writing, when a broad-shouldered porter entered with a copper scuttle in his hand to feed the flame.

"Well, Smith," said he, without turning his head, "how 's the wife?"

"Better — werry much better, I'm obleeged to you, sir," replied the man, and he proceeded to supply the grate. "That doctor as you were so kind as to send ha' done her a world o' good."

"Glad to hear it," said the old gentleman.

"He's a good 'un, he is," continued the man. "But the old 'ooman was raythur flustered a bit when he drew up in his carriage."

"I dare say —"

"But he made hisself at home in no time," said the porter. "Why, sir, I actilly found him a-taking of a dish o' tea with the old ooman—I did indeed—and talking so pleasant like, it done one's heart good."

"Take care, Smith!" said the old gentleman, with mock gravity. "These medical gentlemen are very insinuating."

"Oh, lauk, sir! I'm not afeared of his insinivations,—not I. She ain't no lamb to be run away vith," replied the porter; and chuckling at the conceit of the old gentleman, he quitted the room, no doubt to retail the joke to the gentlemen of the outer office.

"Excuse this interruption, sir," said the old gentleman. "But Smith is an old and valued servant; man and boy, he has served the house above forty years, and is a sort of privileged person in the establishment. I'll be bound he would not be tempted to quit the firm for an alderman's gown."

I expressed my pleasure, and quoted some common-places about fidelity and long service, concluding with my real conviction, that good masters make good servants, meaning to pay him a compliment.

"I agree with you, sir, on that point," replied he, "and thank you for the intended compliment; but I am not one of the firm. I am merely their confidential clerk. My name is Josiah Thorley, at your service."

We bowed.

"Yes, sir," continued he, "for five-and-twenty years I have occupied this room in that capacity."

"And a very comfortable room it is," said I; "but the prospect I think is rather melancholy," pointing at the small churchyard which was visible through and came close up to the broad window.

"Melancholy!" replied he. "Why, my dear sir, that little patch of green is as pleasant in my sight as a turf to a lark! As Milton says, 'the mind is its own place;' and you cannot imagine the infinite delight I take in that confined view, or the pleasant materials for meditation which it supplies. And then to hear the pealing of the church-organ breaking through the quiet of this place is so soothing, and breathes such a calm and holy spirit, that it is truly enviable."

"Really, Mr. Thorley," said I, surprised to find so much poetical enthusiasm in the narrow confines of an office, "you are to be envied the possession of such pleasant thoughts and feelings."

"And yet am I rather diffident of expressing them," replied he; "for I have met with more ridicule than sympathy. But I am like a bird in a cage, upon whom these rays of poetry fall like the glimpses of the sun, and cheer me in the prison to which my occupation dooms me. At the same time I must confess that time and habit have at last so moulded my mind to this limited sphere of action, that liberty would now be irksome to me, and, as the poet sings, 'I would not, if I could, be free.'" "And that there is wisdom in that resolve experience teaches us," I remarked. "Among a thousand instances that could be cited there is none more conclusive than the example of the amiable Charles Lamb, who was all his life pining to be free from the thralldom of business; and, when at last he attained his object he discovered that he had only been pursuing a delusive phantom of the imagination, and candidly confessed his error."

"Good, kind-hearted Elia!" exclaimed Thorley; "with what delight I used to devour his contributions in the London Magazine. Sir," continued he emphatically, "I once had the honour of being

in the company of that extraordinary man. I shall never forget it. Esteeming his writings as I did, you may readily conceive the gratification I felt. It was at a dinner-party given by my friend M—— at Clapham. There was an unassuming quietness in his manner, and a quaintness of expression, accompanied with a hesitation in his speech that at first precluded him from taking that prominent position which is generally usurped by the 'lion' of a party. In fact, our lamb was one of those lions whose roar is more like that of a 'sucking dove' than the king of the forest. When the conversation warmed into life he became very facetious, and the puns he perpetrated, although of an order peculiar to himself, created infinite amusement among the guests. For example, handing up his plate for gravy, he asked the hostess to '*liquidate* him;' and again, on the cover being taken from a dish of early peas, a gentleman asking him if they were not quite a treat? he answered, 'Yes, sir, quite a *treat-y of pease!*' as a German would say. A lady inquiring what were the *articles of war?* he seriously answered, '*Guns, swords, trumpets, and drums!*' Helping one of the guests to a woodcock, 'I've given you a *better half*, sir,' said he.—'You've favoured me,' replied the gentleman.—'Don't mention it,' said Lamb; and then added in his hesitating manner, 'I—I *charge* you, sir; for, you see, I've sent you the *bill* with it!' A stout gentleman, just arrived from India was discoursing very volubly upon a tiger-hunt, in which, of course, he had been personally engaged, when Lamb whispered his host, 'Your fat Indian friend is really *Indy-fat-igable*.' When we joined the ladies in the drawing-room my friend's daughter was exhibiting some beautiful drawings, and discoursing with all the fervour of a horticulturist upon anemones, grandifloras, china asters, &c. 'Very pretty,' said Lamb, peeping over her shoulder.—'Now, pray do tell us, Mr. Lamb, which among the flowers is your favourite?' said she. 'The rose, the lily, or the modest violet, or perhaps Apollo's devoted worshipper, the sunflower, as you are a poet?'—'My dear young lady,' said he, 'I have no doubt your choice is the result of fancy, while mine may be said to be a mere matter of taste; for of all the flowers that are grown I prefer——'—'Which?'—'A *cauliflower*, my dear,' replied he, with a gravity which set all the expectant auditors in a roar. But both my memory and my language fail to do justice to his humour; the cold repetition of his words is like collecting spent-shot after they have been flattened against a stone wall."

After a world of discourse upon literary matters I expressed my pleasure in having made his acquaintance, and, with a flattering invitation to repeat my visit, I shook hands with the old man, and departed.

Subsequently, upon a more intimate knowledge of each other, Mr. Thorley confessed to me, *sub rosa*, that he had committed authorship, although he had never appeared in print; and, one evening, when all the gentlemen of the establishment had departed, and no one but Smith, the porter, remained to close the office, he cautiously unlocked a drawer in his writing-table, and drew forth an Old Ledger, bound in russia, and carefully locked.

"This is my album," said he, smiling. "Don't be startled by its external appearance; for, such is the force of habit, I don't think I could collect my ideas, and register them in a volume of any other

form ; besides, it bears the semblance of business ; and, being interleaved with blotting-paper, should I be interrupted in the entry of my lucubrations, I have only to close the book, and there it lies on my desk in its hypocritical garb, without creating any suspicion of its contents—for I am sensibly alive to ridicule ; and, should any of the gentlemen of the firm suspect me of being an author, I should probably not only lose my authority, but these worthy matter-of-fact men of business would infallibly ‘write me down an ass,’—so incompatible are the pursuits of literature and commerce generally considered by the world. That this is a vulgar error I am convinced, for the composition of these trifles have merely been the innocent recreation of my leisure hours. Like *Æsop* I may truly say, these are my ‘game of marbles,’ which I have played after the sterner duties of the day have been fulfilled.”

Having committed the Old Ledger to my custody, with strict injunctions not to breathe a syllable to a living soul of its contents, or the author, I perused the strange volume, marking those pieces which appeared fit for publication, and upon returning it expressed a wish that he would “give it to the public,” offering at the same time to illustrate it ; but the old clerk instinctively shuddered at the idea of submitting his labours to such an ordeal.

“No,” said he ; “I wrote them solely for my own recreation ; but when I am gone, should you still entertain a favourable opinion of them, you are at liberty to publish them. I will bequeath the volume to you as a legacy.”

The worthy old man now sleeps quietly in that same churchyard, wherein while living he found so much matter for meditation, and I now present to the public those papers, the composition of which gave so much harmless pleasure to the author, and with the sincere wish that my readers may at least derive some portion of that pleasure in the perusal, I humbly submit my editorial labours to their favourable notice.

ALFRED CROWQUILL.



BALANCING THE BOOKS.

THE OLD LEDGER.—No. I.

THE GREY MARE.

EVERY little place in the country has its great man, who stands as conspicuously among the smaller folk as a pear-tree in the midst of a plantation of cabbages.

Mr. Josiah Greene had by his extraordinary tact and ability obtained this enviable pre-eminence in the town of B——. He was a tall, brown, bony, gawky man, measuring about six feet in his stockings, with sharp, angular features, illuminated with a pair of penetrating grey eyes; although the precise colour of his optics was a matter of dispute among the ladies, arising from the reflection of his green spectacles.

He usually wore a slouching drab hat, turned up with green, a "pudding" neckcloth, encompassing his long, skinny neck; his sober suit was large and ill-fitting, and his drab gaiters hung loosely upon his calfless legs. A pair of wide, easy, lack-lustre shoes completed his attire. His literary pursuits were peculiar, but not uncommon; devouring with avidity the miscellaneous "hotch-potch" of newspapers and magazines, and was reported to know "everything." He was in the enjoyment of a tolerable income, and was respectfully called by his inferiors "Squire," whilst his familiars dubbed him "Doctor," although he had really no more pretensions to the M.D. than he had to the D.D.

Having lately "taken" to geology, he might be daily seen in the neighbourhood with his bag and hammer, Macadamizing the unoffending pebbles with all the assiduity of a parish-pauper labouring for his eightpence per diem.

In this harmless pursuit he had accumulated materials almost sufficient to pave a carriage-sweep.

His establishment was upon a very economical scale, consisting of one "girl," (as he termed her, although poor Mary had long since passed her fortieth summer,) and an "occasional" man, who served him in the double capacity of groom and gardener; for, albeit, Mr. Josiah Greene had no horse, he possessed a "mare," which in point of bone was matchless; such a square head, and straight neck, and angles enough for the illustration of a whole book of trigonometry. Indeed his grey mare was very like a wooden one animated; and, in point of flesh, the dogs in the neighbourhood had in truth but a sorry prospect.

But her worth and virtues outweighed, in the Doctor's mind, her deplorable want of personal beauty; for he was frequently heard to declare that she was so safe and sure-footed, and withal so docile that he could guide her with a pack-thread; and then, as for starting or shying, it was a perfect insult to her general propriety of conduct to imagine her capable of freaks so unbecoming in one of her "condition!"

Though not far advanced in years, "Mimmy" (so called by her sponsors,) was "grey," with tail and ears uncropped, in all the length and luxuriance of their natural beauty.

In his habits Josiah himself was perfectly mechanical, dividing his time, like a musician, into thirds. The morning was usually devoted latterly to geological pursuits; his afternoon to riding, whilst

his evenings were customarily spent at one or other of his acquaintance's.

With the males he smoked his coal-pipe, and quaffed home-brewed, and discussed the business and affairs of the parish or the county. In elections he became an orator, although his warm and eloquent harangues were confined to the circle in which he revolved.

He was a staunch Tory in his politics, and successfully brought over the whole "clique" to his way of thinking, notwithstanding the opposition of the village-lawyer, who was a red-hot radical, and nightly held forth in the tap-room of the principal, and indeed only inn of the place; but who failed from his want of character in making any converts, except amongst the lowest class, who, fortunately for the safety of the country, as Greene asserted, had no voice, albeit they were loud and liberal enough in their applause of the lawyer's levelling opinions.

With the female portion of the community Josiah was a great favourite, for he had a "world of small-talk," and could, moreover, join in all their snug cribbage and whist parties, and was ever ready to give his opinion as well of muslins, chintzes, or silks, as of flower-roots. And then, he had "such taste" that his judgment was as infallibly taken in ribands as in politics.

His tame "lionism," however, was doomed to suffer a partial eclipse. Two dashing youths from college came to spend a few days at the residence of a maiden aunt in the village; and the novelty and brilliancy of their vivacious conversation threw Josiah completely into the shade, and the great leader—the Paganini of the little coterie—was compelled to play second fiddle. Notwithstanding his boasted philosophy, he could not refrain from *exhibiting* evident symptoms of uneasiness, and, like a carp thrown suddenly out of his natural element, he opened his mouth, and gasped, and—said nothing!

If his personal consequence was diminished, his character, too, at this juncture was assailed by suspicions of the most flagrant and unseemly conduct. Scandal was busy with his name, and he began to suffer from the coldness and neglect of his former associates.

As usual, detraction only uttered her blighting innuendos in the most inaudible whispers, giving him no chance of reply or justification; and he consequently only felt the effect without suspecting the true cause, and—he hammered away more furiously than ever at the stones in the neighbourhood.

"Well, Mary," said old Andrews, the groom-gardener, twirling a potato-dibble in his hand, and hanging over the half-door which led into her sanctum, the kitchen.

"Well, Master Andrews," said Mary, resting awhile from her labours, for she was trying hard to restore the "shine" to a smoked saucepan, which time and her industry had united to deprive of its "tin."

"It's main hot, Mary," continued Andrews; "and this 'tatoo plantin'g's dry work."

"Will thee have a drink, Andrews?"

"Why, thank ye, I don't care much if I do," replied he.

"I've nothing but the weak small."

"O! it'll wet where it goes," said he, "and that's enough."

So Mary drew him a pint mug of the poor liquor, and presented it to him.

"Will thee like a slice o' cold meat or so?" inquired Mary.

"Why, I don't think as how 'twill hurt me if so be I do," answered Andrews, "for I'd nothin' but knobs o' chairs, and pump-handles for dinner, and I've got an appetite which comes and goes like a saw!"

The meat was forthwith produced, and the couple had what Andrews termed a "confab."

"It was my birthday yesterday," said he.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mary, as if it were really an extraordinary thing for a man to have a birthday; "and, pray how old may you be?"

"Fifty-two," replied Andrews.

"Fifty-two!" echoed Mary emphatically.

"Ay,—a good age for a hog, ain't it?" and then they broke forth into a simultaneous laugh.

"How old do 'ee think I be, Andrews?" said Mary.

"Why, thirty next grass, maybe," guessed the gallant Andrews.

"A leetle more nor than that anyhow," said Mary, bridling up, and by no means displeased at the insidious compliment, and then graciously added, "Come, you don't eat; take another slice o' meat, and another mug."

It is needless to say the invitation was complied with.

"What the dickens is the matter with our master?" said Andrews. "He seemed quite in a winegar fever this mornin'."

"I tell you what it is," said Mary, "he ain't bin right sin' them College chaps came among us."

"A couple o' yellow-beaked boys!" muttered Andrews. "Sure-ly they can't put *his* nose out o' joint; tho' I did hear say them Watsons up yonder brought out the brown loaf to him t'other day. Sartin 'tis he were as hurried and flurried this mornin' for all the world like a dry leaf in a whirlwind."

"Them are upstart folk, them Watsons," remarked Mary.

"Yes; I've hard Jem say (and he knows a thing or two) that their larder's the smallest possible; and that a dish o' fricaseed wind and stewed tinder would last the two old frumps for a week on end!"

Here ensued another hearty laugh. Andrews, however, notwithstanding the cachinnatory interruption, managed to ply his knife and fork so cleverly during the colloquy, that he contrived to scrape the blade-bone to an alarming bareness.

But no clue to the cause of the "Squire's" unaccountable change was elicited by the two domestics. The fact is, the news had not yet spread abroad. When it had gone the customary round of the tea-table tattlers, it gradually extended to the kitchen, and from thence in a right line to the whole village.

It was confidently reported, that late one evening the well-known grey mare of Josiah Greene was seen standing at the door of a small house in the neighbouring market-town, where dwelt in genteel retirement a "young lady," who had certainly no claim to a "character" from her last place!

All the spinsters were "horrified," while the married ladies dreaded

the force of example, and all concurred in the opinion that the "Doctor" was a very shocking old man.

The Radical little lawyer, with the fear of an action for slander or calumny before his eyes, pretended to take up the cudgels in favour of his rival, and ingeniously contradicted the report wherever he went.

"Notwithstanding the well-known difference of their political views, he would not—nay, he could not for a moment entertain so injurious and illiberal an opinion of Greene as to think he could possibly do so and so." And then, having completely aroused the curiosity of those who had heard nothing of the malicious report, he proceeded to relate the shameful rumour, which had got abroad,

Poor Greene, however, was the only individual in the village who was in ignorance of the rising storm which threatened the wreck of his moral character, and was daily more and more puzzled to imagine the cause of the frigidity and indifference of his friends.

At length the whole mystery burst upon the astonished philosopher like a thunder-clap.

Busily occupied one evening in the arrangement of his fractured pebbles, his tranquillity was suddenly disturbed by the announcement of the lawyer.

"This is really an unexpected honour," said Greene, ironically.

The lawyer bowed, looked grave, and took a seat.

"I have ill tidings,"—commenced the man of law.

"Eh, what?" cried Greene. "Why, what Radical is likely to lose his election?"

"None; but there is a staunch Tory likely to be 'put out,'" retorted the lawyer.

"How so?"

"Why, I am sorry to say it, but my client, Farmer Hodges, has instructed me to serve you with notice of action for a trespass."

"Me?" exclaimed Greene, starting up from his seat.

"You. He accuses you of riding across one of his enclosures late on the evening of the 10th instant, and of doing considerable damage to his crop or crops, and of breaking certain fences of wood."

"A fine story, truly!" cried Greene, recovering his composure. "Let me see—the 10th—that was Thursday—yes, Thursday. I was never out of the house the whole of the day."

"That remains to be proved. Hodges has three or four creditable witnesses who have made oath to the identity of the horse or mare."

"Umph!" cried the mystified Greene; "this is strange—very strange!—unaccountable!" And rising, he rang the bell.

Mary answered the summons.

"Where is Andrews?" demanded he.

"Watering the cabbage-plants," replied the ancient domestic.

"Send him in immediately."

Old Andrews appeared with his blue apron tucked up on one side, and the perspiration standing upon his brown and ruddy brow.

"Pray, Andrews, do you ever recollect," said Greene, "that I have ridden Mimmy of an evening?"

"No, sir, never."

"Can you swear to this?" demanded the lawyer.

"Take my bible-oath on it afore any justice in the county," re-

plied Andrews, positively clenching his huge fist, and beating the air emphatically to clench his asseveration.

The "Squire" then proceeded to repeat the accusation the lawyer had made.

"It's all a flam, by jingo!" cried Andrews, looking excited and confused.

"Are you prepared upon your oath—(remember an oath is an awful thing, Andrews!)—are you ready upon your oath, I repeat, to say that, to the best of your knowledge and belief, the grey mare was not out of the stable on the evening of Thursday last?"

"Thursday evening!" repeated Andrews, scratching his ear,

"The infallible resource

To which embarrassed people have recourse,"

and looking rather confused,—“Thursday evening?”

"Remember, Andrews," said Greene, anxiously, "that I am threatened with a law-suit for damages, and that I rely confidently upon your evidence to exculpate me. Yes, your old master may be ruined; for I am resolved to spend the last farthing I have in the world in defending my cause."

Andrews looked seriously at his worthy master, then at the lawyer, and his knees evidently trembled. At last recovering his possession of mind, he exclaimed,

"Yes!—she were out, as I am a sinner, and hope to be saved!"

"There!" said the lawyer; "that is enough."

"What! do you too mean to bear false witness against me?" said Josiah.

"No, no, no!" said Andrews, convulsively, and dropping on his knees. "Pardon me, dear master! I b'lieve for a sartainty the old gentleman ha' got the upper hand o' me. There's never no mischief but he has a finger in the pie. Them two devil-may-care chaps at the house yonder has led me into this scrape."

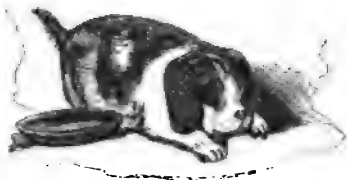
Greene sternly demanded him to rise, and, after much circumlocution, they elicited from the unfortunate gardener the fact that the two College youths had secretly feed him to lend the mare on two or three occasions, no doubt for the very purpose of mystifying the character of the eccentric geologist, and involving him in a dilemma; in which charitable purpose, as we have seen, they had succeeded to their heart's content.

The lawyer was satisfied, but by no means internally pleased with the justification of his old rival, and retreated completely baffled and confused.

Old Andrews was terribly alarmed, but readily obtained the forgiveness of his worthy master, who was too much delighted at having removed the imputation cast upon his character to harbour any vindictive feelings against his unwise domestic, who had been made the dupe of the two rival "lions."

The whole detail of the affair was soon spread abroad, and the good folks of the village, who really esteemed the "Doctor," now generously took up the cudgels in his favour, resolving to make him every reparation for the unmerited slight and neglect he had suffered. They openly deprecated the "lark" of the young gentlemen, and refused to have any intercourse with them.

The consequence was, they compounded with Farmer Hodges for the damage done to his "crop or crops," and soon afterwards quitted the scene of their "rural sports," laughing heartily at the mystification into which they had thrown the "Macadamizing old square-toes," through the instrumentality of old Andrews and the Grey Mare.



THE FIRST SHORT LITTLE TAIL.

WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN ?

"When shall we three meet again ?"

"Many an hour of anxious pain,
Many a cherished dream's decay,
Which the world's breath melts away,
Shall make the tear-drop fall like rain
Ere ye three shall meet again.

"Communion with the world around
Shall wrench the links which love has bound ;
Caution's eye shall scan the brow
Of the friend ye doubt not now ;
Suspicion's sidelong glance shall trace
Change in each familiar face ;
Scarce one kind feeling shall remain
When ye three shall meet again.

"Yet each gift the world bestows.
Freely round your path she strows.
Love ye glory ? Ye shall die
In the arms of victory.
Wealth ? Ye shall have countless gold.
Power ? Your sway shall be uncontroll'd,
Dreaded alike on the earth and the main—
Then ye three shall meet again."

—"Oh, gentle fairy, do not bestow
On us a doom so fraught with woe !
Honours and riches delight us not ;
We ask for a humbler, a happier lot.
We ask to keep with unstain'd truth
The friends we have loved in the days of our youth ;
The glow of the heart, which is our's to retain—
And thus, or never, to meet again."

H. N.

COLIN CLINK.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER VI.

"WHITHER are we bound?" demanded Woodruff.

"To Kiddal Hall. My father, Mr. Lupton, charged me, in case we succeeded, to convey you there. I have provided a vehicle at a village over the forest: the moment we reach it, fear will be at an end."

The night was dark, but clear and fresh. A healthy breeze swept across, and sighed through the trees.

"How I thank Heaven for this!" exclaimed Woodruff, "and you, friendly strangers, whom I can never compensate, for the delight I feel in this liberty is beyond estimation."

He stretched his hands to heaven, and sunk upon his knees, while our friends stood silently by until he had poured out his heart in thankfulness. Fearful of lingering, Colin used his influence to urge him onward, or he would have remained in this ecstasy of adoration. Accustomed to darkness, the night suited him; individual flowers and leaves, which to his companions were fused into masses, he could see with separate distinctness; he plucked them with the eager delight of a child.

This excitement, and the unaccustomed exertion overcame him, after they had traversed two or three miles, and, notwithstanding his endeavours, Woodruff became incapable of proceeding. Under these circumstances, Calvert and Veriquear volunteered to carry him, a task which they performed, while Colin lingered behind to ascertain whether old Jerry had contrived to give any alarm.

This precaution proved not needless. As he crouched down, to bring the ground into a line horizontal with the sky, so as to enable him to detect whatever objects might present themselves, he fancied he beheld moving figures. Hereupon Colin requested his friends to hurry forwards, while he remained to reconnoitre. His suspicion proved just. The figures rapidly advanced, until he could distinctly discern five men, one of whom he instantly recognised as Jerry. He was exclaiming passionately, calling down imprecations on his own head, for having disabled him from following with the expedition which otherwise he could have used. His doubts satisfied, Colin had nothing to do but hurry his companions onward. This, however, their burden in part prevented; and Mr. Woodruff became excited to an extreme, and begged of them rather to let him be killed in resisting, than ever again see those horrible walls. Every effort was made to pacify him; but his long-lost liberty was now so dear, that the thought of being a second time deprived of it made him tremble like an infant.

As the pursuing party gained upon them, Colin recommended that they should turn aside amongst the brushwood, until the others should have passed; they soon found harbour beneath an elm, that bent down from a bank at the foot of which lay a pool collected from the rains. While silently standing there, the parties approached,

and the voice of Jerry could distinctly be heard, as he swore that he thought his skull was broken ; while his discourse in other respects seemed to bespeak a disordered mind.

How the circumstance happened Colin never could distinctly ascertain ; but scarcely were they congratulating themselves on the success of their stratagem, when a loud cry from Jerry Clink, accompanied by a wild rush upon them, announced their discovery. Mr. Woodruff had been seated against the bank, and before him the friends now stood, resolved to defend him to the last. A tremendous scuffle ensued, during which Calvert and Veriquear conducted themselves gallantly, and severely drubbed three of the assailants. Jerry, half frantic, yelled like a savage, till in the confusion, the old man received from some unrecognised hand, whether of friend or opponent was never known, another blow, which completed that work the former had left undone. He was seen to stand a moment, as though stunned ; he tried to utter a curse upon him who had struck the blow ; but exhausted nature refused the promptings of that savage spirit ; his tongue sunk for ever silenced, and old Jerry dropped suddenly upon his back, — dead ! This event put a termination to the engagement. The body of Jerry was carried off by his associates, and those they had attacked were left to pursue their journey.

In due time the party arrived at the village, where the vehicle was provided, and they were driven off to the Hall.

As for old Jerry, a coroner's inquest was subsequently held over his body, when the facts of his having met his death in the manner above described being clearly established, the usual verdict was returned. His corpse was committed to the ground, and the matter gradually subsided until it became forgotten.

Mr. Lupton was at the hall when the party arrived. There was also awaiting Mr. Colin a letter from Miss Jenny, which went far to destroy that pleasure which else he could not have failed to experience from the success of the enterprise. But, before this be commented on, it is necessary to record certain other little matters.

The story of Woodruff's liberation soon became known ; and as Rowel's imprisonment had created no little sensation, the presence of so important a character excited universal attention.

Colin caused a messenger to be despatched to Fanny Woodruff, for the purpose of informing her of the arrival of her father at the Squire's mansion, and to appoint an hour when her meeting with him should take place, it being deemed advisable to allow some time to elapse before that meeting was permitted.

To recapitulate the circumstances attendant on that meeting forms no part of my design. It is enough to state, that the feelings of each were wrought up to the extreme ; and that night scarcely separated them without tears.

Some time after, when the condition of all parties would allow of it without pain, an entertainment upon a large scale was given at the Hall, at which every one of the individuals most interested were present, besides a number of the neighbouring gentry, whose sympathies had been aroused in that story of persecution of which Mr. Woodruff had been the victim.

On this occasion it was that the blunt and honest Roger Calvert first became acquainted with Fanny Woodruff. They were sufficiently near the same age to constitute, in that respect, a proper

match. Fanny was by no means deficient in personal attractions, which were rather heightened than depreciated, by the delicate character her features had assumed since she made the painful discovery that the affection she had felt for Colin would never be returned. Grief and anxiety had spiritualised her looks, and attached a degree of interest to her appearance which it did not possess before ; while the devotedness with which she watched her father conspired to stamp both her person and character with those requisites which recommend to the love of the discerning.

While Roger tarried at the Hall, he had frequent opportunities of remarking her character. So favourably did these interviews affect his sensitive bosom, that it soon became evident he meditated liming his twigs to catch the pretty bird. And though at the outset Fanny exhibited a reluctance to be wooed, yet at length her heart relented ; she found, perhaps, in the disposition of Roger a better substitute for Colin than the chance of a thousand might give her ; as those two gentlemen were by no means opposite to each other. A reason this for listening with more early favour to his suit than she could have done to that of another. At the same time she heard Colin express himself in such terms of his friend, as could not fail to have considerable influence in predisposing her in his favour. Then, too, there was that strongest tie, gratitude for the part he had taken in restoring a parent whom she had lost. This amour caused Mr. Calvert to prolong his stay considerably ; combined as it was with the solicitations of Mr. Lupton, who would not think of permitting so early a departure to the son of one of his dearest friends.

Fanny, it is almost unnecessary to relate, had declined the duties of Sylvester's house. The leisure thus afforded was taken advantage of by Roger, whose attentions to his daughter were marked by Mr. Woodruff with pleasure, that gentleman feeling that no reward in his power to bestow could ever return the service rendered him. Still the greatest in his power to give, had he possessed worlds, would in his estimation have been the hand of so dear a child, with such a portion as would place her in ease for life.

Thus sanctioned by the smiles of her father, it is no wonder that her estimation of Roger daily grew more favourable, until at length she fairly yielded to receive him as an accepted lover.

With respect to Colin's mother, our hero seized the earliest opportunity to wait upon her with the assurance of his present happiness, as well as to convey to her a present of two hundred pounds. Mrs. Clink expressed herself in terms of satisfaction, but informed him that, as she could never enjoy a mother's highest delight and be a witness of her child's prosperity, it would be more congenial to her feelings to carry into execution a design she had formed of retiring to a distant part of the country, where, out of sight of all who might be to her, as she to them, a cause of unpleasant reflection, she could quietly pass the remaining portion of her life in humble endeavours to atone for the great error of her existence.

Colin wept over his mother. He saw too much good sense in her remarks to attempt to controvert them, although he strove as much as lay in his power to soften the asperity of the self-accusation with which they were intermingled. All he could promise was, that she should be made as happy as in this world we can hope to be ; and that he would omit nothing calculated to reconcile her to herself.

Not to return to this subject, it may here be stated that before those final adventures were gone through which placed Colin at the summit of his happiness, Mrs. Clink carried out her views. She retired with a respectable sufficiency to a village in Derbyshire, where she dwelt in peaceful seclusion.

Let us begin with that communication from Miss Jenny previously adverted to. It ran as follows—

"Since Mr. Clink quitted our house my mother has had much to say to me. During your absence, it seems to have become fixed that I shall never be happy. She has expressed her desire that I would beg of you to forget me. I never slept, but cried, my dearest Colin, all night. I am very ill now, and can scarce do anything but weep. Were I of that religion which permits such things, I would go into a convent, where no eye could see how heart-broken a creature is so soon made of the wretched, but devotedly affectionate—J. C."

I cannot better describe the effect produced upon Colin by this epistle, than by stating that within ten minutes he formed a dozen different determinations to rescue the lady. He laid Miss Calvert's letter before her brother, who at once declared that were it his case he would run away with her at once.

This suggestion wonderfully coincided with Colin's state of feeling, and in all probability he would have done so within the shortest given space, had not an event occurred which for the present caused him to set his design aside. This was the arrival of Mrs. Lupton.

Colin chanced to be in the garden when the carriage drove up.

When it stopped, he saw that some lady descended from it, attended by two females, whose assistance appeared needful to enable her to walk into the house.

The sun shone brilliantly ; and as her face was turned upwards Colin saw her eyes were not tearless, nor her heart at peace.

Our hero felt no doubt that he saw Mrs. Lupton. Nor was he mistaken. As she entered the hall she regarded everything with that interest which any individual might be supposed to feel, who after many years should turn over anew some record, wherein was shown the past as now being ; save that it was a now which looked upon no future of possible joy, unless in that world which is beyond man's reach to darken or make sad.

As early after Mrs. Lupton's arrival as was consistent with the fatigue she had undergone, Mr. Lupton obtained an interview with her alone. In it, communications of deep interest must have been made, as the services of Mrs. Lupton's attendants were required to save her from fainting, while the eyes of her husband betrayed that on his part their conversation had not been conducted without tears.

That same evening Mr. Lupton conducted Colin to his lady, and presented him with the remark, "This, madam, is the young man of whom I have spoken." A gentle inclination seemed to mark that she understood what was said, though her reply betrayed that the years which had elapsed since last we saw her had produced no permanent restoration of the then partly overthrown mind. She looked at Colin without emotion ; and though she had never seen him before, remarked—

"Yes ; I remember that face as well—nay better than any other ; though it is more than twenty years since I saw it."

It has already been remarked that Colin bore a strong resemblance to the Squire.

"And when," she continued, "shall I see it again? — Never! It went from me soon after I was wed."

"Pray be calm," interposed Mr. Lupton, in a kind tone. "We will talk these matters over some future time."

"And this favour," continued Mrs. Lupton, "I beg particularly—I would have no one put me out of this house any more. I will endure everything patiently, and soon get out of the way, where no man's snares shall ravel me again."

Under the painful circumstance of this temporary alienation Mr. Lupton and Colin retired, leaving the unfortunate lady in the hands of her attendants, one of whom was her old companion, Miss Shirley.

After a few days, when Colin was again introduced to her, Mrs. Lupton had recovered her self-possession, and comprehended certain arrangements which Mr. Lupton had mentioned to her touching that young man. In these she quietly acquiesced, not because she felt any interest in them, but simply because her husband had proposed them. At the same time, while his every wish was hers, personally she felt that indifference not unusual with individuals who regard themselves as hopeless here, and, consequently, contemplate the world to come as their only place of refuge.

Whether this feeling was accelerated by an event which shortly after happened, and which, happily perhaps, put an end to all Mrs. Lupton's earthly sorrows, I will not pretend to divine; although it has been asserted that the nearness of death will often produce exhibitions of feeling as regards this world, never so fully made under other circumstances. It is not for the compiler of this history to speculate on such a subject; and, therefore, the reader must here be informed that, now Mrs. Lupton's faculties had returned, she strenuously opposed—notwithstanding what we have previously recorded—the marriage of her young friend, Miss Calvert, with the hero of this book. On that one question only did she evince the least interest; but no sooner was she aware that he was the object of that affection which had caused Miss Calvert so much trouble, than she retired to her room, and addressed a letter to her.

The same post which placed it in Miss Calvert's hands, conveyed to her two others:—one from Colin, and the other from her brother Roger. Colin's contained all those passionate appeals which might have been expected. Judging from this epistle, Colin was in a state of desperation, and it concluded by expressing his determination never to relinquish his suit, though even Jenny herself should be induced to resist his addresses.

This spirited production at first inspired poor Jenny with momentary hope; more especially as she found, on opening her brother's letter, that he also advised her by no means to sacrifice her own happiness.

His remarks in some degree counteracted the bitterness of those which made her weep over Mrs. Lupton's letter, although they served to assist her in drawing a correct conclusion as to the cause of objection that her father saw in the parentage of Mr. Clink the bar to their union.

How long Jenny grieved I need not say, but grieve she did, until some that had known her slightly knew her not again; and those

who had known her best became most certain that if this was suffered to continue, a light heart was for ever exchanged for a sad one, and the creature whose presence had diffused happiness was converted into one of those melancholy beings over whose mind seems to have settled an everlasting cloud. Then it was that the obstinate began to soften. Everybody loved Jenny, and grieved to see her grief. So at length they proceeded, from the exertion of counter-influences upon her, to the tacitly understood holding out of hope that matters might yet be arranged.

Meanwhile, as the Squire's object in introducing his son to Mrs. Lupton had been fulfilled, Colin took the earliest opportunity to return to London. But before we follow him the reader will, perhaps, be pleased to hear something respecting certain other characters, to whose interest, be it hoped, he does not feel indifferent.

In order that the charge brought against Rowel, of having been guilty of the murder of Skinwell, might be substantiated, Mr. Lupton had not omitted any means likely to conduce to that end; not the least important of which was the disinterment of the deceased's coffin in the churchyard of Bramleigh. This was undertaken with quietness; and a careful examination would, doubtless, have taken place, had it not been discovered to everybody's amazement, on opening the grave, that somebody had been there before, and the corpse was gone. This fact was no sooner ascertained than speculations innumerable started into existence; and strange stories were published of lights having been seen in the churchyard after dark; of the sound of a spade having been heard there in the dead of night, — though when heard, or what favoured mortal had heard it, could not be precisely made out.

These things however ended, as such things usually do, where they began. The mystery was never positively cleared up; although, on the examination of Doctor Rowel's establishment some time after, a circumstance occurred which gave ground for suspicion, that as that gentleman had been considerably cut up by the lawyer when alive, he had seized his opportunity to return the compliment. Every other description of evidence was obtained and arranged for the anticipated trial.

While the Doctor soliloquized in the castle at York, whither he had been removed, information was conveyed to him of the rescue of Woodruff, and of old Jerry's death. His brother-in-law thus free, Rowel gave up everything as lost, and for some time after the receipt of the news remained in a state of stupor. Regarding himself as abandoned by fortune, he so far lost spirit as to sink into one of the most abject creatures that ever breathed. Dreading the course which Woodruff might adopt, he caused a formal communication to be made to that injured individual, in which he bound himself not only to restore the estate so long withheld, but to make every restitution in his power for the injuries sustained; injuries for which no compensation could atone, but which he yet trusted might be regarded with mercy.

"Unworthy," remarked Woodruff, when this statement was made to him, — "unworthy as that man is, whom I cannot ever again name as a relation, yet I do not feel disposed to gratify any feeling of revenge. No; all I wish that man to do is, to be left to the reflection, that the evil labours of so many years have produced only a harvest

of wretchedness. For the rest,—the great and fearful trial of the future,—*that* lies between his God and him.”

Although every person who heard these sentiments could not but feel deeply the worthiness of that injured individual, yet the general sentiment appeared to be, that he forgot justice in his anxiety for mercy. Nevertheless, Mr. Woodruff persisted in his determination to leave his brother-in-law without other punishment than that which might be awarded to him on his trial.

While this trial was drawing on, the constabulary made themselves active in ferreting out every scrap of evidence, in the hope of fixing the guilt upon a man to whom everybody believed it to belong. The circumstances preceding and attendant on the case were of such an unusual nature, that when the day of trial arrived, the most extraordinary interest was evinced by the public.

It is not my purpose to give the details, or to follow through its ramifications that mass of circumstantial evidence which the industry of the executive had accumulated. Neither is it needful to state more than that a most able defence was made by an eminent counsel retained on the part of the prisoner.

At length, his Lordship summed up in an address which occupied more than three hours in the delivery, after which the jury retired. They returned into court a few minutes before midnight, and before a breathless audience pronounced a verdict of **NOT GUILTY**. No sooner was it uttered than the prisoner dropped insensible in the dock. The people in the court murmured. The words **NOT GUILTY** were repeated on the stairs, and again outside, like magic. The multitude almost yelled for the murderer's blood. But the verdict had gone forth,—a jury had pronounced him innocent. They cried for him to be brought forth, and desperately threatened to wait till he came out, and execute him on the spot. The time of night, the darkness that reigned around, the fearful passions of the mob, now aroused almost to frenzy, all combined to render the scene one never to be forgotten.

Under the circumstances, it will not be supposed that Rowel was set at liberty that night. For his own sake, there was but one course to pursue,—to detain him within the castle. The crowd outside, evincing no disposition to disperse, was at length driven away by the aid of the police. Some of them, however, assembled again outside the walls of the city. The cry here soon became “For Nabbfield!” The spirit of destruction had arisen, and the threat of fire succeeded that of blood.

In the dead of night, a dense press of men moved rapidly but stealthily off, in a direction that offered the straightest line between York and that establishment. Scarcely a word was said during this fearful march; though many were the heavy stakes drawn from hedges in their path, and converted into clubs, as they proceeded. The dire determination of mischief, mistaken for justice, seemed gathered into one fierce, dark power, hurrying headlong and irresistible to the work of desolation.

Their outset had not been observed from the city; and none, save perhaps some late and solitary farm-servant, peeping fearfully from her lighted window when the dog barked, and the tramp and crash were heard as they passed below, knew of them on their road. Like a meteor that falls unseen when the world is asleep, that band was

only known to have been by the trail of destruction it left behind.—Comparatively a brief time afterwards, the walls of Nabbfield were scaled, the gardens were trampled down, the trees uprooted. Now came the thundering at doors, the tearing down of shutters, the smashing of glass, and the shrieks and cries of the inhabitants, scarcely sensible from fear, and yet scarcely thrown off sleep. The invading party had entered the premises.

Scattered up and down the house might now have been seen desperate men, with their faces blackened, and otherwise disguised. Their first object seemed to be the seizure of the people who had the establishment in charge; and as this task, since the imprisonment of the Doctor, had devolved upon his own wife, the strong man Robson, with their usual assistants, the force that had thus suddenly appeared found little difficulty in effecting their object. Robson himself had started up on hearing the first assault, and made his way, half-dressed, into one of the lower rooms, where he encountered half-a-dozen of the men described. Thinking the disturbance had arisen in consequence of some of the patients having broken from their cells, he began to call upon them in his usual manner to submit to their keeper, when he found himself seized by many arms at once, and informed, that if he were not quiet they should knock him on the head without ceremony.

Mrs. Rowel contrived to take refuge in a small outhouse, where she remained shivering with cold and terror.

The dependants of the establishment having been secured, the mob proceeded to pile up the furniture in the middle of the rooms, and set it on fire; while others broke open the cells, and let out the inmates. Some of these escaped into the woods, and during several days rambled wildly over the surrounding country; others were conveyed to one of the stables, and fastened in, under the care of Robson; while a few, it was believed, whose maladies rendered them incapable of knowing what was going on, were burnt to death in the flames, which subsequently enveloped the whole in one sheet of fire.

The incendiaries then departed without leaving any trace whereby their route could be discovered; and although, eventually, a reward of five hundred pounds, and a pardon to any person not actually guilty of the offence, were offered by the government, no clue was ever obtained to lead to their conviction.

Notwithstanding the violence which Doctor Rowel might receive by making his appearance upon the scene of his crimes, he no sooner was informed of the destruction of his establishment than he grew frantic, and, in a state of excitement bordering on derangement, set off from York in as private a manner as possible.

On arriving at his late residence, he beheld only a black ruin, with but one solitary object near it which had survived the general desolation,—the old yew-tree under which Woodruff had passed so many weary years, and which now brought back to the Doctor's eye a picture of all that had led to this. The tree used to look black before; but now, amidst the greater blackness of the place, it looked gaily green in the sunshine, as though it rejoiced over the wild justice that had overtaken one guilty of so many crimes.

Outside was a throng of gazers, kept off by the constabulary. On a knoll at some little distance he recognised Lupton and Woodruff,

watching the workmen employed in recovering as much of the property as might have escaped with partial damage. He would have got out, but dared not.

Unrecognised in his carriage, he was secure; and having drawn up to the spot where the little party stood, he gazed with intensity of look upon the operations. It was plain some strange idea had come into his mind; it seemed written in his features that something might be found which he would have no man know.

"But it was a wooden box," thought he, "and it could not escape."

Yet, as he comforted himself thus, the possibility was still standing on his brow as plainly as did the mark on Cain's. Still the workmen worked, and he still gazed. At last they carried out on a hand-barrow a heap of broken furniture.

"Tis it!" exclaimed the Doctor, madly, as he dashed his fist through the window; and having rapidly opened the door, rushed distractedly to the men.

This sudden apparition so astonished the people, that all fled backwards in fear. Mr. Lupton, and Woodruff, besides many others, instantly recognised the Doctor; while the first-named gentleman as instantly hastened after him, in order at once to know the cause of this wild proceeding, and to prevent by magisterial authority the mischief which he feared might ensue.

"That's it!—it's mine!—my own!" cried the Doctor, as he threw himself upon a box of considerable dimensions, deeply scorched, but not burnt through. At the same time he clasped his arms about it. The workmen interfered.

"Molest him not," said Mr. Lupton.

"I swear it is mine!" again exclaimed Rowel, "and no man shall open it while I live. I'm innocent; they judged me so last night. People will destroy me if it's seen. They'll swear it is *his* body."

"What body?" demanded Mr. Lupton in astonishment.

"His—his. I'm——. No; his who died. They shall not open it." Again the Doctor endeavoured to hide it with his body.

Mr. Lupton saw in this more than appeared upon the surface; and accordingly commanded the constabulary to protect Mr. Rowel back to the carriage, and convey the box to Kiddal.

The Doctor made such a desperate resistance, and raved so furiously, that great force was required to get him into the carriage; and it was found necessary to bind him ere his conveyance could be considered safe. This done, he was driven off to the residence of his brother on Sherwood Forest.

During these transactions, the excitement of the multitude was so great, that, but for the judicious measures adopted, the disorders of the previous night would have been concluded by the murder of the Doctor. This fearful consequence was, however, happily avoided. Mr. Woodruff again joined Mr. Lupton, and followed the crowd that accompanied the mysterious box to the Squire's own residence.

A short time after, the above-named individuals, with one or two others, retired into a private room, whither the chest had been carried, and remained present while a heavy lock upon it was broken, and the uplifted lid displayed a sight so horrible, that the strongest-nerved present recoiled. Before them, huddled up to make it fit into its habitation, lay a corpse, sufficiently perfect to leave not the slightest doubt but that they looked upon the remains of the unfor-

fortunate Skinwell. By what motive the Doctor had been actuated in taking the body from its grave, could only be conjectured: the most probable one was, that he had done so to destroy all traces of the poison. But why he should still preserve so horrible an object few attempted to divine. Whatever the cause, however, the fact was proved; since the remains were subsequently identified by many. Another circumstance remains to be recorded, as it may also serve to illustrate Doctor Rowell's conduct.

Beneath the head of the corpse was found a smaller and curiously ornamented box, wherein the title-deeds of Charnwood had been kept during many generations. On being opened, it was found still to contain them in the same state in which Rowell had so many years ago possessed himself of them, after securing the person of their owner. The effect of Mr. Skinwell's conduct in resisting the doctor's solicitations to co-operate with him in altering those writings now became apparent.

Mr. Woodruff having taken them into his own custody, he and his daughter set out to take possession of their hereditary home. On their arrival, however, they found it inhabited by tenants whom the reader will feel surprised to find there.

No long period was required after Colin's arrival at Mr. Calvert's to enable him to discover that deep anxiety reigned throughout that house touching her who so late was its life-spring.

Miss Jenny, who had lately confined herself much to her chamber, was introduced by her sister; the latter having communicated to her the arrival of Roger and Colin.

'How changed!' thought our hero, as his spirit sank at the sight of her. In her face was written that *the past* was all of a pleasant existence she should ever look upon. Yet when she saw him, though the father looked solemn, and the mother chidingly, she flew to his arms. For what were a father's looks, or a mother's wishes? What was all the world now to her?

At this sight, so unexpected and affecting, her mother sobbed aloud; Mr. Calvert turned away in silence. Her sister seized her hands, and pressed them with a loving pressure, while honest Roger, with the tears bursting from his eyes, struck his hand upon the table in sudden agony, and exclaimed,

"Though I don't swear, I say she *shall* have him, damme, if she shan't!"

The plainness of this declaration contrasted so with the occasion that scarcely a person could forbear smiling; while every one felt a conviction that Roger's words would eventually come true. But, as suddenly as that conviction flashed across the mind, so, with respect to Mr. and Mrs. Calvert, did it as suddenly cease. For though, during some few moments they felt half inclined to relent, yet, as the cause of that sudden conversion lost its temporary influence, they fell back upon old objections with increased prejudice.

Long did these two afterwards discuss the matter, while Colin and Jenny were rapidly settling it without any discussion at all.

While the last-named pair regarded the question as altogether one of the heart, the former held it as totally a question of the head: but, inasmuch as the worst philosopher may venture to back the heart against the head in any contention, our hero and Miss Jenny would certainly have triumphed, had it not happened that before

their forces could be brought to bear, Mr. Calvert sent a message to Colin, requesting his company in the study, and delivered to him the following speech:—

“After what has occurred, Mr. Clink, I feel that it becomes my duty as a father to come to some decisive determination. Much as I respect Mr. Lupton and yourself, there are causes which made me fearful when I found your preference for Jenny, that a continued acquaintance between you would not lead to happiness. I shall not allude to those causes more directly; but they are insurmountable. And though I am aware that such matters are frequently regarded with indifference, yet I feel compelled thus to declare my sentiments, in the hope that nothing more will be required to assure you of the course which I wish you to adopt.”

“Sir!” said Colin, as his heart seemed to swell into his throat, “I cannot but respect your motives. I know your objections,—they are not to be removed.” He would have spoken more, but could not.

“Do not mistake me,” observed Mr. Calvert. “It is your misfortune, not your crime. It was my hope that Jenny and you might possibly dissolve this acquaintance yourselves, and render such an explanation as the present needless. But I have been mistaken. We cannot go on thus longer. Nevertheless, carry with you the assurance that I still continue to remember your worthiness, and to regret so unhappy an ending to the young affection of one whom it would have been our delight, if possible, to have blessed the good and worthy creature he sought.—Bless you, my friend!” added he, “Bless you! I cannot part with you without betraying more than becomes me.

“Your worthiness,” replied Colin, “makes me, sir, lost what to say. Had you treated me harshly I could have replied. If you will have it so, I know not how to oppose: but though I go never to return, believe me, sir, my heart will be left with those I leave,—I shall do my best to live out my life with the memory of her whom I am forbidden to know in any other manner.”

“I am afraid,” rejoined his friend, “that on neither side shall we cease to feel pain; but it will be our duty to bow before those decrees which we cannot escape. And now,” added Mr. Calvert, “do not prolong this scene. We can do no more. Good-b’ye!” he quitted the room.

But Roger Calvert and Colin had a further conversation below stairs, which ended in producing a determination of importance. Roger’s conduct, indeed, throughout had inspired our hero with confidence, and now induced him, after the scene described, to draw his friend into an unobserved part of the house, and propose that they should settle the matter in the manner already suggested,—that is, through the medium of an elopement; and that considerate young fellow readily undertook the task of informing Jenny of the design.

It was agreed between them that, the more successfully to carry on their plan, Colin should take leave of the family under the impression, on their parts, of never seeing him again; but that, instead of quitting London, he should retire to some hotel, where he could remain until matters were arranged for his and Jenny’s departure. This accordingly he did, quitting Mr. Calvert’s house not without grief on the part of all, except Roger; though on his own

with such a miserable exhibition of sorrow, considering the situation in which he was placed, that the good Calverts were quite astonished, and began to suspect that after all there was not half the feeling in him they had been led to believe. Roger was appealed to, but professed to have no ability in discovering springs of action. The truth was, that he felt disinclined for conversation. The departure of his friend had put a seal upon his tongue.

Within a few days it was remarked by the family that Jenny seemed astonishingly recovered from her melancholy, and hope began to be entertained that in a short time she would recover her painful disappointment, and become again that pleasant creature she was before her eyes met those of Mr. Clink. However, at the very time when everybody expected that this desirable consummation would be effected, then it was discovered to everybody's amazement that she was missing; Roger, too, had disappeared; nor was *Miss Jenny Calvert* ever found again. A guess at the real truth flashed across the minds of every one, and all agreed that, instead of ever seeing *Miss Jenny* again, they should be somehow or other introduced to Mrs. Colin Clink.

Mr. Calvert at first took the thing in dudgeon, and ordered his horses to pursue the flying trio, but, by the time saddle and harness were ready, it chanced to be discovered that nobody knew whether to prefer the east, west, north, or south quarters in the proposed search. Probabilities, however, being in favour of Kiddal Hall, Mr. Calvert and his son set out on an expedition to that residence, in hopes of arriving there in time to prevent that marriage which Mr. Calvert determined never to sanction.

In the mean time our hero and his friends were making forced marches, until our little party had the pleasure of beholding the walls within which they were to be made secure of future happiness. Thus felt our hero and his pretty companion, while Roger regarded the house with interest, since it also contained her who was everything to him.

Mr. Woodruff's residence was situated in one of the pleasantest portions of Leicestershire. It was one of those old, large, and substantial brick buildings, characteristic of a particular period of our domestic architecture. Its gardens were full of stately trees, which seemed to speak their own dignity, and declare to the passer-by that beneath their branches had flourished some generations.

To this place were they welcomed by Mr. Woodruff and his daughter; and though, at the first introduction to Miss Jenny as the intended bride of Colin, poor Fanny in vain endeavoured to hide the feelings of the moment, yet a short time brought her back to a sense of the situations of both, while the presence of her own accepted lover, in the person of Roger Calvert, not only sustained her spirits, but took off much of the keenness of those reflections.

It was also on this occasion Colin learned from Fanny that her father and herself, on paying their first visit to their newly-recovered property, found it occupied by the family of that identical Miss Wintlebury whom he and she had so strangely met in London. At the mention of that name Colin blushed so deeply that Miss Jenny felt misgivings as to his perfect fidelity, and in a manner half in joke half in earnest, charged him with deception, to which her lover could not so well reply as by giving that short story respecting Miss Wintlebury, with which the reader is acquainted.

Miss Wintlebury herself had improved materially in health, since not only the country, but likewise the altered circumstances in which her father had placed her, assisted to throw in her way every advantage that one in her situation could require. She still remembered Colin's conduct with the most grateful feelings, and testified them by entertaining his friends. Besides which, on Mr. Wintlebury being informed of the particulars of their story, of which already he had heard much from common fame, he volunteered at once to quit the premises, and gave Mr. Woodruff possession of his own.

It was a proud morning for our hero when, with Jenny on his arm, he hastened to the little church hard by Mr. Woodruff's residence, there to pronounce the sacred promise to love and cherish till death the pretty creature beside him. Fanny and Harriet Wintlebury officiated as bridesmaids. The priest had just uttered the solemn injunction—"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," when a stir was heard at the church door, and Mr. Calvert and his son, in a state of excitement, hurried in. The former rushed towards the altar, and seizing Jenny, exclaimed: "I forbid the marriage!"—but the priest waved his hand, and pronounced that Colin and Jenny were "man and wife together," concluding with that blessing which so beautifully finishes the church ceremony on these occasions.

As the party retired Mr. Calvert approached, and taking the newly-made wife's hand,—*"Jenny!"* said he, *"I never expected this. However, I will not reproach you. The thing is done, and cannot be undone. It is not for me to put asunder whom God hath joined together: I must make the best of it, and therefore, seeing there is no remedy, let me join in the blessing pronounced, and ask that ye may so live together in this life, that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting."*

Poor Jenny burst into tears, and clung round her father's neck; while Colin stood by, deeply affected, and Roger complimented his father and brother upon their being, as he expressed it, "an inch behind the tail."

On the return of the party, Jenny's father informed them how he had in the first instance directed his steps to Kiddal Hall, and found his old friend, Mrs. Lupton, in a state that promised a speedy dissolution. Under those circumstances he had felt anxious to defer, if he could not prevent, the ceremony which had taken place. These intentions, however, being frustrated, nothing remained but to reconcile matters with all parties, and to effect this, Mr. Calvert deemed it needful that the newly-married pair should return with him to Kiddal; because, in case of the unfortunate lady of that house desiring to see them before her death, their presence would prevent her dying wishes being disappointed. Accordingly, at an early period they set out; and, on their arrival were welcomed by the squire with a degree of satisfaction scarcely to be expressed, and a degree of unmixed happiness would have reigned, but for the situation of Mrs. Lupton, who now rapidly sunk.

"So you are married, Jenny?" said she, as she took the young wife by the hand, and kissed her.

"I hope we shall be happy," replied she.

"So I hoped once," returned the lady; "and see what has come of it! Yet I loved him, as you may now. And as for you, sir—"

said she, addressing Colin ; " look that you never despise what you once loved ; that you do not take up as a jewel what you afterwards cast away as a stone. I tell you it will break her heart. Walter ! " she continued—" Walter ! I want to see my husband. " Mr. Lupton entered the chamber. " Walter ! " said she faintly, " I am going—but I wish to tell you I die in peace—in *love* with you, even now. Very soon, and I shall trouble you no more. I have loved and watched over you here—I will do so hereafter.—God bless you ! " And as she uttered those words her hand became convulsive. She sank back dying—dead !

The night for the interment came, and the lady of Kiddal was laid beside many a fanciful beauty and stalwart man, who had laid down their beauty and their strength, before her.

It became known all over the country-side some time afterwards that Mr. Lupton had become remarkably serious after his wife's death : all the theories that had been set afloat touching his second marriage, for everybody believed he would be married again, were found day after day, never to be carried out on his part by any corresponding action, so at length the neighbourhood were fain to give him credit for being a good widower, who could not find in his heart to marry again.

After the event described, our hero's father would no longer think of permitting him to take up his residence elsewhere. Mr. Lupton now declared it to be his intention to instal the young couple at once in that family residence which he had already made provision for eventually bequeathing to them, and of having them considered as constituting, along with himself, the family of the place. At the same time he expressed his desire that Colin should take the management of his estates into his own hands ; observing, that he now felt but little interest in those matters which formerly had occupied all his attention, and that for the future he wished to devote his time to pursuits more congenial with his feelings, as well as better adapted to fit him for that change he must undergo.

This arrangement being acted upon, Colin came to be looked upon as the greatest man in that parish where once we found him a miserable child, turned rudely out of his cradle at night, by a hard-hearted steward, to starve with his mother beneath the naked sky.

As to that same steward, the notorious Mr. Longstaff, he had now grown old, but still occupied the same situation. Prophecies sometimes come true. When Mr. Longstaff turned Mrs. Clink out of her house, it will not have been forgotten that she pointed towards the little bed in which our then little hero lay, and addressing the steward, exclaimed, "*There's a sting in that cradle for you yet!*" Mr. Longstaff himself remembered these words, and trembled when he found to what station the Squire had exalted his son. And though, I verily believe, notwithstanding his deserts, that Colin Clink would never have molested him, yet, as though retributive justice was not to be turned aside, it oddly enough was discovered, on examining his accounts, that defalcations of long standing existed. On this discovery the steward was discharged, and threatened with a prosecution ; but as he made himself quite as humble as he had before been proud, and said a great many pitiful things about his family, the Squire consented, under his son's persuasion, to suffer the grievance to be hushed up.

Could the reader, who has travelled with me so far, have been present at Kiddal Hall some six years later, he would have seen a joyous sight. Once more did the old house look gay. A grand entertainment was being given. Gay devices adorned the walls; temporary bowers were erected in the gardens; a flag waved from the building; tables were spread over the green space, in the middle of the village; labour was laid aside; and every soul seemed to rejoice.

By a special act on the part of Mr. Lupton, it had been settled that Colin should take the family name. This had been done; and therefore I may now declare, that on the happy day here spoken of was celebrated the birth of the first son of Colin and Jenny Lupton. Already had they been blessed with two girls, that now had become the prettiest ornaments of the house. Proudly did these two young people walk amongst the tenantry, rejoicing in the good wishes which were heard on every side.

To add to the general joy, Mr. Roger Calvert and Fanny Woodruff, after a courtship of unaccountable duration, had selected that day also as their wedding-day; and now, along with the father of the latter, and the whole family of the former, joined in each other's pleasure, and that of the inhabitants of Kiddal.

About dusk, Colin walked forth for the purpose of enjoying the enjoyment of others; and, amongst other signs that all were happy, observed a knot of bumpkins gathered round something that appeared to afford them amusement, by the peals of laughter which broke from the crowd. No sooner did the latter observe who approached than they respectfully fell back. Colin perceived a man past the middle age, apparently worn down by trouble and poverty, with a pack on his back, like a travelling pedlar, a stick in his hand, and a small, shaggy, wire-haired terrier at his heels.

The first sight of this odd figure was sufficient to assure our hero that he beheld Peter Veriquear. Colin, to the amazement of all, seized him by the hand, with the exclamation,

"Mr. Veriquear? Or is it possible I can be mistaken?"

"Whether you are mistaken or not," replied the individual, "is your business, and not mine; just as it is my business to say I am glad too see my old assistant, Mr. Colin Clink."

"But under what strange circumstances have you come here?"

"That," replied Peter, "is my concern, and not yours; though, perhaps I ought to make it my business to tell you."

"Certainly," responded Colin; "for I can assure you that I feel it to be my business to know. But come," he continued, "let me conduct you to better quarters, where we can talk over those things which I feel anxious to hear."

Mr. Peter Veriquear and his dog accompanied our hero to Kiddal Hall, where he soon found himself seated at a plentiful table.

When Peter had sufficiently satisfied himself,

"Ah, sir!" said he, "you will feel as much astonished to find that I have sunk so low, as I am to see how high you have risen."

"Why, what can have happened?"

"Sad things!" replied Peter. "In the first place, I have lost all my family. Mrs. Veriquear, — the little Veriquears, that you used to take such pleasure in drawing about in the coach, — all have been taken from me. One of those horrible fevers laid them down all together on beds of sickness. The doctor made it his affair to physic

them so much, that the stock of bottles in my warehouse was materially increased. At the same time the bone-trade became bare, and the rag-trade was torn to rags by competition. One after another the family dropped off, until I could not help thinking the undertaker did nothing else but make it his business to go backwards and forwards from his house to mine. The consequence was, that everything I had saved to keep my family alive was spent in putting them into the ground. My house seemed a desert to me. Everywhere it appeared that I ought to meet one or other of them, and yet I was always disappointed, — always alone. Used to having those little people for ever about my feet,—to feed them at my table,—to talk about them to my wife,—to think how I should dispose of them as they grew up, and speculate on their luck in after life,—and thus suddenly to be deprived of them all,—not one left,—not a solitary one; to be myself the only one where there had been many! —Peter's feelings had made him eloquent, and tears scrambled oddly down his cheeks. Colin could not but feel Veriquear's words. He requested him to conclude his narrative.

"At last," added Peter, "I made it my business to dispose of my business, and sell off all I had; and, though it was a good deal to look at, it produced me little money. However, as I could no longer endure the place, I made the best of the case I could, and resolved to travel to where I originally came from, one of the Orkney Islands, and am now going back on foot, as you see."

Mr. Colin Lupton felt more than he expressed in words; but by his actions the effect may be judged, as he insisted on poor Peter being well lodged for the night, and before his departure made him such a present as would entitle him to be considered a man of substance in the little Orkney island, towards which he finally steered his course.

Having now brought the fortunes of the characters who have figured in these pages to a close, it only remains to relate some few stray scraps of information, and to conclude the story.

It will be remembered that the last time we parted with Doctor Rowel, we left him in a state of high mental excitement, and conveyed by his friends to his brother, on the borders of Sherwood Forest. To reduce that excitement, or even to prevent its increasing to a state of confirmed madness, all care was found unavailable. Eventually, he was confined for life in a public institution. There he raved continually about an imaginary skeleton in an imaginary box, and gave utterance to unintelligible jargon, wherein the names of Woodruff, of his sister Frances, and of his niece, were mingled. He continued to exhibit to the very last a picture of misery and horror.

Mr. Woodruff was a frequent visitor at the hall, especially after the marriage of his daughter. Under these circumstances, a degree of interest was observed to grow up between him and Miss Shirley, and suspicions began to be entertained that a match might be eventually made between them. Whether any reliance could be placed upon them I cannot determine, any more than upon a similar report respecting Sylvester and Miss Wintlebury,—since people frequently conclude matches by report which never go off in reality; though equally true it is that many are made, of which gossips are never afforded an opportunity of reporting upon at all.

COUNTY LEGENDS.—No. II.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

NELL COOK !!

A TALE OF THE "DARK ENTRY."

THE KING'S SCHOLAR'S STORY.

"From the 'Brick Walk' branches off to the right a long narrow vaulted passage, paved with flagstones, vulgarly known by the name of the 'Dark Entry.' Its eastern extremity communicates with the cloisters, crypt, and, by a private staircase, with the interior of the Cathedral. On the west it opens into the 'Green-Court,' forming a communication between it and the portion of the 'Precinct' called the 'Oaks,'—*A Walk round Canterbury, &c.*

Scene—A back parlour in Mr. Ingoldsby's house in the Precinct.—A blazing fire.—The Squire is seated by it in a high-backed easy-chair, twirling his thumbs, and contemplating his list shoe. — Little Tom, the King's Scholar, on a stool opposite.—Mrs. Ingoldsby at the table, busily employed in manufacturing a cabbage-rose,—or cauliflower?—in many-coloured worsteds. —The Squire's meditations are interrupted by the French clock on the mantelpiece. — The Squire prologezeth with vivacity.

"HARK ! listen Mrs. Ingoldsby,—the clock is striking nine !
Give Master Tom another cake, and a half a glass of wine,
And ring the bell for Jenny Smith, and bid her bring his coat,
And a warm bandana handkerchief to tie about his throat.

"And bid them go the nearest way, for Mr. Birch has said
That nine o'clock's the hour he'll have his boarders all in bed ;
And well we know when little boys their coming home delay,
They often seem to walk and sit uneasily next day !"—

"—Now, nay, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, now send me not, I pray,
Back by that Entry dark, for that you know's the nearest way ;
I dread that Entry dark with Jane alone at such an hour,
It fears me quite—it's Friday night, and then Nell Cook hath
pow'r !"—

"And, who's Nell Cook, thou silly child ?—and what's Nell Cook to
thee ?
That thou shouldst dread at night to tread with Jane that dark en-
trée ?"—

"Nay, list and hear, mine Uncle dear ! such fearsome things they
tell
Of Nelly Cook, that few may brook at night to meet with Nell !"

"It was in bluff King Harry's days,—and Monks and Friars were then,
You know, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, a sort of Clergymen.
They'd coarse stuff gowns, and shaven crowns, no shirts, and no
cravats ;

And a cord was placed about their waist—they had no shovel hats !

"It was in bluff King Harry's days, while yet he went to shrift,
And long before he stamped and swore, and sent the Pope adrift ;
There lived a portly Canon then, a sage and learned clerk ;
He had, I trow, a goodly house fast by that Entry dark !

"The Canon was a portly man—of Latin and of Greek,
And learned lore, he had good store,—yet health was on his cheek.
The Priory fare was scant and spare, the bread was made of rye,
The beer was weak, yet he was sleek—he had a merry eye.

"For though within the Priory the fare was scant and thin,
The Canon's house it stood without ; he kept good cheer within ;
Unto the best he prest each guest with free and jovial look,
And Ellen Bean ruled his *cuisine*.—He called her 'Nelly Cook !'

"For soups and stews and choice *ragouts* Nell Cook was famous
still ;
She 'd make them even of old shoes, she had such wond'rous skill :
Her manchets fine were quite divine, her cakes were nicely brown'd,
Her flawns and custards were the boast of all the 'Precinct' round ;

"And Nelly was a comely lass, but calm and staid her air,
And earthward bent her modest look, yet was she passing fair ;
And though her gown was russet brown, their heads grave people
shook :
—They all agreed no Clerk had need of such a pretty cook.

"One day—'twas on a Whitsun-Eve—there came a coach and four ;
It pass'd the 'Green-Court' gate, and stopp'd before the Canon's door ;
The travel-stain on wheel and rein bespoke a weary way,—
Each panting steed relax'd its speed—out stept a Lady gay.

"'Now, welcome ! welcome ! dearest Niece,'—the Canon then did cry,
And to his breast the Lady prest—he had a merry eye,—
'Now, welcome ! welcome ! dearest Niece ! in sooth thou 'rt wel-
come here,
'Tis many a day since we have met—how fares my Brother dear ?'—

"'Now, thanks, my loving Uncle,' that Lady gay replied ;
'Gramercy for thy benison ;' then 'Out, alas !' she sigh'd ;
'My father dear he is not near ; he seeks the Spanish Main ;
He prays thee give me shelter here till he return again !'—

"'Now, welcome ! welcome ! dearest Niece ; come lay thy mantle
by !'
The Canon kissed her ruby lip—he had a merry eye—
But Nelly Cook askew did look,—it came into her mind
They were a little less than 'kin,' and rather more than 'kind.'

* * * *

"Three weeks are gone and over—full three weeks and a day,
Yet still within the Canon's house doth dwell that Lady gay ;
On capons fine they daily dine, rich cates and sauces rare,
And they quaff good store of Bourdeaux wine,—so dainty is their
fare.

"And fine upon the Virginals is that gay Lady's touch,
And sweet her voice unto the lute, you 'll scarce hear any such;
But is it 'O Sanctissima!' she sings in dulcet tone?
Or 'Angels ever bright and fair'?—Ah, no!—it's 'Bobbing Joan!'

* * * *

"The Canon's house is lofty and spacious to the view;
The Canon's cell is order'd well—yet Nelly looks askew;
The Lady's bower is in the tower,—yet Nelly shakes her head—
She hides the poker and the tongs in that gay Lady's bed!

* * * *

"Six weeks were gone and over, full six weeks and a day,
Yet in that bed the poker and the tongs unheeded lay!
From which, I fear, it's pretty clear that Lady rest had none;
Or, if she slept in any bed—it was not in her own.

"But where that Lady pass'd her nights I may not well divine,
Perhaps in pious oraisons at good St. Thomas' Shrine,
And for her father far away breathed tender vows and true—
It may be so—I cannot say—but Nelly look'd askew.

"And still at night, by fair moonlight, when all were lock'd in sleep,
She'd listen at the Canon's door,—she'd through the keyhole peep—
I know not what she heard or saw, but fury fill'd her eye—
—She bought some nasty Doctor's-stuff, and she put it in a pie!

* * * *

"It was a glorious summer's eve—with beams of rosy red
The Sun went down—all Nature smiled—but Nelly shook her head!
Full softly to the balmy breeze rang out the Vesper bell—
—Upon the Canon's startled ear it sounded like a knell!

"Now here's to thee, mine Uncle! a health I drink to thee!
Now pledge me back in Sherris sack, or a cup of Malvoisie!—
The Canon sigh'd—but rousing, cried, 'I answer to thy call,
And a Warden-pie's a dainty dish to mortify withal!'"

'Tis early dawn—the matin chime rings out for morning pray'r—
And Prior and Friar is in his stall—the Canon is not there!
Nor in the small Refect'ry hall, nor cloister'd walk is he—
All wonder—and the Sacristan says 'Lauk-a-daisey-me!'

They've search'd the aisles and Baptistry—they've search'd above—
around—

The 'Sermon House'—the 'Audit Room'—the Canon is not found.
They only find the pretty cook concocting a *ragout*;
They ask her where her master is—but Nelly looks askew!

They call for crow-bars—'jemmies' is the modern name they bear—
They burst through lock, and bolt, and bar—but what a sight is
there!—

The Canon's head lies on the bed—his Niece lies on the floor!
—They are as dead as any nail that is in any door!

"The livid spot is on his breast, the spot is on his back !
His portly form, no longer warm with life, is swoln and black !—
The livid spot is on her cheek,—it's on her neck of snow,
And the Prior sighs, and sadly cries, ' Well !—here's a pretty Go !'

* * * *

"All at the silent hour of night a bell is heard to toll,
A knell is rung, a *requiem*'s sung as for a sinful soul,
And there's a grave within the Nave, it's dark, and deep, and wide,
And they bury there a Lady fair, and a Canon by her side !

"An Uncle—so 'tis whisper'd now throughout the sacred fane,—
And a Niece—whose father's far away upon the Spanish Main—
The Sacristan, he says no word to indicate a doubt,
But he puts his thumb unto his nose, and he spreads his fingers out !

"And where doth tarry Nelly Cook, that staid and comely lass ?
Ay, where ?—for ne'er from forth that door was Nelly known to pass.
Her coif, and gown of russet brown were lost unto the view,
And if you mention'd Nelly's name—the Monks all look'd askew !

* * * *

"There is a heavy paving-stone fast by the Canon's door,
Of granite grey, and it may weigh some half a ton or more,
And it is laid deep in the shade within that Entry dark,
Where sun or moon-beam never play'd, or e'en one starry spark.

"That heavy granite stone was moved that night, 'twas darkly said,
And the mortar round its sides next morn seem'd fresh, and newly
laid ;
But what within the narrow vault beneath that stone doth lie,
Or if that there be vault, or no—I cannot tell—not I !

"But I've been told that moan and groan, and fearful wail and shriek,
Came from beneath that paving-stone for nearly half a week—
For three long days and three long nights came forth those sounds of
fear ;
Then all was o'er—they never more fell on the listening ear.

* * * *

"A hundred years were gone and past since last Nell Cook was seen,
When, worn by use, that stone got loose, and they went and told the
Dean.—
—Says the Dean, says he, ' My Masons three ! now haste and fix it
tight ;'
And the Masons three peep'd down to see, and they saw a fearsome
sight.

"Beneath that heavy paving-stone a shocking hole they found—
It was not more than twelve feet deep, and barely twelve feet round ;
A fleshless, sapless skeleton lay in that horrid well !
But who the deuce 'twas put it there those Masons could not tell.

"And near this fleshless skeleton a pitcher small did lie,
And a mouldy piece of 'kissing-crust,' as from a warden-pie."
And Doctor Jones declared the bones were female bones, and
'Zooks!
I should not be surprised,' said he, 'if these were Nelly Cook's.'

"It was in good Dean Burgrove's days, if I remember right,
Those fleshless bones beneath the stones these Masons brought to
light;
And you may well in the 'Dean's Chapel' Dean Burgrove's portrait
view,
'Who died one night,' says old Tom Wright, 'in sixteen forty-two'—"

"And so two hundred years have passed since that these Masons
three,
With curious looks, did set Nelly Cook's anguished spirit free:
That granite stone had kept her down all then—so some suppose,—
—Some spread their fingers out, and put their thumb into their nose.

"But one thing's clear—that all the year, on every Friday night,
Throughout that Entry dark doth run Nelly Cook's anguished spirit—
On Friday was that Warden-pie all by that Canon tried,
On Friday died he, and that holy Lady by his side."

"And though two hundred years have flown, Nelly Cook still
pursue
Her weary walk, and they who cross her path the deed may rue.
Her fatal breath is felt as death: the Simon's blast is not
More dire,—(a wind in Africa that blows uncommon hot—

"But all unlike the Simon's blast, her breath is deadly cold,
Delivering quivering, shivering shocks unto both young and old,
And whose in that Entry dark doth feel that fatal breath,
He ever dies within the year same and unchangeably death."

"No matter who—no matter what condition, age, or sex,
But some 'get shot,' and some 'get drown'd,' and some 'get' broken
necks;
Some 'get run over' by a coach:—and one beyond the seas
'Got' scraped to death by oyster-shells among the Caribbees."

"Those Masons three, who set her free, fell first:—it is averred
That two were hang'd on Tyburn tree for murdering of the third:
Charles Stacey,* too, his friend who slew, had to do, if truth they
tell,
Been gibbeted on Chatham Downs, had they not met with Nelly."

* In or about the year 1788, a worthy of this name cut the throat of a neighbouring paper-maker, was executed on Olden Hill, and afterwards hung in chains near the spot of his crime. It was at this place, as being the extreme boundary of the City's jurisdiction, that the worthy Mayor with as much concern wanted to execute Archibald H— on one of his prisoners, when he begged to have the honour of—ac-
tending his Grace as far as the Gallows."

"Then send me not, mine Uncle dear, oh! send me not, I pray,
Back through that Entry dark to-night, but round some other way!
I will not be a truant boy, but good, and mind my book,
For Heaven forbid that ever I foregather with Nell Cook!"—

• • • •

The class was call'd at morning tide, and Master Tom was there;
He look'd askew, and did eschew both stool, and bench, and chair.
He did not talk, he did not walk, the tear was in his eye,—
He had not e'en that sad resource, to "sit him down and cry."

Hence little boys may learn, when they from school go out to dine,
They should not deal in rigmarole, but still be back by nine;
For if when they've their greatcoat on, they pause before they part
To tell a long and prosy tale,—perchance their own may smart.—

—A few remarks to learned Clerks in country and in town—
Don't keep a pretty serving-maid, though clad in russet brown!—
Don't let your Niece sing "Bobbing Joan!"—don't, with a merry eye,
Hob-nob in Sack and Malvoisie,—and don't eat too much Pie!

And oh! beware that Entry dark,—especially at night,—
And don't go there with Jenny Smith all by the pale moonlight!—
So bless the Queen and her Royal Wean, — and the Prince whose
hand she took,—
And bless us all, both great and small,—and keep us from Nell Cook!

THE LATE THOMAS HILL,* ESQ.

WITH A PORTRAIT FROM AN ORIGINAL MINIATURE.

POOR "Tom Hill!"—for by that familiar appellation he was ever spoken of by all who knew and loved him—is gone from among us. We say not that a "star has fallen from Heaven," yet has one of the kindest of spirits taken its flight from earth; one than which none ever existed composed of gentler elements, or more attuned to all social affections. No individual, perhaps, who has shared the common lot of humanity during the year which has just closed upon us, will be more extensively or more sincerely regretted than Mr. Hill; for in the literary, and theatrical world especially, no one was better known or more beloved.

Mr. Hill was born at Lancaster,† in May 1760, and came very early in life to London, where he carried on an extensive business as a drysalter, at Queenhithe. While thus actively engaged, however, he found leisure to cultivate a taste for literature, and accumulated a very fine collection of old books, chiefly old poetry, which afterwards, when misfortunes overtook him, was valued at about six thousand pounds,—a noble

* Mr. Hill died at his chamber in the Adelphi, Dec. 20, and was buried in the catacombs under St. Martin's Church, Dec. 28, ult.

† In some part of our impression of the portrait Mr. Hill is represented to have been born at Liverpool. This is an error.

library! He was also the especial and generous patron of two unfriended poets, Bloomfield and Kirke White.* "The Farmer's Boy" of the former was read and admired by him in manuscript, and was recommended to a publisher. By his influence in society, moreover, the public attention was drawn to its merits.

Mr. Hill established a clever periodical publication called *The Monthly Mirror*, which brought him much into connexion with dramatic poets, actors, and managers. He never omitted witnessing the first representation of any new play when in town. At his house in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, but more especially at his cottage at Sydenham, he was delighted to collect around him the most brilliant wits, poets, actors, dramatists, and other men of genius of his time. John and Charles Kemble used generally to dine at his house in Henrietta Street on the first night of any new play in which they took a part, and went thence to the theatre. Many yet remain who well remember the agreeable symposia at his rural villa. Mrs. Mathews, in her entertaining *Memoirs* of her gifted husband, makes the following remarks on these social meetings:—

"I might aptly have quoted, in allusion to the happy days in which I shared at the 'Merry Bachelor's' cottage at Sydenham for so many years, the lines in one of O'Keefe's operas,

'Of all the days that I have seen,
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes between
The Saturday and Monday;'

for then our little carriage was in readiness, early in the afternoon, to convey us to this rustic dwelling—all simplicity without, all brilliancy within. There, hebdomadally, were found a knot of the first talents of the day; and, amongst the perpetual advantages I derived from being the wife of a clever man, I was allowed the delight of always being a partaker of these intellectual treats. Our excellent and kind friend, Mr. Thomas Hill's well-regulated hospitality was the theme of everybody's praise and pleasure who ever visited him; and, with the one exception just made, his house was the resort of the highest order of intellect and literary acquirement. The accommodation of Mr. Hill's house and table did not, luckily, admit of more than could conduce to their mutual pleasure. Each party was well chosen and assorted, never exceeding a dozen; and I had the honour to occupy the only spare room, all other guests, who were too fastidious to be content with the accommodation of the neighbouring inn, returning to town. Now and then a lady would share my short interval of drawing-room retirement; but this did not so often occur as it otherwise would, had the distance from London been less, or the cottage possessed more accommodation in the way of beds. Thus five times out of six I was the only lady; and I monopolised all the advantage of such a position, being pressed always to outstay custom, and afterwards seldom finding myself waiting tea for the gentlemen, whose courtesy was strained to answer generally the first summons from the drawing-room. What

* "Kirke White became a contributor to the *Monthly Mirror*, and was thus introduced to Mr. Thomas Hill, the proprietor of that work, a gentleman who was himself a lover of English literature, and who possessed one of the most copious collections of English poetry in existence. This encouragement induced him about the close of the year 1802 to commit a little volume of poetry to the press."—*SOUTHEY'S Life of Kirke White.*

happy days were those! — days of unmixed pleasure, laid up in grateful memory of the friend who dispensed so much happiness to my early years, although only for the sake of my dear husband, whom he had known from his boyhood. Those who, like myself, have survived the *Sydenham Sundays*, will, like me, remember them with retrospective gratification; for, though I was the only one present that did not contribute to the treat, yet those who did were not without their reward."

In his friend, Mr. Hook's clever novel, "*Gilbert Gurney*," we find the following sketch, which will be instantly identified as a portrait of Mr. Hill.

"His plump rosy cheeks were purpled with warmth and kindness as he held out his hand to take mine, and protested that I was the very man he wanted most particularly to see. Hull was a very extraordinary person. He knew the business of everybody in London better than the people themselves. He happened to know everything that was going forward in all circles — mercantile, political, fashionable, literary, or theatrical; in addition to all matters connected with military and naval affairs, agriculture, finance, art and science — everything came alike to him — to his inquiring eye no mystery continued undiscovered; — from his attentive ear no secret remained concealed. He was plump — short — with an intelligent countenance, and near-sighted — with a constitution and complexion fresh enough to look forty, at a time when I believed him to be at least four times the age; we had a joke against him in those days as to his antiquity, in which he heartily and good-naturedly joined, until at last we got him to admit — and I almost think, believe — that he sold gunpowder to King Charles the Second, and dined more than once with the witty Lord Rochester.

"'Wanted you to come and meet a few friends at my cottage at Mitcham,' said Hull — 'all plain and simple — good wine, I promise you, and pleasant company — but you are such a fellow, my dear friend. Pooh, pooh! don't tell me — there's no catching you — eh, I say — I have heard all about the cakes, the cow, and the Countess, the Pandears in the pavilion, and the dead dace in the drawing-room.' — 'What do you mean?' said I, not imagining it possible that events which had so recently occurred should have already obtained such publicity. — 'O you dog,' said Hull, 'I happen to know — my dear Gurney — it's no use trying to hoax me — I say — Daly did it — he, he! — you know it — eh! —' 'Not I, upon my honour,' said I; which was true — 'do you know Daly?' — 'Know him!' exclaimed my friend — 'know Daly! — why, my dear sir, I have known him these forty years.' — 'Daly!' said I, 'why he is not thirty years old!' — 'Perhaps not forty,' said Hull; 'but I knew his father more than forty years ago. You dined with Daly yesterday at his lodgings?' — 'I did,' said I, staring; 'but how did you find *that* out?' — 'Find it out, my dear friend!' replied Hull, — 'I do nothing in the world but find out. I saw the boiled leg of lamb and spinach which you had for dinner — eh! — wasn't it so?' — 'Do you dine with him frequently?' said I. — 'Never, my dear friend; never dined with him in my life,' said Hull; 'but I know where he gets his hock — six guineas and a half the dozen. Come down to Mitcham; you shall taste some of the very same batch. Great creature, Daly — magnificent style, I'm told — splendid service of plate, and all that.' — 'Plate!' said I. — 'Superb,' said Hull. 'I



THOMAS HALL, ESQ.

Permit, Forester, &c. and in London, &c. &c.

JOHN A. POLSON, ENGRAVER, 17, ST. MARK'S LANE, LONDON.



happen to know the fact.'—'My dear sir,' said I, 'I should say a dozen spoons and forks were the extent of his service, as you call it.'—'Well,' said Hull, 'what does he want with more? Too bad—the cakes—eh!—and the cow—all over town. However, now to business, as I have done work for to-day: when will you come to Mitcham? Name your time.'—'I shall be very happy,' said I; 'but what do you mean by having done work?'—'Here,' said he, drawing from one of his pockets a very small, dirty, black-letter book, 'this is all I shall do to-day. My pursuit, you know—eh!—old books—rare books. I don't care what I give so as I can secure them. This is a tract of 1486—seventeen pages originally—five only wanting—two damaged—got it for seventy-two pounds ten shillings—Caxton—only one other copy extant—that in the British Museum.'—'And what is it about?' said I, innocently. —'Why, I do *not* happen to know *that*,' said Hull. —'Then why buy it?' said I. —'Buy!' exclaimed he, looking at me through his glass with an expression of astonishment, —'I buy thousands of books!—pooh! pooh! millions, my dear sir, in the course of a year, but I never think of reading them. My dear friend, I have no time to read.' I confess I did not exactly comprehend the character of the bibliomania which appeared to engross my friend.

"As for his hospitable invitation, I resolved to accept it, and fix an early day. 'Mine is but a box,' said Hull, 'all humble and lowly. There will be a bed for you at the inn, and a garden full of gooseberries and currants to stroll about.'—'And pleasant pastime, too,' said I. 'I, for one, think the despised fruits of our country are amongst the most delicious.'—'Despised!' said Hull, —'pooh! pooh! nobody can despise gooseberries and currants like mine—I have thousands of them!—pooh! pooh! currants as big as marbles! and gooseberries larger than hens' eggs!'—'I'll try them, depend upon it,' said I. 'What say you to to-morrow?'—'My dear friend, the very day I was going to fix,' said Hull. 'I knew your friend Daly was gone—went out of town by eight this morning—eh!—come down to Mitcham. You'll meet one of your Haymarket friends——' 'Ah!' said I, 'Mr. Hull, that's a sore point. That infernal farce of mine! I shall never get over it.'—'Infernal!' said Hull. 'What d'ye mean by infernal? I wish we had more people who could write such farces—infernal indeed!'—'Yet,' said I, 'it was condemned.'—'Umph!' said Hull, lowering his voice, and whispering in my ear, 'I could tell you something about *that*. I happen to know, and so do you.'—'Indeed I don't,' said I.—'Don't you know something about the "Wag in the Windmill,"' said Hull, 'coming out the week after next?'—'Not I.'—'Pooh! pooh! don't tell me,' said Hull. 'I happen to know the author.'—'Do you?' said I. 'I don't.'—'Come—come, you dog! that won't do,' said he. 'What did the Chronicle mean the day before yesterday. Did you see the allusion?'—'No,' said I; 'I never see the Chronicle.'—'Never see the Chronicle!' exclaimed Hull, 'don't tell me—that won't do—you see *ALL* the papers. My dear friend, the allusion to *you* is plain as a pikestaff.'—'I give you my word,' said I, 'that I have written not one line since my failure, nor ever will write again.'—'How could they have got hold of it, I wonder?' said Hull, archly. 'I'll find out before I go into the city. However, to-morrow you come to me. Dine punctually at five. Early folks in the country—none of your supper-time dinners there. Remember, a bed for yourself—capital stables for your horses at the inn—civil people—

very attentive to all *my* guests — know it would not do if they were not, — hundreds of people go there in the course of the summer from my cottage. Good day! good day! you won't come any farther with me, I know you won't — city work don't suit you — God bless you! — pooh! pooh! — remember five!

“And away he went, leaving me amazed at the activity of his mind and the universality of his information. As my acquaintance with Hull increased in age, I had many opportunities of convincing myself of the inherent kindness of his disposition, and his readiness to do what he imagined to be a service to his friends whenever it lay in his power. The following is a continuation of the sketch:

“When I drove up to the gate of Hull's house, I saw his good-natured face peering over the hedge which separated his garden from the road, like ‘a rose in June,’ flowering on its native stem. In a moment he was at his gate, and in another I had set my foot in his domain, a little bijou of neatness, niceness, prettiness, and sweetness. I saw company in the garden, heard laughter in the bowers, and casting my eyes through two French windows which opened on the lawn, beheld a table covered for eight. The roses, the mignonette, the heliotropes, all combined their fragrance to refresh the air; and although, from its proximity to the highway, Hull's servant had to brush the plants as he did his coat, every morning, to get rid of the dust, it was what the most fastidious critic must have pronounced a delightful little place.

“Some of the assembled party were unknown to me, although none of them were unknown to fame; an enthusiastic poet, a witty and agreeable barrister, the editor of a weekly newspaper, a fashionable preacher, and an opulent city merchant, then one of the sheriffs of London, added to one of the popular actors with whom I was previously acquainted, formed a society which, from its miscellaneous character, promised to be a great treat to one who like myself, at that time of my life, professed to be only a listener. The sequel, however, was a disappointment. Every one of the guests was celebrated for something, and each one was jealous of his neighbour. Hull, who pooh poohed them about in his best style, endeavoured to draw them out, and force every man to say or do something to contribute to the general amusement; but it was evidently an effort. The poet had a sovereign contempt for the barrister, and whenever he fired a pun preserved the most imperturbable gravity. The barrister, who was moreover a critic, irritated the actor, who hated the newspaper editor for the tone he had adopted in his theatrical reviews. The clergyman kept aloof from any controversy with the Thespian; and the Sheriff, who was worth a couple of hundred thousand pounds, despised the whole party, and set them down as a parcel of paupers, who were obliged to get their bread by the exercise of their talents.

“‘Here's turbot, Mr. Bucklesbury, fresh from Billingsgate this morning. Sunday makes no difference with me. I happen to know the most eminent salesman in the market. Bless your soul, he wouldn't mind sending a boat express to Torbay for a turbot for *me*.’ — ‘Very fine fish indeed,’ said, or rather snorted, Bucklesbury. — ‘Fine!’ exclaimed Hull. ‘Nothing at all, my dear sir, to what you have at home—eh?—I happen to know—there's no man so particular about his fish as you.’ — ‘I like it good when I has it,’ said Bucklesbury. ‘Is there any lobster sauce?’ — ‘Any!’ cried Hull. ‘My dear friend, there are loads of lobsters—thousands. Here, you stupid dog, bring some of those sauce tureens to the Sheriff.’

"The conversation at dinner consisted of little more than a repetition of pressings and refusings, and of challenges to drink wine, and observations upon the wine itself. The dessert, after Hull's description of his fruit, was rather a disappointment. The currants had been gathered, the gooseberries stolen, but there were still '*bushels*' of apples; and the cellar afforded the juice of the grape in its best possible state; 'hundreds' of bottles graced the board, and every disposition to do ample justice to the profusion of our Amphitryon was manifested by his much delighted guests. The conversation, so long as 'reason maintained her seat,' was not much more cordial or vivacious than it had been earlier in the day.

"Mr. Hull," said the Sheriff, who did not understand the turn of the conversation, and did not know whether to be angry or pleased, 'have you got any coffee for us?'—'Coffee!' said Hull, blushing blue with exultation up to the roots of his hair, 'my dear friend, I have three thousand weight of coffee in the house—to be sure there is coffee and, eh!—something after—*chasse*!—I happen to know—splendid dogs you in the city—but I think I have some Maraschino that never was equalled.'—'Have him out,' said the barrister.—'Pooh, pooh! my dear Dubs,' said Hull, 'you have had him out, as you call it, often enough. You and Tim there have drunk enough of it to know its quality.'

"However, here, I suppose," said the Sheriff, 'you are too fine to have such a thing as cherry-bounce?'—'Bounce!' exclaimed Hull, 'cherry-bounce, my dear friend!—there's Dubs can tell you—I have gallons of it—make it by hogsheads—I have seven hundred pints of it in the next room.'

"Upon saying which, he rang the bell, and ordered the servant, first giving him a key and a caution, to bring forth sundry bottles of the boasted beverage—for let it always be remembered that Hull's cases of what might be thought bounce—were all as genuine as this of the cherry bounce—he *had* all the things he talked of; but his magnificence in the way of provision was what one certainly was not prepared for; and therefore, until a certain number of cherry-brandy bottles had been produced by way of ratification, it seemed almost impossible to believe the extent of his preparations for conviviality. Up stairs we went, — the Sheriff, of course, taking precedence, — and there we had our coffee, our *chasse*, and a little tranquillity; and during this pause the Sheriff, next whom I was placed, began to talk to me. Our *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by the facetious Duberly, who believing that the Sheriff was a saint, asked him whether he had any objection to a rubber. Before his answer was given, Hull, who watched his worship with an almost Koo-too-ing kindness, came up, and drawing off the barrister, said to him, 'Dubs, Dubs, don't be childish. No cards here on a Sunday.'—'No,' said Duberly, 'I am sure we shall have none; for you have none in the house.'—'None!' exclaimed Hull, as usual. 'No cards! Come, come, Tim, you know better than that. I have got two hundred and fifty packs in this very room!'

"A sort of doubtful murmur ran through the party, and the poet said something of 'speaking by the card,' when Hull, getting rather angry at being doubted, proceeded to unlock a closet in the room, and the moment the door was opened at least twenty packs of entirely new cards tumbled out upon the floor. The astonishment was general. 'My dear friend,' said Hull, 'you ought to know me better. I never say what isn't true. I bought these cards two years ago—best

cards you ever played with. I never buy inferior articles—got them in a lump—two hundred and fifty packs—told you so—you may count 'em, Dubs—I see you laughing, Tim—you may laugh—count 'em as you would benefit tickets—eh—Tim—pooh, pooh—don't tell me.'

"Whether we did or did not play cards, I really do not now recollect; I remember laughing until I almost cried at some delightful imitations of the action. We had anchovy toasts and broiled bones, and all the incentives to dissipation, in which we speedily engaged; punch, and all other destructive and delightful drinks, were introduced; the actor became more and more agreeable, for he was not only the most agreeable of actors, but the most intellectual of all comedians I ever met with; the editor seemed pacified; Dubs was delighted; and the poet concluded the sports of the evening by pulling off his wig, and throwing it at the inimitable favourite of the theatre. Then all became noise, confusion, mirth, and mystification; and when I opened my eyes in the morning, I found myself as thirsty as a crocodile, with a tremendous headache, and pains in all my joints, the sure result of excess committed in my early life."

Mr. Hill had the entrée to both Houses of Parliament, the theatres, and almost all places of public resort. He was to be met with at the private view of the Royal Academy, and every kind of exhibition. So especially was he favoured, that it has been recorded by a wag that, when asked whether he had seen the new comet, he replied, "Pooh, pooh! I was present at the private view!"

About the year 1810, having sustained a severe loss by a speculation in indigo, he retired from business upon the remains of his property to his chambers in the Adelphi. In his earlier days he joined in some of the jokes and hoaxes practised by Mathews and others. We subjoin the following account, written by himself, of a frolic in which Mathews represented at an inn at Dartford a Spanish ambassador. He called it his "Recollections of His Excellency the Spanish Ambassador's visit to Captain Selby, on board the Prince Regent, one of his Majesty's frigates stationed at the Nore, by the Interpreter."

"The party hired a private coach, of large capacity, and extremely showy, to convey them to Gravesend as the *suite* of Mathews, who personated an ambassador from Madrid to the English Government. Four horses, richly caparisoned, were attached to the carriage, driven by two smart lads, who were intrusted with the secret by the payment of a liberal fee. The drivers proved faithful to their promise. When they arrived at the posting-house at Dartford, one of the drivers dismounted, and communicated to the innkeeper the character of the nobleman (Mathews) inside the coach, and that his mission to London had been attended with the happiest result. The report spread through Dartford like wildfire, and in about ten minutes the carriage (having by previous arrangement been detained) was surrounded by at least two hundred people, all with cheers and gratulations anxious to gain a view of the important personage, who, decked out with nearly twenty different stage-jewels, representing sham orders, bowed with obsequious dignity to the assembled multitude. It was settled that the party should dine and sleep at the Falcon Tavern, Gravesend, where a sumptuous dinner was provided for His Excellency and *suite*. Previously, however, to dinner-time, and to heighten the joke, they promenaded the town and its environs, followed by a large congregation of men, women, and children at a respectful distance, all of whom preserved the greatest deco-

rum. The interpreter (Mr. Hill) *seemed* to communicate and explain to the ambassador whatever was of interest in their perambulation. On their return to the inn the crowd gradually dispersed. The dinner was served in a sumptuous style, and two or three additional waiters, dressed in their holiday clothes, were hired for the occasion.

"The ambassador, by the medium of his interpreter, asked for two soups, and a portion of four different dishes of fish, with oil, vinegar, mustard, pepper, salt, and sugar, in the same plate, which *apparently* to the eyes of the waiters, and their utter astonishment and surprise, he eagerly devoured. The waiters had been cautioned by one of the *suite* not to notice the manner in which His Excellency ate his dinner, lest it should offend him, and their occasional absence from the room gave Mathews or his companions an opportunity of depositing the incongruous medley in the ashes under the grate—a large fire having been purposely provided. The ambassador continued to mingle the remaining viands during dinner in a similar heterogeneous way. The chamber in which His Excellency slept was brilliantly illuminated with wax-candles, and in one corner of the room a table was fitted up, under the direction of one of the party, to represent an oratory, with such appropriate apparatus as could best be procured. A private sailing-*barge* was moored at the stairs by the fountain early the next morning, to convey the ambassador and his attendants to the Prince Regent at the Nore. The people again assembled in vast numbers to witness the embarkation. Carpets were placed on the stairs to the water's edge, for the state and comfort of His Excellency; who, the instant he entered the *barge*, turned round, and bade a grateful farewell to the multitude, at the same time placing his hand upon his bosom, and taking off his huge cocked hat. The captain of the *barge*, a supremely illiterate, good-humoured cockney, was introduced most ceremoniously to the ambassador, and purposely placed on his right hand. It is impossible to describe the variety of absurd and extravagant stratagems practised upon the credulity of the captain by Mathews, and with consummate success, until the *barge* arrived in sight of the King's frigate, which, by a previous understanding recognised the ambassador by signals. The officers were all dressed in full uniform, and prepared to receive him. When on board, the whole party threw off their disguises, and were entertained by Captain Selby with a splendid dinner, to which the lieutenants of the ship were invited. After the banquet, Mathews in his own character kept the company in a high state of merriment by his incomparable mimic powers for more than ten hours, incorporating with admirable effect the entire narrative of the Journey to Gravesend, and his 'Acts and Deeds,' at the Falcon. Towards the close of the feast, and about half an hour before the party took their departure, in order to give the commander and his officers a 'touch of his quality,' Mathews resumed his ambassadorial attire, and the captain of the *barge*, still in ignorance of the joke, was introduced into the cabin, between whom and His Excellency an indescribable scene of rich burlesque was enacted. The party left the ship for Gravesend at four o'clock in the morning. Mathews, 'in his habit as he lived,' with the addition only of a pair of spectacles, which he had a peculiar manner of wearing to conceal his identity, even from the most acute observer. Mathews again resumed his station by the side of the captain, as a person who had left the frigate for a temporary purpose. The simple captain recounted to Mathews all that the Spanish ambassador had

enacted, both in his transit from Gravesend to the Nore, and whilst he (the captain) was permitted to join the festive board in the cabin, with singular fidelity, and to the great amusement of the original party, who during the whole of this ambassadorial excursion never lost their gravity, except when they were left to themselves. They landed at Gravesend, and from thence departed for London, luxuriating upon the hoax until they reached home, and for many a year after.

"Whatever Mathews did in this way must always in description appear comparatively tame. All who recollect his performances on his own stage must freely admit this. To be fully appreciated, it was necessary to hear and see him; but the outline given of this adventure will be easily filled up by the imagination of those who knew him. The pen can but mark the field of action, and place *him* in the front of the battle."

Mr. Hill* was the youngest-looking man of his age we ever remember. So remarkable was this, that by one of his facetious friends it was declared that the registry of his birth was destroyed during the great fire of London; and the late Mr. James Smith would humorously relate his adventures as Goldstick in the reign of Elizabeth. These good-natured jokes Mr. Hill would enjoy; indeed, he affected to keep his age a secret. He was a remarkably early riser, and, perhaps, to this cause may be attributed the cheerful and green old age that he enjoyed.

The proximate cause of his death was a severe cold taken in a damp bed at Rouen during the autumn, from which he never quite rallied. About a fortnight ago he had a fall in his room, and broke his arm; supposed by some to have been in consequence of a fit. This we are assured was not the fact. He died without a struggle, breathing his last as if falling into a tranquil slumber. His death was but the quiet repose of exhausted nature, her works were worn out, and ceased to act. His physician's remark to him was, "I can do nothing more for you—I have done all I can. I cannot cure age."

Thus has passed away from us one of the most cheerful and kindest-hearted of men. Of him it may be truly said that in proportion as he was known so he was beloved. Our good old friend, farewell!

BELLS.

BY HAL WILLIS.

O bel amour, O bel amour.—LA GRISETTE.

IN former times bells were deemed a protection against the approach or influence of evil spirits; and no wonder, for there is a soothing charm in tintinnabulary music which seldom fails in at least dissipating low spirits.

What an electric effect has the dinner-bell on the gastronomic sympathies of the hungry guest!—what pleasing visions arise and float before his fancy! Like race-horses on the turf, every one starts for the *—plate*; and, although no one runs the risk of endangering his own neck, the *joints* of his host suffer materially. It is really a *substantial*

* He is said to have been the original whence Mr. Poole drew his humorous character, Paul Pry; if so, the harmless foible of Mr. Hill has been very highly coloured by the dramatist.

sound. Verily the whole company looks like a sailing-match, in which every guest is a—*cutter*!

Who has not listened to the sweet tinkling of the horse-bells on a calm summer's evening, as the heavy waggon crawls like a moving mountain along some pleasant green lane? Cynics will allow that, in this instance, there is *beauty* even in *bells*—upon the *wain*!

Reader, hast thou never heard the tinkling of the sheep-bells on the South Downs? If thou hast not, go thither, and thou wilt confess the music is as sweet—as the mutton. The hills are old, madam, and past your age;* but the lambs have your innocence and sportiveness. But here the comparison ends, and you behold the difference between lamb and—*cwe*!

Apropos of sheep, we remember a young Frenchman once asking, with great simplicity, if *bell-wether* were the English of “beauteux!”

Blue-bells are pretty; but somehow they invariably remind us of blue-stockings, whom we frequently wish were dumb-belles, that our arms might be exercised in lieu of our patience!

The dustman's bell is, perhaps, the only one among the *bell-fry* that is discordant to our ears. There is an abrupt coarseness—a harsh clamorousness—in the expression of its large, lolling tongue, that affrights us from our morning dreams. There is as much difference in its “ring” from the pleasant dinner-bell, as there is between the “wedding-ring” and the “ring pugilistic.”

“What a comparison! Can any two things be more dissimilar?”

Excuse us, gentle reader, they are not so widely different as you imagine. Are not both rings formed for the same purpose?—an *engagement* between *two* parties!

O! what a pleasing change is rung upon the muffin-bell and the postman's!

The first is as merry as the chirping cricket on the hearth, singing a duet with the tea-kettle.

Our memory instantly recalls Cowper's beautiful lines, and we “wheel the sofa round” with a feeling of cosy comfort.

The “man of letters” has exchanged his “rap-rap!” for a bell; and belles and beaux are laid under the contribution of two “raps”† for the conveyance of their billets.

The lover places his scented billet-doux, and the man of *belles-lettres* his epistle to his correspondent in his hands, with the assurance of safety and despatch.

Multi-form and welcome is the sound to all but the tardy procrastinator; to whom it is really an alarm-bell!

Maids run up the area-steps, like “spirits summoned from the vasty deep,” with their thimble-sealed letters to their “cousins,” at the signal, and with a tremulous hand present the tributary penny through the railing, fearful of their mistress's “railing” should they be observed.

From all bell-ringers the postman certainly “bears the bell.”

* *Pasturage*.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

† *Rap*, a halfpenny. “He has not a rap!” is a received phrase, and is as well understood in St. James's as in the less elegant St. Giles's.

CEMETERIES AND CHURCHYARDS.—A VISIT TO KENSAL GREEN.

BY WILLIAM MUDFORD, ESQ.
AUTHOR OF "STEPHEN DUGARD."

I WAS invited by a friend to accompany him to the cemetery at Kensal Green, in order that I might be converted, and made to give up certain notions I entertained touching the rather cockneyish sentimentalities which we now hear about pretty, ornamental, nay even beautiful, places for the dead. Death and prettiness! Mouldering bones, shrouds, and coffins, associated with the ornamental! Beauty and the grave! What ill-assorted images! What a mockery of all that is, and pretends to be real, in broken hearts! What a violation of all those tender recollections of the departed, whose well-springs are gloom, and silence, and solitude! However, as I had never seen a cemetery, never visited Père la Chaise, but had only read of its fripperies and frivolities; and as my friend's character, I knew, partook of many of the most delicate and refined sensibilities of our nature, I imagined there must be something in these fashionable collections of graves and gravestones, which gave them a decided preference over the CHURCHYARD — that word of magic power to summon thoughts that make the heart ache, fill the startled fancy with fears that carry us back to our nursery and school-days, or bring thronging into the memory a thousand thrilling scenes upon which the poet, the painter, the novelist, has conferred the immortality of genius.

THE CEMETERY—the CHURCHYARD! Pronounce the two words—write them—look at them. How cold, how unmeaning the one; how rich in varied recollections the other! What a spell lies in it! what deep, enduring feelings belong to it. Fancy Gray writing his *Elegy* "in a *cemetery*" instead of "a Country Churchyard"! Fancy Shakespeare saying, "it is now the very witching time of night, when *cemeteries* yawn," &c. Fancy even a ghost taking its nocturnal airing among the trim walks and gay *parterres* of Kensal Green! The very fact that parties of pleasure are made to visit *cemeteries*, stamps their nature. Who ever heard of a party of *pleasure* going to promenade a churchyard? But I am anticipating myself, and letting the reader anticipate me.

Well,—having put ourselves into "Hieron's Cemetery Omnibus," which starts from the Crown Inn, Edgware Road, at ten, three, five, and nine o'clock, (ours was the five o'clock start,) we rattled along a road once pretty and picturesque, but now deformed with brick and mortar, and were set down in due course at the cemetery gates. I passed through them as I would have entered the Zoological Gardens, with my mind prepared for amusement. The exterior has a very imposing architectural appearance, and impresses the spectator with the agreeable expectation of a charming saunter, especially on a fine summer evening like that which we had selected. You enter the grounds, and the eye is delighted with sunny slopes, flower-beds, here and there structures that look as if they were raised for ornament, and long lines of upright stones bordering the

gravel walk, which resemble at first sight a stone-mason's yard more than anything else. These, as you afterwards find, are gravestones, inscribed with every variety of monumental absurdity. Many of them notify that they (or the ground) belong to Mr. Noakes, leather-cutter, 112, High Holborn, or Mr. Woakes, pastrycook, 44, Oxford Street. Excellent business advertisements! There seems, indeed, to be a rivalry as to who shall have the smartest grave, and out-do his neighbour, in show and expense. In other parts of the grounds are monuments and mausoleums of a more costly description, but all in the vilest taste, and giving evidence of nothing except that of covering the ashes of some rich man, who left money enough behind him to buy more granite than could be afforded by the less wealthy citizen who rots a few paces off. Some of the graves were planted with flowers.

"That," said my friend, "awakens pleasing ideas."

"Yes," I replied, "when placed there by the hand of affection, or preserved afterwards by the care of one whose love lies buried with the poor inhabitant below: but not when planted and attended to by the gardeners of the 'Cemetery Company' at so much per quarter. It is miserable mockery, then."

"Well," continued my friend, "and now, what is the impression which the place has produced upon you?"

"Just what I expected: that which the GRAVE never should produce—PLEASURE, and a lightsome, cheerful spirit. I could walk here with laughing companions, and be no more affected by *these* emblems of mortality, than if I were to meet a waggon-load of gravestones in the public street. It is all too garish, too artificial, too much of the vanity and pride of this world to awaken thoughts of the next. An empty coffin in an undertaker's shop, or borne along some frequented thoroughfare, has more power to call up solemn musings upon that which awaits us all, than these rows of graves so symmetrically disposed, so clean, so neat in their appearance, that I think of anything *but* the grave while looking at them. I admire the landscape; I enjoy the fanning breeze; it is pleasant to walk upon this soft greensward; those winding paths in the distance tempt one by their cool shade; the scenery altogether is charming and refreshing to the spirits; but, are these the thoughts—are these the feelings that *should* come over us when standing amid heaps of mouldering human dust? If you talk to me about the 'public health,' and how desirable it is in densely-populated cities that spacious places of sepulture should be provided away from the living, that is another question, and to be argued with reference to considerations which (as is the case with most questions that concern the common good) must set at nought private sympathies and individual predilections. But when, apart from these considerations, it is attempted to establish the superiority of cemeteries over churchyards upon no better plea than that of their pretty, ornamental appearance, suffer me to remind you of some of the holy and sacred things you sacrifice in exchange. And, in order to do this the more effectually, let me, in imagination, conduct you to a COUNTRY CHURCHYARD, and talk of the many touching associations of mind and heart that render so dear to both the humble, modest, unobtrusive mounds of earth which meet the eye on every side.

"The very time-worn porch, overshadowed by the sombre foliage

of that ancient yew-tree, is precious to the living, for there they have seen their sires, who sleep hard by, 'each in his narrow cell,' sitting and conversing, when they were gamboling in all the buoyancy of frolic childhood, amid those graves that now make them sad to look upon. To their mind's eye it is still peopled with their cherished images. The door by which they enter the holy place is the same their parents passed; the pews were once their fathers'; the altar, the baptismal font, everything in and about the church is full of the recollections of home and kindred; of the memory of wife or sister, husband or brother, child or friend; and these recollections are linked with events of their past life, round which circle joys that still bring happiness, and sorrows that have a saddened pleasure. The matron remembers the day when *she* stood a happy bride at the altar, and the yet happier days when she brought her newly-born to receive the mystic rite that made them 'children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.' The husband, too, remembers that day; although when he looks upon his men-grown sons that sit around him, and reckons the years *they* have numbered, he almost wonders how it should appear so fresh in his thoughts; and then, glancing at the faithful partner who has passed that long course of years by his side, he sees their traces on her brow, and sighs to think how much nearer *the* day has come when one of them (it is a hard struggle for the heart to say *which*, even in imagination) must lie in the churchyard!

"But the churchyard itself—what does *that* contain? The ashes of none who were not known in life, who are not remembered in death. Read the names of the buried, and tell me if there be one which you cannot include in the list of friend, or neighbour, or relation? In yonder corner there are five graves side by side. Observe the headstones; you will find each grave is tenanted by two, three, four,—but all of the same family, and the whole, carrying you back through several generations: the dust of an entire race covered by a few feet of earth! Look at that grey, mossy stone, whose long inscription is scarcely legible. Decipher it—it records a century of death's havoc; grandsires and their children's children gathered into that little spot. In fact, turn where you will, some well-remembered name reminds you of the living; of the survivors or descendants of the buried, with whom you are hourly mingling in the busy scenes of life.

"And can you be thus reminded and remain unmoved? Can you be *made* to reflect that your once companions, relatives, and friends have all yielded to our common destiny, and not at the same time *involuntarily* feel how your own shadow of existence in this world is flitting away? As you pass from grave to grave do not old thoughts of old friends, old affections, old kindnesses, old pleasures, come streaming into your heart? And, do not words of tenderness and love—few but expressive words—fall from your lips as you read the epitaphs of those you once knew? You sigh, and quit the place; but the sigh is as much for yourself as for the dead. It is breathed from the natural sadness of the soul at the contemplation of that change which awaits us all; a change which never comes so deeply over the spirit as when we witness its consummation, and are feelingly impressed with its certainty, in the already changed condition of those who have been daily before our eyes in life.

"Now go to your Cemetery, with its trim walks, its gaudy flower-beds, its flaunting shrubberies, its smart chapel, and its Sunday-tea-garden appearance, and tell me which of these chords is struck *there*? You see yourself surrounded by a thousand—ten thousand tombstones, in every fantastic variety of form; but looking so new and nice, that you fancy they must certainly be hearth-stoned once a-week. You saunter idly and listlessly among them,—you read with an incurious eye their inscriptions. Every name is the name of a stranger,—and *as* a stranger you survey them. The impression is created that all who have no churchyards of their own, no spot of consecrated earth where the ashes of their kindred repose, are brought here to be buried,—a sort of public refuge for the destitute dead. A mob, collected together to witness a fire or an execution, are not more disconnected from each other, than are the mob of corpses that lie rotting side by side in this huge joint-stock warehouse for coffins. You feel that if you had committed the folly of buying a grave here for a beloved wife, or parent, or child, and wished to visit it at any after-time, to hold a few moments' unobserved communion with the departed, you might as well expect to do so in Greenwich Park or Kensington Gardens; for unless you select a day whose inclemency would deter Cockney lovers of the picturesque from emigrating to the attractive scene, you will surely find yourself amid groups of pleasure-hunters, who have come to enjoy a *rural walk in the cemetery*; and among the *delights* which you may reckon upon will be that of hearing the name, age, and other monumental particulars of the loved being at whose grave you are standing, coarsely bawled into your ears by some passer-by, who takes that opportunity of exhibiting the utility of Sunday schools.

"I have nothing to say against your cemetery, my friend, on public grounds. It is a public churchyard, and the public are buried here, and the public come to look at it, and a public company sells or lets out the graves for profit, and mourners weep in public, and the whole thing may be, as I dare say it is, a public convenience; but I would not exchange one hour's pensive walk in a parish or country churchyard for a whole year's promenade in this place; still less would I exchange the holy and endearing sympathies, so closely allied with the best virtues of the human heart, the tender feeling, the affectionate homage, the pious hope, the solemn aspiration, and the moral lesson which that hour produces, for all the cold, hollow, heartless, artificial thoughts which the tinsel finery of a cemetery may call forth during the next century."

Whether my friend was overpowered by my eloquence, or surprised at my want of taste, in preferring mouldy tombstones, crumbling graves, the dank yew-tree's shade, and two acres of churchyard, to the gay attractions of the place where we stood, with its fifty acres, or more, walled in and horticulturally laid out, I know not; for he merely said in reply, "Let us visit the catacombs." We did so.

Here, indeed, death spoke in thrilling accents to the heart; here was food for meditation; here every thought and feeling became on the instant sobered down; the merriest tongue that ever spoke from the fulness of a joy-fraught mind could not have had its *jest here*; thoughtless laughter, that can smile at nothing, would have grown grave *here*. To walk through a long line of the unburied dead, raised

tier above tier on either side, reaching from the ground to the vaulted stone roof, the whole dimly visible from such light as could enter through the small apertures above, intended for ventilation, or the coffin-shaped doorway at the further end, was a scene where no worldly thoughts *could* come. It was almost realising the language of the Psalmist, and literally "walking through the valley of the shadow of death." I felt that if it were possible to build catacombs instead of cemeteries, and to find room *upon* the earth for the thousands who are hourly passing away *from* it, I could at once give up my favourite churchyard. There was something to my mind inexpressibly delightful in the idea of being thus able to defraud the grave, and to prevent that dreadful separation which seems to be consummated, and not before, when the earth is shoveled in as we look our last, (and *know* we are looking our last,) even at the coffin which contains the lifeless body of the beloved one for whose departure our tears are falling fast and heavy. Who has ever lost a child, or wife, or parent, and not found consolation while their remains continued in the chamber of death and could be visited from time to time, and the rigid features gazed upon or touched, and the hand, with its marble coldness, still grasped as in life? The three most trying moments for survivors are, in my mind, when hope can be no longer kept alive, and the crushing certainty that death is at hand takes possession of us,—when that certainty becomes fact, and our dread of what must happen has changed to grief for what has,—(oh! how different from even the wildest sorrow of apprehension merely!)—and lastly, when we stand beside the grave,—see the coffin lowered,—hear the rattling earth descend upon it,—behold the heaped-up mound on either side heaved in,—and then turn away, with a bursting heart, to think that never, never shall we again see even the worthless piece of wood that hides the lost treasure. *This pang, at least, a catacomb saves us. There we can place the departed one, and take our sorrowing leave for a time, and return when we list, and look upon and touch the coffin, and, with scarcely any violence to the imagination, hold converse with the inanimate clod,—all that remains of the loved and beautiful in life,—of the still loved, but ah! how changed, how ghastly, and horrible now in death!*

"Ay,—the ghastly and horrible. Who can tell *how* ghastly, *how* horrible, unless—'tis a strange fancy," I continued; "but methinks I could delight to be left here alone, with no companions but my thoughts,—such thoughts as would come thick and strong upon me when it was utter darkness,—and pacing this narrow passage, all other thoughts as hushed and silent as the dead that are above, below, around,—and then, if by some necromantic power I could dissolve these coffins into thin air, and render visible each corpse within, flinging on their cadaverous hues, and rotting flesh, and funereal garments, dull, dusky flashes of unearthly light,—and if, to complete my visionary scene, I could give to mouldering lips and tongues speech, and restore to obliterated minds their once living functions,—surely, surely it were a sight for the eye to look upon, a banquet for the soul to feed on that would relish of both worlds,—this and the next, here and hereafter, life and death, present, past, and future, each revealing its own wonders."

"Nay," observed my friend, "while you are about it, go a little farther."

"With all my heart. Whither?"

"Enlarge your group."

"What do you mean?"

"Use that necromantic power you speak of to summon hither each survivor of the dead whose grief was sharpest at their loss, and let *them* look upon their hearts' idols now. You would then indeed have life and death, present, past, and future, each revealing its own wonders."

"A goodly company you have provided," said I, "and so numerous withal, that I should lack accommodation; for it were a stinted allowance to assign but three such mourners to each one here, were we to make our reckoning coincident with the burial; but were we to commence it now, and summon those alone who are mourners still in the solitude of their own thoughts, I fear there would be room to spare. The world soon transforms weepers round a grave to merry laughers."

"Were it possible," replied my friend, "to do this thing, you would fly in horror and amazement from your own work."

"I do not think so. At all events, *I wish I could be put to the trial*,—I would cheerfully take my chance for whatever might follow. I don't know how or why it is, but all my life I have had a strange longing to know something of the secrets of the charnel-house. I remember, as a boy, entering into a very solemn compact with a friend of my own age, that whichever of us survived the other should, *if we could*, (an important item of our bargain, you will say,) come back, and have communication with the survivor. At a later period of our lives, this friend went to India, and before we parted we renewed our compact. He died there on the field of battle; and for a long time I expected the fulfilment of his promise. *It never was fulfilled*, and I suppose never will be now; for it is upwards of twenty years since he fell; but I relinquished my expectation most reluctantly, and at times tried to persuade myself the report of his death must have been premature. However, as I have heard nothing of him either alive or dead during that long period, I presume the only reasonable conclusion I can come to is, that if spirits have ever visited this world, the power to do so does not rest with themselves."

"So I should guess," answered my friend, "or there would be sad work occasionally with the living. But come, we have been long enough in this gloomy place; let us return to the cheerful light of day."

With a lingering step and unwilling spirit I followed my friend; and now, methought, the sun, the flowers, the verdant slopes, the singing of birds, and the straight lines of upright grave-stones, were still more intolerable, from the harsh violence of their contrast with the saddened feelings which the catacombs had produced. There was no harmony between me and them, but a most jarring discord; and I was glad to find myself once more in the "Cemetery Omnibus," even with three "insides" more than the inside was made for,—an encroachment upon my rights which I bore with the greatest fortitude, because it compelled me to appropriate my knees as a seat for a very pretty young lady.

STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Stanley's Introduction to the House of Commons.

BEING anxious to take his seat as soon as possible, Stanley prepared to return to town the following day. Amelia earnestly begged to be allowed to accompany him. She assured him that, notwithstanding the fatigue she had undergone, she was perfectly well able to bear the journey; and with feelings of the deepest affection portrayed the delight she should derive from merely going down to the House with him in the carriage, to see him enter for the first time that which she fondly conceived to be the theatre of his glory. Stanley, however, contended for the imprudence of such a course, and came up with Sir William alone.

Having performed the distance with great expedition, they had an early dinner, and then went at once to the House. Sir William had previously explained how slight was the ceremony which had to be performed; still Stanley, as he entered, felt tremulous, and could not help wishing that the process of introduction had been over. With the exception, however, of being extremely pale, he appeared self-possessed, and after having been presented, took the oaths prescribed, and was greeted with loud cheers on taking his seat.

The House and its forms were quite new to him: he had never been previously, even as a "stranger," within its walls, and it must be confessed that his first impression was not of the most favourable character. He felt disappointed. The scene failed altogether to realise his anticipations: indeed, as he watched the preliminary proceedings, he could not but deem them in the last degree absurd. Petitions were presented, and when their titles had been proclaimed they were thrust without any further ceremony under the table. Bills were read for the third time, nominally—bills of great importance, affecting the interests of millions—and passed as if they were valueless; for they were utterly disregarded by the members generally, who appeared to be determined to uphold the reputation of the House as a deliberative assembly, by deliberating in knots upon matters of a purely private nature.

"Order!—order!" exclaimed the Speaker, whenever the buzz became in his judgment rather too loud, and as a matter of courtesy on all such occasions it was for a moment subdued; but it swelled again gradually until it resembled that murmur which floats upon the air of a well-conducted national school, when the Speaker again cried "Order!—order!" in a tone of great beauty and depth.

"Well," said Sir William, who sat next to Stanley, "how do you feel in your new position?"

"Disappointed," replied Stanley.

"Why, what did you expect?"

"More dignity, more solemnity, more attention on the part of the members instead of this levity and noise. It seems to me to be rather an odd way of conducting the business of the nation."

Sir William smiled, and having observed that the business had not

yet commenced in reality, told him to suspend his judgment until after the debate.

When the third reading of bills, the presentation of petitions, and a variety of other little unimportant matters had been disposed of, an honourable member rose to open a subject which led to a long and animated discussion, during which an immense amount of bitterness was displayed and applauded far more loudly than anything which absolutely bore upon the question at issue.

To Stanley it appeared that senators and actors were equally enamoured of applause; that the vilest characteristics of both were strengthened and confirmed by the cheers which they elicited; and that as upon the stage, rant and most unnatural acting were certain to strike those who had the strongest lungs, so in the House, personalities and senseless rancour, so perfectly did they meet party views, were hailed with rapture by the superficial satellites of faction, to the utter discouragement of natural eloquence, useful discussion, and sound, sober sense.

Of course Stanley never intended to be a silent member; he had resolved from the first to make himself conspicuous by taking an active part in the debates, in the full conviction that by getting well up in his subjects, he must of necessity succeed, and that signally, seeing that he intended to introduce a new style of eloquence which would be at once natural, forcible, and suasive. The debate of that evening instead of shaking this high resolution had the direct effect of rendering it more firm; it excited his ambition in a greater degree than ever: he had no apprehension, he saw nothing to fear: he thought of nothing—dreamt of nothing, but speaking. He had the highest possible confidence in his own oratorical powers; he felt that he had the game in his own hands, and being then in a position to distinguish himself, he determined on making the most of that position; to study deeply, and to prepare to take the country by storm.

In the mean time, those whom he had left with his honoured constituents to settle the expenses of his election, were favoured from morning till night with demands of the most ingenious and extraordinary character. Butchers, bakers, drapers, poulterers, tailors, iron-mongers, haberdashers, blacksmiths, weavers, farriers, saddlers, tallow-chandlers, fruiterers, post-masters, printers; in short, bills were hourly lavished upon them by respectable members of almost every trade, and the honour which under those peculiar circumstances accrues to tradesmen in the aggregate, is, in general, not only conspicuous but amazing.

The victuallers, however, were collectively the most aristocratic in their claims. Each assumed that he had a *carte blanche*, and felt strongly that in justice to himself, he ought, in filling it up, to have the highest regard to his own interest. The quantity of beer stated to have been consumed exceeded by several thousand gallons the entire stock of the town; and had the charges for spirituous liquors been submitted to the exciseman, it would have tended to convince him that both smuggling and private distillation had been carried on to an alarming extent under his very nose.

As many of the claims sent in were of a palpably gross and flagrant character, the chairman of the committee—notwithstanding the widow's desire that all demands should be satisfied—resisted them on the ground of their being monstrous. He was willing to satisfy all

just claims: he was willing to meet the demands, however exorbitant, of all who had the slightest foundation to rest their demands upon; but he refused to pay those who could have rendered no service, and by whom nothing could have been supplied.

The immediate consequence of this refusal was a meeting of the malcontents, at which it was unanimously resolved that such resistance to those undoubted rights and privileges, which they and their forefathers generally had enjoyed by prescription from time immemorial, was unconstitutional and rotten: that the claims they had sent in were customary, and therefore correct; and that from these premises it resulted that they were bound, in strict justice to their wives and families, to call into action all the energies of which they were capable for the legitimate purpose of "trying it on."

Having carried this strong resolution *nemine contradicente*, they had glasses round with the view of polishing their brass, and then proceeded in a body to enforce their claims.

On entering the room in which the chairman of the committee and his secretary were on the point of winding up the affairs, Mr. Bouncewell—who, being a highly respectable man in his way, had been appointed spokesman-general on this occasion—said, with the air of a man conscious of the purity of his motives,

"We've come agin' about them there little accounts of ourn: question is, do you mean to settle 'em, or don't you?"

His colleagues, by whom he was backed, highly approved of this question, and winked and nodded with the view of intimating to each other that in their judgment that was the point.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, with great calmness, in reply, "I must say that I am somewhat astonished, after what transpired when you did me the honour—"

"We don't want no flummery here," said Mr. Bouncewell, with very great impatience. "We didn't come here to have any long speeches; we aint to be done in that there way; we came here expressly to give you another chance of settling them there little bills without any more bother, so all you've got to do is to say in a word, you know, whether you'll pay us or not."

"If I thought for a moment that your demands were just, gentlemen, I would do so without hesitation; but as I feel quite certain that you have no real claim, I must beg, as before, to decline."

"Then we'll law you!" exclaimed Mr. Bouncewell; and his friends with an expression of ferocity cried, "Ay! and you shall have lots on it!"

"The law is open to you, gentlemen," rejoined the chairman, with great suavity; "you must use your own discretion."

"We'll smother you with actions, sir!" cried Mr. Bouncewell. "We ain't a-going to be robbed, don't suppose it! Do you think you've got hold of a pack of fools? Do you think we're a-going to give away our substance for nothing? If you do you was never in your life more mistaken. A pretty thing, indeed!" he added, turning to his companions, who pouted and frowned with due significance, "a very pretty thing! Here! a lot of respectable tradesmen, here, swindled out of their substance, and then can't get paid! Did you ever in your born days hear of such a thing!"

"Shame!—Shame!" cried his colleagues, with deep indignation, for they felt altogether disgusted. "It's scandalous!—that it is—scandalous!"

"You may think so, gentlemen," said the chairman, with a politeness which was really very provoking; "but upon my honour I cannot agree with you."

"You can't?" said Mr. Bouncewell, sarcastically. "You see nothing shameful in plundering industrious, honest, hard-working tradesmen,—eh, don't you? But what's the use of talking! You don't mean to settle with us?—that's to be understood?"

"Certainly."

"Then I'll tell you what it is: we'll just go and blow up the whole affair! We'll serve you out in that way. The other side wants information—we'll give it!—we'll tell all we know!"

"We just will!" cried his friends.

"We'll come forward as witnesses. We know enough to upset the election! We'll learn you how to be shabby! Do you think that'll answer your purpose?"

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, "you will pursue that course which you deem most correct. I have only to repeat that I cannot and will not entertain your claims."

Mr. Bouncewell then started a groan, which his associates responded to deeply; and when this had been accomplished to their entire satisfaction, each gave full expression to his sentiments on the subject, and with a look of ineffable contempt left the room.

As this was the last application, the accounts were immediately closed, and as everything had been charged extremely reasonable considering, the sum total amounted to thirty thousand pounds.

This, however, utterly failed to alarm the widow. She would not suffer herself to think of the largeness of the sum. It was sufficient for her to feel that it had all been expended for the purpose of raising her Stanley to distinction; and to achieve that object she could have borne to be reduced to comparative beggary herself. It was therefore with unalloyed pleasure that, when all had been arranged, she bade adieu to that place of which her Stanley was then the representative in parliament, albeit she knew that Swansdown and his agents were displaying still the utmost zeal.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

In which the venerable gentleman appears to be caught at last.

On the arrival of the family in town, excitement was supplanted by deep and tranquil joy. The soul of Stanley had been fired with ambition. He studied zealously, and attended the House night after night; but, although his return home invariably fluctuated between three and four in the morning, Amelia never felt solitary, never felt dull; for she knew or believed,—which had precisely the same effect,—that the absence of her Stanley was essential to his success as a statesman, and was happy in the portrayal of the flattering details of a brilliant—a glorious career.

Now, it happened that, in proportion as the intimacy between Amelia and Miss Johnson became closer and more affectionate, the friendship subsisting between Bob and his venerable friend,—both of whom had been handsomely rewarded for their exertions during the contest,—became warmer and more firm. They never appeared to be perfectly comfortable apart: they saw and drank with each other every

day with the strict regularity of the sun ; and the venerable gentleman met with so much kind feeling, and withal such distinguished consideration in Stanley's kitchen, that almost every evening he called with the view of playing at the noble game of cribbage with Bob.

It frequently, however, happened that Bob was absent with his master ; and on all such occasions the venerable gentleman had a game with Joanna the cook, and really experienced so much genuine lady-like conduct at her hands, that, instead of regretting Bob's absence, as at first, he began to like it rather than not.

The gentle Joanna had heard much of the venerable gentleman from Bob. She had heard of his high-toned gentleman-like bearing, of his honourable and strictly virtuous principles, of his brilliant conversational qualities, and of the general generosity of his heart. She had, moreover, heard that he possessed some considerable property, which, in her gentle judgment, imparted an additional lustre to the whole. She had, therefore, been powerfully prepossessed in his favour before she had the honour of an introduction ; and his conduct in her presence was so perfectly correct, that she felt a strong conviction that the high and noble qualities of his heart and mind had been to some considerable extent understated. It is true he was rather an elderly gentleman ; but it is also true that he was, in her opinion, an exceedingly nice-looking, elderly gentleman, who, although in reality sixty, might pass very well for forty-six or forty-seven, considering that the hair even of young men will sometimes turn grey !

There was, however, one consideration which—as she confidentially consulted her friend, the pillow, night after night—caused her to reflect deeply upon the solemn and irrevocable step she contemplated. This consideration was a high one, — it being no other than that of what the world would say, — and therefore one which induced her to pause, and very naturally, seeing that she was known, not only to the whole of her fellow servants, but to the milkman, the laundress, the baker's man, and the butcher. It was hence in her view of the deepest importance that due deference should be paid in this matter to the opinion of the world, knowing well, as she did know, that nothing on earth tends to promote human happiness more than the consciousness of being by the world looked up to and respected. For some time this objection appeared to be insuperable. She could *not* get over it. Many restless days and sleepless nights did she pass in deep reflection. She even went to the most eminent astrologer of the age for the purpose of having her nativity cast, and was greatly relieved when that profoundly learned person informed her that she would have two husbands, and be with both extremely prosperous and happy : it seemed to be so very conclusive. Still the question of what the world would say was continually upon her lips while she zealously racked her imagination to conceive a sound and sufficient answer to that question ; for she imagined, and very correctly, that, if the world should be up in arms in consequence of her marrying an elderly gentleman, it might to some extent interfere with her connubial bliss.

At length, however, having considered the matter in all its parts and bearings, she safely arrived at this conclusion, that it would not by any means become her to fly in the teeth of fate, and that, feeling quite sure that the venerable gentleman had been distinctly destined to be her first, it was her duty to surrender herself meekly to circumstances over which she could not be supposed to have control.

She therefore made a dead set at him at once, and called into action all her artillery, with the view of attacking his susceptible heart. She established in his presence one perpetual smile — which was indeed a very sweet one of the sort — sighed occasionally with very great effect, and glanced at him with constancy, and corresponding bashfulness, and frequently while playing removed the wrong peg, at the same time protesting that she actually didn't know what she was about — she didn't actually.

At the commencement of these affectionate proceedings the venerable gentleman rallied her gaily, and whenever he did so she felt herself bound to become so confused that she couldn't play at all, she couldn't count, she couldn't help pegging backwards, and the consequence was that she couldn't win a game; but, albeit these little manœuvres were for some time regarded by the experienced eye of her venerable partner with suspicion, her emotion was so deep, and so strong, and so strikingly developed, that while he still entertained the belief that as a general thing love was a gross imposition, he eventually could not but feel that in the gentle Joanna he had discovered the exception that established the rule. He was sure that she loved him—fondly, passionately loved him; she couldn't help showing it! In his view a man must be blind who couldn't see it: the thing was so palpable: nothing could be clearer; and to be beloved at his age, and that, too, by a finely-built, cherry-cheeked, nicely-behaved, comfortable-looking creature nearly thirty years younger than himself, was an idea which flattered the venerable gentleman: he felt it very deeply, and thought of it constantly; and as he experienced a variety of sweet feelings which were altogether new to him, he resolved to be, if possible, more killing than ever, as the first grand preliminary to his seeing precisely what could be done. He accordingly became more refined in his language, and dressed with more care, and displayed more agility; and not only related the feats he had performed, but dwelt upon those which he was able with ease to perform then: in short, having the most tender aspirations by which a lover could be prompted, he felt that his success as a lover was essential to the maintenance of his reputation as a man; although he knew that when two devoted persons try to win each other's hearts, they seldom, indeed, try in vain. He became much more constant in his visits, and was delighted when Bob was absent, which frequently happened, as he went with his master down to the House, and occasionally waited there for hours.

On one of these occasions, when the lovers had been playing at their favourite game for some time without the slightest interruption, the venerable gentleman, conscious of the high estimation in which wealth is held by ladies in general, and how greatly it assists the imagination in all matters of love, embraced a fine opportunity, which the fact of his having won ninepence afforded, for making the following remarkable observation:

"Wot a hexcellent thing lots o' money is, ain't it."

Joanna blushed deeply, and felt extremely tremulous; but, conceiving it to be her duty to say something, she faintly replied,

"Why, it certingly is an excessively excellent thing; but happiness for me, Mr. Joseph, before all the money. Happiness isn't to be bought, for there's no shop in life where it's sold."

"That 's hall werry reg'lar," rejoined the venerable gentleman. "You're quite correctly right in that air: still money's a hout and

hout thing! on'y go for to look at the advantages on it!—on'y see 'ow hindependent they are, them as does persess lots; vile them as don't, is in a wuss state of slavery than the black popplation there out by the North Pole. They're never theirselves them as ain't got no money. They can't hold their heads up: it's clean against natur'. Jist p'int out to me a hindividual a-vendin' his vay along the streets, on'y jist let me look at him full in the face, and if I don't tell you vether he's got any money or not, I'll be bound to be blessed; cos he as hasn't, allus looks werry petickler down his nose; vile he as has, takes jist about as much notice of that horgan as if he hadn't got one. He can't look right straight at yer, him wot's got all his pockets empty; he can't ketch yer hearty and vorm by the hand; he can't speak like a hinnercent man: his woice shivers and shakes jist for all the world as if it vos ashamed of itself; and he mumbles, and trembles, and wobbles, vile the corners of his mouth drops right away down in the rottenest manner alive; verehas, the man vich has got plenty in his pocket can look at yer fierce. He can take yer hand vith henergy, and speak up as if he owed yer nothink, and vornt a bit afearod on yer, vich makes great hoddos! Ven I meets a friend, now, vich ain't got no money, I don't like to see him, — I can't say I do, — not a bit acos I'm spungy or anythink o' that; but I'd rayther not see him. I some'ow or nother don't like it. I pities him; and, as pity wounds the feelings, it ain't consequentially pleasant. If a friend in them there circumstantialsses to me, 'Have yer got sich a thing as a couple o' shillin's,' it cuts me to the quick; not acos I at all objects to lend it, nor cos I don't hand him over double wot he arsts for, and never expects to vitness agin the colour of the money, but it's cos it hurts my sentiments to see him, and wounds me to think wot his feelings must be. That's the p'int, you know!—that's vere he feels it!"

"Exactly," returned Joanna: "you're excessively correct; but that warn't by no manner of means what I meant. I didn't by any means mean to mean that money was no object, or that it wasn't an excessive advantage: no, if I thought that, I should not have put by for a rainy day, as I have done. I shouldn't have thought of having such an amount as I have in the saving's banks at the present period of time. All I meant was, that money wasn't all; that money alone couldn't purchase happiness, and therefore that happiness was to be preferred."

"And in the long run I agrees vith yer. 'Appiness, in course, his the thing—the great thing: ve can't git through the world at all comfortable vithout it; but though it is to be found in hevery spere of society, from Vestmister to Vopping, vere can it be found vithout money? I don't mean to say that they're unseperateable,—that is to say, that verever there's money there must be 'appiness consequentially also; but I do mean to say, that verever there's 'appiness there there must likewise be money. There can't be no 'appiness vithout it. It stands to reason; it ain't nat'ral! Look at them vich is in debt: 'ow can they be 'appy? I'll defy 'em to do it! It's out of natur' for 'em to be 'appy, from the highest spere down to the werry lowest,—from him vich owes his banker arf a million, to him as owes his chandley-shop-keeper arf-a-crown. It's onpossible! Look at me on'y jist for instance. I've got seven houses vich brings me in fifty pound a-ear, all let to respectable tenants, substantial men of family vich never shoots the moon, and the writings is at home. Werry well. Now



Mr. Crompton and his Colleagues, &c.



vot,—s'pose I should be throwed out o' place,—vot should I care, with them to fall back upon? Nothink. But s'pose I hadn't them, and then vos to be throwed out without the prospect of gettin' another, vereabouts vood be the price of my 'appiness then? Voodn't it be out of all character for me to be 'appy? In course: vere poverty is, there 'appiness can't be. They never agree together; they 're hallvays a-fightin', and poverty's safe to be victorious."

"I admire your mode of argument," observed Joanna, gently; "it's excessively intellectual and correct; but have you never, in the course of your extensive experience, found those that are poor as happy as those that are rich?"

"Vy," replied the venerable gentleman, knitting his brows thoughtfully, "that is a p'int vich requires to be explained. You see, the poor is sometimes richer than the rich; and, on the tother side o' the pictur', the rich is sometimes poorer than the poor. I don't call him poor, however poor he may be, vich has got enough to keep him respectable in his spere; nor I don't call him rich, however rich he may be, vich hasn't got enough to keep him respectable in hisn. A rich man may be werry rich, and a poor man may be werry poor, and between them a werry great distinction may be drawed; but the poor man, vich has but twelve shillin's a veek, and vith that can supply all his vonts, is richer than him vith ten thousand a-ear hif vith that he's onable to make both ends meet. That's the p'int! So, you see, I don't call the poor reg'lar poor vich has enough to make 'em comfortable and tidy in their vay; but ven a poor man is poor, vy he's werry poor indeed, cos he can't get no wittles; and, as 'appiness *von't* stay vere there's no wittles, the whole p'int dissolves jist to this, that the rich rich is 'appier than the poor rich, mind yer,—and the rich poor is 'appier than the werry poor poor, vich ain't got no wittles to eat."

"I understand you perfectly," said Joanna; "it's excessively clear, and precisely what I meant. I meant I'd rather be in a poor sphere of life, with sufficient to make me excessively happy, than in a high sphere, rolling in riches, without having happiness with it."

"*That's all reg'lar!*" exclaimed the venerable gentleman: "ve're a-balancin' the werry same pole! 'Appiness, in course, is the uniwersal thing, and consequentially ve're hallvays a-yarnin' arter that vich ve think vill per cure it, and vich is nayther more nor less than money; for, although vot you say is werry true, that there's no shop in natur' vere 'appiness, like any other harticle, is ticketed and sold, there is thousands of shops vere it is, in a hindirect manner, to be bought; as, for hinstance, if I vos werry ungary, and unger vos the on'y sore place I had about me, a crust of bread and cheese and a pint of arf-and-arf vood make me 'appy; but, if I hadn't got no money to buy that bread and cheese and arf-and-arf, I shoold be werry onappy indeed. So, you see, it hall depends upon vether you can git vot yer vont: if yer can, in course yer 'appy: if yer can't, in course you ain't. For hinstance, now I vont a vife. If I could git one—a reg'lar good un—I should then be all right; but as I can't, 'ow can I be 'appy?"

Joanna blushed deeply as she observed, with a most expressive smile, "Now, Mr. Joseph, you are joking."

"Not a bit," rejoined the venerable getleman: "no, upon my honer."

"Did you ever try?"

"Vy, I can't conscientiously say I ever did."

"Then how can you know? You cannot know until you try."

"But I'm gettin' rayther a hold feller now, yer know, inclin'in', as the poet says, 'into the wale of ears;' so that nobody 'll 'ave me."

"Nobody would have you!" echoed Joanna, with an expression of playful incredulity.

"Vell, who vood now? That's the p'int at hissue. Vood you?"

The ardent and affectionate heart of Joanna now violently throbbed; but, as she felt it to be her duty to blush and remain silent, she made no reply.

"Vell, p'raps," continued the venerable gentleman, as Joanna glanced most expressively at him, — "p'raps I put the p'int rayther too close, as your werry perliteness vont let you say no."

"Oh! it isn't for that," observed Joanna, very tremulously.

"Vell, then, I'll tell you vot I'll do vith you. Come, now, I'll bet you a pair of gloves that you can't, sconscentiously, mind yer, say yes."

"What a funny man you are!" said Joanna.

"It vood, I know, be a robbery. I know I shood vin."

"Do you think so?"

"Safe! Come, I'll make it two to one,—there, and put the money down: they shall be arf-crowners, double-stitched Frenchmen. Vill you take these ere hodds?"

"You'd lose," said Joanna, with archness, — "you'd be certain to lose."

"I don't think it, nor von't till I have lost. Now, then, vill you bet?"

"Why really! — Mr. Joseph! — I never knew! — it's such a very droll way of doing business!"

"Vot's the hodds, so that business is done?"

"But indeed—depend upon it—you d lose."

"Werry well. If I do, I shall have to stand the Frenchmen, that's all. Come, put the money down,—or I'll trust yer. Now, then," continued the venerable gentleman, kneeling upon the footstool beside her, and placing his ear quite close to her lips, "come, visper, and then nayther the kittles nor the sarcepans vont ear. Now mark! Vood you 'ave me?"

The venerable gentleman patiently paused some considerable time for a reply; but at length Joanna did sigh and say "Now—really!"

"Only visper the word!"

"Upon my conscience I feel so frustrated; indeed so excessively confused, that I cannot for the life of me."

"Oh, but you must! Come—now then—vonce more. Vood you ave me?"

With a faltering voice, and a fluttering heart, the gentle creature, in a tone which scarcely violated silence, said—"Yes."

"You vood!" exclaimed the venerable gentleman, — "sconscentiously!"

He drew back a trifle; and, having gazed in a state of rapture at her lustrous eyes for a moment, threw his arm round her beautiful swan-like neck and clandestinely kissed her.

"Nay, you wicked man," said the blushing Joanna, "that's excessively naughty."

"Vell, give it me back! If you don't like to 'ave it, return it to the lips from vence it came."

"No, that I am sure I'll not do."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried the venerable gentleman, throwing his arm again round her elegant neck, "I must test your sincerity!"

"Don't, Mr. Joseph: you'll rumple my collar: indeed, Mr. Joseph, indeed, indeed you will!"

Joanna struggled very correctly; but the venerable gentleman's ardour increased; and, just as he had succeeded in drawing her sweet lips to his, Bob, who had entered the kitchen during the struggle unperceived, cried "*Hem!*"

Had there been a trap-door beneath the gentle Joanna, through which she could at once have disappeared, her disappearance would certainly have been instantaneous, she felt at the moment so dreadfully alarmed; but as there happened to be no such a piece of theatrical machinery near her, she summoned all her courage, and turning promptly to Bob, said, "Isn't it too bad, Robert? Here, just because I happen to have won five shillings of Mr. Joseph, he vows he'll have a kiss, which is very unfair, Robert, isn't it now?"

Bob looked at her fiercely, and said in answer to this strong appeal, "It ain't nothing to me." He also looked fiercely at his venerable friend, and added, "I'm a-intruding."

These indeed were very cutting observations, and they had a very powerful effect. The lovers wished he had been at that moment drinking with Pharaoh and all his host; but as they gave no expression to that wish, he gloomily seated himself near the fire, and looked into it with a most ferocious aspect.

As the venerable gentleman could not of course feel exactly comfortable then, he soon prepared to depart: he took Bob's passive hand, and having bade him good night, Joanna saw him to the door, where he kissed her again, and, singularly enough, she returned it then without any struggling at all.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Petition; its progress and result.

STANLEY had been nearly a fortnight in the House without having on any occasion risen to speak. During that time he had heard many excellent speeches, and many more which, although delivered in an execrable style, read and told well in the papers. His ambition had therefore been constantly strengthened, and as most men, who feel that they possess the power to shine in the particular circle in which they move, are desirous of cultivating those accomplishments, whatever they may be, by which applause is obtained in that circle, it is not singular that he, possessing the necessary confidence, panted to distinguish himself in that centre from which celebrity radiates throughout the world.

Having studied one important subject deeply, and made himself conversant with all its ramifications, he went down to the House on the fourteenth day of his being a member, with the view of startling the nerves of all parties by the developement of what he had in him. Previously, however, to the commencement of the debate in which he intended to take a conspicuous part, an honourable member on the opposite side presented a petition against his return!

At the moment Stanley could with great pleasure have kicked him. He felt in a rage with that man. He might have been, for aught he knew or cared, a virtuous person ; but as he returned to his seat with a calm but triumphant smile, having performed what he conceived to be his duty,—Stanley *looked* at him!—in one word, he certainly would have knocked him down, if the forms of the House had allowed it.

It is, perhaps, amazing that the strongest minds are capable of being upset in an instant. A man may have a perfect command over his features ; he may have an equally perfect command over his nerves ; but he cannot have a perfect command, nor anything like a perfect command, over his mind. He may be able to stand and walk erect ; he may be able to maintain the steadiness of his eye and the firmness of his voice ; he may be able to suppress every show of emotion, but he cannot suppress the emotion itself. He may have in full bloom what is technically termed "moral courage,"—for technical the term may be said to be, seeing that physical courage is hard to be defined ;—he may be extremely calm and collected ; he may conceal effectually his feelings from others, but from himself they will not be concealed. Within his own breast they are in full operation : their influence may rack him, although the effect be unseen ; and precisely thus stood Stanley. He scorned to betray his feelings when the hateful petition was presented, but they were acute notwithstanding : indeed, so acute that they prompted him to withhold that brilliant speech with which he intended to astonish the House. The thing came upon him so unexpectedly, he was not prepared for the blow. He knew of course that the opposing party had been zealous in their efforts to get up a petition, but he had been led by his agents to believe that those efforts had utterly failed : when, however, he actually saw the unblest document, he could no longer lay the flattering unction to his soul which those agents had been from the first prescribing.

"I have been grossly deceived," said he, addressing Sir William, who sat by his side. "Those fellows assured me that the idea of a petition was, under the circumstances, absurd."

"Oh, it may come to nothing now," returned the Baronet. "This is the last day on which it could be presented. The prosecution of a petition does not of necessity follow its presentation. The chances are that it will yet be abandoned."

"I fear not," said Stanley.

"Why fear ?"

"Because the grounds upon which they stand are too tenable to justify a hope that the thing will be relinquished."

"The grounds !" exclaimed Sir William. "The grounds have little indeed to do with the matter. It depends upon the committee. If you get a majority,—and, of course, we must have a whip for it,—you are safe : you need not care then a single straw about the grounds."

Stanley appreciated this remark very highly. He knew that, although in strictly barbarous states the system of trying the merits of petitions by a directly responsible tribunal might obtain, it would be in a country so enlightened as this repudiated, not only as ridiculous but dangerous, inasmuch as the practice established was of such surpassing excellence that it rendered the operation of party bias and factious influence almost impossible, and particularly in cases in which parties are so nicely balanced that the loss of a vote on either side is of very

great importance: he knew also that every member was at that happy period an honourable man, and so strictly pure in principle that he would rather see his own party go to the dogs than sacrifice or even slightly tamper with his conscience: he moreover knew that, albeit certain signally uncivilized persons had attempted to upset the just and most salutary system established, their attempts had utterly and of course most deservedly failed; still, with all this knowledge, he felt apprehensive that, whether he obtained a majority or not, his seat would be lost, and was therefore at first indisposed to defend it.

Sir William, however, powerfully painted to him the almost unprecedented folly of yielding, and as most men are guided by the opinions of others—if even they conceive their own judgment to be superior—provided always that their vanity is flattered, so Stanley, although he knew that the allegations contained in the petition were true, and that therefore, under the system proposed by the unconstitutional innovators referred to, he would have had no chance at all of retaining his seat,—surrendered his own judgment to that of Sir William, in the full and lively hope of being able to whip in a just and one-sided committee.

This hope, however, although it sustained him for a time, was not realised. The committee was moved for; the whip was used on both sides with great effect, and the result was seven to four against him. The great point of Sir William was thus at once destroyed, and Stanley again felt disposed to retire; but Sir William, knowing well what the expenses of defending a seat under the circumstances usually were, and being still sincerely anxious to reduce him to a state of destitution, shifted his ground, and not only ridiculed the idea of giving in, but contended for self-conviction in such a case being comparable only with suicide; and in this he was ably seconded by the Widow.

"It would be, you know, such an extremely shocking thing," said that lady, when her opinion of the matter had been demanded; "it would be absolutely dreadful—dear me, it would be an eternal disgrace—to retire from the field without a struggle, you know, my dear!"

"Mother," said Stanley, "look at the expense."

"A fig for the expense, my love! we are not poor! I look at the thing in the abstract!"

"You do, without reference to the cost. Look at that in the abstract! I confess that I have an imperfect knowledge of the expense of these things; but I know it to be something very very considerable."

"Well, my love! let it be considerable. Thank Heaven we are not beggars! But we are not *beaten* yet! Where is your philosophy, my dear? Should we make ourselves wretched to-day because it happens to be possible for us to be wretched to-morrow? Oh, dear me no! defend the seat by all means."

"Mother," rejoined Stanley, "you know me, I think, too well to believe that I would not do so if I saw the slightest prospect of success."

"My dearest boy, I know that you would not; I am perfectly certain of that; but then, although you cannot see this prospect, others can! Good gracious me! what does Sir William say?—does he not say that these things are all a lottery?"

"But how can we reasonably hope to succeed, when we know nearly all with which we are charged to be true?"

"True!—my dear! Has not Sir William again and again said, that a thousand things may be true which cannot be proved?"

I have of course no inclination to resign, which you know: if I conceived it to be probable that my seat could be retained, I would defend it with all the means in my power; but as the case stands at present I cannot perceive a chance."

"Oh, there are a thousand chances; rely on it, my love, there are ten thousand chances, although you do not perceive them. Besides, if even the worst should come to the worst, we are surely, my love, as capable of bearing our share of the expenses as the Swansdown faction are of bearing theirs!"

"But that may not be the worst. Suppose we are fixed with all the costs?"

"Oh, but you know, Sir William says that an instance of that kind has not occurred within his recollection!"

"But the thing is not impossible: it may occur in *our* case, and if it should, can it be borne without sensibly affecting your fortune?"

"Of course! Dear me, my love, what a ridiculous question!"

"Oh, I know nothing about your affairs: you have always most studiously kept them from me!"

"Fear nothing on that score; by all means oppose this horrible petition."

"Very well: but understand, that if opposed at all it must be opposed with spirit; no expense must be spared; there must be no stopping short; the thing once begun must be carried on boldly to the end!"

"That is precisely my feeling. Never mind the expense; do not dream about that. Have everything that may be deemed essential to success. We shall beat them! I am sure that we shall beat them. It would be such a truly dreadful thing, you know, my love, to give up all without an effort to retain it. It would look so cowardly and would be so disgraceful, as Sir William *says*! I should go mad! I am sure of it. I never could be happy again. Therefore, oppose them, my love, by all means; oppose them with all your power. Engage the highest talent available. Stanley, my dearest love! let me prevail upon you: will you oppose them?"

Stanley consented. He had of course no desire to relinquish his seat: he never had; but knowing well that his election must have cost something very considerable, although the amount had been concealed from him, he felt, being ignorant of the Widow's resources, that the expense of opposing the petition—if the opposition *should* be reported "frivolous and vexatious," might involve them all in ruin. When, however, he heard that the worst could be borne without any material or permanent injury, he resolved to go on with the opposition boldly: he would not yield an inch: he defied them to prove their allegations, although he knew them to be true, declaring that his seat should be defended till the last.

The battle then commenced. The opening speeches were made. Coach-loads of witnesses were brought up to town, and among them Stanley recognised many, whom, during the election, he had treated with the utmost kindness and liberality. On ascertaining the quarters of these people, he sent an agent to remonstrate with them; but they

viewed the affair as a mere matter of business, declaring that they had no private feeling either way; that the franchise was a property of which they had a clear and indisputable right to make the most, that every contingency increased its value, and that if Stanley wanted them why he might have them even then. The agent spoke of gratitude, of course, and enlarged on its brightness and beauty; and they agreed with him; they thought it an excellent thing, and they said so, and contended that its value should be commensurate with its excellence, and at the same time declared that they had plenty to sell, and should be glad to dispose of their whole stock at a price. As, however, it was deemed inexpedient under the circumstances to purchase this inestimable commodity of them—the investment not being quite safe—there was no business done; the agent left them in possession of their gratitude, which, if all had been taken at their own valuation, would have made a man wealthy indeed.

There was, however, another class of witnesses of a far more formidable character, inasmuch as they were actuated by feelings of revenge, and had a certain amount of social respectability about them which imparted a nominal purity to their testimony, and thereby gave it an additional weight. These were the tradesmen whom the chairman of Stanley's committee had insulted by his shabby and unconstitutional refusal to meet their prescriptive demands. The rest of the witnesses against him cared nothing about the result: they had no vindictive feeling to gratify; their object was to make all the money they could, and it mattered not a straw to them which party triumphed; but these men had set their noble souls upon his defeat; they had firmly resolved to do all in their power to ensure his political destruction; he had robbed them—for it is a real robbery, when the thing is properly looked at, to refuse to pay respectable men what is regular—and, therefore, they had one and all determined to stick at nothing which could tend to promote the accomplishment of the just and legitimate object in view.

The committee sat daily; but their progress was but slow. The counsel on both sides displayed all the eloquence, zeal, and ingenuity they had in them, and bullied each other with admirable ferocity. On one point, however, they seemed to be agreed, and that was to make the thing last as long as possible. It seldom indeed happens in ordinary cases, that opposing counsel agree at all; but it is an extraordinary fact, that in this case they were on that great point perfectly unanimous. During the examination of witnesses an objection was started at every third question with the utmost regularity and tact, and the speeches which succeeded those objections respectively were remarkable as well for their length as for the sound deliberation with which they were delivered.

After a week or two the honourable members of the committee became naturally tired of the business; but the witnesses in the aggregate were by no means impatient: they cared not how long the thing lasted; it met their views precisely; nothing on earth could have suited them better; they were not only living like Aldermen in town, but really beginning to get into flesh.

At length, when all concerned save counsel and these philosophic witnesses, were weary, the labours of the committee were brought to an end, and the result was, that they reported the opposition to the petition "*frivolous and vexatious*," and thus fixed Stanley with the whole of the costs, which were enormous!

This to him and his immediate friends was indeed a heavy blow ; but poor Amelia felt it most deeply. Her anguish was poignant in the extreme, and while she tried to soothe her Stanley, whose high hopes had thus been blasted, she would hang upon his neck and sob as if her heart were breaking.

To Sir William and his associates Stanley wished it to appear that he was comparatively indifferent about the matter, but when in the presence of the Widow alone, his rage could not be calmed.

"You see," he exclaimed, when the result became known, "you see the position to which you have reduced me !"

"I, my love ?"

"Yes, mother, you !"

"Gracious heavens ! what can you mean ?"

"Did you not prompt me to pursue this mad course ? Should I have opposed this infernal petition had it not been for you ?"

"My love ! you know that I advised you for the best !"

"You advised me for the worst ! You imagined, I suppose, that it would tame me. I was a fool to follow your advice ; a wretched, a consummate fool !"

"Stanley ! Stanley !" exclaimed the Widow, bursting into tears, as he fiercely paced the room. "Oh ! this is cruel—very cruel ! You ought not to be unkind, indeed, indeed, you ought not to afflict me thus ! You should consider that I have feelings, Stanley."

"Mother, you do not consider that *I* have feelings !"

"I do : I do, indeed ! I know that my poor boy must feel it most deeply ; but do not, pray do not, add gall to this calamity ; do not increase our affliction by attributing motives which you must know could never have actuated me. But, my dearest love, can we not appeal ?"

"Appeal ! No, there is no appeal."

"But the decision was corrupt, my love ; grossly corrupt. The committee were guided by factious views solely, and while the counsel against us were demons, our own counsel ought to be ashamed of themselves for having suffered the fiends to go on so. Now, under these circumstances, you know, my love, it strikes me—"

"Again I tell you, there is no appeal ! And if there were ; if even I could appeal, I would not. I know that these monstrous expenses must materially affect our fortunes. I am sure of it, quite sure, although you conceal the fact from me."

"They are indeed heavy ; very heavy indeed."

"You admit, then," demanded Stanley fiercely, "you admit that they have involved us ?"

"No, my love ; no, no ; they have not involved us. I said that they were heavy !—I merely said that. But come, my love, all will be well. Come, be calm and kind ; you are my only joy ; I cannot be happy if you are not kind."

The Widow again burst into tears and buried her face in his bosom. She knew that that which Stanley suspected was true ; she was conscious that these enormous costs, immediately following the expenses of the election, *had* involved her, and although she had yet but an imperfect knowledge of the extent, she knew well, that her position would be sensibly affected.

And Sir William knew it too, and was glad. The destruction of Amelia's virtue was his object, and he now felt more than ever sure that that object would at no remote period be attained.





Boy Tucker lighting the pipe

GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COUNTERPLOT.

STARTLED, but not dismayed—for he was a man of great courage,—by the sudden address and appearance of Guy Fawkes, Lord Mounteagle instantly sprang to his feet, and drawing his sword, put himself into a posture of defence.

“You have betrayed me,” he cried, seizing Tresham with his left hand; “but if I fall, you shall fall with me.”

“You have betrayed yourself, my lord,” rejoined Guy Fawkes; “or rather, Heaven has placed you in our hands as an instrument for the liberation of Viviana Radcliffe. You must take an oath of secrecy—a binding oath,—such as, being a good Catholic, you cannot break,—not to divulge what has come to your knowledge. Nay, you must join me and my confederates, or you quit not this spot with life.”

“I refuse your terms,” replied Mounteagle, resolutely, “I will never conspire against the monarch to whom I have sworn allegiance. I will not join you. I will not aid you in procuring Viviana Radcliffe’s release. Nor will I take the oath you propose. On the contrary, I arrest you as a traitor, and I command you, Tresham, in the King’s name, to assist me in his capture.”

But suddenly extricating himself from the grasp imposed upon him, and placing Guy Fawkes between him and the Earl, Tresham rejoined,—

“It is time to throw off the mask, my good lord and brother. I can render you no assistance. I am sworn to this league, and must support it. Unless you assent to the conditions proposed,—and which for your own sake I would counsel you to do,—I must, despite our near relationship, take part against you,—even,” he added, significantly, “if your destruction should be resolved upon.”

“I will sell my life dearly, as you shall find,” replied Mounteagle. “And, but for the sake of my dear lady, your sister, I would stab you where you stand.”

“Your lordship will find resistance in vain,” replied Guy Fawkes, keeping his eye steadily fixed upon him. “We seek not your life, but your co-operation. You are a prisoner.”

“A prisoner!” echoed Mounteagle, derisively. “You have not secured me yet.”

And as he spoke, he rushed towards the door, but his departure was checked by Bates, who presented himself at the entrance of the passage with a drawn sword in his hand. At the same moment, Catesby and Keyes issued from the closet, while Garnet and the other conspirators likewise emerged from their hiding-places. Hearing the noise behind him, Lord Mounteagle turned, and beholding the group, uttered an exclamation of surprise and rage.

"I am fairly entrapped," he said, sheathing his sword, and advancing towards them. "Fool that I was, to venture hither!"

"These regrets are too late, my lord," replied Catesby. "You came hither of your own accord. But, being here, nothing, except compliance with our demands, can insure your departure."

"Yes, one thing else," thought Mounteagle,— "cunning. It shall go hard if I cannot outwit you. Tresham will act with me. I know his treacherous nature too well to doubt which way he will incline. Interest, as well as relationship, binds him to me. He will acquaint me with their plans. I need not, therefore, compromise myself by joining them. If I take the oath of secrecy, it will suffice—and I will find means of eluding the obligation. I may thus make my own bargain with Salisbury. But I must proceed cautiously. Too sudden a compliance might awaken their suspicions."

"My lord," said Catesby, who had watched his countenance narrowly, and distrusted its expression, "we must have no double-dealing. Any attempt to play us false will prove fatal to you."

"I have not yet consented to your terms, Mr. Catesby," replied Mounteagle, "and I demand a few moments' reflection before I do so."

"What say you, gentlemen?" said Catesby. "Do you agree to his lordship's request?"

There was a general answer in the affirmative.

"I would also confer for a moment alone with my brother, Tresham," said Mounteagle.

"That cannot be, my lord," rejoined Garnet peremptorily. "And take heed you meditate no treachery towards us, or you will destroy yourself here and hereafter."

"I have no desire to speak with him, father," observed Tresham. "Let him declare what he has to say before you all."

Mounteagle looked hard at him, but he made no remark.

"In my opinion, we ought not to trust him," observed Keyes. "It is plain he is decidedly opposed to us. And if the oath is proposed to him, he may take it with some mental reservation."

"I will guard against that," replied Garnet.

"If I take the oath, I will keep it, father," rejoined Mounteagle. "But I have not yet decided."

"You must do so, then, quickly, my lord," returned Catesby. "You shall have five minutes for reflection. But first, you must deliver up your sword."

The Earl started.

"We mean *you* no treachery, my lord," observed Keyes, "and expect to be dealt with with equal fairness."

Surrendering his sword to Catesby, Mounteagle then walked to the farther end of the room, and leaning against the wall, with his back to the conspirators, appeared buried in thought.

"Take Tresham aside," whispered Catesby to Wright. "I do not wish him to overhear our conference. Watch him narrowly, and see that no signal passes between him and Lord Mounteagle."

Wright obeyed; and the others gathering closely together, began to converse in a low tone.

"It will not do to put him to death," observed Garnet. "From what he stated to Tresham, it appears that his servant was aware of his coming hither. If he disappears, therefore, search will be immediately made, and all will be discovered. We must either instantly secure ourselves by flight, and give up the enterprise, or trust him."

"You are right, father," replied Rookwood. "The danger is imminent."

"We are safe at present," observed Percy, "and may escape to France or Flanders before information can be given against us. Nay, we may carry off Mounteagle with us, for that matter. But I am loth to trust him."

"So am I," rejoined Catesby. "I do not like his looks."

"There is no help," said Fawkes. "We *must* trust him, or give up the enterprise. He may materially aid us, and has himself asserted that he can procure Viviana's liberation from the Tower."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Catesby, impatiently. "What has that to do with the all-important question we are now considering?"

"Much," returned Fawkes. "And I will not move further in the matter, unless that point is insisted on."

"You have become strangely interested in Viviana of late," observed Catesby, sarcastically. "Could I suspect you of so light a passion, I should say you loved her."

A deep flush dyed Fawkes's swarthy cheeks, but he answered in a voice of constrained calmness,

"I *do* love her, — as a daughter."

"Humph!" exclaimed the other, drily.

"Catesby," rejoined Fawkes, sternly, "you know me well — too well, to suppose I would resort to any paltry subterfuge. I am willing to let what you have said pass. But I counsel you not to jest thus in future."

"Jest!" exclaimed Catesby. "I was never more serious in my life."

"Then you do me wrong," retorted Fawkes, fiercely; "and you will repeat the insinuation at your peril."

"My sons—my sons," interposed Garnet, "what means this sudden — this needless quarrel, at a moment when we require the utmost calmness to meet the danger that assails us? Guy Fawkes is right. Viviana *must* be saved. If we desert her, our cause will never prosper. But let us proceed step by step, and first decide upon what is to be done with Lord Mounteagle."

"I am filled with perplexity," replied Catesby.

"Then I will decide for you," replied Percy. "Our project must be abandoned."

"Never," replied Fawkes, energetically. "Fly, and secure your own safety. I will stay and accomplish it alone."

"A brave resolution!" exclaimed Catesby, tendering him his hand, which the other cordially grasped. "I will stand by you to the last. No—we have advanced too far to retreat."

"Additional caution will be needful," observed Keyes. "Can we not make it a condition with Lord Mounteagle to retire, till the blow is struck, to his mansion at Hoxton?"

"That would be of no avail," replied Garnet. "We must trust him wholly, or not at all."

"There I agree with you, father," said Percy. "Let us propose the oath of secrecy to him, and detain him here until we have found some secure retreat, utterly unknown to him, or to Tresham, whence we can correspond with our friends. A few days will show whether he has betrayed us or not. We need not visit this place again till the moment for action arrives."

"You need not visit it again at all," rejoined Fawkes. "Everything is prepared, and I will undertake to fire the train. Prepare for what is to follow the explosion, and leave the management of that to me."

"I cannot consent to such a course, my son," said Garnet. "The whole risk will thus be yours."

"The whole glory will be mine, also, father," rejoined Fawkes, enthusiastically. "I pray you, let me have my own way."

"Well, be it as you will, my son," returned Garnet, with affected reluctance. "I will not oppose the hand of Heaven, which clearly points you out as the chief agent in this mighty enterprise. In reference to what Percy has said about a retreat till Lord Mounteagle's trust-worthiness can be ascertained," he added to Catesby, "I have just bethought me of a large retired house on the borders of Enfield Chace, called White Webbs. It has been recently taken by Mrs. Brooksby, and her sister, Anne Vaux, and will afford us a safe asylum."

"An excellent plan, father," cried Catesby. "Since Guy Fawkes is willing to undertake the risk, we will leave Lord Mounteagle in his charge, and go there at once."

"What must be done with Tresham?" asked Percy. "We cannot take him with us, nor must he know of our retreat."

"Leave him with me," said Fawkes.

"You will be at a disadvantage," observed Catesby, "should he take part, as there is reason to fear he may do, with Lord Mounteagle."

"They are both unarmed," returned Fawkes, "but were it otherwise, I would answer with my head for their detention."

"All good saints guard you, my son!" exclaimed Garnet. "Henceforth, we resign the custody of the powder to you."

"It will be in safe keeping," replied Fawkes.

The party then advanced towards Lord Mounteagle, who, hearing their approach, instantly faced them.

"Your decision, my lord?" demanded Catesby.

"You shall have it in a word, sir," replied Mounteagle, firmly.

"I will *not* join you, but I will take the required oath of secrecy."

"Is this your final resolve, my lord?" rejoined Catesby.

"It is," replied the Earl.

"It must content us," observed Garnet; "though we hoped you would have lent your active services to further a cause, having for its sole object the restoration of the church to which you belong."

"I know not the means whereby you propose to restore it, father," replied Mounteagle, "and I do not desire to know them. But I guess that they are dark and bloody, and as such I can take no part in them."

"And you refuse to give us any counsel or assistance?" pursued Garnet.

"I will not betray you," replied Mounteagle. "I can say nothing further."

"I would rather he promised too little, than too much," whispered Catesby to Garnet. "I begin to think him sincere."

"I am of the same opinion, my son," returned Garnet.

"One thing you *shall* do, before I consent to set you free, on any terms, my lord," observed Guy Fawkes. "You shall engage to procure the liberation of Viviana Radcliffe from the Tower. You told Tresham you could easily accomplish it."

"I scarcely knew what I said," replied Mounteagle, with a look of embarrassment.

"You spoke confidently, my lord," rejoined Fawkes.

"Because I had no idea I should be compelled to make good my words," returned the Earl. "But, as a Catholic, and related by marriage to Tresham, who is a suspected person, any active exertions in her behalf on my part might place me in jeopardy."

"This excuse shall not avail you, my lord," replied Fawkes. "You must weigh your own safety against hers. You stir not hence, till you have sworn to free her."

"I must perforce assent, since you will have no refusal," replied Mounteagle. "But I almost despair of success. If I *can* effect her deliverance, I swear to do so."

"Enough," replied Fawkes.

"And now, gentlemen," said Catesby, appealing to the others, "are you willing to let Lord Mounteagle depart upon the proposed terms?"

"We are," they replied.

"I will administer the oath at once," said Garnet; "and you will bear in mind, my son," he added, in a stern tone to the Earl, "that it will be one which cannot be violated without perdition to your soul."

"I am willing to take it," replied Mounteagle.

Producing a primer, and motioning the Earl to kneel before him, Garnet then proposed an oath of the most solemn and binding description. The other repeated it after him, and at its conclusion placed the book to his lips.

"Are you satisfied?" he asked, rising.

"I am," replied Garnet.

"And so am I," thought Tresham, who stood in the rear, "— that he will perjure himself."

"Am I now at liberty to depart?" inquired the Earl.

"Not yet, my lord," replied Catesby. "You must remain here till midnight."

Lord Mounteagle looked uneasy, but seeing remonstrance would be useless, he preserved a sullen silence.

"You need have no fear, my lord," said Catesby. "But we must take such precautions as will ensure our safety, in case you intend us any treachery."

"You cannot doubt me, sir, after the oath I have taken," replied Mounteagle, haughtily. "But since you constitute yourself my jailer, I must abide your pleasure."

"If I am your jailer, my lord," rejoined Catesby, "I will prove to you that I am not neglectful of my office. Will it please you to follow me?"

The Earl bowed in acquiescence; and Catesby marching before him to a small room, the windows of which were carefully barred, pointed to a chair, and instantly retiring, locked the door upon him. He then returned to the others, and taking Guy Fawkes aside, observed in a low tone,

"We shall set out instantly for White Webbs. You will remain on guard with Tresham, whom you will, of course, keep in ignorance of our proceedings. After you have set the Earl at liberty, you can follow us, if you choose. But take heed you are not observed."

"Fear nothing," replied Fawkes.

Soon after this, Catesby, and the rest of the conspirators, with the exception of Guy Fawkes and Tresham, quitted the room, and the former concluded they were about to leave the house. He made no remark, however, to his companion, but getting between him and the door, folded his arms upon his breast, and continued to pace backwards and forwards before it.

"Am I a prisoner as well as Lord Mounteagle?" asked Tresham, after a pause.

"You must remain with me here till midnight," replied Fawkes. "We shall not be disturbed."

"What! are the others gone?" cried Tresham.

"They are," was the reply.

Tresham's countenance fell, and he appeared to be meditating some project, which he could not muster courage to execute.

"Be warned by the past, Tresham," said Fawkes, who had regarded him fixedly for some minutes. "If I find reason to doubt you, I will put it out of your power to betray us a second time."

"You have no reason to doubt me," replied Tresham, with apparent candour. "I only wondered that our friends should leave me without any intimation of their purpose. It is for me, not you, to apprehend some ill design. Am I not to act with you further?"

"That depends upon yourself, and on the proofs you give of your sincerity," replied Fawkes. "Answer me frankly. Do you think Lord Mounteagle will keep his oath?"

"I will stake my life upon it," replied Tresham.

The conversation then dropped, and no attempt was made on either side to renew it. In this way several hours passed, when at length the silence was broken by Tresham, who requested permission to go in search of some refreshment; and Guy Fawkes assenting, they descended to the lower room, and partook of a slight repast.

Nothing further worthy of note occurred. On the arrival of the appointed hour, Guy Fawkes signified to his companion that he might liberate Lord Mounteagle; and immediately availing himself of the permission, Tresham repaired to the chamber, and threw open the door. The Earl immediately came forth, and they returned together to the room in which Guy Fawkes remained on guard.

"You are now at liberty to depart, my lord," said the latter; "and Tresham can accompany you if he thinks proper. Remember that you have sworn to procure Viviana's liberation."

"I do," replied the Earl.

And he then quitted the house with Tresham.

"You have had a narrow escape, my lord," remarked the latter as they approached Whitehall, and paused for a moment under the postern of the great western gate.

"True," replied the Earl; "but I do not regret the risk I have run. They are now wholly in my power."

"You forget your oath, my lord," said Tresham.

"If I do," replied the Earl, "I but follow your example. You have broken one equally solemn, equally binding, and would break a thousand more were they imposed upon you. But I will overthrow this conspiracy, and yet not violate mine."

"I see not how that can be, my lord," replied Tresham.

"You shall learn in due season," replied the Earl. "I have had plenty of leisure for reflection in that dark hole, and have hit upon a plan which, I think, cannot fail."

"I hope I am no party to it, my lord," rejoined Tresham. "I dare not hazard myself among them further."

"I cannot do without you," replied Mounteagle; "but I will ensure you against all danger. It will be necessary for you, however, to act with the utmost discretion, and keep a constant guard upon every look and movement, as well as upon your words. You must fully regain the confidence of these men, and lull them into security."

"I see your lordship's drift," replied Tresham. "You wish them to proceed to the last point, to enhance the value of the discovery."

"Right," replied the Earl. "The plot must not be discovered till just before its outbreak, when its magnitude and danger will be the more apparent. The reward will then be proportionate. Now, you understand me, Tresham."

"Fully," replied the other.

"Return to your own house," rejoined Mounteagle. "We need hold no further communication together till the time for action arrives."

"And that will not be before the meeting of Parliament," replied Tresham; "for they intend to whelm the King and all his nobles in one common destruction."

"By Heaven! a brave design!" cried Mounteagle. "It is a pity to mar it. I knew it was a desperate and daring project, but should never have conceived aught like this. Its discovery will indeed occasion universal consternation."

"It may benefit you and me to divulge it, my lord," said Tresham, "but the disclosure will deeply and lastingly injure the Church of Rome."

"It would injure it more deeply if the plot succeeded," replied Mounteagle, "because all loyal Catholics must disapprove so horrible and sanguinary a design. But we will not discuss the question further, though what you have said confirms my purpose, and removes any misgiving I might have felt as to the betrayal. Farewell, Tresham. Keep a watchful eye upon the conspirators and communicate with me should any change take place in their plans. We may not meet for some time. Parliament, though summoned for the third of October, will, in all probability, be prorogued till November."

"In that case," replied Tresham, "you will postpone your disclosure likewise till November?"

"Assuredly," replied Mounteagle. "The King must be convinced of his danger. If it were found out now, he would think lightly of it. But if he has actually set foot upon the mine which a single spark might kindle to his destruction, he will duly appreciate the service rendered him. Farewell! and do not neglect my counsel."

CHAPTER X.

WHITE WEBBS.

TARRYING for a short time within the house after the departure of the others, Guy Fawkes lighted a lantern, and concealing it beneath his cloak, proceeded to the cellar, to ascertain that the magazine of powder was safe. Satisfied of this, he made all secure, and was about to return to the house, when he perceived a figure approaching him. Standing aside, but keeping on his guard for fear of a surprise, he would have allowed the person to pass, but the other halted, and after a moment's scrutiny addressed him by name in the tones of Humphrey Chetham.

"You seem to haunt this spot, young sir," said Fawkes, in answer to the address. "This is the third time we have met hereabouts."

"On the last occasion," replied Chetham, "I told you Viviana was a prisoner in the Tower. I have now better news for you. She is free."

"Free!" exclaimed Fawkes, joyfully. "By Lord Mounteagle's instrumentality?—But I forget. He has only just left me."

"She has been freed by *my* instrumentality," replied the young merchant. "She escaped from the Tower a few hours ago."

"Where is she?" demanded Guy Fawkes, eagerly.

"In a boat at the stairs near the Parliament House," replied Chetham.

"Heaven and Our Lady be praised!" exclaimed Fawkes. "This is more than I hoped for. Your news is so good, young sir, that I can scarce credit it."

"Come with me to the boat, and you shall soon be satisfied of the truth of my statement," rejoined Chetham.

And followed by Guy Fawkes, he hurried to the river side, where a wherry was moored. Within it sat Viviana, covered by the tilt.

Assisting her to land, and finding she was too much exhausted to walk, Guy Fawkes took her in his arms, and carried her to the house he had just quitted.

Humphrey Chetham followed as soon as he had dismissed the waterman. Placing his lovely burthen in a seat, Guy Fawkes instantly went in search of such restoratives as the place afforded. Viviana was extremely faint, but after she had swallowed a glass of wine, she revived, and, looking around her, inquired where she was.

"Do not ask," replied Fawkes; "let it suffice you are in safety. And now," he added, "perhaps, Humphrey Chetham will inform me in what manner he contrived your escape. I am impatient to know."

The young merchant then gave the required information, and

Viviana added such particulars as were necessary to the full understanding of the story. Guy Fawkes could scarcely control himself when she related the tortures she had endured, nor was Chetham less indignant.

"You rescued me just in time," said Viviana. "I should have sunk under the next application."

"Thank Heaven! you have escaped it," exclaimed Fawkes. "You owe much to Humphrey Chetham, Viviana."

"I do, indeed," she replied.

"And can you not requite it?" he returned. "Can you not make him happy? — Can you not make *me* happy?"

Viviana's pale cheek was instantly suffused with blushes, but she made no answer.

"Oh, Viviana!" cried Humphrey Chetham, "you hear what is said. If you could doubt my love before, you must be convinced of it now. A hope will make me happy. Have I that?"

"Alas! no," she answered. "It would be the height of cruelty, after your kindness, to deceive you. You have not."

The young merchant turned aside to hide his emotion.

"Not even a hope!" exclaimed Guy Fawkes, "after what he has done. Viviana, I cannot understand you. Does gratitude form no part of your nature?"

"I hope so," she replied, "nay, I am sure so,—for I feel the deepest gratitude towards Humphrey Chetham. But gratitude is not love, and must not be mistaken for it."

"I understand the distinction too well," returned the young merchant, sadly.

"It is more than I do," rejoined Guy Fawkes; "and I will frankly confess that I think the important services Humphrey Chetham has rendered you entitle him to your hand. It is seldom—whatever poets may feign,—that love is so strongly proved as his has been; and it ought to be adequately requited."

"Say no more about it, I entreat," interposed Chetham.

"But I will deliver my opinion," rejoined Guy Fawkes; "because I am sure what I advise is for Viviana's happiness. No one can love her better than you. No one is more worthy of her. Nor is there any one to whom I so much desire to see her united."

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Viviana. "This is worse than the torture."

"What mean you?" exclaimed Fawkes, in astonishment.

"She means," interposed Chetham, "that this is not the fitting season to urge the subject—that she will never marry."

"True—true," replied Viviana. "If I ever did marry—I *ought* to select you."

"You ought," replied Fawkes. "And I know nothing of the female heart, if it can be insensible to youth, devotion, and manly appearance like that of Humphrey Chetham."

"You *do* know nothing of it," rejoined Chetham, bitterly. "Women's fancies are unaccountable."

"Such is the received opinion," replied Fawkes; "but as I am ignorant of the sex, I can only judge from report. You are the person I should imagine she would love—nay, to be frank, whom I thought she *did* love."

"No more," said Humphrey Chetham. "It is painful both to Viviana and to me."

"This is not a time for delicacy," rejoined Guy Fawkes. "Viviana has given me the privilege of a father with her. And where her happiness is so much concerned as in the present case, I should imperfectly discharge my duty if I did not speak out. It would sincerely rejoice me, and I am sure contribute materially to her own happiness, if she would unite herself to you."

"I cannot—I cannot," she rejoined. "I will never marry."

"You hear what she says," remarked Chetham. "Do not urge the matter further."

"I admire maiden delicacy and reserve," replied Fawkes; "but when a man has acted as you have done, he deserves to be treated with frankness. I am sure Viviana loves you. Let her tell you so."

"You are mistaken," replied Chetham; "and it is time you should be undeceived. She loves another."

"Is this so?" cried Fawkes in astonishment.

She made no answer.

"Whom do you love?" he asked.

Still, no answer.

"I will tell you whom she loves—and let her contradict me if I am wrong," said Chetham.

"Oh, no!—no!—in pity spare me!" cried Viviana.

"Speak!" thundered Fawkes. "Who is it?"

"Yourself," replied Chetham.

"What!" exclaimed Fawkes, recoiling,—"love *me*! I will not believe it. She loves me as a father—but nothing more—nothing more. But you were right. Let us change the subject. A more fitting season may arrive for its discussion."

After some further conversation, it was agreed that Viviana should be taken to White Webbs; and leaving her in charge of Humphrey Chetham, Guy Fawkes went in search of a conveyance to Enfield.

Traversing the Strand,—every hostel in which was closed,—he turned up Wych Street, immediately on the right of which there was a large inn (still in existence,) and entering the yard, discovered a knot of carriers moving about with lanterns in their hands. To his inquiries respecting a conveyance to Enfield, one of them answered, that he was about to return thither with his waggon at four o'clock,—it was then two,—and should be glad to take him and his friends. Overjoyed at the intelligence, and at once agreeing to the man's terms, Guy Fawkes hurried back to his companions, and, with the assistance of Humphrey Chetham, contrived to carry Viviana (for she was utterly unable to support herself) to the inn-yard,

where she was immediately placed in the waggon, on a heap of fresh straw.

About an hour after this, but long before daybreak, the carrier attached his horses to the waggon, and set out. Guy Fawkes and Humphrey Chetham were seated near Viviana, but little was said during the journey, which occupied about three hours. By this time, it was broad daylight; and as the carrier stopped at the door of a small inn, Guy Fawkes alighted, and inquired the distance to White Webbs?

"It is about a mile and a half off," replied the man. "If you pursue that lane, it will bring you to a small village about half a mile from this, where you are sure to find some one who will gladly guide you to the house, which is a little out of the road, on the borders of the forest."

He then assisted Viviana to alight, and Humphrey Chetham descending at the same time, the party took the road indicated,—a winding country lane with high hedges, broken by beautiful timber,—and proceeding at a slow pace, they arrived in about half an hour at a little cluster of cottages, which Guy Fawkes guessed to be the village alluded to by the carrier. As they approached it, a rustic leaped a hedge, and was about to cross to another field, when Guy Fawkes, calling to him, inquired the way to White Webbs.

"I am going in that direction," replied the man. "If you desire it, I will show you the road."

"I shall feel much indebted to you, friend," returned Fawkes, "and will reward you for your trouble."

"I want no reward," returned the countryman, trudging forward.

Following their guide, after a few minutes' brisk walking, they reached the borders of the forest, and took their way along a patch of green sward that skirted it. In some places, their track was impeded by gigantic thorns and brushwood, while at others avenues opened upon them, affording them peeps into the heart of the wood. It was a beautiful sylvan scene. And as at length they arrived at the head of a long glade, at the farther end of which a herd of deer were seen, with their branching antlers mingling with the overhanging boughs, Viviana could not help pausing to admire it.

"King James often hunts within the forest," observed the countryman. "Indeed, I heard one of the rangers say it was not unlikely he might be here to-day. He is at Theobald's Palace now."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Fawkes. "Let us proceed. We lose time. Are we far from the house?"

"Not above quarter of a mile," was the answer. "You will see it at the next turn of the road."

As the countryman had intimated, they speedily perceived the roof and tall chimneys of an ancient house above the trees, and as it was now impossible to mistake the road, Guy Fawkes

thanked their guide for his trouble, and would have rewarded him, but he refused the gratuity, and leaping a hedge, disappeared.

Pursuing the road, they shortly afterwards arrived at a gate leading to the house,—a large building, erected probably at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, — and entering it, they passed under an avenue of trees. On approaching the mansion, they observed that many of the windows were closed, and the whole appearance of the place was melancholy and deserted. The garden was overgrown with weeds, and the door looked as if it was rarely opened.

Not discouraged by these appearances, but rather satisfied by them of the security of the asylum, Guy Fawkes proceeded to the back of the house, and entering a court, the flags and stones of which were covered with moss, while the interstices were filled with long grass, Guy Fawkes knocked against a small door, and, after repeating the summons, it was answered by an old woman-servant, who popped her head out of an upper window, and demanded his business.

Guy Fawkes was about to inquire for Mrs. Brooksby, when another head, which proved to be that of Catesby, appeared at the window. On seeing Fawkes and his companions, Catesby instantly descended, and unfastened the door. The house proved far more comfortable within than its exterior promised; and the old female domestic having taken word to Anne Vaux that Viviana was below, the former lady, who had not yet risen, sent for her to her chamber, and provided everything for her comfort.

Guy Fawkes and Humphrey Chetham, neither of whom had rested during the night, were glad to obtain a few hours' repose on the floor of the first room into which they were shown, and they were not disturbed until the day had considerably advanced, when Catesby thought fit to rouse them from their slumbers.

Explanations were then given on both sides. Chetham detailed the manner of Viviana's escape from the Tower, and Catesby in his turn acquainted them that Father Oldcorne was in the house, having found his way thither after his escape from the dwelling at Lambeth. Guy Fawkes was greatly rejoiced at the intelligence, and shortly afterwards had the satisfaction of meeting with the priest. At noon, the whole party assembled, with the exception of Viviana, who by the advice of Anne Vaux kept her chamber, to recruit herself after the sufferings she had undergone.

Humphrey Chetham, of whom no suspicions were now entertained, and of whom Catesby no longer felt any jealousy, was invited to stay in the house; and he was easily induced to pass his time near Viviana, although he might not be able to see her. Long and frequent consultations were held by the conspirators, and letters were despatched by Catesby to the elder Winter at his seat, Huddington in Worcestershire, entreating him to make

every preparation for the crisis, as well as to Sir Everard Digby, to desire him to assemble as many friends as he could muster against the meeting of Parliament, at Dunchurch in Warwickshire, under the plea of a grand hunting-party.

Arrangements were next made as to the steps to be taken by the different parties after the explosion. Catesby undertook with a sufficient force to seize the Princess Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of James the First, who was then at the residence of the Earl of Harrington, near Coventry, and to proclaim her queen, in case the others should fail in securing the princes. It was supposed that Henry, Prince of Wales, (who, it need scarcely be mentioned, died in his youth,) would be present with the King, his father, in the Parliament House, and would perish with him; and in this case, as Charles, Duke of York, (afterwards Charles the First,) would become successor to the throne, it was resolved that he should be seized by Percy, and instantly proclaimed. Other resolutions were decided upon, and the whole time of the conspirators was spent in maturing their projects.

And thus, weeks and even months stole on. Viviana had completely regained her strength, and passed a life of perfect seclusion; seldom, if ever, mixing with the others. She, however, took a kindly farewell of Humphrey Chetham before his departure for Manchester (for which place he set out about a fortnight after his arrival at White Webbs, having first sought out his servant, Martin Heydocke); but, though strongly urged by Guy Fawkes, she would hold out no hopes of a change in her sentiments towards the young merchant. Meetings were occasionally held by the conspirators elsewhere, and Catesby and Fawkes had more than one interview with Tresham—but never, except in places where they were secure from a surprise.

The latter end of September had now arrived, and the meeting of Parliament was still fixed for the third of October. On the last day of the month, Guy Fawkes prepared to start for town, but before doing so, he desired to see Viviana. They had not met for some weeks; nor indeed, since Fawkes had discovered the secret of her heart, (and perhaps of his own,) had they ever met with the same freedom as heretofore. As she entered the room in which he awaited her coming, a tremor agitated his frame, but he had nerved himself for the interview, and speedily subdued the feeling.

“I am starting for London, Viviana,” he said, in a voice of forced calmness. “You may guess for what purpose. But, as I may never behold you again, I would not part with you without a confession of my weakness. I will not deny that what Humphrey Chetham stated, and which you have never contradicted,—namely, that you loved me, for I must speak out,—has produced a strong effect upon me. I have endeavoured to conquer it, but it will return. Till I knew you I never loved, Viviana.”

"Indeed!" she exclaimed.

"Never," he replied. "The fairest had not power to move me. But I grieve to say,—notwithstanding my struggles,—I do not continue equally insensible."

"Ah!" she ejaculated, becoming as pale as death.

"Why should I hesitate to declare my feelings? Why should I not tell you that—though blinded to it so long—I have discovered that I do love you? Why should I hesitate to tell you that I regret this, and lament that we ever met?"

"What mean you?" cried Viviana, with a terrified look.

"I will tell you," replied Fawkes. "Till I saw you, my thoughts were removed from earth, and fixed on one object. Till I saw you, I asked not to live, but to die the death of a martyr."

"Die so still," rejoined Viviana. "Forget me—oh! forget me."

"I cannot," replied Fawkes. "I have striven against it. But your image is perpetually before me. Nay, at this very moment, when I am about to set out on the enterprise, you alone detain me."

"I am glad of it!" exclaimed Viviana, fervently. "Oh that I could prevent you—could save you!"

"Save me!" echoed Fawkes, bitterly. "You destroy me."

"How?" she asked.

"Because I am sworn to this project," he rejoined; "and if I were turned from it, I would perish by my own hand."

"Oh! say not so," replied Viviana, "but listen to me. Abandon it, and I will devote myself to you."

Guy Fawkes gazed at her for a moment passionately, and then, covering his face with his hands, appeared torn by conflicting emotions.

Viviana approached him, and pressing his arm, asked in an entreating voice, "Are you still determined to pursue your dreadful project?"

"I am," replied Fawkes, uncovering his face, and gazing at her; "but, if I remain here a moment longer, I shall not be able to do so."

"I will detain you, then," she rejoined, "and exercise the power I possess over you for your benefit."

"No!" he replied, vehemently. "It must not be. Farewell, for ever."

And breaking from her, he rushed out of the room.

As he gained the passage, he encountered Catesby, who looked abashed at seeing him.

"I have overheard what has passed," said the latter, "and applaud your resolution. Few men, similarly circumstanced, would have acted as you have done."

"You would not," said Fawkes, coldly.

"Perhaps not," rejoined Catesby. "But that does not lessen my admiration of your conduct."

"I am devoted to one object," replied Fawkes, "and nothing shall turn me from it."

"Remove yourself instantly from temptation, then," replied Catesby. "I will meet you at the cellar beneath the Parliament House to-morrow night."

With this, he accompanied Guy Fawkes to the door; and the latter, without hazarding a look behind him, set out for London, where he arrived at nightfall.

On the following night, Fawkes examined the cellar, and found it in all respects as he had left it; and, apprehensive lest some difficulty might arise, he resolved to make every preparation. He, accordingly, pierced the sides of several of the barrels piled against the walls with a gimlet, and inserted in the holes small pieces of slow-burning match. Not content with this, he staved in the tops of the uppermost tier, and scattered powder among them to secure their instantaneous ignition.

This done, he took a powder-horn, with which he was provided, and kneeling down, and holding his lantern so as to throw a light upon the floor, laid a train to one of the lower barrels, and brought it within a few inches of the door, intending to fire it from that point. His arrangements completed, he arose, and muttered,

"A vessel is provided for my escape in the river, and my companions advise me to use a slow match, which will allow me to get out of harm's way. But I will see the deed done, and if the train fails, will hold a torch to the barrels myself."

At this juncture, a slight tap was heard without.

Guy Fawkes instantly masked his lantern, and cautiously opening the door, beheld Catesby.

"I am come to tell you that Parliament is prorogued," said the latter. "The House does not meet till the fifth of November. We have another month to wait."

"I am sorry for it," rejoined Fawkes. "I have just laid the train. The lucky moment will pass."

And, locking the door, he proceeded with Catesby to the adjoining house.

They had scarcely been gone more than a second, when two figures muffled in cloaks emerged from behind a wall.

"The train is laid," observed the foremost, "and they are gone to the house. You might seize them now without danger."

"That will not answer my purpose," replied the other. "I will give them another month."

"Another month!" replied the first speaker. "Who knows what may happen in that time? They may abandon their project."

"There is no fear of that," replied the other. "But you had better go and join them."

Merrie England in the olden Time;

OR, PEREGRINATIONS WITH UNCLE TIM AND MR. BOSKY, OF
LITTLE BRITAIN, DRYSALTER.

BY GEORGE DANIEL.

"Dost thou think because thou' art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"—SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER VI.

Southwark Fair ranked next to St. Bartholomew, and comprehended all the attractions for which its rival on the other side of the water was so famous. On the 13th day of September 1660, John Evelyn visited it. "I saw," said this entertaining sight-seer, "in Southwark, at St. Margaret's Faire, monkees and apes daunce, and do other feates of activity on y^e high rope: they were gallantly clad *à la mode*, went upright, saluted the company, bowing and pulling off their hats; they saluted one another with as good a grace as if instructed by a dauncing-master; they turned heels over head with a basket having eggs in it, without breaking any; also with lighted candles in their hands, and on their heads, without extinguishing them, and with vessels of water, without spilling a drop. I also saw an Italian wench daunce and performe all the tricks of y^e tight rope to admiration. All the Court went to see her. Likewise here was a man who tooke up a piece of iron cannon, of about 400lbs weight, with the haire of his head onely." September 15, 1692, the curious old narrator paid it another visit. "The dreadful earthquake in Jamaica this summer" (says he) "was prophane-ly and ludicrously represented in a puppet-play, or some such lewd pastime, in the fair of Southwark, w^{ch} caused the Queane to put downe that idle and vicious mock shew." The fair, however, revived, and outlived her Majesty many merry years. How slept the authorities some seasons ago, when Messrs. Mathews and Yates dramatised an "Earthquake" at the Adelphi!

The Bowling Green in Southwark was the high 'Change of the Fair. Mr. Fawkes, the renowned conjurer, exhibited at his booth, over against the Crown Tavern, near St. George's Church. Dramatic representations, music and dancing, the humours of Punch and Harlequin, a glass of "good wine, and other liquors," were to be had at the several booths held at the "Golden Horse-shoe,"¹ the "Half-Moon Inn,"² and other well-known houses of entertainment.

¹ "At Joseph Parnes's Musick Rooms, at the sign of the Whelp and Bacon, during the time of *Southwark Fair*, is at the Golden Horse-Shoe, next to the King's Bench, where you may be entertained with a variety of musick and dancing, the like not in the Fair, nor never before; where you may be accommodated with a glass of good wine, and other liquors; and likewise several dances, danced after the *Scotch*, *Italian*, and *English* ways; likewise a Girl that dances with sharp swords, the like not in England."—Temp. W. 3.

² "Sept. 12, 1729.—At Reynold's Great Theatrical Booth, in the Half-Moon Inn, near the Bowling-Green, in *Southwark*, during the time of the Fair, will be presented that celebrated opera, called the *Beggar's Wedding*,—a new opera called *Southwark Fair*, or the *Sheep-Shearing*,—an opera called *Flora*,—and an entertainment called *The Humours of Harlequin*."

Thither resorted Lee and Harper to delight the denizens of Kent Street, Guy's Hospital, and St. Thomas's, with Guy of Warwick, Robin Hood and Little John, the comical adventures of Little John and the Pindar's wife, and the Fall of Phaëton! In July 1753, the Tennis Court and booths that were on the Bowling Green, with some other buildings where the fair *used* to be held, were pulled down; and shortly after, that pleasant Bowling Green was converted into a potato and cabbage market!

Southwark, or Lady Fair, has long since been suppressed. Thanks, however, to the "great painter of mankind," that we can hold it as often as we please in our own breakfast-parlours and drawing-rooms! The works of Hogarth are medicines for melancholy. If the mood be of Jacques's quality, "a most humorous sadness," it will revel in the master's whim; if of a deeper tinge, there is the dark side of the picture for mournful reflection. Though an unsparing satirist, probing vice and folly to the quick, he has compassion for human frailty and sorrow. He is no vulgar caricaturist, making merry with personal deformity; he paints wickedness in its true colours, and if the semblance be hideous, the original, not the copy, is to blame. His scenes are faithful transcripts of life, high and low. He conducts us into the splendid saloons of fashion;—we pass with him into the direst cells of want and misery. He reads a lesson to idleness, extravagance, and debauchery, such as never was read before. He is equally master of the pathetic and the ludicrous. He exhibits the terrible passions, and their consequences, with almost superhuman power. Every stroke of his pencil points a moral; every object, however insignificant, has its meaning. His detail is marvellous, and bespeaks a mind pregnant with illustration, an eye that nothing could escape. Bysshe's Art of Poetry, the well-chalked tally, the map of the gold mines, and the starved cur making off with the day's lean provision, are in perfect keeping with the distressed poet's ragged finery, his half-mended breeches, and all the exquisite minutiae of his garret. His very wig, most picturesquely awry, is a happy symbol of poetical and pecuniary perplexity. Of the same marking character are the cow's horns, rising just above the little citizen's head, in the print of "*Evening*," telling a sly tale; while the *dramatis personæ* of the Strollers' Barn, the flags, paint-pots, pageants, clouds, waves, puppets, dark-lanterns, thunder, lightning, daggers, periwigs, crowns, sceptres, salt-boxes, ghosts, devils, and tragedy queens exhibit such an unique miscellany of wonders, that none but an Hogarth ever thought of bringing together. Turn, by way of contrast, to "*Gin Lane*," and its frightful accompaniments!

Hogarth went quite as much to see Southwark Fair and its fun (for which he had a high relish) as to transfer them to his canvass. 'Tis a holiday with the mountebanks, and he has caught them in all their grimacierie and glory. A troop of strollers, belonging to Messrs. Cibber and Bullock, attitudinising and making mouths, as a prologue to the "*Fall of Bajazet*," are suddenly surprised into the centre of gravity by the breaking down of their scaffold, and Kings, Queens, Turks, tumblers, monkeys, and Merry Andrews descend topsy-turvy into a china-shop below! At Lee and Harper's grand booth are the celebrated Wooden Horse of Troy, the Temptation of Adam and Eve, and Punch's Opera. A fire-eater is devouring his

red-hot element, and his periwigged Jack-Pudding is distributing his quack nostrums. A tragedy hero has a brace of bailiffs in his train; and a prize-fighter, with his bare scone dotted with sable patches, and a nose that might successfully bob for black-beetles against a brick wall, mounted on a blind bone-setter, perambulates the fair, challenging the wide world to mortal combat! These, with a pretty female drummer of amazonian proportions, an equilibrist swinging on the slack rope; a juggler with his cups and balls; a pick-pocket and a couple of country boobies; a bag-piper; a dancing dog; a dwarf drummer, and a music-grinder, make up a *dramatis personæ* only to be equalled by the Strolling Players¹ and the March to Finchley.

¹ Pannard, a minor French poet, whom Marmontel styles the *La Fontaine* of Vandeville, has written some verses admirably descriptive of an opera behind the scenes.

"J'ai vu le soleil et la lune
Qui tenoient des discours en l'air :
J'ai vu le terrible Neptune
Sortir tout frisé de la mer.

J'ai vu l'aimable Cythéré
Au doux regard, au teint fleuri,
Dans un machine entourée
D'amours natifs de Chambérie."

And, after having seen a great number of other things equally curious, he concludes with,—

"J'ai vu des ombres très-palpables
Se trémousser aux bords du Styx ;
J'ai vu l'enfer et tous les diables
A quinze pieds du Paradis."

Some years ago, a strolling company at Ludlow, in *Shropshire*, printed a play-bill nearly as large as their drop-scene. It announced "*The Doleful History of King Lear and his Three Daughters*, with the Merry Conceits of his Majesty's Fool, and the valorous exploits of the Duke of Gloucester's Bastard; all written by one *William Shakespeare*, a mighty great poet, who was born in Warwickshire, and held horses for gentlemen at the sign of the Red Bull in St. John's Street, where was just such another playhouse as *this* (! !), at which we hope the company of all friends round the Wrekin.

"All you who would wish to cry or laugh,
Had better spend your money here than in the alehouse by half ;
And if you wish more about these things to know,
Come at six o'clock to the barn in the High Street, Ludlow,
Where, presented by *live actors*, the whole may be seen,
So *Vivai Res*, God save the King ! not forgetting the Queen."

Just as a strolling actor at Newcastle had advertised his benefit, a remarkable stranger, no less than the *Prince Annamaboo* arrived, and placarded the town that he granted audiences at a shilling a-head. The stroller, without delay, waited on the proprietor of the *Prince*, and for a good round sum prevailed on him to command his Serene Highness to exhibit his august person on his benefit night. The bills of the day announced, that between the acts of the comedy *Prince Annamaboo* would give a lively representation of the *scalping operation*, sound the *Indian war-whoop* in all its melodious tones, practise the tomahawk exercise, and dine à la *canoniale*. An intelligent mob were collected to witness these interesting exploits. At the conclusion of the third act, his *Highness* marched forward flourishing his tomahawk, and shouting, "*Ha, ha ! — ho, ho !*" Next entered a man with his face blacked, and a piece of bladder fastened to his head with gum; the *Prince*, with an enormous carving-knife, began the scalping part of the entertainment, which he performed in a truly *imperial* style, holding up the piece of bladder as a token of

There is a fair,—an extraordinary one,—the holding of which depends not on the humour and caprice of magisterial wiggery. Jack Frost—a bold fellow! for he has taken Marlborough and Wellington by the nose—twice or thrice in a century proclaims his fair. No sooner is the joyful tidings bruited abroad, than the dutiful sons and daughters of Old Father Thames flock to his paternal bosom, which, being icy cold, they warm by roasting an ox upon it, and then transfer to its glassy surface the turmoil, traffic, and monstrosities of dry land.

Evelyn has given an interesting description of Frost Fair in 1683-4. This amusing chronicler of passing events possessed the bump of more than Athenian curiosity. He entered the penetralia of the licentious court of King Charles the Second; and while he whispered his pathetic Jeremiads over its immorality in his closet, he shocked his averted vision day after day with its impurities—still peeping! still praying! For all and sundry the merry Monarch's many "misses," and for poor Nelly (by far the best of them) in particular, he expressed a becoming horror in his private meditations; yet his outward bearing towards them indicated no such compunctious visitings. He was an excellent tactician. He crept into the privy councils of the regicides, and, *mirabile dictu!* retired from the enemy's camp in a whole skin; and while fortunes were being confiscated, and heads falling on all sides, he kept his own snug in his pocket, and erect on his shoulders. "*Fortunate Senex!*" Monarchy, Anarchy, High Church, Low Church, No Church, Catholicism, Anything-ism, Everything-ism! Plain John (he declined a baronetcy) passed over the red-hot ploughshares of political and religious persecution unscathed. And we rejoice at his good luck; for whether he treat of London's great Plague or Fire, the liaisons of his "kind master" King Charles the Second, the naughtiness of Nelly and her nymphs, or the ludicrous outbreaks of Southwark, St. Bartholomew, and Frost Fairs, he is a dear, delightful, gentlemanly old gossip!

On the 1st of January 1683-4, the cold was so intense, that booths (a novel spectacle) were erected on the Thames, and Jack Frost proclaimed his earliest recorded fair.

"I went crosse the Thames," says Evelyn, January 9, 1683-4, "on the ice, which now became so thick as to bear not only streetes of boothes, in which they roasted meate, and had divers shops of wares, quite acrosse as in a towne, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over. So I went from Westminster Stayres to Lambeth, and din'd with the Archbishop. I walked over the ice (after dinner) from Lambeth Stayres to the Horseferry."

triumph. Next came the war-whoop, an unearthly combination of discordant sounds; and lastly the banquet, consisting of raw beef-steaks, which he rolled up into rouleaus, and devoured with right royal avidity. Having finished his delicate repast, he wielded his tomahawk in an exulting manner, bellowed "*Ha, ha! — ho, ho!*" and made his exit. The *beneficiare* strolling through the market-place the following day, spied the most puissant *Prince Annamaboo* selling pen-knives, scissors, and quills, in the character of a Jew pedlar. "What!" said the astonished *Lord Townley*, "my *Prince*, is it you? Are you not a pretty circumcised little scoundrel to impose upon us in this manner?" Moses turned round, and with an arch look replied, "*Princh* be d—d! I *vash* no *Princh*; I *vash* acting, like you. Your troop *vash* Lords and Ladies last night; and to-night dey vil be Kings, *Prinches*, and Emperors! I *vash* *hampugs*, you *vash* *hampugs*, all *vash* *hampugs*!"

"The Thames (Jan' 16) was filled with people and tents, selling all sorts of wares as in a citty. The frost (Jan' 24) continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London was still planned with booths in formal streetes, all sorts of trades and shops furnished and full of commodities, even to a printing-presse, where the people and ladies tooke a fancy to have their names printed on the Thames. This humour tooke so universally, that 'twas estimated the printer gain'd 5*l.* a-day, for printing a line only, at sixpence a name, besides what he got by ballads, &c. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from several other staires to and fro, as in the streetes, sleds, sliding with skatees, a bull-baiting, horse and coach races, puppet playes and interludes, cookes, tipling, and other lewd places, so that it seem'd to be a bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water."

"It began to thaw (Feb. 5), but froze againe. My coach crossed from Lambeth to the Horseferry at Millbank, Westminster. The booths were almost all taken downe; but there was first a map, or landskip,¹ cut in copper, representing all the manner of the camp, and the several actions, sports, and pastimes thereon, in memory of so signal a frost."

In 1715-16 Jack Frost paid Old Father Thames a second visit, and proclaimed the like merriments;² but whether maids had grown

¹ These "Landskips" are interesting, and very difficult to be obtained. Thirteen, representing the Frost Fairs of 1683,—1715-16,—and 1739-40, now lie before us. "An exact and lively Mapp or Representation of Booths, and all the varieties of Showes and Humours upon the Ice on the River of Thames, by London, during that memorable Frost in the 35th years of the reigne of his Sacred Mat^y King Charles the 2^d. Anno Dⁿⁱ 1683. With an Alphabetical Explanation of the most remarkable figures," exhibits "The Temple Staires, with people going upon the ice to Temple Street—The Duke of Yorkes Coffee House—The Tory Booth—The Booth with a Phoenix on it, and Insured as long as the Foundation Stand—The Roast Beefe Booth—The Halfe-way House—The Beare Garden Shire Booth—The Musick Booth—The Printing Booth—The Lottery Booth—The Horne Tavern Booth—The Temple Garden, with Crowds of People looking over the wall—The Boat drawne with a Hors—The Drum Boat—The Boat drawne upon wheels—The Bull-baiting—The Chair sliding in the Ring—The Boyes Sliding—The Nine Pinn Playing—The sliding on Scates—The Sledge drawing Coales from the other side of the Thames—The Boyes climbing up the Tree in the Temple Garden to see y^e Bull Baiting—The Toy Shoppes—London Bridge."

Another of these "lively Mapps" has a full-length portrait of *Erra Pater*, referred to by Hudibras,

"In mathematics he was greater
Than *Tycho Brahe* or *Erra Pater*,"—

prophesying in the midst of the fair.

"Old *Erra Pater*, or his rambling Ghost,
Prognosticating of this long strong frost,
Some Ages past, said y^e y^e Ice-bound Thames
Shou'd prove a Theatre for Sports and Games,
Her Wat'ry Green be turn'd into a Bare,
For Men a Citty seem, for Booths a Faire;
And now this Stragling Sprite is once more come
To visit Mortalls and foretel their doom:
When Maids grow modest, y^e Dissenting Crew
Become all Loyal, the Falsehearted true,
Then you may probably, and not til then,
Expect in England such a Frost agen."

² "The best prospect of the frozen Thames with the booths on it, as taken

modest, dissenters loyal, and false-hearted men true, according to old *Erra Pater's* prognostication in 1683, is a question; and in 1739-40¹ he honoured him with a third, which was no less joyous

from the Temple Stairs y^e 20 day of January 1715-6, by C. Woodfield," is rich in fun, and a capital piece of art. We owe great obligations to "*Mr. Joshua Bangs*" for the following:—

"Mr. Joshua Bangs.

Printed at *Holme's* and *Broad's* Booth, at the Sign of the Ship, against *Old Swan Stairs*, where is the Only Real *Printing Press* on the Frozen *Thames*, January the 14th, 1715-6.

"Where little *Wherries* once did use to ride,
And mounting *Billows* dash'd against their side,
Now *Booths* and *Tents* are built, whose inward *Treasure*
Affords to many a one *Delight* and *Pleasure*;
Wine, *Beer*, *Cakes*, hot *Custards*, *Beef* and *Pies*,
Upon the *Thames* are sold; there, on the *Ice*
You may have any *Thing* to please the *Sight*,
Your *Names* are *Printed*, tho' you cannot write;
Therefore pray lose no *Time*, but hasten hither,
To drink a *Glass* with *Broad* and *Holmes* together."

¹ Several "*Landkips*" were published of this *Frost Fair*, in which are shown "*York Buildings Water Works*—A *Barge* on a *Mountain of Ice*—A *Drinking Tent* on a *Pile of Ice*—*Theodore's Printing Booth*—*C.'s Piratical Song Booth*—*Cat in the Basket Booth*—*King's Head Printing Booth*—*The Cap Musick Booth*—*The Hat Musick Booth*—*Dead Bodies* floating in y^e *Channel*—*Westminster Bridge*, w^h y^e *Works* demolish'd—*Skittle Playing* and other *Diversions*—*Tradesmen hiring Booths* of y^e *Watermen*—A *Number of confus'd Barges and Boats*—*Frost Street* from *Westminster Hall* to the *Temple*.

"This transient scene, a *Universe of Glass*,
Whose various forms are pictur'd as they pass,
Here future *Ages* may wth wonder view,
And w^t they scarce could think, acknowledge true.

Printed on the *River Thames* in y^e month of *January 1740*."

"Behold the liquid *Thames* now frozen o'er,
That lately ships of mighty *Burthen* bore;
Here *Watermen*, for want to row in boats,
Make use of *Bowze* to get them *Pence* and *Groats*.

Frost Fair. Printed upon the *Ice* on the *River Thames*, Jan. 23, 1739-40."

"The bleak *North-East*, from rough *Tartarian Shores*,
O'er *Europe's Realms* its freezing *Rigour* pours,
Stagnates the flowing *Blood* in *Human Veins*,
And binds the silver *Thames* in *Icy Chains*.

Their usual *Courses Rivulets* refrain,
And ev'ry *Pond* appears a *Glassy Plain*;
Streets now appear where *Water* was before,
And *Thousands* daily walk from *Shore* to *Shore*.

Frost Fair. Printed upon the *River Thames* when *Frozen*, Jan. the 28. 1739 40."

"The *View of Frost Fair*, Jan^y 1739-40.

Scythians of old, like us remov'd,
In tents thro' various climes they rov'd;
We, bolder, on the frozen *Wave*,
To please your fancies toil and slave;
Here a strange group of figures rise,
Sleek beaus in furs salute your eyes;
Stout *Soldiers*, shiv'ring in their *Red*,
Attack the *Gin* and *Gingerbread*;
Cits with their *Wives*, and *Lawyers' Clerks*,
Gamesters and *Thieves*, young *Girls* and *Sparks*.
This *View* to *Future Times* shall *Show*
The *Medley Scene* you *Visit* now."

than the preceding two. In 1788-9, the Thames was completely frozen over below London Bridge. Booths were erected on the ice; and puppet-shows, wild beasts, bear-baiting, turnabouts, pigs and sheep roasted, exhibited the various amusements of Bartholomew Fair multiplied and improved. From Putney Bridge down to Redriff was one continued scene of jollity during this seven weeks' saturnalia. The last Frost Fair was celebrated in the year 1814. The frost commenced on 27th December 1813, and continued to the 5th February 1814.¹ There was a grand walk, or mall, from Blackfriars Bridge to London Bridge, that was appropriately named "The City Road," and lined on each side with booths of all descriptions. Several printing-presses were erected, and at one of these an orange-coloured standard was hoisted, with "Orange Boven" printed in large characters. There were E O and Rouge et Noir tables, teetotums and skittles; concerts of rough music, viz. salt-boxes and rolling-pins, gridirons and tongs, horns, and marrow-bones and cleavers. The carousing booths were filled with merry parties, some dancing to the sound of the fiddle, others sitting round blazing fires smoking and drinking. A noisy printer's devil bawled out to the spectators, "Now is your time, ladies and gentlemen,—now is your time to support the freedom of the press!² Can the press enjoy greater liberty? Here you find it working in the middle of the Thames!" And calling upon his operatical powers to second his eloquence, he, with "vocal voice most vociferous," thus out-vociferated e'en sound itself,—

"Siste Viator! if sooner or later
You travel as far as from here to Jerusalem,
Or live to the ages of Parr or Methusalem,—
On the word of old Winkyn,
And Caxton, I'm thinking,
Tho' I don't wear a clothes-
Brush under my nose,
Or sweep my room
With my beard, like a broom,
I prophecy truly as wise Erra Pater,
You won't see again *sich* a wonder of *Natur*!"

A "Swan of Thames," too — an Irish swan! — whose abdominal regions looked as if they were stuffed with halfpenny doggrel, en-

¹ The River Thames (4th Feb'y 1814) between London and Blackfriars Bridges was yesterday, about noon, a perfect *Dutch Fair*. Kitchen fires and furnaces were blazing, roasting and boiling in every direction; and animals, from a sheep to a rabbit, and a goose to a lark, were turning on numberless spits. The inscriptions on the several booths and lighters were variously whimsical, one of which ran thus:—This Shop to Let. N.B. It is charged with no *Land Tax* or even *Ground Rent*! Several lighters, lined with baize, and decorated with gay streamers, were converted into coffeehouses and taverns. About two o'clock a whole sheep was roasted on the ice, and cut up, under the inviting appellation of *Lapland Mutton*, at one shilling a slice!

² The following is one among many specimens of Frost Fair verse in 1813-14:—

"Printed on the River Thames.
Behold the River Thames is frozen o'er,
Which lately ships of mighty burden bore;
Now different arts and pastimes here you see,
But printing claims the superiority."

tertained a numerous and half-frozen audience, who gave him shake for shake, with

THE METRICAL, MUSICAL, COLD, AND COMICAL HUMOURS
OF FROST FAIR.

Open the door to me, my love,
Prithee open the door,—
Lift the latch of your sliant thatch,
Your pleasant room, attic! or what a rheumatic
And cold I shall catch!
And then, Miss Clark, between you and your spark
’Twill be never a match!
I’ve been singing and ringing, and rapping and tapping,
And coughing and sneezing, and wheezing and freezing,
While you have been napping,
Miss Clark, by the clock of St. Mark,
Twenty minutes and more!

Little Jack Frost the Thames has cross’d
In a surtout of frieze, as smart as you please!—
There’s a Bartlemy Fair and a thorough—
Slopaellers, sailors, three Tooley Street tailors,
All the *élite* of St. Thomas’s Street,
The Mint, and the Fleet!

The bear’s at Polito’s jigging his jolly toes;
Mr. Punch, with his hook’d nose and hunch;
Patrick O’Brien, of giants the lion;
And Simon Paap, that sits in his lap;
The Lady that sews, and knits her hose,
And mends her clothes, and rubs her nose,
And comes and goes, without fingers and toes!
You may take a slice of roast beef on the ice;
At the Wellington Tap, and Mother Red-cap,
The stout runs down remarkably brown!
To the Thimble and Thistle, the Pig and Whistle,
Worthy Sir Felix has sent some choice relics
Of liquor, I’m told, to keep out the cold!
If you’ve got a sweet tooth, there’s the gingerbread booth—
To the fife and the fiddle we’ll dance down the middle,
Take a sup again, then dance up again!
And have our names printed off on the Thames;
Mister and Missis (all Cupids and kisses!)
Dermot O’Shinnigly, in a jig, in a glee!
And take a slide, or a ha’penny ride
From Blackfriars Bridge to the Borough!

The sun won’t rise till you open your eyes—
Then give the sly slip to the sleepers.
Don’t, Miss Clark, let us be in the dark,
But open your window and peepers.

A friend of ours who had a tumble, declared, that though he had no desire to see the city burnt down, he devoutly wished to have the streets laid in ashes! And another, somewhat of a penurious turn, being found in bed late in the morning, and saluted with, “What! not yet *risen*?” replied, “No; nor shall I till coals fall!”

CHAPTER VII.

"AND NOW, Eugenio, ere we cross the ferry, and mingle with the 'roaring boyes and swash-bucklers' of St. Bartholomew, let us halt at the Tabard, and snatch a brief association with Chaucer and his Pilgrims. The localities that were once hallowed by the presence of genius we ardently seek after, and fondly trace through all their obscurities, and regard them with as true a devotion as does the pilgrim the sacred shrine to which, after his patiently-endured perils by sea and land, he offers his adoration. The humblest roof gathers glory from the bright spirit that once irradiated it; the simplest relic becomes a precious gem, when connected with the gifted and the good. We haunt as holy ground the spot where the muse inspired our favourite bard; we treasure up his hand-writing in our cabinets; we study his works as emanations from the poet; we cherish his associations as reminiscences of the man. Never can I forget your high-toned enthusiasm when you stood in the solemn chancel of Stratford-upon-Avon, pale, breathless, and fixed like marble, before the mausoleum of Shakspeare!"

"An honest and blithesome spirit was the Father of English Poetry! happy in hope, healthful in morals, lofty in imagination, and racy in humour,—a bright earnest of that transcendent genius who, in an after age, shed his mighty lustre over the literature of Europe. The ancient Tabard!—how the heart leaps at the sound! What would Uncle Timothy say if he were here?"

"All that *you* have said, and much more, could he say it as *well*." And instantly we felt the cordial pressure of a kind hand stretched out to us from the next box, where sat solus the middle-aged gentleman. "I half expected to meet you here, guessing your road to the 'Rounds' lay through *Romanum Londinum*; for to have passed the Tabard,¹ and not looked in, would have been treason to those beautiful associations that make memory of the value that it is. One of the most rational pleasures of the intellectual mind is to escape from the present to the past. The contemplation of antiquity is replete with melancholy interest. The eye wanders with delight over the crumbling ruins of ancient magnificence; the heart is touched with some sublime emotion; and we ask which is the most praiseworthy—the superstition that raised these holy temples, or the piety(?) that suffers them to fall to decay? This corner is one of my periodical resting-places after a day's solitary ramble; for I have many such, in order to brush up old recollections, and lay in fresh mental fuel for a winter evening's fireside. 'Tis a miracle that this antique fabric

¹ "Befelle that in that season, on a day,
In *Southwerk* at the *Tabard* as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To *Canterbury*, with devoute corage,
At night was come into that hostellerie
Wel nine-and-twenty in a compaignie,
Of sondry folk, by a venture yfalle,
In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,
That toward *Canterbury* wolden ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esed atte beste."

should have escaped demolition. Look at St. Saviour's!¹ and refrain from cursing, if you can, its sacrilegious despoilers. In the contemplation of that impressive scene—amidst the everlasting freshness of nature and the decay of time—I have been taught more rightly to estimate the works of man and his Creator,—the one, like himself, stately in pride and beauty, but which pass away as a shadow, and are seen no more; the other the type of divinity, infinite, immutable, and eternal."

"But surely—may I call you Uncle Timothy?" Uncle Timothy good-humouredly nodded assent. "Surely, Uncle Timothy, the restoration of the Ladye Chapel and Crosby Hall speak something for the good taste of the citizens."

"Modestly argued, Eugenio!"

"An accident, my young friend, a mere accident forced upon the Vandals against their will. Talk of antiquity to a Guildhall Magnifico!² Sirs, I once mentioned the '*London Stone*' to one of these blue-gown gentry, and his one idea immediately reverted to the well-known refectory of that venerable name, where he stuffs himself to repletion and scarletifies his nasal promontory, without a thought of Wat Tyler,³ the Lord of the Circle! An acquaintance of mine, one

¹ The ancient grave-yard of St. Saviour's contains the sacred dust of Massinger. All that the Parish Register records of him is, "March 20, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger, a *Stranger*." John Fletcher, the eminent dramatic poet, who died of the Plague, August 19, 1625, was buried in the church.

² *De Gustibus!* Alderman Newman, who had scraped together out of the grocery line six hundred thousand pounds, enjoyed no greater luxury during the last three years of his life than to repair daily to the *shop*, and, precisely as the clock struck two (the good old-fashioned hour of city dining), *eat his mutton* with his successors. The late Thomas Rippon, Chief Cashier of the Bank of England, was a similar oddity. Once *only*, in a service of fifty years, did he venture to ask for a fortnight's holiday. He left town, but after a three days' unhappy ramble through beautiful green fields, he grew moping and melancholy, and prematurely returned to the blissful regions of Threadneedle Street to die at his desk!

With all due respect for Uncle Timothy's opinion, we think he is a little too hard upon the citizens, who are not the *only* Vandals in matters of antiquity. The mitre has done its part in the pious work of demolition. Who destroyed the ancient palace of the Bishops of Ely (where "Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster," breathed his last, in 1398) with its beautiful Chapel and magnificent Gothic Hall? The site of its once pleasant garden in Holborn, from whence Richard Duke of Gloucester requested a dish of strawberries from the Bishop on the morning he sent Lord Hastings to execution, is now a rookery of mean hovels. And the Hospital of Saint Catherine, and its Collegiate Church,—where are *they*? Not one stone lies upon another of those unrivalled Gothic temples of pity and holiness, founded by the pious Queen Matilda. And the ancient Church of St. Bartholomew, where *once* reposed the ashes of Miles Coverdale, and which even the Great Fire of London spared, will very soon lie level with the ground!

³ Small was the people's gain by the insurrection of Wat Tyler. The elements of discord, once put in motion, spread abroad with wild fury, till, with the ignoble blood of base hinds, mingled the bravest and best in the land. The people returned to their subjection wondering and dispirited. For *whose* advantage had all these excesses been committed? Was their position raised? Were their grievances redressed, their wants alleviated? Did their yoke press lighter? Were they nearer the attainment of their (perhaps reasonable) wishes, by nobility and prelates cruelly slaughtered, palaces burned down, and the learning and works of art that humanise and soften rugged natures piled in one vast, indiscriminate ruin? If aught was won by these monstrous disorders, *they* were not the winners. The little aristocrats of cities, who have thrown their small weight into popular insurrections, may have had their vanity gratified and their maws temporarily crammed; but the masses, who do the rough work of resistance for their more cunning masters, are invariably the sufferers and dupes. Hard knocks and hanging have hitherto been

Deputy Dewlap, after dining with the Patten-makers on the 9th of November, was attacked with a violent fit of indigestion. His good lady sent for the family doctor, — a humorist, gentlemen. ‘Ah!’ cried Mr. Galen, ‘the old complaint, a coagulation in the lungs. Let me feel your pulse. In a high fever! Show me your tongue. Ay, as white as a curd. Open your mouth wider, Mr. Deputy—you can open it wide enough *sometimes*! — wider still. Good heavens! what do I see here?’ — ‘Oh! my stars!’ screamed the fat Deputy’s lady. ‘What, my dear doctor, do you see?’ — ‘Why, madam, I see the leg of a turkey, and a tureen of oyster-sauce!’¹ Ha! ha! ha! — gluttons all! gluttons all!’

Uncle Timothy was in a crotchety mood.

The heart that is soonest awake to the flower
Is always the first to be touch’d by the thorn!

“A pise on Benjamin Bosky!” he continued; “the cunning Laureat, having a visitation from sundry relatives of his brother’s wife’s uncle’s aunt’s sister, hath enjoined me the penance, *malgre moi-même*! of playing showman to them among the Lions of London. Now I have no antipathy to poor relations—your shabby genteel—provided that, while they eat and drink at my expense, they will not fail to contradict² me stoutly when they think I am in the wrong; but your purse-proud, half-and-half Brummagem gentlefolks, shabby, *without* being genteel! — your pettifoggers in small talk and etiquette, that know everything and nothing—listening to and retailing everybody’s gossip, meddling with everybody’s business, and (with a liberal number of loose screws in their *own* circle) prying into, exposing, and exaggerating family peccadillos, — and such are the *Fabsys*, *Muffs*, and *Bumgartens*, — are sad provocatives to my splenetic vein.”

His spirits rallied when the talk was of Chaucer, whose gracious memory we drank reverently in a cup of sack prepared, as mine host assured us, from a recipe that had belonged to the house as an heirloom, time out of mind, and of which Dick Tarlton had often tasted.

“Dick Tarlton, Uncle Timothy, — was not *he* one of the types of Merrie England?”

“A mad wag! an incomparable clown! His diminished nose was a peg upon which hung many an odd jest. His ‘whereabouts’ were

their reward; and when these shall grow out of fashion, doubtless some equally agreeable substitute will be found.

¹ When Justice Shallow invited Falstaff to dinner, he issued the following orders: — “Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William Cook.” This is a modest bill of fare. But what says Massinger of *City feasting* in the olden time?

“Men may talk of Country Christmasses,
Their thirty-pound butter’d eggs, their pies of carp’s tongue,
Their pheasants drench’d with amberggris, the carcasses
Of three fat wethers bruised for gravy, to
Make sauce for a single peacock; yet their feasts
Were *fasts*, compared with the *City’s*.”

² A friend of Addison’s borrowed a thousand pounds of him, which finding it inconvenient to repay, he never upon any occasion ventured to contradict him. One day the hypocrisy became so offensively palpable, that Addison, losing all patience, exclaimed, “For heaven’s sake contradict me, sir, or pay me my thousand pounds!”

hereabouts at the Bear Garden ; but the Bull, in Bishopsgate Street ; the Bel-Savage, without Ludgate ; and his own tavern, the Tabor, in Gracious (Gracechurch) Street, came in for a share of his drolleries. Marvellous must have been the humour of this ' allowed fool,' when it could ' *undumpish*' his royal mistress in her frequent paroxysms of concupiscence and ferocity ! He was no poll-parrot retailer of other people's jokes. He had a wit's treasury of his own, upon which he drew liberally, and at sight. His nose was flat ; not so his jests ; and, in exchanging extemporal gibes with his audience,¹ he

¹ *Tarlton* being to speak a prologue, and finding no cessation to the hissing, suddenly addressed the audience in this tetrastic :—

I lived not in the golden age,
When Jason won the fleece ;
But now I am on Gotham's stage,
Where fools do hiss like geese.

He was one of England's merry crew in the olden time : and, on the authority of an old play, "*The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London*," published two years after his death, originally "a water-bearer." Among them were *Will Summers*, jester to King Henry the Eighth ; *Patch*, Cardinal Wolsey's fool ; *Jack Oates*, fool to Sir Richard Hollis ; and *Archibald Armstrong*, jester to King Charles the First. There was a famous jester, one *Jemy Camber*, "a fat foole," who enlivened the dull Court of James the Sixth of Scotland. The manner of his death, as recorded in "*A Nest of Ninnies*," by Robert Armin, 4to. 1608, is singular. "The Chamberlaine was sent to see him there," (at the house of a laundress in Edinburgh, whose daughter he was soliciting, and who had provided a bed of nettles for his solace,) "who when he came, found him fast asleepe under the bed starke naked, bathing in nettles, whose skinne when hee wakened him, was all blistered grievously. The King's Chamberlaine bid him arise and come to the King. 'I will not,' quoth he, 'I will go make my grave.' See how things chanced, he spake truer than he was awar. For the Chamberlaine going home without him, tolde the King his answer. *Jemy* rose, made him ready, takes his horse, and rides to the church-yard in the high towne, where he found the sexton (as the custom is there) making nine graves—three for men, three for women, and three for children ; and who so dyes next, first comes, first served. 'Lend mee thy spade,' says *Jemy*, and with that, digs a hole, which hole hee bids him make for his grave ; and doth give him a French crowne ; the man, willing to please him (more for his gold than his pleasure) did so : and the foole gets upon his horse, rides to a gentleman of the towne, and on the sodaine, within two houres after, dyed : of whom the sexton telling, hee was buried there indeed. Thus, you see, *fooles* have a gesse at wit sometime, and the wisest could have done no more, nor so much. But thus this *fat foole* fills a leane grave with his carkasse ; upon which grave the King caused a stone of marble to bee put, on which poets writ these lines in remembrance of him :

'He that gard all men till jeare,
Jemy a Camber he ligges here :
Pray for his Sale, for he is geane,
And here a ligges beneath this steane.'

The following poetical picture of him is exact and curious.

"This *Fat Foole* was a Scot borne, brought up
In Sterlin, twenty miles from Edinborough :
Who being but young, was for the King caught up,
Serv'd this King's father all his life time through.
A yard high and a nayle, no more his stature,
Smooth fac't, fayre spoken, yet unkynde by nature.
Two yards in compass and a nayle I reade
Was he at forty yeeres, since when I heard not ;
Nor of his life or death, and further heede,
Since I never read, I looke not, nor regard not,

generally returned a good repartee for a bad one, and with compound interest. Our business is not with his morals, but his mirth. Of the former little is recorded, and that little not over strait-laced; though I am far from thinking that a great wit must necessarily be a great sinner, or that a man who will make a pun will pick a pocket. Of his risible powers as a stage-player, jest-monger, and court-fool, unequivocal testimonies are handed down by some of his most celebrated contemporaries."

"Tis said that he died penitent."

"I hope he did. I hope all *have* died penitent! I hope all *will* die penitent. Alas! for the self-complacent Pharisees of this world;

But what at that time *Jemy Camber* was,
As I have heard, Ile write, and so let passe.
His head was small, his hayre long on the same,
One eare was bigger than the other farre :
His fore-head full, his eyes shinde like a flame,
His nose flat, and his beard small, yet grew square ;
His lips but little, and his wit was lesse,
But wide of mouth, few teeth I must confesse.
His middle thicke, as I have said before,
Indifferent thighes and knees, but very short ;
His legs be square, a foot long, and no more,
Whose very presence made the King much sport.
And a pearle spoone he still wore in his cap,
To eate his meate he lov'd, and got by hap
A pretty little foote, but a big hand,
On which he ever wore rings rich and good :
Backward well made as any in that land,
Though thicke, and he did come of gentle bloud ;
But of his wisdome ye shall quickly heare,
How this *Fat Foole* was made on every where."

And some capital jokes are recorded of him in this same "Nest of Ninnies." There was *another fool*, "*leane Leonard*," who belonged to "a kinde gentleman" in "the merry Forrest of *Sherwood*," a gluttonous fellow, of unbounded assurance and ready wit. "This leane, greedy *foole*, having a stomacke, and seeing the butler out of the way, his appetite was such, as loath to tarry, he breakes open the dairy house, eates and spoiles new cheescurds, cheesecakes, overthrowes cream bowles, and having filled his belly, and knew he had done evill, gets him gone to Mansfield in *Sherwood*, as one fearefull to be at home: the maydes came home that morning from milking, and finding such a masaker of their dairie, almost mad, thought a yeares wages could not make amends: but 'O the *foole*, *leane Leonard*,' they cryed, 'betid this mischief!' They complayned to their master, but to no purpose, *Leonard* was farre enough off; search was made for the *foole*, but hee was gone none knew whither, and it was his propertie, having done mischief, never to come home of himselfe, but if any one intreated him, he would easily be won.

"All this while the *foole* was at Mansfield in *Sherwood*, and stood gaping at a shoemaker's stall; who, not knowing him, asked him what he was? 'Goe look,' says hee; 'I know not my selfe.' They asked him where he was borne? 'At my mother's backe,' says he.—'In what country?' quoth they.—'In the country,' quoth he, 'where God is a good man.' At last one of the three journeyemen imagined he was not very wise, and flouted him very merrily, asking him if he would have a stitch where there was a hole? (meaning his mouth.) 'Aye,' quoth the *foole*, 'if your nose may bee the needle.' The shoemaker could have found in his heart to have tooke measure on his pate with a last in steede of his foote; but let him goe as he was.

"A country plow-jogger being by, noting all this, secretly stole a piece of shoemaker's ware off the stall, and coming behinde him, clapt him on the head, and asked him how he did. The *foole*, seeing the pitch-ball, pulled to have it off, but

they cannot forgive the 'poor player ; ' little reflecting of how many, not *laughing* but *crying* sins they will require to be forgiven. The breath of such hearts would wither even the flowers of Paradise."

Could we sit at the Tabard, and not remember the ancient Globe,¹

could not but with much paine, in an envious spleene, smarting ripe, runs after him, falls at fistie cuffes with, but the fellow belaboured the *foole* cunningly, and got the *foole's* head under his arme, and bobb'd his nose. The *foole* remembering how his head was, strikes it up, and hits the fellowes mouth with the pitch place, so that the haire of his head, and the haire of the clownes beard were glued together. The fellow cryed, the *foole* exclaimed, and could not sodainely part. In the end the people (after much laughing at the jest) let them part faire ; the one went to picke his beard, the other his head. The constable came, and askt the cause of their falling out, and knowing one to bee *Leonard the leane foole*, whom hee had a warrant for from the gentleman to search for, demaunds of the fellow how it hapned? The fellow hee could answere nothing but 'um—um,' for his mouth was sealed up with wax. 'Dost thou scorne to speake?' says hee. 'I am the King's officer, knave!' 'Um—um,' quoth hee againe. Meaning hee would tell him all when his mouth was cleane. But the constable, thinking hee was mockt, clapt him in the stocks, where the fellow sate a long houre farming his mouth, and when hee had done, and might tell his griefe, the constable was gone to carry home *Leonard* to his maister; who, not at home, hee was enforced to stay supper time, where hee told the gentleman the jest, who was very merry to heare the story, contented the officer, and had him to set the fellow at liberty, who betimes in the morning was found fast asleep in the stocks. The fellow knowing himselfe faulty, put up his wronge, quickly departed, and went to work betimes that morning with a flea in his eare."

Jacke Oates was "a fellow of infinite jest," and took to the fullest extent the laughing licence that his coat of motley allowed him. His portrait is contained in "A Nest of Ninnies," and is quite as minute and interesting as the true effigie of *Leane Leonard*, which we place by its side.

"This *Foole* was tall, his face small,
His beard was big and blacke,
His necke was short, inclin'd to sport
Was this our dapper *Jacke*.
Of nature curst, yet not the worst,
Was nastie, given to sweare;
Toylesome ever, his endeavour
Was delight in beere.
Goutie great, of conceit
Apt, and full of favour;
Curst, yet kinde, and inclinde
To spare the wise man's labour.
Knowne to many, loude of any,
Cause his trust was truth!
Seene in toyes, apt to joyes,
To please with tricks of youth.
Writh'd i' th' knees, yet who sees
Faults that hidden be?
Calf great, in whose conceit
Lay much game and glee.
Bigge i' th' small, ancle all,
Footed broad and long,
In Motly cotes, goes *Jacke Oates*,
Of whom I sing this song."

"Curled locks on idiot's heads,
Yeallow as the amber,
Playes on thoughts, as girls with beads,
When their masse they stamber.
Thicke of hearing, yet thin ear'd,
Long of neck and visage,
Hookie nose and thicke of beard,
Sullen in his usage.
Clutterfisted, long of arme,
Bodie straight and slender'd,
Boistrous hipt motly warm'd,
Ever went *lean Leonard*.
Gouty leg'd, footed long,
Subtill in his follie,
Shewing right, but apt to wrong,
When a 'pear'd most holy.
Understand him as he is,
For his marks you cannot misse."

¹ "Each playhouse," says W. Parkes, in his *Curtain-drawer of the Wrold*, 4to. 1612, "advanceth its flag in the air, whither, quickly, at the waving thereof, are summoned whole troops of men, women, and children." And William Rowley, in "A Search for Money, 1609," whilst enumerating the many strange characters assembled at a tavern in quest of "The Wandering Knight, Monsieur L'Argent," includes among them "four or five *flag-fahie* plaiers, poore harmlesse merrie

with its flag floating in the air, the Boar's Head, and the Falcon? Uncle Timothy rose, and in a voice faltering with emotion, articulated "*Shakspeare!*" An impressive pause followed, and high and holy thoughts sanctified the antique, sombre apartment wherein we sat. "I blush not," he resumed, "to be thus moved. Tears brace the heart as well as melt. If Marlborough's general¹ wept over the inspired muse of Addison; shall not 'woman's weapons, water-drops, stain my man's cheeks' when under the spell of the divine *Shakspeare*?"

'For since the birth of Cain, the first-born man,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature seen!'

Suddenly the strings of a harp were struck.

"Listen!" said Uncle Timothy, "that is no everyday hand."

The chords were repeated; and, after a symphony that spoke in exquisite tones a variety of passions, a voice melodious and plaintive sang

knaves, that were now neither lords nor ladies, but honestly wore their own clothes (if they were paid for").

In 1598 an unsuccessful attempt was made by the puritanical vestry of Saint Saviour's to put down the Globe Theatre, on the plea of the "enormities" practised there. But James the First, when he came to the throne, knocked their petitions on the head by granting his patent to *Shakspeare* and others to perform plays, "as well within their *usuall* house called the Globe, in Surrey," as elsewhere. It was what Stowe calls "a frame of timber," with, according to John Taylor, the water-poet, "a thatched hide." Its sign was an Atlas bearing a globe. It was accidentally burnt down on St. Peter's day, June 29, 1613. "And a marvaille and fair grace of God it was," says Sir Ralph Winwood in his Memorials, "that the people had so little harm, having but *two little doors* to get out."

Sir Henry Wootton's relation of this fire is exceedingly interesting. "Now, to let matters of state sleep, I vwill entertain you at the present vvith vvhat hath hap-pened this vveek at the Banks side. The King's players had a new play, called *All is true*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry 8, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage, the knights of the order, with their Georges and garters, the guards with their embroidered coats, and the like: sufficient, in truth, within a mile to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now, King Henry making a masque at the Cardinal Woolsey's house, and certain canons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff wherewith one of them were stopped, did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoak, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming within less than an hour the whole house to the very ground.

"This was the fatal period of that vertuous fabrique, wherein nothing did periah but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broyled him if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle-ale. The rest when we meet."—*Reliquie Woottona*.

¹ A military tale-bearer, hoping to fix the stigma of effeminacy on his brother officer, told the Duke of Marlborough that one of his generals had *wept* at the tragedy of Cato. How grievously was he disappointed when that renowned warrior replied, "Never mind; he will fight none the worse for it."

The same great man, on being asked in the house of a titled lady from what history of England he was quoting, answered, "the only one I have ever read—*Shakspeare!*"

Bonaparte did not believe in friendship: "Friendship is but a word. I love no one—no, not even my brothers; Joseph, perhaps, a little. Still, if I *do* love him, it is from habit, because he is the eldest of us. Duroc! Yes, *him* I certainly love: but why? His character *suits me*: he is cold, severe, unfeeling; and then, *Duroc never weeps.*"

THE OLD HARPER'S SONG.

Sound the harp ! strike the lyre !—Ah ! the Minstrel is old ;
 The days of his harping are very nigh told ;
 Yet Shakspeare, sweet Shakspeare ! thy name shall expire
 On his cold quiv'ring lips—Sound the harp ! strike the lyre !

Its music was thine when his harp he first strung,
 And thou wert the earliest song that he sung ;
 Now feeble and trembling his hand sweeps the wire—
 Be thine its last note !—Sound the harp ! strike the lyre !

I've wander'd where riches and poverty dwell ;
 With all but the sordid thy name was a spell.
 Love, pity, and joy, in each bosom beat higher ;
 Rage, madness, despair !—Sound the harp ! strike the lyre !

The scenes of thy triumphs are pass'd as a dream ;
 But still flows in beauty, sweet Avon—*thy* stream.
 Still rises majestic that heaven-pointed spire,
Thy temple and tomb !—Sound the harp ! strike the lyre !”

“Gentlemen,” said Uncle Timothy, and his eye glistened and his lip trembled, “the old minstrel must not depart hence without a full purse and a plentiful scrip. But first to bespeak him the best bed that this hostelrie affords, and compound a loving cup to warm his heart as he hath warmed ours. For myself, I *never* was so moved by music before. This chimney-corner shall be his harp's resting-place for the night, as perchance it hath been of many long since silent and unstrung.”

The middle-aged gentleman rose to usher in the minstrel ; but paused as the same harp and voice were again attuned, but to a livelier measure.

“THE PEDLAR'S PACK.

“Needles and pins ! Needles and pins !
 Lads and lasses, the fair begins !
 Ribbons and laces
 For sweet smiling faces ;
 Glasses for quizzers ;
 Bodkins and scissors ;
 Baubles, my dears,
 For your fingers and ears ;
 Sneeshing for sneezers ;
 Toothpicks and tweezers ;
 Garlands so gay
 For Valentine's day ;
 Fans for the pretty ;
 Jest for the witty ;
 Songs for the many
 Three yards a penny !

I'm a jolly gay pedlar, and bear on my back,
 Like my betters, my fortune through brake and through briar ;
 I shuffle, I cut, and I deal out my pack ;
 And when I play the knave, 'tis for *you* to play higher !
 In default of a scrip,
 In my pocket I slip
 A good fat hen, lest it die of the pip !

When my cream I have sipp'd,
 And my liquor I've lipp'd,
 I often have been, like my syllabub—*whipp'd*.
 But a pedlar's back is as broad as it's long,
 So is his conscience, and so is his song!"

"An arrant Proteus!" said Uncle Timothy, "with the harp of Urien, and the knavery of Autolicus. But we must have him in, and see what further store of ballads he hath in his budget."

And he rose a second time; but was anticipated by the Squire Minstrel, who entered, crying, "Largess! gentles, largess! for the poor harper of merry Stratford-upon-Avon."

The personage making this demand was enveloped in a large, loose camlet cloak, that had evidently passed through several generations of his craft till it descended to the shortest. His complexion was of a brickdust rosiness, through which shone dirtiness visible; his upper-lip was fortified with a huge pair of sable mustachios, and his nether curled fiercely with a bushy imperial. His eyes, peering under his broad-brimmed slouched beaver, were intelligent, and twinkled with good humour. His voice, like his figure, was round and oily; and when he doffed his hat, a shock of coal-black wiry hair fell over his face, and rendered his features still more obscure.

"Well, Goodman Harper," cried Uncle Timothy, after viewing attentively this singular character, "what other Fittes, yet unsung, have you in your budget?"

"A right merry and conceited infinity!" replied the minstrel. *"Almonds for Parrots; Nutmegs for Nightingales! a Fardle of Fancies, stewed in Four Ounces of the Oyle of Epigrams; a Balade of a priest that loste his nose for saying of masse, as I suppose; a most pleasant Ballad of patient Grissell; a merry new Song how a Brewer meant to make a Cooper cuckold, and how deere the Brewer paid for the bargaine; a merie newe Ballad intituled the pinnyng of the Basket; the Twenty-five orders of Fooles; a Ditty delightfull of Mother Watkin's ale; A warning well wayed, though counted a tale; and A prettie new Ballad, intytuled*

*'The crowe sits upon the wall,
 Please one, and please all!'*

written and sung by Dick Tarlton!" Were it meet for you, most

¹ *Tarlton* was a poet. "*Tarlton's Toys*" (see Thomas Nash's "Terrors of the Night," 4to. 1594.) had appeared in 1586. He had some share in the extemporal play of "The Seven Deadly Sins." In 1578, John Alde had a license to publish "*Tarlton's* device upon this unlooked-for great snowe." In 1570, the same John Alde "at the long shop adjoyning unto Saint Mildred's Church in the Pultrye," published "A very Lamentable and Wofull Discours of the Fierce Fluds, whiche lately Flowed in Bedford Shire, in Lincoln Shire, and in many other Places, with the Great Losses of Sheep and other Cattell, the 5th of October, 1570." We are in possession of an unique black-letter ballad, written by *Tarlton*. It has a woodcut of a lady dressed in the full court costume of the time, holding in her right hand a fan of feathers.

"A prettie newe Ballad, intytuled:

The crowe sits vpon the wall,
 Please one and please all.

To the tune of, Please one and please all.

Imprinted at London for Henry Kyrkham, dwelling at the little North doore of Paules, at the Sygne of the blacke Boy."

reverend and rich citizens, to bibo with a poor ballad-monger, I would crave your honours to pledge with me a cup to his merry memory."

"Meet!" quoth Uncle Timothy. "Gramercy! Dick Tarlton is meat, ay, and drink too, for the best wit in Christendom, past, present, and to come! Thy calling, vagrant though it be, shall not stand in the way of a good toast. What say you, my friends, to a loving cup with the harper, to Dick Tarlton, and Merrie England?"

The cup went round; and as the harper brushed his lips after the spicy draught, so did his right mustachio!

Uncle Timothy did not notice this peculiarity.

"Might I once more presume on my noble masters," said the harper. "I would humbly——"

"Thou art Lord of Misrule for to-night," replied Uncle Timothy. "Go on presuming."

"The memory of the immortal Twenty-nine, and their patron, Holy Saint Thomas of Canterbury!" And the minstrel bowed his head lowly, crossed his hands over his breast, and rising to his harp, struck a chord that made every bosom thrill again.

"Thy touch hath a finish, and thy voice a harmony that betoken cultivation and science."

As the middle-aged gentleman made this observation, the mustachio that had taken a downward curve fell to the ground; its companion (some conjuror's heir-loom,) played at follow my leader; and the solitary imperial was left alone in its glory.

The harper, to hide his confusion, hummed Lodoiska.

Uncle Timothy, espying the phenomenon, fixed his wondering eyes full in the strange man's face, and exclaimed, "Who, and what art thou?"

"I'm a palmer come from the Holy Land." (*Singing.*)

"Doubtless!" replied Uncle Timothy. "A palmer, I take it, of travellers' tales upon such ignoramuses as will believe them. Why, that mysterious budget of thine contains every black-letter rarity that Captain Cox¹ of Coventry rejoiced in, and bibliomaniacs sigh for. Who, and what art thou?"

Tarlton's wife, Kate, was a shrew; and, if his own epigram be sooth, a queen into the bargain.

"Woe to thee, Tarlton, that ever thou were born,
Thy wife hath made thee a cuckold, and thou must wear the horn:
What, and if she hath? Am I a whit the worse?
She keeps me like a gentleman, with money in my purse."

He was not always so enduring and complaisant: for on one occasion, in a storm, he proposed to lighten the vessel by throwing his lady overboard!

¹ Laneham, in his Account of the Queen's Entertainment at Killingworth Castle, 1576, represents this military mason and bibliomaniac as "marching on valiantly before, clean trust, and gartered above the knee, all fresh in a velvet cap, flourishing with his *ton* sword;" and describing a procession of the *Coventry men* in celebration of *Hock Tuesday*, he introduces "Fyrst, *Captain Cox*, an od man I promiz yoo; by profession a mason, and that right skilfull; very cunning in fens, and hardy az *Gavin*; for hiz ton-sword hangs at hiz tabbz eend; great oversight hath he in matters of storie: for az for *King Arthurs* book, *Huon of Burdeaux*, the four sons of *Aymon*, *Bevys of Hampton*, the *Sqyre* of lo degree, the *Knight of Courtesy*, the *Wido Edyth*, the *King* and the *Tanner*, *Robinhood*, *Adam Bel*, *Clim*

"Suppose, signors, I should turn out to be some eccentric nobleman in disguise,—or odd fish of an amateur, collecting musical tribute to win a wager,—or, suppose——"

"Have done with thy supposes!" cried the impatient and satirical-nosed gentleman.

"Or, suppose—*Uncle Timothy!*" Here, with the quickness and adroitness of a practised mimic, the voice was changed in an instant, the coal-black wiry wig thrown off, the bushy imperial sent to look after the stray mustachios, the thread-bare camlet cloak and rusty beaver cast aside, and the chaffing, quaffing, loud-laughing laureat of Little Britain stood confessed under a stucco of red ochre!

"Was there ever such a mountebank varlet!" shouted the middle-aged gentleman, holding fast his two sides. "And d'ye think," leering with the rich unctuous humour of Jack Falstaff,—“d'ye think I didn't know you?"

"As my Lad of the Castle did the true Prince!" replied Mr. Bosky. "I followed close upon your skirts, and dogged you hither."

"Dogged me, puppy!"

"Mr. Moses, the old clothesman, provided my mendicant wardrobe, and mine host lent the harp, which belongs to an itinerant musician, who charms his parlour company with sweet sounds. I intended, dear Uncle Timothy, to surprise and please you."

"And in truth, Benjamin, (for 'tis useless to deny it,) thou hast done both. I am surprised and pleased!" And drawing nearer, with a suppressed voice, he added, "When sick and sorrowful, sing me that old harper's song. When unkindness and ingratitude have done their worst, and thou only art left to smooth my pillow, and close my eyes, sing me that old harper's song!"

'Twill make me pass the cup of anguish by,
Mix with the blest, nor know that I had died.'

The laureat of Little-Britain hurried out of the room, *as he said*, for water to wash the red paint off his face. But a flood of tears had well-nigh done that office ere he reached the spring.

"And you, Jacob Jollyboy, to plot against me in conjunction with my buffooning nephew, and that Israelitish tatterdemalion retailer of cast-off duds, Mr. Moses!" cried the satirical-nosed gentleman, labouring hard to conceal his emotion under a taking-to-task frown exceedingly imposing and ludicrous.

Mr. Jollyboy looked all confusion and cutlets.

"Where do you expect to go when you die?"

of the Clough and William of Clondsley, the Wife lapt in a Morels Skin, the Sak full of Nues, Elynor Rumming, and the Nutbrown Maid.

"What should I rehearz heer, what a bunch of Ballets and Songs, all auncient; as Broom broom on Hill, So Wo is me begon, trolly lo, Over a Whinny Meg, Hey ding a ding, Bony lass upon a green, My hony on gave me a bek, By a bank as I lay: and a hundred more he hath fair wrapt up in parchment, and bound with a whip cord. To stay ye no longer heerin, I dare say he hath as fair a library for theez sciences, and az many goodly monuments both in prose and poetry, and at after noonz can talk az much without book, az ony inholder betwixt Brainford and Bagshot, what degree soever he be."

"Where Uncle Timothy goes, and '*je suis content*,' as the Frenchman said to not half so dainty a dish of smoking-hot Scotch collops as I have the honour to set before you." And Mr. Jollyboy breathed, or rather puffed again.

"Alas! alas!" groaned the middle-aged gentleman, "the rogue's cramp sayings have infected even my taciturn host of the Tabard!" The cloth was laid as if by magic, and the odoriferous dish deposited.

"Soh! Bosky's himself again!" And the laureat,

"Neat, trimly drest,
Fresh as a bridegroom," and his face new wash'd,

entered, and with his usual urbanity did the honours of the suppertable.

The Scotch collops having been despatched with hearty good will, Uncle Timothy restricted our future libations to one single bowl. "And *mind*, Benjamin, *only* one!" This was delivered with peculiar emphasis. Mr. Bosky bowed obedience to the behest; and, as a nod is as good as a wink, he nodded to Mr. Jollyboy, who took the hint and the order.

The bowl was brought in, brimming and beautiful, with roasted crabs hissing on its oily surface: and it was five good acts of a comedy to watch the features of Uncle Timothy. He first gazed at the bowl, then at the landlord, then at the laureat, then at us, and then at the bowl again!

"Pray, Mr. Jollyboy," he inquired, "call you this a bowl, or a cauldron?"

Mr. Jollyboy solemnly deposed as to its being a real bowl; the identical bowl in which six little Jollyboys at sundry times and divers periods had been christened.

"Is it your intention, Mr. Jollyboy, to christen *us* too? Let it be tipplers, then, mine host of the Tabard!"

"As to the christening, Uncle Timothy, *that* would be nothing very much out of order—seeing

That some great poet says, I'll take my oath,
Man is an *infant*, but of larger growth.

"Besides," argued Mr. Bosky, Socratically, "the dimensions of the bowl were not in the record; and as I thought we should be too many for a halfcrown sneaker of punch——"

"You thought you would be too many for *me*! And so you *have* been. Sit down, Mr. Jollyboy, and help us out of this dilemma of your and Benjamin Bosky's brewing. Take a drop of your own physic."

Mr. Jollyboy respectfully intimated he would rather do *that* than break his arm; and took his seat at the board accordingly.

"But," said Uncle Timothy, "let us have the entire *dramatis personæ* of the harper's interlude. We are minus his groom of the stole. Send our compliments over the way for Mr. Moses."

Mr. Moses was summoned, and he sidled in with a very high stock, with broad pink stripes, and a very low bow—hoping "de gentlemensh vash quite vell."

"Still," cried Mr. Bosky, "we are not *all* mustered. The harp!"

And instantly the laureat "with flying fingers touch'd the" wires.
 "A song from Uncle Timothy, for which the musical bells of St.
 Saviour's tell us there is just time." He then struck the instrument
 to a lively tune, and the middle-aged gentleman sang with appropriate feeling,

"THE TABARD.

"Old Tabard ! those time-honour'd timbers of thine,
 Saw the pilgrims ride forth to St. Thomas's shrine ;
 When the good wife of Bath
 Shed a light on their path,
 And the squire told his tale of Cambuscan divine.
 From his harem th' alarum shrill chanticleer crew,
 And uprose thy host and his company too ;
 The knight rein'd his steed,
 And a 'Gentles, God speed !'
 The pipes of the miller right merrily blew.
 There shone on that morning a halo, a ray,
 Old Tabard ! round thee, that shall ne'er pass away ;
 When the fam'd Twenty-Nine
 At the glorified shrine
 Of their martyr went forth to repent and to pray.
 Though ages have roll'd since that bright April morn,
 And the steps of the shrine holy palmers have worn,
 As, weary and faint,
 They kneel'd to their saint—
 It still for all time shall in memory be borne.
 Old Tabard ! old Tabard ! thy pilgrims are we !
 What a beautiful shrine has the Bard made of thee !
 When a ruin's thy roof,
 And thy walls, massy proof—
 The ground they adorn'd ever hallow'd shall be."

TO ONE FAR AWAY.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

SWIFTER far than swallow's flight,
 Homeward o'er the twilight lea,
 Swifter than the morning light
 Flashing o'er the pathless sea,
 Dearest ! in the lonely night,
 Mem'ry flies away to thee !
 Stronger far than is desire,
 Firm as truth itself can be ;
 Deeper than earth's central fire,
 Boundless as the circling sea ;
 Yet as mute as broken lyre
 Is my love, dear wife, for thee !
 Sweeter far than miser's gain,
 Or than note of fame can be,
 Unto one who long in vain
 Treads the path of chivalry—
 Are my dreams, in which again
 My fond arms encircle thee !

THE "POP" VISIT.

BY HAL WILLIS, STUDENT-AT-LAW.

"BETTY! — Betty!" shrieked Mrs. Jenks at the top of her voice and the little staircase of a one-pair house, situated in a draught-board sort of square in the vicinity of Stepney—"Betty, I say!"

"Yes, mum," answered the girl, who was on her knees, sedulously employed in giving the narrow flight what Mrs. Jenks termed a "lick and a promise."

"What are you about?"

"A-finishing these stairs, mum," replied Betty.

"Bundle off with the 'traps' directly, and slip off *that* blue apron in a jiffy; for, as I'm alive, there's them Browns just come out of the milk-shop, and are making for the house. Provoking that they should drop in on a cleaning day, above all other days in the year. This comes o' asking people 'any day!' And, I say, Betty."

"Yes, mum."

"Show 'em into the parlour, d'ye hear; and say as your missus is a-dressing."

"Werry well, mum," said Betty, and scuttled away, like a dry leaf before an autumnal wind.

Back to her bedroom rushed Mrs. Jenks, where her first care was to shake and arrange the curtains of the bed and windows, and to spread a snow-white Marseilles quilt over the bed. Next came forth her holiday cap, with its gay ribands, from a band-box; her "bit o' black silk," as she designated an useful gown, which had seen two or three years' service on great occasions, and been carefully reposing in lavender for the last three months; a pair of black silk hose, with cotton tops, shoes to match; and, lastly, a stiff-starched habit-shirt.

With the celerity of lightning she reviewed her stock, when her smile of satisfaction at the display was suddenly checked, and with a trembling step and hand she rushed to the landing, and impatiently summoned her bustling handmaid, who was busily occupied in putting the "things" to "rights in the front parlour."

"Betty, I say! Is the girl deaf?" stamping with rage.

"Here I am, mum."

"My best 'front,' Betty! — in the parlour cupboard. Be quick! My goodness, if the people won't be here!"

"Which parlour, mum?"

"The front."

"In which parlour, mum?"

"You stupid fool!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenks; "was ever——" and in the next moment she had flown down the short and narrow flight, and almost overturning the half-bewildered girl, brushed into the front parlour to execute her own errand. The door, however, was locked! This was really vexatious, for Mrs. Jenks was compelled to mount a chair, and snatch the key from the top of the looking-glass, and discover the secret hiding-place to the menial.

But there was no time for reflection; she pounced upon the long

oval box, which had only been returned that morning from the hair-dressers; and had just scudded away to her dormitory when a vulgar "rat-tat" at the street-door announced that her visitors had found out her number.

"How tiresome, to be sure — dear me!" soliloquized Mrs. Jenks, as she persevered in her ablutions. "*That* Mrs. Brown is such a prying creature too. She'll be poking her nose into every corner of the room, no doubt, and turning up the table-cover, I dessay, to look at the mahogany; and that lazy baggage has not black-leaded the stove for this month, I declare. Well, if people will pop in upon other people in this fashion, they must put up with what they find; but it's very galling. Plague take the people!"

Notwithstanding all these troublesome reflections, she managed to "throw on" her things in an unusually short space of time, although in her "flurry" she put both her stockings on the wrong side outwards, bent sundry of her "best mixed" pins, and snapped one tape in two.

Having at length completed her hasty toilet, and taken a last, satisfactory glance at the glass, she advanced to the head of the stair.

"Betty!"

"Yes, mum."

"Didn't I hear a knock?" inquired Mrs. Jenks.

"It's Mr. and Mrs. Brown, mum."

"It's on'y us," said Mrs. B. from the parlour, for the thin partitions of this "contract" house allowed every word of the colloquy to be overheard.

"Dear me! (What a fool you are, Betty!) Do walk up, Mrs. Brown, dear, and take off your things. Don't stand upon any ceremony with an old friend."

"Any money but ce-re-mony," said Mr. Brown, who had been looking over the blinds, and admiring the rurality of the dust-covered trees in the "Square," accompanying his pleasant thoughts by whistling a popular air.

Mrs. Brown, who was of rather a "dowdy" figure—in fact, a living illustration of "It's as broad as it's long,"—now made her way up the creaking staircase, to the imminent danger of the slender one-inch square balustrades, with a whity-brown paper parcel, enclosing her best cap.

"Well, we threatened to drop in upon you, and here we are at last," said Mrs. Brown.

"And I am so glad to see you, I'm sure," replied Mrs. Jenks.

"So unexpected a pleasure. Come in."

"How well you're looking, my dear," remarked Mrs. Brown, and certainly, what with the "flustration" of the varnish of yellow-soap, Mrs. Jenks's physiognomy did bear a strong resemblance to the ruddy flush of rude health. "And really I do like your new house amazingly, the sition is so werry pleasant."

And hereupon the two ladies entered upon a discussion touching the domestic conveniences. Mrs. Jenks informing Mrs. Brown that there were four rooms, and a lean-to, forming a comfortable kitchen (twelve feet by six!) with such a delightful range; and a yard (five yards by four!) for drying the clothes in; and indeed every comfort and accommodation that a small family could reasonably desire; her

amiable visitor, all the while, interlarding the communication with sundry "delightfuls," "how agreeables," and "excellents," that at last the two gossips worked themselves up into such a social and engrossing confabulation that the poor man in the parlour was almost forgotten.

Meanwhile Mrs. B. was unbonnetting, and arranging her attire at the glass.

"What a fright I *do* look!" exclaimed she, alternately turning one side of her face, and then the other, and anon thrusting her "snubby" nose straightforward at the faithful mirror.

"Well, I'm sure!" cried Mrs. Jenks, smiling; but she did not say whether she was sure her friend was right or wrong in her assertion. "That's a sweet pretty cap," continued Mrs. Jenks, "flopping" upon a chair, and gazing admiringly at her head-gear.

"Have you not seen it afore?" said Mrs. B. indifferently; which, it must be confessed, was a sort of "fib" on the part of the lady, as it implied she had had the "article" some time, whereas she had only purchased it at a fashionable shop in "S'or'ditch" that very morning.

"Excuse me taking notice," pursued Mrs. Jenks, "but that dress is so werry ilegant. You really have *such* taste. Is it a challis?"

"Lauck! no, my dear, a chintz."

"Well, to be sure, now, at a little distance I'm certain nobody could——"

"That's just what I said, when the young man at Millington's throwed it on the counter. I was struck with it at once. I on'y went in to buy a pair o' common 'kid' for every day, but I no sooner see the dress than I makes up my mind to have it, come what would, and I let B. have no peace till I got it, I can tell you."

"Did Williams make it?"

"Williams—oh! no—no more Williams for me, my dear; she charged me so shamefully for trimmings and linings for the last thing she did for me, that I've done with her."

"Lor'! on'y think now; and such a customer as you've been, too."

"Yes; I've a notion she'll find out her mistake," said Mrs. B. with much importance. "But there's some people as never knows which side their bread's buttered; for my part——"

Here a "rat-tat-tat!" at the door announced the arrival of Mr. Jenks, and put an end to the conversation of the ladies. Mrs. Brown declaring that the sudden knock had made "her heart almost jump into her mouth," bustled after Mrs. Jenks, and followed her friend to the parlour.

Betty had just "let in" her master, and the whole party were all standing up and talking together, nearly filling the little band-box of a room.

"Pray sit down, and make yourselves quite at home," entreated Jenks.

"Mrs. B. dear," said Mrs. Jenks, pointing significantly to a chair.

"No, indeed! that is your chair, I'm sure. P'raps Mr. Jenks likes the fire. I can't think——"

"Come, Poll, make yourself less," interposed Mr. Brown. And after a few more of those tedious preliminaries with which would-be-polite people plague themselves and other friends, the party were

at last settled down in a posture as accommodating as the limits of the place would permit.

"It's rather a dusty day for the time o' year," observed Mr. Jenks.

"Werry," replied Mr. Brown.

"Yes; and what do you think?" said Mrs. Brown, "the stingy cretur wanted me to walk all the blessed way. But," says I, "we'd better spile a shilling than spile a dress, and (as luck would have it) I remembered 'twas bullock-day, and I should ha' bin frightened out o' my seven senses to have trapes'd through Whitechapel—so we rid!"

"Lauk-a-daisy me! you vimmen's sich fools!" remarked Brown. "There's nothin' to be afeard on now. I remember ven I vos a 'prentice in S'or'ditch (there vos summat then to be scared at,) vy, it vos then a rig'lar thing for every shop to put a chain across their doors for the people to run under. And vasn't there a nice scud-ding and scuffling in them days! my eye! Mondays a-specially. The veaver chaps from Spitalfields used for to come out vith sticks, and pick out a vild 'un from the drove, and away they'd scamper, helter-skelter at his heels, a-hollering like mad. And then the butchers bolted arter 'em vith ropes, and a precious lark they had; for, thof they made a rare fuss, they liked the sport as much as tothers. But the primest fun vos ven they cotched the hanimal, and fetched him home at night vith his two horns tied. And vasn't there a partic'lar mob o' tag-rag and bob-tail, that's all! But there's no doings o' that sort now-a-days," continued Brown. "The new police, and all them 'ere new-fangled notions, has broke the sperrit o' the people, and abridged the liberty o' the subject. I wonder vot ve shall come to next?"

After this elegant lamentation over the lost pleasures and circumscribed amusements of the British subject, with a sympathetic exclamation of "Ah! vot indeed!" accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders from Mr. Jenks, his spouse began to make preparations for a "dish o' tea."

"Sorry to trouble you," said she, approaching Mrs. B. who was seated against the closet containing the tea and sugar.

"Don't mention it, my dear," said her friend. And Mrs. Jenks, opening the door a-jar, in order that the prying eyes of her dear friend might not observe that the "cupboard was bare," dexterously extracted a little tin-canister and a whity-brown bag, containing the remnant of a pound of the best lump-sugar.

Begging to be excused for only a few moments, she retreated to the kitchen, followed by the earnest hope of Mrs. B. that she would not put herself in the least out of the way on their account.

An animated gossip ensued in the parlour, which in about a quarter of an hour was interrupted by the appearance of the mistress of the house bringing in the tea-things, and followed by the "girl" bearing a very black tea-kettle, and a large plate containing several rounds of buttered toast, each about an inch in thickness, which, in the absence of a "dog" or a "footman," was placed on the hob, *vis-à-vis* to the aforesaid tea-kettle.

"We're all in a homely way," observed Mrs. J. apologetically.

"Don't mention it—I'm sure," said Mrs. B.; while her ready spouse aptly quoted, "Home's home, be it never so homely—Hease

before helegance!"—and, "Vot 's the hodds, so long as you 're happy?"

And then they all laughed, and began to be exceedingly merry.

Seating herself at the table, Mrs. J. in due form inquired of her visitors whether they took milk and sugar, although having been acquainted with them for the last ten years, it might be reasonably supposed that she was well acquainted with their palates in this particular.

"B——," said Mrs. Brown, looking hard at her husband, and pointing at the plate.

He obeyed the signal, and handed round the toast.

"Now *do* take the middle-piece," said Mrs. Jenks, turning towards her friend, and dropping the lump intended for her husband's cup into the slop-basin. "Dear me! how stupid I am," continued she. Her economy, however, remedied her stupidity, for she promptly "spooned" out the dissolving sweets, and consigned it to the destined cup. Having duly inquired whether the tea was to their liking—

"Hexcellent!" declared Mr. Brown.

"I don't know how it is," said Mrs. B. "but you *do* make the best dish o' tea as ever I tasted anywheres."

"Glad you like it," replied Mrs. Jenks. "I always make it a rule to allow one spoonful a-piece for my company and one for the pot—that's my maxum—and I b'lieve it's a good un."

Having discussed the "hot water," Jenks proposed to his old croney his favourite game of cribbage, to which Brown acceding, he "hunted up" a dirty, well-thumbed pack of cards, the angles of which were considerably rounded, and an old cribbage-board with pegs of his own contrivance; the "women" having previously declared that they could amuse "theirselfs" with a social chat. And the Browns, after a great show of resistance to a declaration that they must positively be going, having at last consented to the proposal of Mrs. Jenks, that they should take their "bread and cheese" with them in a friendly way, the ladies retired up stairs, leaving the gentlemen to the undisturbed enjoyment of their game.

By the light of a solitary store-candle, stuck in a brass candle-stick, Mrs. Jenks began to display her stock of finery to her dear friend, who vowed that her taste was worth "any money;" for her part, she could not conceive *how* she contrived, &c. &c.

One piece of silk alone occupied above a quarter of an hour of their thoughts and speech.

Mrs. Jenks had had it lying in her "drawers" for the last three months, unable to make up her mind in what fashion she should have the dress made up. She was really puzzled. "Leg of mutton" sleeves were quite out, and "Bishops" were in, and unfortunately she had not enough for that, and could not match it anywhere.

"Let me see whether I can contrive it for you, my dear," said Mrs. Brown, spreading the silk upon her knees. "How many yards are there?"

"Ten," replied Mrs. Jenks, anxiously.

"Ten—dear me!—no, that will never do. It's the narrow wedth, too, I declare. Four yards for the sleeves—one for the body—and (goodness me!) where's the six breadths for the skirt?"

"Six breadths, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenks.

"Anythink less would look horrid skimping."

"Don't you think, now, five, with a stiff cambric lining, would do?"

"It might do; but then there's not enough even for that," replied Mrs. Brown. "You must allow that a yard for each breadth—oh! it's perfectly ridiculous!"

"It's very vexing—very," said Mrs. Jenks, emphatically.

So absorbed were the two ladies in this important discussion, that they were not aware of the presence of Betty, who had unnoticed opened the door, and was standing in the room with the street-door key in one hand, a market-basket in the other, a dirty cotton shawl, and a black chip bonnet, with faded green ribands, over a smoky-looking mob-cap.

"What does the 'gal' want?" pettishly demanded the mistress, startled by the sudden apparition.

"Please, mum, the pork is all gone, so I've brought three pound of beef—" Sausages, she would have said, but was timely interrupted by her mistress.

"Get along with you, do," cried Mrs. Jenks, hunting the menial from the chamber. "Excuse me a minute," continued she, unwillingly leaving her friend to turn over the "things" in the open drawers. "Has the man any pork-chops, pray?" snappishly demanded the annoyed mistress.

"Yes, mum, I seed a wery fine line."

"Then go back directly," said she, "return his trash, and tell him to cut six of the finest out of the middle, d'ye hear?"

"Yes, mum."

"And, Betty," continued she, lowering her voice, "just step over to Davis's, and say, Mrs. Jenks's compliments, and has a few friends unexpectedly come in, and would feel most particular obleeged if she would lend her a table-cloth and a table-spoon or two, as—as—the mangling ooman ain't brought home the things. Now, are you sure you can remember all that? You're such a fool!"

"Yes, mum."

"And call at the 'George,' and tell the beer-boy to mind and bring two pots of half-and-half at nine to a minute. Now trudge along."

Away went Betty to execute her multifarious commissions, and Mrs. Jenks hurried back to her apartment with a thousand apologies for keeping her dear friend a-waiting.

"But really the stupidity of these servants," said she, "does rile me so, you don't know. For my part, I don't know what's come to the gals. They go blundering on, and a-thinking of nothin' in the world but dress, I do believe."

And then the two ladies proceeded to discuss the trimming of a new Tuscan bonnet, which Mrs. Brown declared was one "of the sweetest shapes she'd clapp'd eyes on for an age."

The bonnet being at length enveloped in tissue paper, consigned to a huge blue box, and stowed away under the bed, Mrs. Jenks, still upon her knees, turned round, and observed Mrs. Brown "punching" her stays with the thumb of her left hand just below the fifth rib.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, "are you in any pain?"

"On'y a spasm," replied Mrs. Brown, continuing the operation, and biting her nether lip. "It 'll go off:"

"Do take a little somethink—now do," said Mrs. Jenks,—“just a drop o' peppymint;” and proceeding directly to the corner-cupboard, she drew forth a small half-pint bottle, containing about a quartern of the prescribed medicine.

After much pressing, the afflicted lady yielded to her importunities.

"Well, then, the smallest taste in the world—there—there, that 'll do," continued she, as Mrs. J. poured out a wine-glass.

"Come, drink it up—I insist," said Mrs. J.; and the fair sufferer having, with many grimaces, complied, she finished the bottle herself, declaring that she felt some queer "symptoms," and that "pervention was better than cure any day in the week."

The remedy proved most efficacious, and the two gossips now rattled away without cessation till Betty announced that supper was ready.

"Come along. Why, really our poor dears will be thinking we've quite forgotten 'em," observed Mrs. Jenks, as they descended to the *cœnaculum*.

Betty had certainly done wonders. The anxious hostess glanced her eye rapidly over the table—Mrs. Davis's cloth and spoons were there—and she smiled complacently. Cribbage and gin-and-water had made the two gentlemen quite animated, and they were both talking away very loudly.

The "quartett" was soon arranged.

"Shall I take off the 'jackets?'" said Jenks, sticking his fork into one of the "taters," which were served up in their primitive state.

"Allow me," said Mrs. Jenks, putting a huge pork chop into her friend's platter. "Mr. Brown, do you like it well done?—*That*, I think, will suit you. Now make yourselves at home."

"By your leave, I 'll have a pull at the half-and-half afore I commences hoperations," said Mr. Brown.

"Stay—do have a tumbler."

"Thank'ye, no; I perfer it out o' the pewter," answered he; and taking the "quart" in his hand, he blew aside the froth of the "snow-cap'd" beverage, and took a "pull" (as he termed it) that would not have disgraced a pavior.

The demolition of the savoury viands now seriously occupied the undivided attention of the party, and effectually precluded any farther display of eloquence.

"I do really think," said Mrs. Jenks, when the cloth was cleared, "that we haven't only two tumblers in the house—(that gal breaks everything). You and me, Mrs. Brown, must 'hob and nob' together, and the men must mix in t'other."

The grog was soon made and distributed in accordance with this amicable arrangement.

The conversation now became general, but not interesting, and Mr. Brown, having tossed off his fourth tumbler of toddy, asked his better half if she was not thinking "about going."

Mrs. B. in consequence of this hint walked off Mrs. J. to put on her "things," and was soon in readiness to depart.

Mr. Jenks yawned, and looked sleepy, and said that he only hoped,

as now they had found their way, that they would drop in a little oftener ; and, after a declaration on the part of Mrs. B. that "she was sure she had never spent such a pleasant evening," and sundry "good nights" and squeezes of the hand, and needless admonitions of "do wrap yourselves up, pray," from the hostess, the door was closed upon their visitors.

"Well, I'm sure I'm glad the day's over at last!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenks, "flopping" down quite exhausted in her chair. "I wish people wouldn't take it into their heads to pop in upon one at a minute's warning in this way. I declare they've so upset me, I shan't be myself ag'in for a week. Why, Jenks!"

"My love!"

"Why, I declare the man's asleep! P'raps when you've woke you'll find your way to bed. Betty, put out the fires, and be off. There's the 'smalls' to get up to-morrow, you know, and we shall be in a precious muddle."

And having given these final orders, and uttered this regret, she seized a candle and bounced out of the room, disgusted at the want of sympathy displayed by her fatigued and half-muddled husband.

THE DANCING-MASTER.

IN TRIP-LETS.

BEHOLD, with pantaloons that lightly fit,
The dancing-master round the ball-room flit,
Frisking just like a puppy with a *kit*!

His bow—what bow-wows on two legs delight
To copy, when they get a kind invite
To dance with little ladies all in white.

Great feat he deems it little feet to train
To take such steps that none will sue in vain
In making conquests on the fair—or *plain*!

In *agriculture*, though he bears no sway,
And cares not if the *poles* be turn'd to clay,
A great *hop-factor* is he in his way.

Though not a fig for figures cares the blade,
Yet all his sums are by his figures made;
The first of figure makers in the trade.

Like knife, through cake he quickly *cuts* his way—
A cutter's not a first-rate; but who'll say
He's not a first-rate cutter of his day?

On *board*, just like a sailor, he's preferr'd;
And, like a boatswain in a storm when heard,
He sets the pumps all going at a word.

The Graces are his study—lovely Three!
Who deck fair Venus offspring of the sea!
Of course the Graces must *three-deckers* be!

But all these fancies nautical I'll *waive*—
A dancing-master 'tis demands the stave—
The first of *shufflers*!—but no—not a *knave*.

No; such a thought would touch him to the quick;
Frenzied, he'd throw his fiddle to old Nick,
Where imps would laugh to see his fiddle—stick!

A TOUGH YARN.

RELATING THE MURDER OF THE SECOND MATE AND A BOY, BELONGING TO THE SHIP TRITON, OF BRISTOL, CAPTAIN BUCKLE, COMMANDER, IN THE RIVER DANGER, ON THE COAST OF AFRICA : AND THE ESCAPE OF TWO NEGRO PRISONERS FROM ON BOARD THE SAME SHIP, THEN LYING IN THE RIVER GABON. JULY, 1806.

BY O. SMITH.

**** OUR vessel then lying in the mouth of the River Danger, where the tide at ebb and flood ran like a mill-stream, the negro-traders were afraid to venture so far from shore in their canoes, especially when heavily laden with ebony, camwood, or ivory, lest they should be swamped, or driven out to sea : so two or three of the principal men among them waited upon the captain, and requested him to lend them our pinnace, by means of which they could with ease and safety bring off as much wood in one voyage as a canoe would carry in six. The captain, desirous to complete our lading as soon as possible, that we might leave the coast before the rainy season commenced, agreed to their request, on condition that one of the traders should remain on board as security for the safe return of the pinnace.

They cast lots which it should be, and a merry, good-humoured fellow, called Captain Andrews, was left on board, while the others departed, with the assurance of returning the next morning with a good boat-load of wood.

In the mean time Captain Andrews made himself perfectly at home among us, strutted about the deck, dressed in a scarlet-jacket, nankeen breeches, (but neither shirt, waistcoat, shoes, nor stockings,) and a large straw hat ; talked, laughed, smoked his pipe, and drank his palm wine (contained in a calabash slung round his neck), with as much fashionable ease and impudence as any other captain could have done, who, like him, only owed his title to a scarlet-jacket. But his gaiety was somewhat checked the next morning, when his two companions returned in a canoe, and stated that, in consequence of their unskilful navigation, and the pinnace being heavily laden, they had run her aground on the right bank of the river, and could not get her off without assistance from the ship. So the second mate, with the carpenter and a boy, were despatched in the jolly-boat, accompanied by the two black traders in their canoe, to ascertain what damage the pinnace had sustained, and to assist in getting her afloat again. Poor Captain Andrews was very much concerned at this accident, and rated his companions, with great vociferation for their carelessness, which might endanger his personal safety. He remained in a state of the most ludicrous distress, totally unable to reply to the nautical witticisms of the sailors, the sarcastic remarks made upon the unskilfulness of his partners, and the danger he himself ran of being taken round to Gabon River, and sold for a slave to the Frenchmen. He attempted in his barbarous dialect, to defend his companions ; appealed to the captain,

who pretended to look very grave upon the occasion; endeavoured to assume an air of careless indifference, but cast many an anxious look up the river, and seemed to measure with his eye the distances between the vessel and the shore. The return of the jolly-boat in the evening with intelligence that the pinnace had not suffered more damage than a few hours' work would repair, removed our anxiety, and restored Captain Andrews to his usual confidence and good humour. But now

"———The bell has struck, the watch is set,
Darkness and silence reign throughout the ship,
Save where the seaman, leaning o'er the side,
Looks at the moon—thinks of his distant home,
And hums the ditty that his Susan loved."

On the following morning the second mate, carpenter, and boy were sent ashore in the jolly-boat to repair the damage done to the pinnace. About dinner time (twelve o'clock) the mate and boy returned, having left the carpenter at work. The captain, however, distrusting the natives, did not think it proper the carpenter should be left by himself; he therefore ordered the mate and boy to return, to lend the carpenter their assistance, and all of them to come on board at sunset. I was struck with the reluctance with which the second mate obeyed these orders: he came below into the steerage, unlocked his chest, and lifting up the lid, examined the contents, as if unconscious of what he was doing, relocked it, and was on the point of putting the key in his jacket-pocket, when, observing me, he gave it to me (a thing he was not in the habit of doing), went up the hatchway, and so over the side into the boat, without uttering a word. Poor fellow! He seemed to feel a presentiment of his melancholy fate. We proceeded with our work as usual, clearing the billets of wood, and stowing them away in the hold. Evening approached, and we knocked off work; but still no tidings of the boat. Night came on, and the watch was set; but no boat. We hung lanterns in the shrouds and the mizen yard-arm, and kept a good look out; but the boat did not return. Next morning the pinnace came alongside with the carpenter, the two black traders, and a load of wood; but they had seen nothing of the jolly-boat. "What could have become of them?" was a question we were almost afraid to ask ourselves. All was doubt, anxiety, and conjecture. It would have been imprudent, and indeed, useless, to have sent any of the ship's company upon such an inquiry (though they were all eager enough to volunteer for such a purpose), as, being in the first place ignorant of the navigation of the river, they might become bewildered among its numerous winding creeks: and in the next, not understanding the language, they were neither qualified to seek or obtain intelligence from the natives. In this dilemma, our friend, Captain Andrews, volunteered his services to go with his two companions, and make search for our shipmates. His proposal being accepted, they were instructed to make inquiries on both sides of the river, and offer rewards to those who would assist in restoring our people, if detained amongst them, or give us certain intelligence of their fate, being furnished with a small quantity of rum and tobacco, and being promised liberal reward for themselves if they succeeded in their mission. In the mean time the natives, continued

to come on board, and trade with us as usual ; and in the course of the day we learnt from them a report that the mate and boy were detained at a fishing-town up the river. It was necessary to act decisively upon receiving this information, and the Captain accordingly determined to seize on two or three of the natives, and keep them as hostages for the safety of our people. Three canoes coming down the river were pointed out as belonging to the fishing-town before mentioned, and it was thought proper to make the attempt upon them, the captain giving strict orders to use no more violence than was necessary, and, above all, to avoid bloodshed. The boatswain and five of the most resolute of the crew, got down the starboard side of the ship, and concealed themselves at the bottom of the pinnace ; and when the canoes came alongside we held them in conversation at the larboard gangway, while our men in the pinnace, coming round under the stern, attempted to surprise them. The negroes, finding themselves attacked at such a disadvantage, did not attempt resistance, but took to flight, some in their canoes, while others jumped overboard, dived under water, and swam after their friends.

One of them with his African knife or dagger stabbed a seaman in the arm ; but the boatswain struck him over the head with the tiller of the rudder, and he fell overboard, but soon recovered himself, and swam away like a duck after his companions, who took him on board, and they were all out of sight in a few minutes. During this skirmish I was much amused with the behaviour of the natives on board ; they seemed quite delighted with the idea of the attempt to be made upon their countrymen, though for aught they knew it might end in their destruction ; they looked over the side of the vessel, endeavoured to animate the combatants by words and gestures, and when their friends took to flight shouted after them, upbraiding them with cowardice. The prisoners we had taken were an old grey-headed man, and his son ; I never saw horror and affright more strongly depicted in the human countenance than it was in theirs, and I verily believe they expected nothing but instant death. However, we did not keep them long in suspense, for, being questioned by our trademan, it was found they were ignorant of the loss of our people, and did not even belong to the place where they were reported to be detained ; so it was explained to them that if our boat and people returned they should be set at liberty ; but if not, they would be either hung at the yard-arm, or sold for slaves ; and with this consoling assurance they were chained and handcuffed, and lowered down into the hold. But they either did not understand, or did not believe us, for the lamentations of the old man and his son over each other were so piteous that I could not help being affected by it, which the mate perceiving, d—d me, “for a snivelling whelp !” and laid a rope’s end over my shoulders. I was obliged to submit to this indignity ; but in my own mind I swore to have satisfaction — and I did. All the next day we were in expectation of our sable friend, Captain Andrews, and many an anxious look was sent up the river, in hopes of seeing his scarlet jacket. At three o’clock a boy in the mizentop sang out that a canoe was coming down the river. All hands were instantly on deck, and every eye turned in that direction, but a bend in the river hid them from the view of those on deck ; so some mounted into

the tops and shrouds to get a sight of them. At length a canoe with three negroes was seen coming round a point of land, and shortly after Captain Andrews and his two companions mounted the deck. I could not help thinking (even at that anxious moment) that we should have formed a good group for the pencil of an artist: the scene being the deck of the vessel, where anxious expectations kept every one fixed and motionless in his position; the captain seated by the companion; the mate, and weather-beaten boat-swain standing by him; the sailors anxiously crowding around, some mounted on the guns, or hanging on by the shrouds; the three negro traders, in their half-wild, half-civilized costume, relating the event of their voyage, and the whole group lighted up by the setting of an African sun.

Their statement (confirmed by subsequent intelligence) was this. The mate and boy, after leaving the ship a second time, were driven by the wind and tide past the place where they intended to land to a considerable distance up the river. Having reached a small island, or rather bank of sand, covered with bushes and weeds, they thought it best to land there, and wait for the turn of tide; so they drew the boat ashore, and lighted a fire to keep off the musquitoes. The fire attracted the attention of the natives on the bank, who put off in their canoes, and made for the island. The mate and boy attempted to keep them off, and, as they said, threw stones at them; upon which the negroes landed, and having made them prisoners, carried them to a village up the river, where, after being stripped and plundered, they were confined in a hut all night without food. The next morning, quarrelling about the division of the booty, the natives fell upon their hapless victims, and murdered them in cold blood.

On receiving this intelligence, grief and indignation filled every breast. The second mate was a young man greatly beloved, for the kindness of his manner, and the humanity of his disposition. The boy, too, was a favourite among the men, for his dry drollery, and singing a good song, but principally because the chief mate had taken an inveterate dislike to him; and the thought that they had both been sacrificed with such wanton barbarity inspired projects of revenge. The men requested the captain to allow them to arm themselves, and go up the river and burn the town. This request the captain very properly refused. He told them it would not be prudent to suffer so many men to leave the ship exposed to attack; that, living in small villages on shallow creeks, accessible only by narrow paths cut through forests of mangroves, the natives were skilful in bush-fighting, and could fire upon their enemies unseen, or attack them at a disadvantage, and cut off their retreat to the boats. So, recommending them to lay aside all thoughts of revenge as impracticable, he hove up the anchor, and sailed for Gabon River.

In the mean time, the situation of our prisoners was truly pitiable. Chained and handcuffed in the hold, neither night nor day did the old man cease moaning over his son, who endeavoured by caresses to soothe his grief. Twice a-day they were supplied with a scanty allowance of plantains and water; while those who performed the office took a malicious pleasure in augmenting their terror.

To relieve the poor wretches, I occasionally volunteered to attend

upon them, and managed to increase their allowance with scraps from our mess. Arrived in the Gabon, their situation became more critical. Our boat was not returned; the time of our departure approached; the hold was gradually filling up, and I was hourly in expectation that they would be sent on board a French schooner lying in the river; so I resolved to preserve them from such a fate. In the course of the day I furnished them with a marlinespike, by means of which they were enabled to remove their fetters. I then cautioned them to remain in the hold till the ship's company were asleep, when I would give them a signal, on hearing which they were to climb up the hatchway, come upon deck, and getting over the side, drop into the boat, which lay alongside, and paddle away for the right bank of the river. It may be questioned how, if I did not understand their language, I could make them comprehend my intentions? My answer is, by the universal language of nature,—gesticulation. Having proceeded so far, it may be supposed I felt anxious for the success of my plan, since a failure might prove fatal to them, and produce unpleasant consequences to myself. In the evening, as usual, after leaving off work, we cleaned the decks, served the grog and set the watch. The first watch (after the dog-watch), from eight till twelve, was the chief mate's; the second, from twelve till four, that of the carpenter. At eight, the mate went down to supper. The sailors, after walking the deck, sat down upon the main hatchway, under the lee of the long-boat, and, after talking for some time, wrapped themselves in their pea-jackets, and fell asleep.

The glass in the binnacle was out for the third time, and I had struck the bell three (half-past nine), when the mate came on deck, and giving me the keys of his liquor-case, ordered me to make him a glass of grog, which I composed of more spirits than water; he did not complain of its strength, but lighting his pipe, ordered me to read something to him. Going forward, I struck the bell four (ten), and went below for a book. My collection at that time was rather select than numerous, and consisted of "Robin Hood's Garland," "Hamilton Moore's Navigation," an odd volume of Plays, "Enfield's Speaker," and "The Life of Captain Jones." I took the first I laid my hand upon, viz. "The wonderful, surprising, and uncommon Voyages and Adventures of Captain Jones to Patagonia; relating his adventures to sea; his first landing, and strange combat with a mighty bear; his furious battle with his six-and-thirty men against an army of eleven kings, with their overthrow and deaths; his strange and admirable sea-fight with six huge galleys of Spain and nine thousand soldiers; his being taken prisoner, and hard usage; his being set at liberty by the King's command, in exchange for twenty-four Spanish captains, and return to England; a comical description of Captain Jones's ruby nose.—Part the Second. His incredible adventures and achievements by sea and land, particularly his miraculous deliverance from a wreck at sea, by the support of a dolphin; his several desperate duels; his combat with Bayadar Cham, a giant of the race of Og; his deep employments, and happy success in business of state; all which, and more, is but the tythe of his own relations, which he continued until he grew speechless and died; with his elegy and epitaph." Sitting down upon the deck, I began reading by the light of the lamp in the binnacle, but had scarcely

commenced the combat with the bear, when I beheld by the moonlight a black head appear above the fore-hatchway. I left off reading, and the book almost dropped from my hand. The mate asked me what was the matter? I replied the glass was out. Going forward, I gave the black a sign which he understood, and instantly disappeared. Striking the bell five, I resumed my book; but, notwithstanding the dose of grog I had administered, and the monotonous tone in which I read, it was not till the sixth bell (eleven), that the mate fell asleep, when having convinced myself that he was so, I went to the fore-hatchway, dropped a large nail (the signal), and then returned to watch the sleeping mate. The moon shone brightly, and lightened up the calm and tranquil scenery around, contrasting the dark masses of the woody shore with the liquid silver of the river; not a sound was heard but the rippling of the tide against the vessel. Again I saw the head of the young negro appear above the larboard side of the hatchway (the watch lying asleep under the long boat upon the starboard side). He cautiously assisted the old man upon deck. They crawled upon their hands and knees to the gangway like a couple of black cats, got down the side of the vessel into the boat, cast themselves adrift, and, with nothing but a long bamboo to guide them, were rapidly carried down the river.

They dared not utter a sound; but as they left the ship, stood up, and stretched out their arms in speechless gratitude. I anxiously watched them float over the glittering tide, till they were lost in shadow, when, overcome by emotions I cannot analyse, I burst into tears.

Feeling assured the prisoners were beyond pursuit, I proceeded to secure myself from discovery. The glass in the binnacle was out for the last time, and softly striking the bell eight (twelve), I went below and awakened the carpenter, telling him it was his watch. He grumbled, and turning out between asleep and awake, began to dress himself. Concealing myself behind the mainmast, I saw him ascend the steerage hatchway, when seeing the mate asleep by the companion, and the watch lying under the long boat, he thought he was mistaken, or that I had deceived him, so he went below and turned in again. Presently the captain came upon deck, and looking over the side, missed the boat. He awakened the mate, and severely reproached him for suffering the boat to go adrift. The mate, to prove his vigilance, aroused the watch, and heartily abused them for going to sleep. I took care not to make my appearance till called for, when I stated, with a little prevarication, that I had turned the glass and struck the bell with regularity throughout my watch, and did not go below till I had seen the carpenter upon deck.

A seaman, sent into the hold, returned with information that the prisoners had escaped. This greatly enraged the captain, who expressed his opinion of the mate's misconduct in the most unequivocal terms, and hurried into the state-cabin. The mate d—d the watch for not keeping a better look-out, and flung himself into his berth. I took care to keep out of his way, and turned into my hammock. Here I soon fell asleep; but certainly did not dream that the adventure of that night would ever furnish materials for a "TOUGH YARN."

THE CHILDREN OF THE MOBILITY,
 VERSUS
 THE CHILDREN OF THE NOBILITY.

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

"Sufferance is the badge of all their tribe."—SHAKESPEARE.

MOST of the fine writers of the day,—being chiefly personages who manufacture their articles like Sir Richard Blackmore his poetry, "to the rumbling of their chariot wheels,"—are sticklers for the doctrine of compensation. When their haunch of venison proves done to a turn,—their pine-apple ripe and well-flavoured,—their claret clear,—and their friend and gossip disposed to adjudge the same merit to their own arguments,—the guinea-a-liners sit down to indite their dissertations, dipping their golden pen into a silver standish to describe the impartiality wherewith Providence dispenses its favours to the denizens of this little planet.

It may be so. The guinea-a-liners know best. Gout, they assure us, rarely visits the damp hovels of Ireland; while the broad, good-humoured face of a Yorkshire farmer's wife retains the hue and outlines of youth and beauty long after the Almack's Dowager has grown lank and faded. It is, of course, needless to balance the account with allusions to typhus fever, or the wasted paupers of the Poor Law bastille. The chief object of fine writing is striking contrast,—moral antithesis,—light and shade. Redundance of example puzzles the reader. "Look on this picture and on that!"—"Eyes right—eyes left!" is sufficiently explicit.

In disserting, therefore, upon the juvenile generations of the kingdom, let the Alpha and Omega classes suffice. All the intervening rubbish we leave to preparatory schools and a genteel mediocrity. The Mobility—the Nobility—constitute the Night and Morning of the day.

We are conscious of a tender leaning towards children. Like Burchell, in the Vicar of Wakefield, we "love them as harmless little men," and are seldom without a penny whistle or a piece of gingerbread in our pocket. Children of a larger growth are too apt to conspire against the peace of mind and ease of body of these innocent Lilliputians. From the days of Herod to those of the promoters of Infant Labour, the monsters of this world have been prone to level their persecutions against those tender creatures, whom ogres used to eat, but whom Christians kill for other purposes than the table.

This is a fearful consideration! During the first dozen years of the present century, war indulged itself in the expenditure of a couple of hundred thousand human lives per annum; the three kingdoms offering up their weekly but hearty prayers for the Most High Court of Parliament, which came down so handsomely with its dust as a premium for wholesale butchery. Now that we no longer murder on so grand a scale, the wickedness of human nature finds vent in minor issues. Greenacre and Courvoisier assassinate their mistress and master, and a vast proportion of arsenic is distributed in pennyworths in va-

rious counties of the United Kingdom, to the unjustifiable homicide of her Majesty's lieges. But the said master and the mistress, and most of the people put to death by medicated tea or hasty pudding, were old enough to exercise their own fists or judgments in self-defence; and it is consequently only the unhappy infants upon whom the Mrs. Brownriggs of modern times wreak their barbarities, that *really* move our commiseration.

The Rabbins, who first devised the idea of a babe in bliss, as a hovering form of beauty, all face and wings, having no extremities to be exposed to the whips and stings of fate, betrayed their profound foresight. So long as a child hath anything whippable about it, chastisement will not be wanting. Your cherub is the only babe as happy as an angel.

Still, it seems hard that the privileged persecutors of these tender innocents should not show *some* respect to persons, in the persons of their victims. If a certain number of children are to be tormented to death or made miserable, annually, to gratify the malignity of middle-aged persons, why concentrate their vengeance on a single class? Why not some impartiality in the selection of the sufferers? Why not draw lots for the objects of their cruelties, as in the case of a siege or a shipwreck, where chance is made to pick out the victims for the edge of the sword or the bars of the gridiron?

Above all, why must it be the offspring of the highest personages in the realm who are selected for torture? Is it because their ancestors bled for us at Agincourt, or waste their breath for us in the House of Peers, that the custom of the country condemns them, from the moment they draw breath, to slow torture? Is it in gratitude for the activity of our nobles in foreign conquest or national legislation, that we have created a race of martyrs, such as we see presented in the books of "Buds and Blossoms," purporting to exhibit children as they are in the nurseries and school-rooms of the aristocracy of Great Britain?

Hapless innocents!—Could we but hope to prove the Wilberforce or Clarkson predestined to accomplish the abolition of this bitter slavery, we should rest our head upon the lap of earth at some very distant period, satisfied that we had followed in the footsteps of Martin Luther.

The first happiness of a child is freedom of action, — to have ample space and verge enough for kicking and screaming. As regards its powers of gratifying the eyes of others, a young child, we conceive, cannot be too simply apparelled. Its garments should be warm in winter, light in summer, capable of easy adjustment, and frequent renovation. As five minutes suffices to make the cleanest child as dirty as a chimney-sweep, five minutes ought to suffice to make it completely clean again. To insure this, silk ought never to figure in its attire. All should be amenable to the purification of soap and water. Its own fair bright face, its truthful eyes, and dimpled mouth, are a sufficient adornment.

But though advocates for freedom of action, we cannot forgive the irrational cruelty which exposes the little naked arms of a new-born infant to the nipping of a bitter winter's day, its sleeves tied up with satin ribands, to gratify the vanity of the authors of its days at the risk of its life, for the display of two little flaccid unformed arms, most unmeet to wrestle with the wintry blast. An infant's

cheek, too, tenderer than a rose-leaf, ought to be approached only by objects soft and susceptible as itself,—its mother's bosom, or swans' down, or the simplest covering. Instead of this, the wantonness of our folly places upon its head a finely-embroidered cap, with half-a-dozen borders of stiff and well-crimped lace, on which, when it lies down to sleep, it must experience the torments of Regulus. To render the poor little creature as ridiculous as it is wretched, this foolscap is surmounted by a cockade of lace or riband, without grace or symmetry, resembling those with which we decorate our coach-horses; and, lest when we permit the babe to take the air, it should indulge a hope to be rid of this strange incumbrance, we place over the cap a huge hat à la *Henri Quatre*, with another cockade, and a plume of feathers;—crushing the little unformed features by the preponderance of the Otranto-like machine, and giving its poor little feeble neck, scarcely capable of self-support, a weight to carry well calculated to inure its patience to the future burthens of life!

Of the first steps of these innocent martyrs it cannot be said that

Ce n'est que la premier pas que coule.

To entitle them to walk, their little feet are encased in shapely shoes of morocco, such as would have insured corns to the Venus de Medicis, or Apollo Belvidere. The child's waist is at the same time encircled by a prodigious sash, with bows and ends large enough for the effigy of Queen Anne in St. Paul's churchyard; and its robe or tunic be-frilled, be-flounced, be-cuffed, be-garnished, be-Mechlined, be-Valencienned, till the exhortation "be not puffed up!" seems prematurely in request.

"Mind your frock, Master Arthur!"—"Lady Jane! take care of your beautiful lace!"—"Lord Alfred, I won't have you play with that 'ere nasty dog, a-jumping on your velvet dress!"—are the constant outcries of the authorities. The Lady Janes and Lord Alfreds must not walk in the sun for fear of their complexions; must not roll on the grass or in the hay, or romp, or ride, or run, or do anything that tends to the developement of their little frames, or the fortification of their constitutions. If they escape infanticide at the hands of the head-nurse, who leaves them naked upon her lap, with the thermometer below freezing-point, in order to go through her routine of ablutions,—if they survive to be squeezed into the tight shoes, and screwed into the stays and curl-papers,—if they defy the united efforts of nurses, apothecaries, baby-linen warehouses, and governesses, to reduce them to feebleness, peevishness, and despair, the British constitution is richly deserving all the laudations bestowed upon it in this and all other countries.

We must again assert it to be an act of partiality on the part of the Fates, that, as some children are born with a silver spoon in their mouths, and some with a wooden ladle, the silver spoon should be made to convey only decoction of rhubarb, or senna-tea, and the ladle pure spring water.

The children of the mobility sprawl unmolested, squall unmolested. No impulse of *theirs* is checked by the close-fitting of their ragged garments. They enjoy free exercise of limb and lungs. No one excoriates *their* epidermis with much scrubbing, or brings on catarrhs by the prolongation of their toilet. Their lives, like their garments, sit easy. *They* may play with the cat,—they may make dirt pies,—they may make

themselves happy.—If they want to sail their walnut-shell boat, there is the nearest puddle: if they want to fly their kite, the common is at their door. The woods are theirs, with their early violets and late blackberries, their squirrels and birds' nests. To *their* imagination, trees are made to be climbed, rivers to be bathed in. The free air is all their own. They breathe it uncompressed by stays, unharassed by the badgering of a nursery governess. They look the sun in the face, fearless that in return it should visit their cheek too roughly. They are accustomed to rough visitings.

Instead of being tormented about turning out their toes, their toes are allowed to enjoy a state of nature. Instead of being engirded with a backboard, their backs support a sheaf of bulrushes, or basketful of acorns or beechmast, or perhaps some little loving younger brother or sister, offering kisses in payment of its fare. Fruit not being interdicted by Dr. Magnesia, they snatch their sloes from the hedge, their strawberries from the wood, their nuts from the hazelbush. They have no notion of a juvenile fancy-ball, with two months training beforehand from Madame Michau. But on May-day, they rise with the lark (and who is better up to a lark than a child of the woods and fields?) adorn themselves with garlands of wild hyacinths or eglantine, and caper with all their hearts and souls round the hawthorn-bush on the village green!

Who invented cowslip halls?—The children of the mobility.—Who invented daisy chains?—The children of the mobility.—Who made the first necklaces of sparrows' eggs?—The children of the mobility.—Who originated leap-frog, blindman's buff, and all other boisterous diversions?—The children of the mobility.—Unobstructed by finery and frippery, they pursue the sports of childhood with childhood's reckless impulses of joy. Instead of the tedious airing, smothered up in a nurse's lap, — instead of the monotonous saunter, handcuffed by a nurse's authority, — instead of the discipline of the school-room, the preventive physicking of the apothecary inflicted upon their miserable rivals, — the offsets of the mobility bask in the sunshine, or freshen in the shade. As if to counterbalance the cares of after-life, the little ragged urchins hunt their butterflies in inconsiderate delight. A gallop on the tinker's donkey is a happier thing than the formal ride under the stiff documentation of a family coachman; nay, a swing on a gate is a happier thing, or a see-saw across the carpenter's bench.

Liberty must be a god-like blessing; or Spartans and Spaniards, Greeks and Canadians, the East and the West, the North and the South, would not fight for it as they do. We sincerely trust that the next crusade or war of liberation attempted in Christendom, will purport to enfranchise the juvenile aristocrats of these enlightened realms from the manacles, handcuffs, strait-waistcoats, foolscaps, backboards, stocks, fine clothes, and other instruments of torture, which have been brought to light by means of the philanthropic and well-intentioned designs of Chalon.

Meanwhile let Parliament take into consideration the services of Mrs. Fairlie, for the fearless manner in which she has exposed to public reprobation the domestic cruelty practised, in the secrecy of our lordly nurseries, against the health and happiness of that ill-used generation, "THE CHILDREN OF THE BRITISH NOBILITY."

SYDNEY.

FROM THE MEMORANDA OF A PHYSICIAN.

WHAT is madness? All I have read, thought, heard on this subject involves it in greater obscurity: how matter acts upon mind, still more how mind acts upon matter, is as great a mystery as ever. No analysis has been able to detect the causes of this malady through any of its phases, from melancholy up to phrenzy. If it were confined to those whose intellects scarcely remove them from the brute creation, it would be less a cause of affliction; but, such are exactly the individuals who are proof against it. The man of genius, the poet, the philosopher, those gifted with the most refined sensibilities, are most liable to its fatal influence. That it is hereditary we know; but is it not contagious? is it curable by art or medicine? These, and many other questions might be put, and meet with answers equally unsatisfactory. These reflections have suggested themselves by my having witnessed but a few months since a remarkable case, which I will make the subject of contemplation this evening.

I last year went to Italy, and took up my abode at Florence. Among its visitors, not the least remarkable for his high family, no less than for the peculiarity of his complaint, was Sydney. We had been college friends; and, though I had given up practice as a physician, the peculiarity of his symptoms, and a lively interest in an amiable young man, then a prey to a disease which his medical advisers foresaw must be fatal, led me to pay him frequent visits. He was twenty-five years of age, his figure was slightly stooping. His hair, partially grey, seemed in its silkiness to partake of constitutional debility, and curled naturally in long ringlets, as it is commonly worn by artists in Italy.

The beauty of his forehead was striking, and announced the "*mens divini*or." His eyes assumed a variety of hues, according to the humour he was in, grave or gay. His voice took a tone from the impulse of his feelings, and was sometimes soft and musical as that of a woman. In a word, he was one of the most engaging of human beings.

9th May.—When I was shown into Sydney's room this morning I found him lying on a sofa turned towards the wall, but at some distance from it. The reflection of a mirror enabled me to see his face. It was pale, and his limbs bespoke extreme languor. One arm hung listlessly over the side of the couch, and rested on the floor. Had not his eyes been open, so motionless was he that I should have thought he slept. I called him by name. At the sound of my voice he started, and turning round, looked at me with a vacant stare. At length his intellects seemed gradually to return, he half raised himself, and took my hand.

"Ah! my old friend," in a hollow voice, he said; "is it you? Since we met, I have had one of my old attacks; but it is nothing. They call it incipient catalepsy. They say I slept for twenty hours. But I never sleep, if sleep be forgetfulness. My external senses may, indeed, slumber; but it is in that calm, that silentness,—that I enjoy the most delicious reveries, and that my mind acquires an extraordinary clearness, as though it were divorced from the body. It is only when I am awake that I am ill—miserable. The day you found me in the

Lung' Arno elbowed by the throng, I came home stifled by their poisonous atmosphere, shrinking in disgust from their evil countenances. A crowd always produces on my nerves a similar effect. Believe me, it is no fancy; there is contagion in it, as much as there was virtue in that of the devotees whose magnetic chain effected so many miraculous cures at the tomb of the Dracic Paris. Ah, you smile," continued he. "You may think all is not right here," pointing to his head. "It has been my misfortune never to be understood."

"Dear Sydney!" I observed, "you are still the same. The Swedish Baron's lessons are not forgotten, I find."

"Forgotten! What else is there worth remembering but the words of the divine Swedenborg! I owe to him, whom you look upon as a mystic, all the scaffolding upon which I have built my theories. Your external being has, I perceive, triumphed over your internal one. The angel has, I fear, perished in you."

"Perhaps it may be resuscitated," said I, wishing to hear how far his opinions carried him. "We must all be conscious of a double nature, two principles striving for mastery — the demon, and the angel. Happily you are so far right. The former certainly predominates."

"I will endeavour," said he, "to make you a convert. The great difficulty is the imperfection of language. The want of words that are the types of our thoughts. In this consisted the great superiority of the hieroglyphics, as the magi knew; but I will endeavour to make the system of Swedenborg intelligible. There exist in us two distinct creatures; and it is left to ourselves which to make the objects of our choice. As soon as thought has convinced man of his double nature, he should try to fortify the frail nature of the angel within him. But if, instead of exerting his intellectual, he gives himself up to his corporeal faculties, the external senses become all-in-all, and the angel perishes by slow degrees. On the other hand, by nourishing his better part with the things that most belong to it, the soul, like gold, throws off the alloy. Thus, when the separation, under the form that we call death, takes place, the angel, by the power it has acquired, disengages itself from its envelope, escapes, like a fly from its chrysalis, and real life begins. This is the way in which we account for the differences that exist among mankind; for some men being little removed from brutes, and others being endowed with faculties that raise them almost to gods."

"I fear," said I, "Sydney, I shall make a poor scholar; for, when I tried to become a Kantist I stumbled at the first principles, that there were no such things as time and space, and the professor gave me up."

"Is it possible," said he, "that all this material world is aught else than what our senses have created for us? that it is more than a delusion? Which shall we rather trust of the two principles within us — that which sees, wills, and acts in us without the intervention of our external organs, or that gross animal principle, that levels us with the brute creation. In other terms, time and space, which are everything to the material being, and limit the exercise of its powers, are mere words to the inward self. But enough," added he, after a pause; "another day I will illustrate my subject, make it more intelligible to your gross comprehension."

I left him as much enveloped in a mist as the Prince in Hoffman's "Little Zachary" was by the Doctor's dissertation on Physics and

Psychics, which he sums up by saying, "As it is the latter principle that most predominates in the human organization, an able physician should begin to occupy himself about the spirit, and not consider the body but as the vassal of the spirit, and which as such ought to obey its master."

10th May.—I have shut myself up retracing my earliest recollections of Sydney, and endeavouring to trace his mystical opinions to their sources; and I fancy that by connecting the links I can complete the chain.

At ten years of age I remember Sydney an awkward boy, with a prominent eye, which phrenologists say, is the characteristic of an aptitude for acquiring languages; and a countenance, over which was cast a shade of seriousness, common to those destined to die young. An ordinary observer would have discovered in him not even the germ of talent. At school he was surpassed by almost every boy in his class. None had so many impositions, so that he was held up by the masters as an example to be avoided: he consequently became the butt of the boys. It was during the hours assigned to play—into which he never entered—that he fed his mind with books, and at others digested them. His avidity for reading was insatiable, and he devoured all that came in his way. His great delight was in the marvellous—the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, the Tales of the Genii, Sinbad, were believed in with infantine credulity, and the Pilgrim's Progress appeared to him real travels.

After poring on these works, so absorbed was he that it was difficult to awaken him. He had also a tendency to somnambulism. In languages he never forgot a word once known. His memory, indeed, was extraordinary—not for dates, but facts; not for single incidents, but the substance. With what delight during our long rambles I used to listen to his ghost stories, his accounts of magicians. Such he was till twelve years of age, when he began to study German,—which he soon acquired. This opened a new field to his inquiring mind. Swedenborg's "Heaven and Earth" was the first of the mystical books that he pored over.

The incomprehensible, now in another form, riveted his thoughts; and the influence this great visionary exercised over him has been predominant. How it will end I dread to think.

11th May.—Sydney is right. There is a contagion in minds. His conversation produces on me the effect of opium-eating. To-day he gave me a vertigo.

"Some dreams," said he, "are no more than the shadows of our waking thoughts, mere impressions on our external senses, and referable, frequently, to some derangement of the digestive organs. They may be compared to a broken mirror, whose fragments reflect objects distortedly, yet with sufficient resemblance to establish their ideality. But there are dreams which, as Homer says, come from God, or, in my language, that partake of our angelic nature; and such are the dreams of which we have the most authentic evidence from history, sacred and profane. Raphael the sublime—I had almost said the divine Raphael—in his 'Transfiguration,'* the last and greatest of

* A friend of mine was present when Napoleon and Josephine at Rome inspected the "Transfiguration." It was then with one or two holes in it, and in so dreadful a state that the latter exclaimed, "Quel dommage! c'est tout-à-fait abîmée."—Ed.

his conceptions, seems fully to have been impressed with this truth when he makes the heavens open to the eyes of a child, and reveals to him a glorified Saviour, invisible to the surrounding multitude. You may remember the remarkable visions of Cardan:—in one of which all the events of his life were spread before him, as on the canvass of the painter; and in the other, when at a great distance from his son, he saw him, to his horror, commit a crime, for which he paid the penalty of the law. The many consider as madmen, those whose minds are not cast in the same mould as their own; they will believe nothing that has not been the immediate object of their senses. To them the supernatural world—the only world that really exists—of which we can only get a glimpse by profound contemplation, by means of our angelic nature; that portion of ourselves which has not been brutified by an alliance with matter is a shut book: and the attempt to make it intelligible to their gross natures would be as fruitless as to talk of colours to the blind. Abstraction is the queen of the soul. It is the seed, that contains the buds and flowers, the foliage, and system of the plant:—it is the germ that comprises all nature. I have imagined to myself a scale of human intellect—instinct—mechanics—reflection—contemplation—abstraction—trance. Through them I have passed. One only remains—catalepsy; and to this Newton arrived. He stood for twenty-four hours, insensible to the changes of day and night? What instances can be adduced of the power of mind over matter! Read the histories of the invincibility of the American savage to the tortures inflicted by his enemies, and you will be at no loss to perceive that man, by the exercise of his own will, can annul the influence of material agency; that he can completely divorce the two natures that compose his being.

“Without going further into this voluntary separation, I will illustrate my argument by a remarkable vision that occurred to myself. I had a sister. Of my affection for her I shall not speak. If ever there was an angel woman, it was Henrietta. We were at this very place. She was then eighteen, and in the most perfect health. One night I dreamed that she was dead; that I was following her hearse; that a few miles from Leghorn, where is the Protestant Cemetery, we came to an inundation, which seemed to preclude the possibility of our reaching a bridge across the Arno. Not six months had elapsed when the first part of my dream was realized. She died. Now hear the second. During that melancholy pilgrimage I recognized the features of the scene as it appeared in my vision. The wide inlet of the Val d’Arno, bounded by the pine forests that stretch along the coast; the stone bridge, with its three arches; the colour of the water in the inundation; in fact, all the details of the picture corresponded exactly. Now, if the landscape did not come to me—which is absurd—I must have gone to it. If I was there when I slept, does it not establish an entire separation of my body from my soul? Does it not prove its locomotive faculty? Now, if one can leave the other when I sleep, why, by intense abstraction, can I not divorce them when awake?”

As he was saying this, his lips trembled, his look became radiant. He seemed all mind, and retained nothing of humanity but the form—such must spirits be. He soon fell back in a trance. Medical aid is useless. Let us try another remedy.

13th May. — Every city has its devil, or its *diavolessa*—we have no word in our language for the fiend feminine; but we must not flatter

ourselves that we are without them. Goldoni, in his "*Bottega di Caffé*," and Poole, in his "*Paul Pry*," have given specimens of two sorts of spirits, and there are twenty others, differing from each other as much as Asmodeus does from Mephistophiles. The *barca seccatura*, a term implying a drying up of all the faculties, mental and bodily, is one of the most common, and not the least difficult to be avoided. This preface brings me to Torriagni, the devil of Florence, — a devil *sui generis*.

He was about fifty years of age, above the common height, bony and meagre, with a face dark as that of a Moor, features marked and regular, an eye dull and gloomy: he always reminded me of one of Titian's portraits in the gallery of the Uffighi, stepped from out its frame. Had he lived when Venice was governed by the Tré, he would have proved a Loredano; and, during the reign of Austrian despotism in Italy he was admirably calculated for a spy, or Calderaio, perhaps he was both. *Chi lo sa*.

Nature certainly never designed him for a divine. As to his religion, it was about on a par with that of the celebrated Florentine, Il Abbate Casti — *Casti à non casto*, as *lucus à non lucendo* — of whom he was the worthy successor. Il Signor Professore was the title by which he was generally known. But, like many other lecturers, he had made a sinecure of his office, and only mounted the *cathedra* once, during many years that he touched the emoluments. Not that this circumstance would have caused his destitution; but, as he says himself, he lost his professorship by an irresistible *bon mot*. During one of the midnight orgies which he was in the habit of celebrating with some of the most dissolute of the students, — he was interrogated by the patrol who and with whom he was? To which he gave this laconic answer: — "*Signor, Io sono un' uomo publico, con una donna publica, in una strada publica.*" This public avowal lost him his post. But it gave him *éclat*. There were two reasons why he was tolerated in the best society. His fun and his tongue — the dread of both. His epigrams were *sanglante*; and he gave sobriquets the most happy to all those who gave occasion for the exercise of his satiric vein.

His conversation was full of repartee, and sparkling with wit; and his information — for he was a man of profound reading, and vast memory, — made him almost oracular. As to his eloquence, I can only compare it to that of our Coleridge. It was a swarm of ideas, seemingly incongruous, yet which he contrived to weave into the tissue of his argument with a most marvellous embroidery. How he plunged into abysses but to lighten other abysses, like a torrent, that carried all before it! It was this gift that made him welcome at Sydney's, and he had sufficient tact to keep in the back-ground the revolting vices which were habitual to him. Sydney had made his acquaintance there. Torriagni had the habit of finding out the new arrivals. For our compatriots he had a peculiar predilection, and particularly patronized the *Belle Inglese*, whom, after the Italian custom, he very soon familiarly called by their baptismal names, as La Signorina Maria, La Signorina Bettina, &c. Wherever he got the *entrée*, he was a *sine quâ non*, and a *va tout*. He could recommend Italian masters, receiving, *sub rosa*, a part of the lesson money. He was never at a loss to find some palace to be let, getting a douceur monthly from the owner. For a *compratore di quadri* he had always at hand some mysterious Marchese, ready with a Carlo Dolce, or an Andrea del Sarto, originals of course. He

could dilate for hours on the Venus of the Tribune, the Day and Night of Michael Angelo, the Niobe. He knew the history of every painting in the galleries of the Uffighi and Pitti. In short, he was *mezzano, cicerone, conoscitore, dilettante*.

He was in the habit of timing his visits most seasonably, moreover, so that you were obliged to say with Martial, "*Do, my dear friend—do dine with us to-day.*"

It was on such an occasion that I hit upon the Professor at Sydney's. To-morrow I will endeavour to recall some of the conversation, that led to important results.

14th May.—I have been thinking of our symposium of yesterday,—symposium I call it, though Sidney lives upon vegetables, and drinks water: like the symposium of Plato, the subject was love.

"Amore, Alma del Mondo! Amore, sorgente di ogni buono, di ogni bello! Che sarebbe il universo, senza la tua face creatrice?—Un' orribile deserto!" Such was the exordium of the Professor. In the same strain did he continue for nearly an hour. His declamation was steeped in the enthusiastic tenderness of Petrarch, the mysticism of Dante.

From the rich mine of his memory he called into requisition all the treasures that painting or statuary could supply. He illustrated his subject with the finest passages from the poets. His deep sonorous voice went to the inmost soul. It was the finest improvisation I ever heard. Had he felt what he described,—or was it a power independent of himself,—that spoke within him,—that inspired him with that marvellous flow of thought and language? Surely it sets all Sydney's theorems at defiance.

He had perhaps been equally puzzled.

"Love," said he, "is the perfect union, of two angelic natures, utterly divested of their terrestrial dress. This is the love that must, if the God of love deigns to consider the children of earth, be of all spectacles the most worthy of his regard. Two beings that thus love, by a mysterious sympathy, have no need of words. Their opinions blend, intermingle, and form as it were one undivided essence. Their thoughts, wishes, feelings, are known to each other without the intervention of the senses. Distance does not separate them; age cannot diminish their affection, for they annihilate space and time. But, alas! Love has never shaken its angel wings over me. I have sighed for sympathy, and have found none. Abandoned to its own desolation, my spirit pines for what it can never attain. It will be my fate to go to the grave sad and solitary, to find no sister spirit to meet mine beyond the tomb."

"You take a gloomy view of life to-day, Sydney," I observed. "Do you not know that Love was born a twin; and you are yet too young to despair of finding your double. What miracles may not Love accomplish! There was a picture in the *exposition* of the Louvre, some years ago, that riveted my notice; and, as it suggests to me a remedy for your ills, I will describe it. The subject is a sick room. On a couch is lying a young man, Signor Professore," said I, looking at him, "not unlike my friend, emaciated by illness, and half-rising from his bed, his glassy eyes intently fixed in admiration of a peasant girl, probably about sixteen years of age. His mother is leading her towards the couch. The young creature is exceedingly beautiful, and bends her eyes to the ground with the most becoming modesty. At the head of the bed is the physician; his look is most professional, and lighted

up with a self-satisfaction, implying implicit faith in the remedy he has evidently suggested. By his side is the nurse, who seems worn out with watching ; and the father, an elderly man, in whose countenance may be read anxiety, almost hopelessness, completes the group. The story is well told. It is an experiment whether the object of all this solicitude can be saved by Love ; whether the lamp of life, trembling on the brink of dissolution, may be resuscitated by the mighty influence of a hitherto unfelt emotion. The countenance of the young man seems to imply the possibility of its success ; for it is radiant with delight, and he is stretching out his arms, as if to clasp the fair stranger to his heart. I have said little of her who is to perform the miracle ; but I will call upon the Professor to describe to us a *chef d'œuvre* of art, who may serve as a model to effect my friend's cure, to chase away his despondency. Are there no Fornarinas or Cencis to be met with now-a-days ? ”

“ The Barbarini palace at Rome,” observed the Professor, “ contains the portraits to which you allude. Raphael's mistress, and Guido's Cenci. They are both beautiful, but of different styles of beauty. No thing can be more voluptuous than the first of these. She is a brunette ; but there is a clearness, a velvetine softness, a richness in her colour, that perhaps surpasses a complexion, where

‘ The azure veins
Steal like streams along a field of snow.’

Her eyes are intensely black, and there is an archness about them, that speaks with a most seductive eloquence. So admirable is the finishing of this picture, that the closer it is viewed, the nearer the resemblance to nature appears ; and he must be cold indeed that can view this display of it with apathy. It is said to be the same face as that of the Tribune in Florence, which has lately been completely ruined by restoration. I can discover no such likeness.

“ The Cenci is of a different order of fine forms. She is extremely young. The portrait is said to have been taken as she was going to execution. My MS. says that Guido saw her in prison, where she was long confined before the trial, and after the sentence. It is not necessary to have been previously acquainted with the story in order to enter into the deep interest the sight of this lovely girl creates. There is a strange mixture of melancholy, yet resignation. Her eyes are heavy with tears unshed. It is the sense of the untimely removal from the world of one so rarely endowed that inspires our admiration of Beatrice, and makes us almost shed the tears that are denied to her. Her face is pale with thought, rather than the damp of the dungeon. Her complexion is delicately fair, and her hair ungathered on her head, plays in negligent strings of amber about that neck, that is soon about to be presented to the axe of the executioner. But,” after a pause, added the Professor, “ I am acquainted at Florence with one more beautiful than the Fornarina, more interesting than Beatrice Cenci, and I will tell you her history. Bianca B—— is the daughter of the Governor of ——. He has two, of whom Bianca is the eldest. Being an *amico di casa* in my character of Professor at the University, I have known them from infancy, and taught them the first rudiments of their language. No pupil whom I ever had repaid my labours like Bianca. She not only knows all our best poets by heart, but is herself a poetess. Her father has married again in his old age ; and the

stepmother, jealous of her, has forbidden the daughter the house. The Governor is avaricious, does not like to disburse her dowry, and is waiting till some one will take her off his hands without one. She has been now confined for two years in the convent of St. Anne. Poverina she pines like a bird in a cage, ardently longs to escape from her prison, pines with ennui, and wanders about the convent like an unquiet ghost. She sees her young days glide away without an aim. Yesterday she was watering some flowers in her cell:—‘Yes,’ said she, ‘you are born to vegetate; but thinking beings were made for action, not to be penned up in a corner to blow and die.’ Perhaps,” added he, “Signor Sydney will try and console the poor captive.”

The description of the fair *pensionnaire* reminded me of Margaret, and with her of Mephistophiles, when he says,

“Time seems to her
To move with shackled feet, and at her window
She stands and watches the heavy clouds on clouds
Passing in multitudes over the old town-walls.
And all the day and half the night she sings,
‘Ah! would I were a little bird!’”

To-morrow, Sydney is to be introduced. Who knows—*nous verrons*.

16th May.—Sydney has at length found an angel woman. When I called on him to-day, I found him an altered being. He reminded me of the picture at Paris. His eye was illumined with a new fire; his cheek with the radiance of returning health. The change is magical. He is enthusiastic in his description of Bianca.

He has now an object in life. The external world, to which he has been so long dead, has awakened for him; that self-abstraction, the bane of his existence, has given place to a new feeling. He loves—loves to idolatry, and his love is returned. To-morrow I am to see Bianca.

17th May.—I have been with him to the convent. It was in a dark street, has no gardens; and the *pensionnaires* being of the inferior classes, it contains no society such as a nobleman's daughter could move in. Economy was the motive for its selection. Torriagni's introduction seems to have been a very effective one; for our interview was not troubled by the presence of the abbess. Bianca is indeed lovely. Her long dark hair tied in the most simple knot, in the manner of one of the muses in the gallery, displayed to its full height her brow, fair as the marble of which I speak. She is above the common height; her features possess a rare faultlessness, and are modelled after the Grecian sculptors. But in her character seems nothing of the statue.

She spoke much of her captivity. There was a lark in the parlour, that had lately been caught. “Poor prisoner!” said she, looking at it compassionately, “you will die of grief. How I pity you! What must you suffer, when you hear in the clouds the songs of perhaps your parent birds, or see flocks of your kind on the wing, in search of other skies, of new fields? But, like me, you are forced to remain here, always alone. Why can I not release you?”

Her talent seems almost to surpass her beauty. I do not wonder at Sydney's passion. They write to each other daily.

I now lost sight of my friend for several weeks, having gone on a visit to some friends at Pisa, one of whom required my medical services; but, as she was convalescent, I returned to Florence.

The moment I quitted the diligence I proceeded to the Quattro Nazini, where Sydney was lodging, full of anxiety on his account ; for during my absence I had only had one hurried letter from him, that, instead of quieting, had only excited my apprehensions. On the stair I met his confidential servant, and augured ill from his countenance. It was a commentary on my thoughts.

"Have you not heard?" said he, in a whisper.

"Heard what?" I answered.

"My poor master," he replied, "you will find him sadly altered. He recognises no one, not even me. It is the third day since he has had one of his attacks, that lasted for forty hours. His senses are quite gone. The physician is now with him."

Saying this, he opened the door, and showed me into his room. The blinds were almost closed, and it was some time before I could distinguish the forms of Dr. Fabbrini and my poor friend. The latter was seated on the sofa, and leaning on his elbows. He was almost bent double, and his body moving backwards and forwards, till it almost touched his knees. The physician was by his side ; he advanced to meet me, and taking me into a corner, gave me his history. He spoke in his ordinary tone of voice, as though he had no fear of his patient's overhearing him.

"This is the third day since he has been as you see. During all that period he has only had one lucid interval, and then his mental sufferings were so acute, that it is hardly to be wished it should return.

With these words he gave me a chair.

Sydney was, as the servant said, so changed, that I should not have recognised him. All his features seemed drawn upwards by some convulsion of the nerves of the head ; his eyes were dim and lustreless, and totally devoid of expression ; his lips of a violet hue ; and, were it not for the perpetual and pendulous motion, he might have been mistaken for a corpse. I addressed him ; but he made no answer.

I asked Fabbrini if he always preserved the same silence ?

"No," he replied. "His mind seems to be active ; for he occasionally gives utterance to words almost oracular, to profound metaphysical reflections ; and, strange to say, they are delivered in the purest Italian, a language in which he is not very conversant. Sometimes he psychologizes in verse ; but his ideas are to me so obscure, that I cannot follow them. At times he makes replies, as though he were holding converse with some invisible being. His very voice has something supernatural in its tones, a sort of ventriloquism, for his lips scarcely move. Who can say that he is mad ? Perhaps, dead as he seems to the external world, he understands the mysteries of another."

Alas ! poor Sydney. Thus he continued for two days, and breathed his last in my arms.

Among his papers I found several poems, and fragments of a journal, also two sennets, one a translation from Petrarch, and some stanzas even gloomier still.

SONNET.

"Now, when are hush'd the winds, and earth, and skies,
And all the dreamy world in sleep is bound,
When Night's pale coursers wheel their shiny round,
And Ocean tranced in waveless slumber lies,
I wander, muse, rave, weep, whilst o'er my eyes
Flits a fair form, so loved, though cruel still.—

Such is my state—so full of grief and care !
 Yet one sole object lightens my despair,
 On this lone bosom but one gentle rill,
 Though bitter, may its healing waters pour,
 One hand alone that gave the wound can heal,
 And save me from a sea that knows no shore.
 Daily I die a thousand deaths, to know
 That every coming day adds woe to woe.”

SONNET.

“ Hours, days, months, years in one dark tideless flow
 Pass on, and who can tell what follows ! Tear
 The painted veil, call'd life, nor longer bear
 This pilgrim load, this weight of wrong and woe.
 Look at me !—on these dim sunk eyes, this hair
 Grown thin and grey before my time, this brow,
 Where things thou dreams't not of have driven their share
 Indelibly. Time has a deep-furrowing plough.
 It was the mark of Cain : like him I wear
 A charm'd life, and cannot die. Yet go—
 Whither ? To bliss—or bane eternal ? There
 Is the calamity that makes me cling to
 These weeds of flesh, still clasp in my despair
 The fiends that gnaw me :—all reap that they sow.”

STANZAS.

“ Talk not of racks, or beds of steel,*
 Or arrows† in the side,
 Or what the drowning wretch must feel
 Who wrestles with the tide.
 What are those ills to mine—for I
 Loathe life, and yet I cannot die !

“ I saw a victim of despair
 Stand in the lamp-lit street,
 And nakedness and hunger there
 Had met, as lovers meet ;
 I envied, as I past him by,
 For I loathe life, yet fear to die !

“ I saw a dungeon-peopled place,
 And at the gate a crowd,
 Who mocked the convict's livid face
 With scoffs, and laughter loud ;
 I envied even him, for I
 Loathe life, and yet I dread to die !

“ I saw a house enwrapt in flame,
 That from the windows broke ;
 I heard a shriek, and whence it came
 Descried amid the smoke !
 I envied e'en that wretch, for I
 Loathe life, and yet I cannot die !

“ Great are these ills, and hard to bear,
 Yet worse than every ill,
 The bitterness of my despair.
 Wo ! wo is me ! I feel
 The fire within—within—for I
 Loathe life, and yet I dread to die !

* Damien.

† St. Sebastian.

"They have forbidden our interviews—shut the convent door !

"Five o'clock, and not a line, not even a flower. The last she sent is withered, like my heart. Oh ! I conjure you, Bianca, write to me. Tell me that you love me still, that no earthly power shall sunder us. Another day like this must be my last."

"A second day, and we have not met. I cannot live without you ; you are become a portion of myself. I have been wandering about the spot where we plighted our faith, sealed by that kiss that still vibrates through my frame. Have you forgotten it, that you do not write to me ? O Bianca, but one line—in pity, one word. Relieve me from doubts, from agonies worse than death. Can you doubt me ? Can you think that you are not dearer to me than life ; that I am not eternally yours ? Oh ! I will make you my idol ; will devote to you all my thoughts, feelings, affections. You shall have no wish that is not mine. Were we not attracted to each other by a mutual sympathy ? Was it not destiny that brought us together ? And now, oh ! if you knew what a miserable life has been mine, you would pity me. And to be again doomed to that solitude of the spirit,—to be again condemned to the torture of my own thoughts. If you could imagine what I have suffered,—in what a sea of reveries I have been lost ! 'What are we ?' I have said to myself. 'Have we pre-existed ? Shall we exist again ?' The desire of proving the mysteries of our nature, of sounding infinitude, that barrier where all our vain systems end : all this I have felt, and must feel again, if you forsake me. On every side gape precipices, a gulf between me and heaven. See to what abstraction has brought me !—to anatomise my mind, to dissect it nerve by nerve, to count my sufferings, to contemplate them as in a mirror, to entertain but one desolating idea that we can know nothing,—that we are nothing ;—to have enjoyed paradise, and then to be driven from it. O Bianca, Bianca ! on my knees I pray you to trust your destiny to my care."

"Miserable, the most wretched of human beings, tormented with doubts, distracted by fears, sometimes I think she does not love me ; and then again I fear to have lost her for ever. A sense of calamity oppresses me. My eyes are without sleep ; yet have I waking dreams worse than those of sleep. Sometimes I see her pale, dishevelled, lifeless, and, oh ! horrible ! in the arms of another,—her whose heart has throbbed in unison with mine,—whose soul has intermingled with my own. Oh ! agony ! If you do not think of me, think of yourself, Bianca, what you will feel when you hear that you have destroyed me !"

"Another wretched night. My reason totters. I have been wandering, not knowing where. The moon was at her full, and my eyes sought the grave where all my happiness lies buried. Death is light, compared to the darkness of my soul. What is death, after all, but a deliverance of the galley-slave from the chain he calls life. Welcome ! welcome ! thou pale phantom !"

I have not sufficient data for tracing the progress of Sydney's passion, or how far it was crowned with success, for Bianca, the character which Shakspeare has drawn of Cressid is not inapplicable—

“ Her very foot spake,
Her wanton spirits looked out
At every creek and corner of her body.”

So loose was the discipline of the convent, that I have reason to know that Sydney was frequently closeted with the fair pensionaire. A plan, too, was organized for contriving Bianca's escape. Such a step would have involved all the parties concerned in the most serious consequences. This the Professor knew, and therefore successfully counteracted its execution. Indeed, it was by the power that, as her confessor, he had acquired over her mind, that he persuaded her to break the engagement by which she had bound herself to Sydney. No earthly power, should have induced her to sacrifice herself to another. The person who was selected for her husband was, I am told, every way incapable of engaging the affections of one so highly endowed. He conducted her to the Mahremwas, where his estate lay, and which to a Florentine may be considered as an exile to Siberia. To pride of birth the Governor added an excessive bigotry, and Sydney's proposal was contemptuously spurned. The knowledge of the intimacy that subsisted between the lovers hastened the evil, which ended in the misery of one, the madness and death of the other.

The part which Torriagni played in the whole of this drama, that led to so fatal a termination, was precisely what might have been expected from him. To break two young hearts must have been to him a delight such as fiends enjoy. He showed that his name, The Devil of Florence, was not wrongly given. I at times feel some compunctious visitings when I think that I was the innocent cause of hastening this catastrophe, by suggesting the remedy, which I firmly believed, was the only one that could have saved Sydney from becoming a prey to that gloomy abstraction, into which he was fast plunging, as into a gulf. It may indeed be said, one deep called upon another. May his spirit be absorbed into that which gave it—

“ The bosom of his father and his God ! ”

ELECTION FREEDOM!

BY LADY WYATT.

On Father Maher's opposition at Carlow election to Colonel Bruen.

THE reverend priest, strong sentiments pursuing,
Showed he thought “ mischief to his cause was—*Brewing !* ”
On Discord's race-course he ne'er cried “ *fir-Bear !* ”
Hence in the field the *Bruen* beat the *Maher !*
The poll proved Bruen of true “ *Polar* ” race,
Quick climbed “ the head o' the poll,” and held his place !

THE THREE RAVENS.

IN one of the loveliest valleys of the west of England stands a small town called Greystone, a corruption (according to the antiquaries of the place) of its original name of Gravestone. Near the market-place, not far from the town-hall, and at the corner of a street (the name of which we are not permitted to reveal) dwelt a Mr. Simon Raven, undertaker: to this profession Mr. Raven had formerly added those of auctioneer and appraiser; but, whether the two latter branches brought him but small profits, or that his genius lay exclusively in the former, we know not. Certain it is, that at the time of which we write Mr. Raven was only an undertaker, but to that he enthusiastically devoted himself mind and body.

Every morning his spouse, Mrs. Raven, might be seen (dressed in a black velvet cloak) leaving her home with the charitable intention of visiting the sick. In the art of closing the eyes of the dying, and rendering them the last sad offices, she had by long practice acquired a wonderful address. Her appearance in a house was almost a sure sign of approaching death, and some of her neighbours were uncharitable enough to say that she had been known to occupy herself with the funeral preparations even before the breath was out of the body.

All the happiness of this thrifty couple (a happiness partaking, however, of their moody temperament) was centered in an only daughter, Miss Niobe Raven, who also shared the gloomy labours of her parents. Her greatest delight was in reading. She delighted in the solemn pages of Sherlock, Hervey, and Dr. Dodd; sometimes, to give a little variety to her recreations, she tried the poets. It is unnecessary to add that Young's "Night Thoughts" and Blair's "Grave" were preferred to all others. In music, she had a great predilection for "The Dead March in Saul," and the bell tolling for a funeral had for her a silvery sound. But to the cause of these melancholy tastes.

For some years past (we will not say how many) Miss Niobe had been of age, yet she still remained in the sorrowful state of single-blessedness. For many years she had hoped to establish herself in matrimonial life with some swain of her native town, or the neighbouring parishes, or, indeed, of any other,—for the fact is, she was not particular as to where he came from, so that he did come. But, alas! no one had presented himself,—and this tender cypress found no prop to support her.

Several years had elapsed, as we have been credibly informed, since young Roots, (the son of a market-gardener at the end of the town,) thinking that Mr. Raven had gathered a more profitable harvest from the churchyard than his father was ever likely to do from his garden, had intended to pay court to Miss Raven; but, too discreet a lover, he had only proceeded as far as a few tender glances.

Strop, the barber, too, the most punctual, as well as the most busy man in the town, had been known to spare a few minutes in his rounds to address a compliment to Miss Raven; but latterly he had been heard to declare that he never had the slightest intention of converting Miss Raven into Mrs. Strop.

Things were in this state when Miss Niobe arranged a plan to put

an end to her state of desolation. She had tried in vain to gain a husband by assuming a gentleness of manner; and she was now determined to act with decision.

Exactly opposite to the house of Mr. Raven lived a Mr. Narcissus Nonpareil, draper. This Mr. Narcissus Nonpareil, unlike the usual measurers of cloth, had an aspiring mind. No tradesman in the town carried his head so high, nor had any better reason to do so, for his stature was only four feet four. He might be seen every morning standing at his shop-door, rubbing alternately his hands and his chin while inhaling the morning air, — for tyrant *custom*, as in most small towns, confined him all day to the shop. Miss Niobe had seen “and marked him for her own.” Mr. Nonpareil had retired to his parlour one evening after the cares of the day, when a shopman entered.

“Any one waiting, Mr. Smith?”

“No, sir, Mr. Stoa’s clerk has just left this letter, and has since over to Mr. Raven’s.”

Wondering what Stoa, the lawyer, could have to write to him about, Nonpareil opened the letter, and read as follows:—

“SIR, — I am instructed by my client, Mr. Simon Raven, to inform you that if you any longer refuse to fulfil the engagement contracted by you with Miss Raven, that legal proceedings will be forthwith commenced against you. “I am, sir, your obedient servant,

“To Mr. Narcissus Nonpareil, &c.”

“CAYMAN STOA.”

It is not necessary to paint the surprise into which this singular epistle threw our friend, the draper: he read it over more than once; but that only plunged him deeper into conjectures as to its meaning. “What engagements had he contracted with Miss Raven that Stoa could call upon him to fulfil? What proceedings were to be taken against him for the accomplishment of a contract he had never heard of before? It must surely be some pleasantry between Mr. Raven and Mr. Stoa,” thought he. But Mr. Raven was not a man given to joking, and Mr. Stoa was anything but a pleasant man. “I have never,” said Nonpareil, (rising from his chair with dignity,) “never by word or thought injured Miss Raven, in fact, never thought about her.”

Having said this, and being convinced of his own innocence, he took his hat, and went out. “I must see Stoa immediately,” said he, “and learn the meaning of this letter.” Saying which, he proceeded to the lawyer’s house.

“Good evening, Mr. Stoa,” said Nonpareil, entering the office, in which he found the man of law busily occupied in writing; and presenting the letter he had received, asked the meaning of it. “If it be a joke, it is one that will not make you the richer, I suspect.”

“A joke — you may call it a joke if you please, Mr. Nonpareil, though I am sorry to find you treat so serious an affair in this manner; but I would rather see your lawyer about it. We shall be better able to come to an understanding.”

“Understanding — about what? I do not understand a syllable of all this. What do you mean?”

“Nothing more, Mr. Nonpareil, than this, — that we have the most conclusive evidence, the most efficient witnesses, that you have proceeded too far in your attentions towards Miss Raven to draw back now without subjecting yourself to very heavy damages.”

Nonpareil on hearing this threw himself into a chair in a state of great agitation.

"Damages—for what? You surely do not mean to force me to —"

"Young men ought to have more discretion, Mr. Nonpareil. The damages will be laid at *five thousand pounds*!"

There was such a tone of sincerity in these words that they failed not to make a great impression on the draper.

"Alas!" cried he. "What can I do?"

"You are not in a fit state at present to listen to me. Who is your lawyer?"

"Mr. Ferrett—Mr. Ferrett," replied Nonpareil, trembling—"Ferrett, who lives at the end of North Street."

"Very well. I will see him," said Stoat, conducting Nonpareil to the door, who followed him like an automaton, a thousand times more confused and bewildered than when he entered. On his way home he thought the best way to get at the truth would be to go to Raven's house. He arrived there, knocked, and asked in a loud tone for Mr. Mrs. or Miss Raven. "Walk in, sir,—missus is in the parlour." He entered, and found Mrs. and Miss Raven seated at work.

"Ah! sir," said Mrs. Raven, with a solemn air, "we have waited to receive this visit for some time." Then (turning towards her daughter) said "Niobe, my dear, take courage; all will be well."

Miss Niobe, on hearing this, said in a languishing tone, "No—no; this is indeed too much to bear."

"Leave the room, my dear; take the shroud with you, and finish it in the other room." Then turning to Nonpareil, Mrs. Raven continued, "You see the sensibility of this dear girl." As she retired, Narcissus could not forbear murmuring to himself, "Frightful creature! would the shroud were her own!"

"You see, sir, we are obliged to assist in the work," said Mrs. Raven, with a ghastly smile. "We have so many funerals to complete just now that we cannot find hands enough. You will excuse me if I continue my employment; but Mr. Raven will be here directly."

During this explanation our hero had heard the noise of hammers in full operation in the back premises. A shuddering came over him, and he turned deathly pale. The entrance of Mr. Raven did not at all tend to allay this feeling of alarm when he said in a sepulchral voice, "So you're come at last, Mr. Nonpareil; but you seem ill?"

"Yes," faltered Narcissus,—"I am ill—very ill," for he found the eye of Mr. Raven fixed on him, as if already measuring him for his coffin.

"You do look ill; and, considering the shameful manner in which you have treated my poor Niobe——"

"What the devil do you mean by the way in which I have treated your poor Niobe? Do you mean to insinuate that I ever paid any attention to your daughter—that I ever pretended to like her? So far from thinking of her, if she had her weight in gold I would not have her."

"Oh! oh! you would not have her, eh?" replied Raven with a frightful grin. "No matter, we'll see if you do not marry her. We know how to make you."

"The devil take me if I do, though," muttered Nonpareil, as he buttoned up his coat with the air of a man prepared for anything.

"Fie! fie! gentlemen," said Mrs. Raven. "Simon, my dear, moderate your passion."

"Once for all," said Nonpareil, "explain yourself, will you, Mr. Raven?"

"Well, then, you must marry Niobe, or justice shall take its course. We have your own letters, of the most tender and passionate description; and that's explanation enough, I suppose."

Narcissus started back a few paces. "It's a vile conspiracy," said he; "but Ferrett shall inquire into this affair for me."

"Did I not tell you he would deny them?" said Raven, turning towards his wife.

"He denies his own handwriting, does he? Well, the wickedness of the world! who would believe one of his sex?" sighed forth Mrs. Raven.

"We have nothing more to say to you," added Mr. Raven, moving towards the door. "We have your letters,—we have your offer in black and white."

Narcissus retired more confused than when he entered the house. When he reached home he thought over the affair. "These Ravens say that they have several letters of mine to their daughter. I cannot understand it. No matter. They have sworn that I shall marry her; and I really believe them capable of anything, the cannibals! Marry their frightful daughter—a living spectre! Who's there?" said he, as the door opened, and a head appeared.

"Are you alone?" asked the proprietor of the head, for the body was not yet visible.

"Yes," replied Narcissus. "Come in, Captain Trigger."

A short stout man accordingly made his appearance, his neck enveloped in an enormous cravat, and his cheeks ornamented with a superb pair of whiskers. Such was the appearance of the formidable Captain Trigger, who having retired from the service for some years, had lately settled in the town of Greystone, retaining little from his military services except the title of Captain, and the before mentioned whiskers. This gentleman frequently honoured our friend the draper with an evening call, to play a game of piquet, of which Narcissus was very fond, and at which the Captain was very skilful.

"Why, what ails you, man? You look ill," said the Captain, seating himself. "Are you for a game to-night?"

"I am seriously ill, Captain Trigger," replied Narcissus, putting his hand to his head.

"Take some of Dr. Gargle's pills, and you will be all right to-morrow."

"Can you keep a secret?" said Narcissus, drawing nearer to the Captain.

"As profoundly as the grave. But do not look so very melancholy, for Heaven's sake, or you will give me the blue devils! Let's take a glass of grog. There's nothing better to dispel melancholy."

"As you like, Captain." And whilst the Captain was engaged in the agreeable occupation of mixing the grog, the draper recounted to him all the details of his unfortunate position. The Captain took a pinch of snuff, put the stopper into the bottle, looked hard at his friend, tasted his mixture, and said, "This is all very strange. You have never made love to this Miss Raven?"—"Never!"

"Have you never written any letters to her?"—"Never!"

"Have you ever written any love-letters to any other person?"—"Nev—ah!" exclaimed Nonpareil, jumping up suddenly, "I have it, I have it, my good friend. Yes, I have written several letters—love-letters, to Penelope Pincroft, who—"

"And these letters are in the possession of these Ravens," said the Captain, interrupting him. "Where does this Penelope live? I will go directly to her, and find it all out."—"Alas! Captain, she has been dead these six months."

"But these letters were directed to her, and not to Miss Raven?"—"I sent them always by a trusty person, without any address, and never mentioned her name in them, for fear they should fall into old Pincroft's hands."

"This becomes serious," said Trigger. Then turning to Narcissus, he added, "This Raven (the old man, I mean) has feathered his nest well?"—"Oh! no doubt of it. He is called rich, and I hear will give his daughter three thousand pounds."

"Well, why not marry her, then?"—"How can you ask me such a question? I marry one of such a family of spectres! I should soon become a prey to my father-in-law."

"That is all prejudice. You cannot do better than marry the girl; for it will be impossible to prove that these letters were not intended for her. The damages may be considerable, and the affair will half ruin you."—"I would rather beg my bread than marry such a scare-crow."

A silence followed, when the Captain said, "Listen to me, Nonpareil. You know that I have ruined myself with play and good living; now, three thousands pounds would be most acceptable to me—don't interrupt me,"—(seeing that Nonpareil was going to speak)—"I have a plan in my head by which I can secure the money, and get you out of a scrape." He then detailed his plan to our friend the draper, who appeared delighted with it. 'Tis unnecessary, however, to let our readers into the secret before the proper time.

"You think it will do, then?" said the Captain, "and you will try it without hesitation?"—"Certainly."

The two friends, after laughing heartily, separated for the night.

Nonpareil was up very early the following morning, and very carefully dressed. He took a last look in the glass, and being satisfied with his appearance, sallied forth. His expectations had not deceived him. During his walk he met Miss Niobe. She perceived his approach, and was on the point of turning back; but Narcissus detained her by the eloquence of his persuasive language.

"Am I then so odious, dear Miss Raven?" said he, as he overtook her. "I beg, I entreat you to listen to me, whilst I own the reason of my conduct yesterday evening."

"It certainly was much at variance with your present behaviour, sir. Pray explain yourself."

"I desire nothing more. You love me—nay, do not deny it—you love me, dear Niobe, and this explains the fiction relative to certain letters—very excusable under such circumstances. Do not blush, but tell me—tell me the truth, I conjure you—how could your respectable parents think of putting the matter into Stoa's hands? This ruins my hopes completely."

"How so, Mr. Nonpareil?"

"Will not the world say that I did not love you, and only consented

to be led to the altar to save my pocket. 'Tis terrible to think of such a thing! I have loved you; let us defy the scandal of the world, and elope at once. This will prove our affection for each other."

"Elope! elope!!" screamed Miss Niobe, at the same time drawing a little nearer to our hero, who saw that he had gained the day.

"I have no time to delay; my business cannot be long left without its master. What say you, my dear Niobe?" He pressed her hand—the pressure was returned. "You consent, then," cried he. "Tomorrow morning I will be here with a post-chaise at six o'clock."

"Oh! not here," said Niobe. "Let it be at the end of the town, at the lane near Thompson's Mill."

"Be it so. But here comes Doctor Gargle; do not let him see us together. Adieu!" So saying, he was out of sight in a minute.

It was half-past five the next morning when Nonpareil descended from a post-chaise, which stopped at the lane near the mill. It was not without a feeling of great anxiety for the success of his scheme that he looked in the direction from which he expected Miss Niobe to appear. His fears were groundless. In a few minutes she approached with rapid steps. He took her hand, pressed it with apparent affection, and assisted her into the chaise, in which Captain Trigger was already seated, and (instead of entering himself) closed the door, and gave the signal for instant departure.

When the sound of the wheels had entirely ceased, he turned his steps to the house of Mr. Raven. On arriving there, and telling the servant that he had something of consequence to communicate to Mr. and Mrs. Raven, he was admitted; though this *worthy* couple were in a sound sleep when the servant entered their bed-room, and surprised them by saying that Mr. Nonpareil waited for them in the parlour.

"What can he want?" said Raven, angry at being disturbed. "Mr. Nonpareil here at this time of the morning!"

"Yes, sir. He says he wants to see you and missus directly."

"Very well; say we'll be down soon."

Dressing themselves in haste, and wondering what could be the reason of this early visit, Raven and his better half descended to the parlour, where they found Nonpareil pacing up and down impatiently.

"You're a pretty couple, truly," cried he, when they entered, "to wish me to marry your daughter, who has eloped with—"

"Eloped!" cried they both at once. — "Yes—with Captain Trigger."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the father. "She does not know him."

"I tell you I saw them together in a post-chaise, and I overheard the direction given to the post-boy to drive to the Salisbury Arms, at ———."

The mother ran up stairs to ascertain if Niobe was in her bed-room. Not finding her there, or in the house, she begged Nonpareil to accompany Raven and herself in search of the fugitives. To this he readily consented, and Raven having procured a chaise, the trio departed for the Salisbury Arms, where in due time they arrived. A waiter (with a napkin under his arm) was at the door.

"Pray, did a lady and gentleman arrive here in a post-chaise this morning?" said Raven.

"Yes, sir; they're in No. 4." And he pointed to the room in which Niobe and the gallant Captain were at that moment.

On opening the door, Raven discovered Captain Trigger busily engaged in satisfying a ravenous appetite, while Miss Niobe was seated on a sofa. On seeing her father and mother she rose, and would have thrown herself into the arms of the latter; but she perceived a coldness on the part of her mother towards her demonstration of affection.

"Give me back my child," said Raven, approaching Captain Trigger,—"give me back my child. She is engaged to be married to Mr. Nonpareil."

"No such thing," replied the Captain, continuing his breakfast with the greatest composure; "she is engaged to me. Mrs. Raven will you do me the favour to take this chair by my side, and I will explain all this to you." Mrs. Raven seated herself in silent wonder. "You see my young friend there," said the Captain (pointing to Nonpareil, who was seated on the sofa talking earnestly to Miss Raven), "that friend whom you threatened to sue for breach of promise of marriage,—that friend ought to sue you for conspiracy against him; and it only rests whether you consent that Miss Raven becomes Mrs. Captain Trigger, or that you are indicted for the conspiracy. Do you remember poor Penelope Pincroft?" At this question the countenances of both father and mother became rather clouded.

"I have," continued the Captain, "proofs that the letters now in your possession were written by my friend Nonpareil to Miss Penelope Pincroft, now dead.—Have I your consent that Miss Niobe becomes my wife, or not?"

"What does the Captain mean?" said Raven.

"Oh! my dear," replied his wife, "we must be allowed a little time to think over this affair."

During this time Narcissus had continued his conversation with Niobe. "Why refuse the Captain?" said he. "He has long loved you—why not make him happy? He only requires a little money to become a Colonel."

"Mr. Nonpareil tells you nothing but the truth," chimed in the Captain. "My unfortunate modesty has alone hindered me declaring my sentiments sooner."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Raven, in a softened tone, "you military gentlemen are so pressing. Niobe, my love, you hear what the Captain says—will you accept him?"

"Dear mamma, what *can* I say?" A tender glance at the Captain decided the affair, much to the satisfaction of all parties,—but to none more than our friend Narcissus Nonpareil.

PRAISE OF WINE.

BY JOHANN MICHAEL MOSCHEROSCH.*

WHILE I live, good wine I'll love,
Wine alone can grief remove,
Make dull melancholy flee;
Water brings ennui and pain,
Hurts the stomach and the brain,
Therefore, brothers, wine for me.

* Moscherosch was born at Wilstedt in Germany, in 1600, and died in 1669.

Noble wine 's my chief delight,
 Water does my hate excite,
 In it blockheads drown and die :
 Water is unwholesome too ;
 Wine can love and joy renew,
 Vigour and new life supply.

I drink tasteless water ! No.
 Wine I would not injure so,
 Sweeter than the sweetest rose.
 Nought the blissful draught can cloy,
 Nought in life can mar my joy,
 When the sparkling nectar flows.

Shame on those who hate good wine !
 Water makes the soul repine :
 Wine, and wine alone, I crave.
 Water is a dainty dish,
 Fit for beast, and bird, and fish ;
 Water is the Wine-god's slave.

Fountain springs, away ! away !
 Wine alone can grief allay :
 Man is lifeless without wine.
 Wine brings mirth and mutual love,
 Wine the truth of friends can prove.
 Shun false water, seek the vine.

Fighting with a stronger foe,
 Wouldst thou shun the deadly blow,
 Drink, and then thy weapon draw ;
 Such a draught 's a potent charm,
 Soon 'twill nerve thy strengthened arm ;
 Wine 's the truest friend in war.

Yet, if peace be thy delight,
 Wine hath still a sorcerer's might,
 Wine the fiercest strife can end :
 Drink, and as the bright streams flow,
 Thou wilt soon forget thy foe,
 And once more embrace thy friend.

Wine makes heart and spirit gay,
 He that would the lover play
 Let him drink (in moderation).
 Would he please his pretty miss ?
 Would he gain a stolen kiss ?
 Wine 's a certain inspiration.

Yes : in *vino veritas*
 Means, give me a brimming glass,
 And a small one to my foe ;
 He who fears a drop of wine,
 He shall be no friend of mine,
 I will ne'er such folly show.

Water some may like, not I,
 Wine such stuff will e'er defy,
 E'en in *pacia cellulá*,
 Holy fathers, monks divine,
 Per omnes casus, relish wine,
 Fill the cup, and shout " Hurrah ! "

IRISH SUPERSTITIONS.

BY P. M'TEAGUE, ESQ.

IT is perhaps easier to imagine than define what superstition actually is, where it begins, or where it ends; but this I believe we may say, that superstition is the offspring of ignorance, and that people are credulous in proportion to the weakness of their brains. As an indolent mind finds ease in drawing its conclusions from hearsay, so does cunning gather strength; and crafty inventors, having once succeeded in lowering the standard of intelligence, can always take further liberties with their prostrate captives. An intelligent and active capacity will be contented with nothing short of the most perfectly attainable evidence of facts. We are happily approaching the age of PROOFS—everything shows it—the minds of men are hungering and thirsting after them; and though numbers are impatient, and think that we should discard all out-of-the-way customs, beliefs, and prejudices, at once—bundle them up, in short, and throw them overboard in a lump, I am not sure that *this* would be altogether so well; the vessel might then be too light, and upset; and I would rather see people *convinced* than *drowned*. In the latter case, too, I should lose my gardener, Timothy Cormick, whose ghost-stories have so often amused me; and the more so, as he being an implicit believer in giants, witches, fairies, devils, and hobgoblins of every shape and size, perfect beings, whether from thirty feet in height, down to the thirtieth part of an inch, can enter into minutiae and descriptions which are perfectly astonishing. When or how he has imbibed these strange vagaries I never could find out. Previous, perhaps, to his taking the temperance pledge from Father Mathew, whiskey might have had something to do with it; as of all other *spirits* this *was* the decided leader in bothering our poor people, blinding some, and with others establishing a second sight, by making them see *double*. Be this as it may, all I know is, that Tim's father, and probably his grandfather and great-grandfather, lived with the O'Neills,—a family once great and powerful enough, but now, at least in this county, nearly extinguished. It so happens that my present residence is near the last remains of an old house which the O'Neills inhabited, after being driven from one of their strongest castles by Ingoldsby's forces, and now nearly obliterated. A few sheep or cattle find an occasional shelter within the bare deserted walls of what was once a banqueting room,—a pig or two may be occasionally seen rooting among earth and stones, where, at a happier period, ancient lawns and pleasure grounds afforded relaxation to the young, the gay, and the light-hearted. Of the orchard, so celebrated even in Tim's remembrance, not a tree remains. In short, the branches of this ancient family, whose pride could not brook any diminution of those luxuries in which their forefathers had indulged, were doomed to wither one by one; and *there* stand the miserable remnants of their possessions, falling away year after year, stone after stone,—attesting that

“to provide and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer,”

is, even in this ingenious country, a vain effort!

It is among these ruins that Tim often walks and meditates, taking special care, however, never to approach them after sunset. Now this man is clever enough in his occupation, a good gardener, and faithful sort of fellow; yet all the logic in the world would not reason him out of his belief in supernatural appearances and events. He can remember the family coach and four, the appearance of his old master, the coachman, and the footman behind; and insists upon it, that the ancient equipage may still be occasionally heard rattling down the avenue. Indeed, upon one occasion, seeing him considerably excited, I with some difficulty got from him the following account.

"Why, plase yer honor, if I must tell yer honor the *thrush*, I seen the ould master last night, and was wondering yer honor hadn't heerd the noise."

"What, Tim," I said, "did your old master make a noise?"

"Oh, no, by no manes, yer honor. The ould master wouldn't make a noise, by rason he had no head; but I'll engage he sot boult upright, an' I knew him in a minute, an' counted five gentlemen sitting with him within in the coach, an' the coachman dhrivin' an the box, an' the footman houlding an behind, an' not one av them had a head! So, plase yer honor, how could I be mistaken, an' not a bit frightened? Sure I knew the carriage as well as when I was a little boy, an' so I pulled off my hat, as I used to do, when the ould master would smile an' give me a nod, an' sometimes throw a penny, or maybe an odd sixpence, out of the windy. But av' coorse nothin' kem this turn, not even a nod from one o' them; for how could they nod without ther heads? But, praise be to God, they didn't *beckon me*!"

"Perhaps that was lucky, Tim. You mean, I suppose, if they *had* beckoned yon, it wold have been an evil sign."

"Troth, for the matter o' that, yer honor, it would have been a warning to quit yer honor, an' that's what I wouldn't like to do if I could help it. Next turn, maybe, I'll be better prepared."

I tried, of course, to reason Tim out of this phantasy. I desired him to recollect that the night he described, though light, had been stormy, and that there had been some thunder and lightning; but all would not do. He persisted in his story, as if it would have been madness to disbelieve it, and cut me vexatiously short by saying,

"Sure yer honor wouldn't have me to disbelieve what I seen with my own two eyes as plain as I see this spade in my hand! An' by the same token, whin the master passed me quite fair an' asy in the coach, ould Corney gave a crack wid his whip that wint aff like the shot of a pistle; an' away wint the four black horses, an' the coach after thim, as quick as the wind, an' down the avenue wid 'em like a flash of lightning, an' through the first big gate, tho' meself had put an the chain an' padlock only a minute or two before, an' not a bar broke. An' thin I heerd such whippin' an' crackin', an' seen the fire an' shmoke flyin' out of the horses' mouths, an' such a racket with their shoes they made! An' in one minute it was all *quite* and still as before—the Lord be praised!"

Now, though perfectly able to trace the combinations which produced this effect on Tim's intellect, I might as well have tried to move a mountain as stir his belief,—a belief not formed alone on that which he fancied he had seen, but grafted on the ancient superstitions attached to the house, and probably (in a greater or less degree) upon the minds of all that had dwelt there for a hundred years before.

Neither will I go so far as to affirm that the whole of my people and neighbours believe this tale, though pretty sure that too many of them do; and that, upon the whole, Tim is infinitely more successful in making converts to *his* belief than I to *mine*. And this I can further state, that almost as many believe in the existence of witches, and many more in fairies, whose power they consider to be unlimited.

Let us just hear the following account of the misfortunes of Peggy Grady, as related by my neighbour Billy Donellan; only premising how extremely dangerous it is generally considered to be even to *think* of the "good people," as they are called, with the slightest disrespect.

"Oh ay, indeed! Peggy Grady, God help her! that wanst made game o' the good people, an' said she didn't care *that* for the fairies! An' thin what kem av Peggy afther that 'harrang' I wondher? But wasn't she next dure all 's one as dhrown'd in the bog-hole, you rimimber — I mane when they sed she overritched hersilf afther her ould kittle? Well, that was jist to begin wid her thrubbles — an' thin didn't she lose her two front teeth in a skrimmidge, and sarve her right? An' thin whin the divil (the Lord save us!) druv her into the *sup o' dhrink*, wasn't she turn'd into a HARE? An' a mad hare she was! An' by the same token, wasn't it Micky Miligan first saw her, an' he wondering how in the world a hare could *milk a cow*? An' there he seen her, milking his red cow he had turned out there beyant an the crags, wid her two fore-paws, an' she standin' up an the two hind legs av her, an' looking over her bit of a tail, wid the ears an' eyes av her turn'd back — an' whin she caught the laste taste in life of Micky's face, aff she set wid hersilf, tearin' away, an' Micky afther her in no time, an' away to her ould cummerade Molly Dowling, an' jumped up over the half dure, an' into the cabin wid hersilf, an' thried bither hard to hide hersilf undher Molly's bed, in a dark corner there was. But all her mannewvers wouldn't serve her turn, an' Micky up wid a flail, an' hot her a side pelt, an' broke one of her milking-paws, an' thin when he considherd he had the hare all as one for himsilf, an' wint down upon his hands an' knees to rech her out av that, who should he see but *Peggy Grady hersilf*, rowlin' about in her ould red petticoat, bawlin' out murder for the broken arm she'd got, an' skreetchin' for the bone setther — Glory be to God!"

In this tale, which I have actually heard thus related, and which all my humble neighbours are in the habit of hearing, and many, I fear, of believing, one can trace no mitigating cause for the invention, or excuse for credulity, the whole thing being a tissue of falsehood and improbability; but admitting it to be so, does it therefore follow that no other people deal in such superstitions? I for one can declare that I have heard in my youth things quite as strange and improbable in many parts of England; and in Germany I once lodged twelve months in a clergyman's family, all the servants of which believed in witchcraft, and on stormy moonlight nights would often look out for witches riding in the air on broomsticks to the Hartz mountains. They would also affirm to the truth of a devil, who in the likeness of a trumpeter, in the Saxon Switzerland, flew clean off with one hundred and thirty little children in one night, their cradles being all found empty the next morning! Think of one hundred and thirty little empty cradles, and one hundred and thirty unhappy mothers, all crying and wringing their hands at the same time!

So much in excuse for my dear countrymen, though dearer by far

will they be to me, should I live to see their superstitions extinguished together with all those trains of exaggeration and *blarney*, which are such appropriate companions to them. Thank God ! I have seen Ireland emancipated from the horrors of intoxication ; and as sober people are not generally superstitious, I shall not despair of the rest. Truth, industry, and sobriety are seldom long or widely separated !

In the mean time, while children *are* silly, we must do our best to make them wiser, and as it is written,

“ Qui parcit virgam odit filium,”

administer even the rod, if nothing else will do ; but I prefer laughing at them, and by and by when they begin to laugh at themselves, the business will be done.

As for Tim Cormick's witches, they are for the most part disturbers of dairies, spoilers of cream and butter, stealers of milk, and authors of such misfortunes as cows are subject to. Tim is therefore always appealed to in cases of mishap, and, without intending it by any means, can generally contrive to shelter negligence, or even theft, under the convenient mantle of superstition. He is, I do believe, the last man who would do so, were not his mind so decidedly made up. But then mark how others may profit by him—a cunning thief, for instance ; an idle herdsman, or a lazy dairymaid ! To such people about a house, Tim Cormick would be worth any money—as for example—

“ Oh, then, yer honor, nothin' surer at any rate but them ould hags o' witches can charm the butther, ay, an' the cows likewise, when they please for thimsilves ; an' thin what soort o' milk can any one expect ? I declare I never seen them so busy wid their ugly goin's an as last May was three years ; but they're a little quieter now, praise be to God ! by rason they're gettin' terr'ble feared av the clergy, that sets thimsilves agen 'em, and since ould Father Morony—God be merciful to him !—whipp'd them seven hags o' witches that lived together in the one house there beyant in Bally Cluney. An' if he did, he whipped 'em round an' round the shapple, an' didn't lave a dhrop in their carcass, for being goin' an wid all sorts of divilments an' misfortunes on his rivirince's parrishioners intirely, so he did !

“ Well, plase yer honor, all thim same ould hags liv'd, as I was sain', in Bally Cluney, an' every May day all the people, the Lacy's, an' the Morrissey's, an' the Dillons, an' the Hanrahans, wor all av 'em obleeged to get up at the hour o' midnight, an' go into the fields, an' watch close enough, sir, I tell you, for fear'd any of the witches 'ud come unknownst an' *sharm* the butther out av the new milk ; and no one knew what them same hags (the thieves !) done wid the butther ; for tho' it wint clane out of the milk, they could never see any of it wid 'em by any chance ; an' before what I'm tellin' yer honor happened, them same hags wasn't known to be witches at that time, but *afterwards* !

“ Well, now, I'll tell yer honor wan thing, an' indeed indeed, that I mightn't sin, but it's as thrue as I'm tellin' it to yer honor, an' just as I heerd it meself, an' Mick Milligan's father towlt it to me the same morning it happened. Well, he was comin' down the Borheen that lades the ways down to Bally Cluney, an' it was at the fursht 'cock-bawl,' (that's the time they does be doing thim things) an' he turnin' the corner in the ould wall in his haggard, who shud he see but wan iv the ould hags sittin' a near the wall, an' she had a great big brown shtone before her out, an' a cow's 'spancel' (hay rope) tied round it,

an' a parcel of shmall brown shtones all round her entirely ; but what she was doin' at all wid the shtones ! Bud whin she seen Mick's father, she fell to, an' picked up every one of the shmall shtones, an' away wid her for the bare life down the borheen. Aff wid Mick's father afther her in no time, an' follied her hot an' hard, but couldn't overtake her till he kem to her house, an' the dure shut, an' he ropp'd hard, but the dickens a wan o' 'em would let an the' wor up, so Mick round wid himsilf to a little windy he knewn av, an' peeped in,—an', 'O yarra wisha !' siz he. 'The hoky save us ! what 's this I see ?'—An' Mick's father towlt me he seen as sure as he stud there—he seen all the sivin hags, an' they mighty busy an the flure, an' a hape of tubs in the kitchen, an' the most surprising to him was, to see siven 'sugans' of long hay-ropes hangin' down from the collar-bame of the house, an' the sivin hags having each a howlt iv the ends uv the sivin sugans *that had raal tates to them*, an' they milking away like mad into the tubs ! An' whin he seen *that*, he wint up to where he first seen the ould witch, where the great big brown shtone was, an' there was his own illigant cow lyin' ashleep, an' signs, an' he tuk her to the fair the same day airly, and sowlt her at wanst, like a sinsible man, an' thin wint an' towlt the priesht, an' reported an' inform'd ag'in the witches, an' signs an ! the priesht ped 'em well, an' *soon they all died* ; but no doubt they 're witches in some counthry or another, unless the divil tuk a fancy to any o' them, the Lord help us. Amin !"

Next in order to these "vile ould hags o' witches," those airy myriads which form the tribe of *ignes fatui*, may be deemed, perhaps, most hostile to our poor Paddies, leading them such mischievous dances over bogs and ditches, or through thorns or briars, and always leaving them in some horrid scrape, soused over head in a cold-bath, or up to their chins in mire, roaring out murder. But are the Irish the only people plagued by these provoking fairies ? By no means. For instance, sailors of almost all countries, being extremely superstitious, believe that these sprites can counterfeit even the moon and stars, perch on the summit of a ship's mast, and laugh at the amazement of the crew ; or, if in a malicious humour, will even run down and set fire to the powder magazine. These might have been the "Fire devils" so generally worshipped in remote times, and may yet be, for aught I know, unless Mr. Morier's race of "Cara Beys" have all been blown up.

There are other aërial spirits which ride upon whirlwinds, and which probably first suggested the invention of locomotive engines on railroads ; their steeds, which must indeed be *spirited*, carry them as quick as lightning. They are as mischievous as their neighbours, taking stones with them to pelt such unlucky witches as may attempt to follow them on broomsticks ; and though these stones should be twenty years falling to the earth, they are as everybody knows, often picked up quite hot ! Their other vagaries consist in tearing such oak trees to pieces as ought to have been cut down for ship-building before they went to decay ; and if they hear of a bad parson, who prefers money to prayers, they are sure to kick up a row, and knock down his steeple. They have also a few better qualities, as it is believed they shower down frogs upon France, and I only wish they would "rain potatoes" on Ireland during the scarce season, which is just three months in every year, God help us !

No doubt it was these spirits which caused such a bewilderment in

the air over Vienna previous to the approach of the Turks, who don't travel so far now-a-days, having acquired more domestic habits ; also, over Rome, as Machiavel has been at the trouble of relating, and over Jerusalem, according to Josephus. Some of them were so vain that they took pleasure in having sacrifices made to them, but their pride was not so great as to prevent them from trading in winds, and for a "consideration" they would even sell them to mariners, "warranted to blow fair for them as per agreement." Hence, of course, the term "trade winds." Who bought the original trade-winds does not seem to be recorded, but he must have been a deep fellow, as the bargain holds good to the present day. They would even sell themselves, it being well known at that time of day that Trismegistus's father had one bound to him for twenty-eight years ! Nor should we omit to describe the subterranean devils who are the chief directors of earthquakes, and very jealous of our poor miners, often whipping off a bunch of ore when just within reach. They are particularly numerous in Tipperary ; and by their mischievous pranks have caused great losses to adventurers who might perhaps have made large fortunes but for their jealousy and interference.

Water nymphs and naiades are sometimes mischievous in Ireland,—as, for instance, they were last year so restless, splashing the water about, that they hardly gave us one dry day ; and a boatman on Inchiquin lake gravely assured me they made such noises at night that he never could row about till after sunrise.

The rivers of Germany are full of them, particularly the Danube. When in Germany some years ago I had myself the honour of seeing a fine specimen, a maid from the bottom of the Danube called "*Das Donau Weibchen*," and shall never forget her lovely form, or the soft strains of delicious music which accompanied her movements.

As for mermaids, the rocks and waves of the ocean claim them ; but strange to say, they seldom visit the shores of Ireland. Thousands must have seen them, or how could they have been so accurately described, with their looking-glasses in one hand, and small-tooth combs in the other ? They give a decided preference to Scotland ; and if our gallant neighbours will coax them their way, we cannot help it, happy and proud enough with our own sweet girls — indeed we would not give one of our warm-hearted, rosy-cheeked milkmaids for a hundred mermaids.

What particular kind of devils, witches, sprites, or fairies were concerned in the tricks and outrages which I am about now to relate I never could find out ; but assuredly the following occurrences caused not only great alarm in my neighbourhood, but actually, as was said, baffled for a time the power of the priest, were the cause of a numerous family being obliged to quit a snug farm, and have never yet been openly accounted for on any other principle but that of being a deserved punishment for irreverence towards the "good people" or fairies. Puck must have had instructions to punish this family severely, because every member of it felt its vengeance. The narrative is quite current in this part of Clare, and the account as familiar to numbers as the other stories.

I have heard different versions of this tale, but prefer the relation of it as given by my neighbour, Ned Hurly (a shrewd fellow by the by), and shall endeavour to keep to his own words as near as I can.

"O ! then, them Clunes was the unlucky people ! an' so well as the'

might a' done! but I'll tell yer honor all about it as near as I have it meself.

"Well, yer honor, you see the Clunes lived in a shnng lump of a farmhouse an the Scariff road. The' wor a purty large family o' them, and rinted twelve acres of right good land; but, somehow or another, the' wor not a well ordhered family, by rason of neglecting mass, an' dhrinkin' whiskey. Paddy Clune himsilf might be at or over fifty at this time, and his wife nigh hand it. They had four boys an' two girls at home wid 'em, 'most of all ages betune ten and twenty-four, an' not wan of 'em could read, or write, or say catechism, (them was dark times, yer honor, an' swearin' an' dhrinkin' times, but it won't be so, plase God!) So what could the cratur do, but be gagging, an' humbugging, an' desaving, an' dhrinkin', an' fightin', an' tellin' lies among the neighbours, an' what was worst of all, 'ud be intherfaring wid the 'good people,' an' crassin' an' making game uv 'em, an' long enough the' put up wid the thratement; but if the' did, the pay-day kem at last!

"It was just at the edge of the last hard winter we had in these parts, an' they wor all sittin' wan evening round the hearth, an' over the fire there was a great pot of p'tshaties nigh hand upon the bile, an', bein' hungry enough, the tongues uv 'em wor moving about inside ther jaws, an' across ther mouths. All at wanst aff went a big crack.

"'What's that at all?' said ould Paddy. 'Mick, did you hear it?' siz he.

"'I did,' siz Mick. 'Maybe it's the good people,' siz he, (jeerin' you persave.)

"Well, there was a great big hape o' turf stacked up in wan corner of the kitchen, an' in wan minute more there was another crack, that med the ould woman jump up clane aff uv her stool.

"'Tunder an' turf! what soort a' thricks are ye at now, boys?' siz she.

"'None in life, mother,' siz Jemmy. 'It must be the cat afther a mouse in the turf, or maybe it's a rot she's got,' siz Jemmy.

"'I wish it was that ould hag that turn'd the milk an me this mornin',' siz Biddy, 'or the wan that sharmed the butther yesterday!' an' another bang wint aff as loud as a blunderbush!

"'Get up, Jemmy, an' look inside the turf,' siz the ould man. 'What's it at all now?' siz he.

"'O father!' siz Jemmy, 'there's a great big pair uv eyes looking at me full in the face out uv the turf, an' hapes o' things moving about up an' down! O pull me away out o' this! I can't stir a fut, or them eyes 'll break my collar-bone!' siz he.

"The words wor hardly out of Jemmy's mouth whin a tundering big clod of dirt kem down the shimminy, an' sich a cryin' an' bawling as the ould woman an' her daughters sot up! an' thin the turf began swellin' up like a wave av the say, an' sint Jemmy down on the flat uv his back, an' a hard sod flew out and fetch'd Mick a rattlin' blow an his head!

"Jemmy sprung up an his feet, and Mick fell to cursin' an' swearin', an' 'Be this an' be that,' siz he, scratchin' his poll, 'Musha be the grey goat—an' that's a *hairy oath* (the devil from me!) but I 'll kill some o' ye if ye don't stop,' siz he. An' hardly wor the words out iv his ugly mouth but up comes a shower av turf sods out av the corner, rattlin' an' dhrivin' about ther heads, an' sorra wan uv 'em at all but

didn't get a couple of turrible pelts at fursht go aff! The ould man had the wig hot aff his head, an' his wife was tumbled an' her hands an' knees, an' thin rowl'd over an' over, dhrivin' the air wid her heels, an' all uv 'em tearin', an' swearin', an' bawlin' a thousand murderers; and the harder they swore (the Lord save us!) the thicker the turfsods wor flyin', great vollys an' showers entirely, till the' wor nigh-hand smudded undher the turf, an' not wan sod left in the corner, nor a livin' sowl to be seen but themselves. So whin the turf was all out o' the corner, there was a little pace, to be sure, an' the' help'd pull one another aff av the flure an' hills o' turf, an' Mick, an' Jem, an' Biddy swearin' worse than ever, an' callin' out, 'Bad luck to ye, whoever ye are, an' whatever ye are!' (think of them words, yer honour!) 'and to the divil we'll pitch ye!' and so the' went an; an' if the' did that minnet the big pot of lumpers began to bile over, an' up comes one clane out av the pot, an' hot Jemmy plump an the nose! an' thin another riz b'ilin' hot, an' gov Jemmy a turr'ble pelt an' the face, an' another nigh tuk the very ear clean aff Biddy's head. 'O be the powers!' siz Mick, 'we'll be ruined,' siz he. — 'O wisha—wisha!' siz Biddy, 'what'll I do? I believe the ear o' me is gone!' siz she.

"An' with that up comes the whole contints av the b'ilin' pot of p'tshaties, like a shower of balls out av a big cannon, an' knocked the ould couple down again, an' all the shildher, big an' little, sprawlin' an' skramin', an' yellin', an' kickin', an the flure! But the ould woman was the first up an her legs, an' bruised enough she was, an' scalded; but at anyhow if she was, she made a shift to rache the dure, but sorra wan bit 'ud it open for the hills o' turf that was druv up before it; but the windy was purty handy, by rason ther' was no frame or glass to it; an' so she shqueedg'd hersilf through, an' hilp'd the youngest of the shilder afther her, an' thin the ould man shcrambled away wid himsilf, an' so did Biddy, an' Mick, an' Jemmy, an' all uv 'em wint aff to Tim Hourigans, an' the neighbours wor all kind enough to him, but turr'bly frightened, an' Tommy Whelun, the schoolmaster wint aff to tell Father Doyley — who is a right good man, — an' Charles Sullivan, the smith wint wid him, an' both agreed on the road how it was, an' wondher'd the 'good people' had put up wid that same thratement so long; an' so did his rivirince say the same thing, an' that it could never be expected he should interfere for them that neglected to hear mass. But, however, nothin' more happen'd that night, an' they all had ther bellies full of p'tshaties, an' slept sound enough.

"Av coorse the' riz up at peep o' day, an' wint aff all together to ther own house, an' found the dure quite asy to open, an' — your honor may believe it or not, but what I tell you is the *thruth* as I had it — they found as clane an' tidy a kitchen as was ever seen! There was all the turf stacked nate an' reg'lar in the corner, an' a fine clear fire burnin', but the pot the p'tshaties was in, was taken aff the fire, an' not wan lump left, but the shkins av all o' them laid mighty nately settled at the bottom of the pot!

"Well, yer honor, they thought the shtorm was all over thin, an' all 'ud be smooth an' aisy enough. But see how mishtaken the' wor. For that same night every thing was tagst an' thrown about jist exactly as before, only a great deal worse entirely, an' av coorse what could the' do (the blashfaymers) but move out o' THAT?"

Having thanked Ned Hurly for his story, I told him I felt curious to know what became of the Clunes ?

"O ! thin, yer honor, the' wint away aff to the West, bag an' baggage, where I'm affaird they're been badly enough off, but now they've been wid Father Matchew it's most likely they'll recover thimsilves."

"But tell me," I said, "who is living in their farm now ?"

"Faix ! a very knowin' blade, yer honor, one Pat Foley."

"And was he living near the Clunes at the time ?"

"To be sure he was, sir, wid his father-in-law hard by, for he married a girl of the Dennys ; but he had no place while them divilments was goin' an. So whin the Clunes left, he spoke to the agent, and ped the old man for his craps, an' got the lase med over to himsilf, an' wint into the house immadiately."

"And was not afraid of the good people ?"

"Not a bit av it, yer honor ! an' why shud he be, an' he goin' so constant to mass, an' such fri'nds wid the priesht ? Sure his rivirince sittled the whole buisiness for him, wid holy wather an' other things meself doesn't know, *in wan night !*"

"I see it all now, *I think*, Ned."

"Be all the crasses in a yard of CHECK, yer honor—an' so I thought you would !"

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

THE sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new,—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves :—
There are no birds in last year's nest.

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight ;
And learn from the soft heavens above,
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden ! that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth—it will not stay.
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For, oh ! it is not always May.

Enjoy the spring of love and youth ;
To some good angel leave the rest ;
For time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The Old Ledger.

No. II.

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

**SEPTIMUS JEFFS.**

LTHOUGH possessed of an ample fortune, and the seventh son of a seventh son, I must candidly confess I am no conjuror, and that, with the best intentions in the world, and a craving desire of pleasing everybody, by some strange and unforeseen fatality I am continually "driving my pigs to a wrong market," and have never by any chance been fortunate enough "to hit the right nail upon the head." Any mortal, imbued with a single spoonful less of the milk of human kindness, would have long ere this have been completely soured by such a series of untoward mishaps and disappointments as it has been my lot to experience; but a renewed and apparently inexhaustible hope still urges me on in the pleasant endeavour to gratify the feelings of others. At present, every fairy fabric I have raised appears built upon a foundation of sand, and ends, like the pursuit of a rain-

bow, in disappointment. I appear diurnally verifying that line of the immortal Pope,

"Man never is, but always to be blest."

Wherein consists the fault I know not; but of this I am perfectly convinced, that it is the error of love, and not the love of error, as Bacon quaintly expresses it.

The other day I invited a select party to a trip to Richmond, and provided boats and provisions for their transport and entertainment. I was early at my toilet; for I like punctuality, and never allow people to fret away their good humour in dancing attendance, or beating the devil's tattoo on my drawing-room tables.

Brown, one of the best fellows that ever stepped in shoe-leather, and the most sincere and attached of my numerous acquaintances, was announced.

"Show him up," said I to the servant.

"Excuse me, Jeffs, for intruding on your privacy at this unseasonable hour; but I thought I might probably be of some service to you in making the necessary arrangements for this day's excursion."

"Excuse you, indeed!" cried I, warmly grasping his hand; "this kindness rather deserves my thanks. I hope your rheumatism is better?"

"So-so," replied he, shrugging up his shoulders. "You know how sensitive I am to damp; and, as the autumn approaches, I have more need of precaution than ever."

"True," answered I; "but I see you have prudently clothed yourself for the occasion."

"Yes," said Brown. "I hope our friends will follow my example; for, however promising the day may appear, the evenings, Jeffs, are usually misty at this season of the year. The ladies are too often blameably careless in attiring themselves for these parties. For my own part, I feel perfectly secure; but I *do* fear—"

"Fear what?" exclaimed I, swinging my suspended Wellington-boots by the "tugs."

"That this present pleasure may be purchased by colds, and other troublesome consequences of exposure."

"Do you think so?" said I.

"I do indeed," replied my excellent friend.

"And how shall we avoid this dangerous drawback on our pleasures?" demanded I.

"Put on your boot," said he.

"I begin to think I have already 'put my foot in it,'" replied I, smiling bitterly at the gloomy prospect of my kind intentions being frustrated. "My usual luck! But pray, my dear friend, what do you advise? I would not for the world run the risk of—"

"A thought strikes me!" exclaimed he, suddenly interrupting me. "Suppose—let me see—you have ordered the coaches to take us to the boats?"

"Yes, yes," said I, impatiently.

"Then I'll tell you what we'll do," continued he. "Order the coaches to drive to *the Forest*, and let's have a pic-nic instead, and let the boats go to the—wharfs again."

"My dear friend," cried I, "you have saved a 'drowning man,' and

deserve a medal from the Humane Society. It shall be done—and what a surprise it will be to the whole company!”

“And an agreeable one, I have no doubt,” added the ingenious Brown.

It is impossible for words to express how grateful I felt for the kind interference of my friend. The coaches arrived, and presently followed the whole bevy of my acquaintance.

As Brown had predicted, the ladies were gaily but thinly clad, while all the gentlemen wore check shirts, round jackets, and white trousers, bearing in their hands fishing-rods and landing-nets. Brown looked at me and smiled. I acknowledged his telegraphic intelligence with a nod; for I had more reason than ever to be pleased at his foresight and arrangement. We soon filled the vehicles, and chatting and laughing almost imperceptibly reached our destination.

The surprise of the whole company was prodigious. As they were getting out of the carriages, three or four sportsmen (vulgar Cockneys they must have been) not only laughed outright, but made sundry impertinent observations on the nautical attire of our male friends.

It was certainly not quite in harmony with the scene, I must confess; but they all laughed, threw back their fishing-tackle into the vehicles, and appeared to enjoy the “surprise” exceedingly.

How difficult it is to fathom the breasts of mankind! Two days afterwards I learned that the whole party were illiberal enough to attribute my prudent conduct to a fickleness of purpose, and a wanton waywardness of disposition,—ungraciously declaring that they were grievously disappointed, and that the whole affair went off flatly!

Notwithstanding the acknowledged elegance of my suburban establishment, I was well aware that it was wanting in that chief domestic ornament—a wife.

Being connubially inclined, I looked cautiously around me in order to select an appropriate helpmate.

An orderly family, which was well to do in the world, consisting of a father and two grown-up daughters, attracted my attention; and I was resolved if the eldest, upon a nearer acquaintance, proved agreeable to my wishes, to pop the question. I soon had an opportunity of inviting them to a snug family party.

Everything was put in requisition for this welcome, when Jackson on the eventful morning dropped in to take a snack with me. I mentioned the intended meeting.

“It’s all very well, my dear fellow,” said he; “but a bachelor giving a family party is really rather *outré*, and I think it will most probably prove a failure.”

“Do you think so?” cried I, trembling with apprehension at the prospect of such an issue.

“’Pon my word, I do,” replied he. “Now, if it were my case—”

“What would you do?”

“Why, invite a lot of my friends to meet them, to be sure—get up a little music and singing—and, if I found the thing take, ‘kick up’ a quadrille.”

“Excellent!” exclaimed I. “But the worst of it is, the time is too short.”

“Nonsense!” cried Jackson; “you’re too fastidious by half. Leave the affair to me. You provide the room, and I’ll provide the company.”

With the assistance of this truly valuable and disinterested friend, the matter was promptly arranged, and the invitations issued. The chandelier and the candelabras were scarcely lighted before Mr. Wilkinson and his daughters arrived, and close upon his heels tripped in the juveniles, all in holiday trim. But she who in my mind's eye I regarded as my intended and her sister were plainly attired, and I suspected, with that constitutional sensitiveness which is indeed my bane, that there was rather too much of that shrinking modesty of the violet about the two sisters. In fact, they *could* not sing, and *would* not dance; the eldest candidly declaring, that they were not attired for the quadrille, and did not anticipate such an entertainment! They appeared, however, quite pleased with the music and singing, and I was resolved to thaw their frigidity by my exertions. I sang, recited, and buffooned away the whole evening, assisted by the inimitable Jackson, who certainly played "first fiddle" on the occasion.

Alas! all my exertions proved worse than fruitless; for the very next invitation I sent to the Wilkinsons brought an icy note from the father, politely apologizing, and candidly expressing his opinion, that my pursuits and pastimes so ill accorded with his and that of his family, that he considered it best at once to decline any further communication. The very coldness of the note threw me into a profuse perspiration. I read it to Jackson. He raised his brows, and whistled.

"That's it!" whispered he, slapping his thigh.

"What's it?" demanded I.

"Why, they're Methodists," replied he; "and you've put your foot in it nicely."

I thought this rather abrupt, considering I had followed his advice.

"Now I recollect," continued he, "I remember seeing the name of Wilkinson down for ten guineas to one of the missionary concerns. I'll tell you what to do. There is to be a meeting at the Hephzibah chapel—attend it—subscribe (it's a good cause), and you may probably regain his good graces."

I was resolved to shoot this arrow, hit or miss. The Wilkinsons were there, and the worthy old man made a long speech upon the occasion; in fact, he appeared to be quite a leading man. The list of subscriptions was read over, and my heart fluttered. There was none exceeding one guinea but Wilkinson's, who was down for ten. "All right!" whispered Jackson. I felt an indescribable glow when my name was pronounced, coupled with the donation of twenty pounds! I saw the colour mount in the sallow cheeks of Wilkinson, and I thought that his daughters acknowledged my liberality with a blush.

But a few days convinced me of my error. My liberality only produced envy; it was called purse-proud arrogance by the little subscribers; and as for Wilkinson, whose pride it had been always to be at the head of the list, he regarded my conduct as an open insult, only intended to lower him in the estimation of the multitude! And so—the breach was widened, and never to be repaired.

Surely the art of pleasing is as difficult of attainment as the discovery of the philosopher's stone! At least it has been my misfortune to verify this position.

Two political partisans, both intimate friends of mine, quarrelled at the late election. Now I, who really love harmony, determined to act

the part of pacificator, and invited both to a dinner-party on the same day.

The consequences were anything and everything but what I fondly anticipated. Only one cracked a bottle on the occasion, and that literally ; for in the heat of a turbulent argument one of my friends so far forgot himself as to hurl a decanter at the defenceless head of his antagonist ! The scene of confusion that followed beggars all description. The meeting broke up in most admired disorder ; and the next morning an exchange of shots settled the business—of one of my friends—and compelled the precipitate flight of the other.

I was certainly born under some malignant star !

Being at a party during the Christmas vacation, where there was, as usual at such a season, a sprinkling of the juvenile branches, I happened to fall into conversation with a sprightly youth, about twelve years of age, to whose vivid description of his pranks I listened with all the attention and delight which the renewed memory of my own boyish exploits naturally gave birth to. I smiled at his plans of pleasure, and sympathized with him in his complaint of the parental restriction, for he had set his heart upon having a fire-balloon, which his father, for some prudential reasons, had forbidden.

The conversation ended with a promise on my part to invite a little party to my own house, and to provide the desired object of his wishes.

Cards were issued, appointing an early day, or rather evening ; for I knew the sanguine disposition of a school-boy could not brook delay. Cakes, wine, music, gallantee-show, and snap-dragon, were provided in the drawing-room.

The small party impatiently repaired to the garden, where, with the assistance of my servants, we managed to inflate the balloon. It arose amid the applauding shouts of the juveniles ; but, whether arising from our inexpertness in these matters or the wind, I know not, but it had scarcely soared above the tree-tops when it caught fire, and whirling about, fell plump, and was lost from our view in a moment.

The disappointed murmurs of my little company aroused me ; and, resolved not to give them time for any further expression of regret, I hurried them to the drawing-room. We were in the height of our amusement, when the door opened, and my groom entered unsummoned. "O sir !" exclaimed he.

"What now ?" inquired I. "What's the matter ?"

"Such a fire, sir !" replied he.

"Where ?" cried I.

"Among the haystacks in the meadow yonder," replied the groom ; "and it ain't blazing away a little, sir !"

"Dear me, how unfortunate ! Have the engines arrived ?"

"Engins ain't much use, I don't think," replied he.

"Some 'Swing' business this, depend on 't."

"John says, sir, he thinks as how the thingamy dropped thereabouts."

"The what ?"

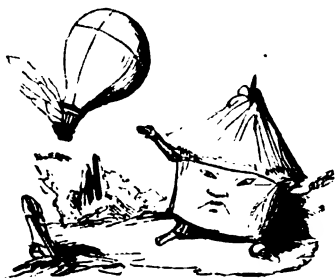
"The balloon, sir."

"The devil !" cried I, my heart misgiving me : for I experienced strange apprehensions that this was one of those identical freaks which

Fortune delighted to play upon me. "Stay," continued I, "go, you and John, and offer your assistance."

The prospect of having endangered the property of my neighbour embittered all my pleasure, and as soon as possible I dismissed my young friends to their respective homes.

I learned too soon the truth of my suspicion — the balloon had ac-



tually fallen among the haystacks of a neighbour, and that neighbour was no other than the father of the young gentleman from boarding-school, whose wishes it had been my earnest endeavour to gratify. The very next morning I received a lawyer's letter, containing notice of action for damage, &c. Considering my kind intentions, I certainly could not help thinking that this was rather a sharp proceeding. I expected, as a matter of justice, to make all reasonable restitution for the damage, and would willingly have paid for my "whistle;" but such a show of battle on the part of my neighbour precluded all personal arbitration of our difference, and I was compelled, much against my inclination, to find another "legal rogue" to fight his.

The cost was consequently considerable, and I had to disburse at least double the amount of the loss sustained by the father, and all arising out of a kindly feeling to entertain the son. But it was my unfortunate destiny that prevailed. I dare say, if I had only attempted to fly a kite, it would have "pitched," and broken the glass of some adjoining pinery!

I became "savage," and for a whole week never attempted to do a kindness to a living soul. Nor did this feeling arise in any degree from the loss of the money, but from the unkindly conduct of, and the wilful and ungenerous misapprehension of my intentions by my harsh and unfriendly neighbour.

A gentlemanly man, about five and forty years of age, who had amassed a considerable fortune in mercantile pursuits, purchased a handsome house in the parish, and brought home with him a young wife, about eighteen years of age (the portionless daughter of one of his tradesmen) to share the pleasure of his retirement. Three weeks of what Byron jocosely terms the "treacle-moon" had scarcely waxed and waned when his bride thought fit to elope with an ensign in a marching regiment. I heartily sympathized with the unfortunate man, and resolved to seek his acquaintance, and do everything in my power to console him.

I took an early opportunity of inviting him to a dinner-party, which he accepted, and, hearing that he was fond of music, determined to give him a treat. Jackson and Brown (the only men who have remained attached to me through good and ill-report, giving the lie direct to the worldly maxim, "lend your money, lose your friends," for I have had the pleasure of offering both pecuniary assistance to a considerable amount,) obligingly gave up a previous engagement to assist me.

"And, what music have you provided?" said Brown.

"An excellent military band," replied I.

Jackson and Brown both broke forth into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"My dear fellow," said Jackson, kindly, "excuse our merriment, but—but, 'pon my soul, 'tis too bad!" And another tormenting fit of cachinnation convulsed them both.

"What *is* the matter?" demanded I, rather nettled.

"Matter!" repeated Jackson, "why the very appearance of anything *military*, I think, will be sufficient to draw your guest from the house. Do you forget the ensign and——"

"My dear friend!" exclaimed I, "you have timely rescued me from making an egregious fool of myself. I see it all."

"—Did you ever hear those Russian fellows," continued he; "the famous horn-band?"

"Never."

"Nor I," said Brown, "and I should like exceedingly."

"And so should I," said Jackson, "for the thing is quite novel and *recherché*."

Of course I placed myself entirely in the hands of my affectionate friends, and gave them a *carte blanche* respecting the engagement, &c.

It was a fine evening, and the band were brought in coaches, and arranged on the lawn, which was entered from the front window of the dining-room. The dinner passed off exceedingly well, the wine flowed, and the conversation became lively and interesting. My new guest called upon Jackson for a toast. My friend filled a bumper, and rose upon his legs.

"I give——" said he.

At this juncture the band struck up.

"The horns!" interrupted Brown, jumping up from the table.

I thought I observed a glow of surprise and pleasure irradiate the countenance of my guest. I immediately threw open the windows, and displayed the whole band playing one of their national airs.

"Have they music-books?" said my guest, apparently lost in admiration.

"Yes; or perhaps they may be more properly termed *horn-books*," said I, pointing my *bon-mot* with a knowing look, and a thrust in the ribs of my guest, for I must confess I was very much elated by the pleasantness of the party. What was my surprise to see him grow deadly pale.

"I hope I did not hurt you?" said I anxiously.

"No—oh, no!" replied he, gravely.

"Take a glass of claret, or perhaps you will prefer a *horn* of cold ale?" said I. "Jackson, ring for the tankard and horns."

"I have had too much already," said the old man, sharply looking at me and my two chums with an expression which might be caused

by pain, but certainly looked very like anger and defiance ; and when the footman appeared, he ordered his carriage ; nor could I prevail upon him to remain a minute longer. What strange and unaccountable dispositions there are in this world. I puzzled my brain in vain to discover what could possibly have given him offence.

Adjoining my garden were the premises of a gentleman, who was apparently a man of substance, for not only he, but all the members of his numerous family appeared abroad well, and even luxuriantly dressed. He was of a florid complexion, and had dark curly hair. I thought at first that he was proud, but he had not resided a month in the place when I heard the praises of "the charitable Mr. Lewis" sang by all the poor in the place. In defiance of the Mendicity Society he relieved every beggar at his gate. This might have proceeded from ostentation ; but the error of this conclusion was satisfactorily solved, at least in my mind, by an observation I subsequently made. One day I watched him walking on his lawn, the mown grass of which was turned to hay, when suddenly a whole troop of his children, from six to fourteen, rushed laughing from the shubbery, and, surrounding their father, began pelting and tossing it over him.

Joining in the sport, he was soon smothered in the hay, and, pretending to fall, he rolled about, now discovering a leg, and then throwing up his head, to the delight of the children ; at last he seized one of the group, and then they all fell upon him, and there they lay tumbling and laughing together. I am very fond of children, and envied him the pleasure of the romp ; and this single trait in his character was sufficient to stamp him in my estimation as of an amiable and loving disposition. I was recalled from my reverie by the entrance of John.

"If you please, sir," said he, playing with the handle of the door, "the little pigs is all ready, and the housekeeper wishes to know what you intend to do with 'em ?"

"How many are there ?"

"Six on 'em, sir ; and beautiful little creturs they are too, sir ; as white as milk."

"Select the finest among them," said I, "and bring it here immediately."

The infant porker was forthwith produced ; and, being cradled in a basket, I tacked on one of my cards, addressing it to "— Lewis, Esq. with Mr. Septimus Jeff's comps," and sent it round to my sportive neighbour, while the fervour of my admiration was still warm. A present is the best thing in the world to conduce to a friendly relation between parties ; nor does the magic consist so much in the value as in the spirit in which it is proffered. The bump of self-esteem was enlarged considerably upon the review of my tact and promptitude, and I awaited the result with an almost childish impatience.

Returning from a ride in the evening, I was followed into the parlour by the housekeeper, bearing a parcel.

"What have you there, Mrs. Dobson ?" I demanded.

"A present, sir, I think," replied she, depositing it upon the table.

I looked at it. One look was sufficient. I beheld my own card, with all but the unfortunate name struck through with a pen. Piggy was actually returned ! I stamped, and I believe might have let slip an oath, for Mrs. Dobson actually screamed.

I could not rest till I had discovered the cause of this unpropitious "return." Reader, pity me! I learned too soon, or rather too late, that my respectable neighbours were of the Jewish persuasion. My friendly advances were consequently construed into a premeditated insult!



THE EXILE'S SONG TO FATHERLAND.

HOME of my young days ! o'er yon sea
That bounds my solitude,
The Exile hymns his love to thee
In fond, yet sadden'd mood.
Thoughts press upon my weary brow,
These eyes are dimm'd with tears,
As through the past unveiling now,
I trace departed years !

My household ones ! this heart still clings
To each remember'd name ;
To each dear spot that memory brings,
Through sorrow and through shame.
I hear again the village chimes
Borne faintly on the wind ;
And sighing, think on other times,
And those now left behind !

'Tis but the knell that hope has peal'd
For joyous hours long past,
That one brief moment were reveal'd,
Then fled—too bright to last!
But though these limbs will soon repose
Far distant from thy strand,
The last words of my evening's close,
Shall bless thee, FATHERLAND !

MARINE MEMORANDA.—No. II.

BY A SUBMARINE.

H.M.S. Howe, Spithead, Nov. 16th, 1840.—The leak is stopped ;—the cause of it was a very trifle. Small, in comparison to our big ship, as is the bullet-hole that will let out the life of man, was the bolt-hole that let in the water. Days have past waiting for a fair wind, until our patience and our money are both exhausted : some have even made way with their credit. The “bumboat-woman” attending the ship has brought forward a serious complaint against the drummer of marines, a rising warrior of three feet six, that he owes her fourteen shillings. I have inquired into the young gentleman’s liabilities ; his affairs are not complicated, the whole amount being for bread and butter !

Putting back to port is always attended with one striking effect, which might teach us a useful lesson. Who of those voyagers on an unknown sea to that bourn whence no traveller returns, were he permitted once more to put back to the port of life, but would busily repair the errors of omission and commission which must stand against him in the records of the most forewarned departure. Thus did I moralise one morning, after despatching some dozen letters, all of which, it seemed to me, ought to have been written before our “false start” from Spithead. Business neglected, friends slighted, many of the courtesies of life offended, had, like ghosts of the injured, arisen to upbraid me ; but these angry spirits were appeased,—that half quire of Bath hath laid them all in a sea of ink. There is another advantage attendant on a put back to port, which if not equally productive of good with the foregoing, by reason that it is susceptible of abuse, nevertheless has its convenience. Scarcely is a ship a day at sea before we remember that many of the necessities of a voyage have been forgotten ; now all these can be procured. The abuse of the advantage is in the indulgence of imaginary wants, and the superfluities with which we incontinently encumber ourselves. This reminds me that an oilcloth has been purchased for the cockpit of H.M.S. Howe, at a cost of nearly forty pounds. There was one Admiral Benbow, who might have been surprised at the idea of such an article of luxury ; but times are changed, and really our purchase will more than repay us in the saving of clothes, to say nothing of lungs. The delicately marbled squares may look out of place in the dingy region they are to floor ; but the dust of dry sand and “holy stones” will vex us no more. The following invitation headed the bill of costs :—

Come pay your subscriptions, ye good cockpit denizens,
And receive in return all our neighbourly benisons.
The affair has been *canvassed*, and so has the floor,
And most elegant *squares* lead to every man’s door.
Our path may be *chequer’d* a little,—but see !
We avoid dirty ways, which is right you’ll agree :
Then pay your subscriptions,—no force, but you must ;—
If you would not cry *up* with, then “*down* with the dust.”

“Shall we never have a fair wind ?” has been the daily, I may almost say hourly, exclamation of some eleven hundred impatient on board the Howe, gazing at the shores they must not visit, for to leave the ship is forbidden. Alas ! even harder lines are to be found in the

orders promulgated, we are bound to suppose, for the good of the service,—no strangers are allowed to come on board. Boats may “lay off,” and “Jack” may look from the ports of the lower deck at his “Polly dear;” but he cannot speak his good-b’ye. Yet, strange to say, for the tantalizing satisfaction of catching one more glance at some familiar face, perhaps never to be seen again, many are the parties that row round the ship. Nor are these composed of the unfortunates who preyed on the reckless sailor while the ship was at her moorings. They have extracted the last penny from their dupes. Besides, they know the regulations of a man of war too well for them now to expect admittance. They have done with “the barkey” until she return home to be paid off. Jack will then be worth robbing again. No, these are little, anxious groups, who have paid dearly for the honest gratification of seeing—the wife her husband, the father and mother their son, the sister her brother: yet they cannot be admitted on board. The time is past: they should have come before the ship was under sailing orders, waiting for a wind.

“But,” expostulated an old woman from a shore-boat, who was yesterday talking to the corporal of marines at the entrance port, “my daughter didn’t know that her husband had ‘entered’ till last Thursday. He was away from her, looking for work, and we have walked every bit of the road from Dover to see him.” And the daughter here spoken of, a delicate-looking girl, the wife of one of our carpenter’s crew, fixed her tearful eyes on the stern marine as she awaited his answer.

There was yet another of the family in the boat, a bluff old man-of-war’s man, who tugged at his wife’s cloak, bidding her keep still. “The jolly is only ‘baying orders,” he very properly remarked; “but, if so be as we could get speech of the first-lieutenant, or any of the officers, we might get liberty to come a-board. I’ve served in a man-a-war myself. I know what the service is; so, if you please, shipmate, just to pass the word for Tom Rose, carpenter’s crew.”

The corporal *did* pass the word, and Tom Rose, a fine young fellow of five-and-twenty was permitted to go down the ship’s side to bid good-b’ye to his wife. Come on board she might not, and short was the parting between them. But the carpenter had “entered” with a free will, rather than burthen his wife’s parents to support him. He kept up a good heart: the sleeve of his jacket might have wiped away a tear as he sprang up the ladder to resume his work on the forecastle, and once, only once, he took a look from “the head” at the boat, now a little speck entering the harbour; but the vision of a carpenter’s warrant was before him; and, come what might, if he did not like the service, when the ship was paid off he could leave it. This was sound reasoning: Tom Rose clinched it by letting his hammer fall on a nail-head with more than usual force, and ere the nail was driven home the young carpenter was himself again.

“A fair wind! a fair wind!” How many repeat the good news, putting an end to a tedious stay at Spithead, riding out gale after gale, and wearing out calm after calm. The Admiral weighs anchor and makes sail; with alacrity we follow his example, and before to-morrow we shall have bidden the “white cliffs of Albion” adieu.

‘Tis our last night in England, then round with the wine,

And our pledge be at parting the land of our birth,

Nor let us, her sons, at this parting repine,

For we go to protect all we value on earth.

May the seas that we dare as we ride on the gale,
 Only murmur of peace, as our island they lave,
 And the homes we have left not a danger assail,
 While our wooden-walls gallantly float on the wave.

'Tis our last night in England, then pledge to the land,
 That has ruled and shall rule worlds in arms at her nod,
 While the foot of the freeman stands firm on her strand,
 Where for ages no conquering invader has trod.
 Far away, far away her defenders may be,
 Yet they strike for her right, and though distant their wars,
 Her sons, as their thunder resounds o'er the sea,
 Well know that their conquests give peace to her shores.

'Tis our last night in England, our ship's under weigh,
 A favouring breeze swells every sail on the mast,
 And the green smiling shores we have gazed on to-day,
 To-morrow will be as a dream of the past.
 But round with the wine-cup, while glistens the tear
 In memory of sorrows that yet wring the heart;
 Be the toast, "May our meeting with those we hold dear
 Ere long prove as sweet as 'twas bitter to part." RICH. JOHNS.

SUMMER IN THE HEART.

THE cold blast at the casement beats,
 The window-panes are white;
 The snow whirls through the empty streets—
 It is a dreary night!
 Sit down, old friend! the wine-cups wait;
 Fill! to o'erflowing, fill!
 Though Winter howleth at the gate,
 In our hearts 'tis Summer still!

For we full many Summer joys
 And greenwood sports have shared,
 When, free and ever-roving boys,
 The rocks, the streams we dared!
 And, as I look upon thy face—
 Back—back, o'er years of ill,
 My heart flies to that happy place,
 Where it is Summer still!

Yes, though like sere leaves on the ground,
 Our early hopes are strown,
 And cherish'd flowers lie dead around,
 And singing birds are flown,—
 The verdure is not faded quite,
 Not mute all tones that thrill;
 For, seeing, hearing thee to-night,
 In my heart 'tis summer still!

Fill up! the olden times come back
 With light and life once more!
 We scan the future's sunny track
 From youth's enchanted shore,
 The lost return. Through fields of bloom
 We wander at our will;
 Gone is the winter's angry gloom—
 In our hearts 'tis summer still!

EPES SARGENT.

STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

CHAPTER XXXV.

In which a highly-important secret is disclosed.

NOTWITHSTANDING the earnest anxiety of the widow to disguise the real state of the case, her true position soon appeared. Persons may with success conceal their thoughts, their emotions, or even their wealth; but their poverty will not be concealed: it will out; it will make itself manifest: the more energetic may be the efforts to keep it from view, the more boldly will it rear its hateful head to proclaim its existence to the world.

If the widow, when she found herself embarrassed had immediately retrenched, all would have been so far well as that she might have been able, with economy, to maintain something bearing the semblance of her usual style; but as, instead of acting promptly upon the principle of retrenchment, she not only lived as before, but incurred those additional expenses which are invariably consequent on an ardent desire to preserve a reputation for wealth when the means have departed, the necessity in her case for selling out became so constant that in a short time she possessed but little stock, indeed, to sell.

This she concealed as long as possible from Stanley. She trembled at the thought of its becoming known to him: the idea was, in her judgment, dreadful.

"Oh!" she would exclaim in tones of agony, when alone, "what on earth would he say if he knew it! He must not be told: he would go raving mad! and yet, how can I now keep it from him? What am I to do? How—how can I act? I cannot—I dare not go on longer thus: he will be reduced to beggary! Oh! my poor boy! It is terrible—very, very terrible! The thought of it will drive me to distraction!"

But even this was not all. Had Stanley alone been concerned in the impending disclosure, it might have been borne: nay, she would then have summoned sufficient courage to impart the dreadful secret to him at once, for her embarrassments were daily becoming deeper and deeper still; but the thought of what Sir William would say, of what *he* would think of it, and how *he* would act, tortured her so cruelly that, although in his presence she wore a constant smile, and expressed the highest pleasure, her heart was in reality full of affliction.

And oh! how she then sighed and panted to hear him propose! She had been for many months in the liveliest anticipation of being blessed by receiving a proposal in due form, and yet, albeit, in her view the question had been twenty times all but put, it had never been proposed with sufficient distinctness to warrant a formal consent. This was very distressing: it was indeed very. If he had but proposed to her then, all might have been well,—all, at least, might have been without sorrow endured; but, although he still visited with all his wonted constancy, although he still conversed with his

usual warmth and eloquence, she could *not* tempt him to come to the point.

At length, having waited for this important question until she began to despair, her difficulties became too palpable to escape even the tardy observation of Stanley. He had previously entertained suspicions on the subject; but, as he hated to enter into matters of a pecuniary character, those suspicions had not taken root: indeed could he have got from time to time the sums of money he required, things might have gone on and on for years, without his troubling himself to give the matter another thought. When, however, he experienced a difficulty in getting what he wanted, his previous suspicions were re-awakened, and he resolved to have them either removed or confirmed.

"Mother," said he, "yesterday I asked you for money. You put me off: you were anxious not to draw too close: I should have some soon; in a day or so; to-morrow, perhaps! Why is this? Why have you not plenty at your bankers? The time is come, mother, when I cannot but deem it necessary that I should know the cause."

The widow, without answering, burst into tears.

"Why, what is the meaning of this?" demanded Stanley, having regarded her intently for a moment. "There is something—*something* which you have hitherto concealed, but which must be concealed from me no longer."

"My poor boy!" sobbed the widow. "The dreadful secret must be told! I have struggled—Heaven knows how I have struggled—to keep it from you."

"What is it?" cried Stanley, with impatience.

"You will never be able to bear it: I am sure you never will."

"Whatever it be, mother, let me know at once, that I may at once guard against its effect."

"Those dreadful expenses, my Stanley!—those terrible expenses!"

"Have ruined us!"

"No—no—no—no! not ruined—oh! Heaven forbid!"

"What am I to understand, then?" cried Stanley. "If they have not ruined us, what have they done?"

"So embarrassed us, my Stanley, that you must—oh, how it afflicts me to tell you!—you must, at least for a time, manage to live upon the estate which was purchased for your qualification."

"Impossible! How can I live on a pitiful three or four hundred a year? How can I entertain those friends whom I have been in the habit of entertaining? how can I meet them? how can I even show my face? Mother!"—

"Stanley, do not be rash: pray do not be impetuous! You will break my heart! indeed, my love, indeed it was all done for you. Come, come! You *will* be calm, dear Stanley? You will be calm? You will not make this wound deeper than it is, or cause it to rankle, dear Stanley? Heaven knows I would have given worlds if this dreadful disclosure could by any earthly means have been avoided."

"Why did you not tell me before? Why buoy me up with the hope—nay with the absolute belief that our fortunes had not been materially affected? Why did you not explain to me at once that we were ruined, beggared, comparatively beggared!"

"I dared not; indeed, my love, I dared not do it. I dreaded nothing on earth more. But, believe me, dear, I'll make every sacrifice in my power to promote your happiness still."





J. Leech

Country & Town Clothes, garments that are worn

"Sacrifice! What sacrifice have you now the power to make?"

"I'll reduce my establishment; I'll put down my carriage; I'll do anything in the world to diminish my expenditure; indeed, dear I will; I'll live retired—quite retired. I shall be happy—I feel I shall be happy—very happy, if you are but so."

"Don't talk to me of happiness, mother. How can you, or I, or any one be happy when fallen? The idea is monstrous! You now perceive the consequence, I hope, of endeavouring to conceal everything from me."

"Believe me, dear Stanley, I did all for the best."

"But do you think that if I had known what I ought to have known I would have opposed that petition? Do you *think* that I would have been guilty of an act of madness so palpable, so glaring? Why was the thing kept from me?"

"My love, you know that I am at all times unwilling to annoy you. You know that if it were possible to prevent it I would not have your mind distressed for the world."

"Well!" cried Stanley, still pacing the room with violence. "The thing is done. The die is cast. We are ruined. Now I suppose I *may* know something of your affairs!"

"My dear Stanley, all shall be explained."

"I insist upon having all explained."

"You shall have it, my dear: yes, believe me, you shall. But, although very terrible, it is not so bad as you imagine—it is not, indeed."

"I do not imagine that we are reduced to actual beggary; but I do imagine that henceforth our position will be sufficiently mean to cause society to shun us. I cannot live on three or four hundred a year."

"I know—I know you cannot; nor will there be any necessity for you to endeavour to do so: I feel perfectly sure that there will not. No—no, my dear, things may yet be better than you suppose—much better. Let us hope for the best. I am sure I do not know myself yet how we stand. But my affairs shall be immediately adjusted—yes, I'll have them all investigated properly and at once; and then we shall see, dear Stanley—we shall see."

Stanley was sullenly silent. A dreary prospect opened to his view. And in the whole social scale there is perhaps no position so annoying, so perpetually painful, or so pregnant with temptation to dishonour, as that of a young and ardent spirit who—being without influential family connections, and at the same time without a profession—finds himself suddenly thrown upon his own resources, or placed below the sphere—be that sphere what it may—in which he had theretofore moved. The uncontrollable nature of circumstances renders the folly—it may be termed, the thoughtless cruelty—of teaching young men to depend solely upon the wealth of relatives, instead of giving them a profession upon which to fall back in case of need, so conspicuous that it is in truth amazing, when reverses of fortune so constantly occur, that the paltry pride of parents on this great point should be suffered to supersede their manifest duty.

This darkly appeared to Stanley then; and the more darkly, seeing that he had no direct knowledge of the position to which he had been reduced; but the widow, being far more sanguine, scarcely gave this a thought: her strongest apprehension was that of losing Sir William; it was that which in reality afflicted her most, and, being almost un-

able to endure the thought of the discontinuance of his visits, she would have gone on as usual, in the lively anticipation of a formal proposal being made, had not Stanley, being impatient to know the worst, insisted upon an immediate investigation of affairs, which accordingly commenced without further delay.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Shows how a reconciliation took place between Bob and his venerable friend.

WHEN the reduction of an establishment is about to take place, and more especially if the establishment be an old one, whatever may be the tact with which it is managed, whatever may be the secrecy with which you proceed, it is perfectly sure to be generally known: indeed, any attempt at secrecy does but increase the evil, inasmuch as it establishes a mystery, and mysteries invariably teem with conjectures, which are certain to make the thing worse than it is.

Now this is, of course, a remarkable fact, and one, moreover, ascribable solely to one's utter inability to get rid of servants under the circumstances with any degree of quietude or comfort. When these useful people have long been in the habit of giving "good satisfaction," they well know that they would not be discharged without a cause, and you cannot—no act of caprice can—deprive them of the additional knowledge of whether their conduct in reality constitutes that cause or not. If it do, why there, of course, is an end of the matter; but if it do not, they watch events narrowly, and if none be engaged in their places, they see how it is, and never fail to report what they see: in fact they deem it their duty to do so in their own justification, and that they ought to be justified is strictly correct.

Now in this particular case the afflicted widow no sooner found it to be necessary for her to relinquish her carriage, and in consequence to discharge her old coachman, and several other servants, than the news flew with such unexampled rapidity that on the evening of the memorable day in which the servants had notice, Bob received the following letter from his venerable friend:

"Genal Johnsones Stables.

"DEER ROBBED,

"allrow i aint Seed nothink on yu fore A werry konsiderbell peerid off thyme sirkumstanshalls Is cum toe mi nollege witch korses Me fore to feel werry fillisoffocle about yu kors hive A inkellinashun fore toe think frum wot hive eared yule bee throwed out off plaice if so and yule kum and pig we me hit sharnt kost yer a apney for nothink wile yer out and I des say i kan get yu into somethink as soon As i kan for beein out is onkcommon heckspensyve an noboddy dont git fat at It speshly as thymes is werry rotten butt wy Dont yu Do me the onner off a korel hay kum there Aint no malliss kum an letts ave a Drain toogether As we yoused korse yu hare a goodd sort an i never took yu fore nothink ellse so No more at pressent from yure Werry pertickeller frend joseph coggles."

The immediate effect of this generous and gentlemanly epistle was to throw the whole of Bob's mental faculties into a state of confusion.

He read it again and again with a view to understand not only the words but the feelings by which they were prompted. It was the first formal letter he had ever received, and while it tended to raise him in his own estimation as a person of importance, it amazed him, for he had really entertained no suspicion of that which the venerable gentleman had intimated with so much distinctness. What could be the meaning of it? What had he done? He was sure that he had been particularly attentive of late. Besides, he had heard no complaint. Had any pernicious person succeeded in secretly subverting his fair reputation? Could it be possible?

As he sat in silent solitude upon half a truss of hay in the stall which invariably formed his studio, he weighed with the utmost nicety the bearings of each conjecture as it arose; but having been thus engaged for some time, without being able to arrive at any really satisfactory conclusion, he started up with the full determination to ascertain what it meant from the lips of his venerable friend.

It is true, very true, that in saluting Joanna the venerable gentleman had annoyed him, and yet, on serious reflection, why should he feel annoyed? What was Joanna to him? She had been kind, she had been friendly, she had made suet dumplings exclusively for him, and had prepared hot suppers almost every night during his master's parliamentary career, which was certainly very affectionate; but then, had he ever proposed to Joanna? Had he ever even led her to believe that he wished to propose? Nay, had he that wish? Decidedly not! at least not that he knew of. Why then should he feel thus annoyed? He had no right to entertain any such feeling. He would be annoyed no longer! He made up his mind at once not to be annoyed, and having done so, he started off to have this deep mystery solved.

On reaching the General's stables he beheld in one corner his venerable friend sitting studiously upon a basket duly turned upside down, with a pen in his right hand, and the forefinger of his left upon his temple, labouring to turn a bright conception into shape with an expression of the most intense thought. The very instant, however, he became conscious of Bob's presence he relinquished his pen, and greeted him in his usual affectionate style, by striking a pugilistic attitude of a character extremely scientific and picturesque.

Having squared at each other with great ability for some considerable time, they simultaneously seized each other's hand, which they shook with remarkable fierceness and affection; and when these, and other equally indispensable preliminaries had been to their mutual satisfaction accomplished, the venerable gentleman broke silence by expressing with all his characteristic eloquence the unexampled gladness of his heart.

"But Bobby, my Briton," he added, "wot 's the matter atween us? Friends vich is friends shoold never be onfriendly!"

"I'm not unfriendly!" said Bob.

"There you are! the hold business hover agin! the sum totle mounts ony to a misonderstandin', and cert'ny misonderstandin's is the rummest things alive. Vy, wot d'yer think the hold General did the other day now? I'll tell yer: two friends of hisn had a sort of a misonderstandin' about nothink: they wos werry cold, and coodn't ha' told vy if they'd bin arst. Werry well, wot does he do but he goes to the basket, and picks out their cards, and then sends 'em to each

other's houses as if they wos sent by theirselves! Wot wos the sconequence? Vy they at once returned wot they both took to be the compliment boney fido, and as each flattered hisself that the other had made the fust advances, and wos willin' for to meet him arf vay, they met in course for all the world as if nothink had happened, and a reconciliationment took place."

"Well, that wasn't a bad move, mind yer," said Bob.

"It wos hexcellent, cos they on'y wanted for to be brought together to be all right agin. And that's the case vith these misanderstandin's between friends. But it's all reg'lar now atween us? Eh? Give us yer 'and! Let's go over to the tap, and say nothink more about it."

To the tap they accordingly went, and after touching slightly upon the state of the nation, and two or three important political points which were just then at issue, Bob being impatient to have explained to him the various intimations contained in the venerable gentleman's epistle, produced that mysterious document, and having read it with due emphasis, begged to know what it all meant.

"Wot does it mean!" cried the venerable gentleman, elevating his eyebrows in a state of amazement. "Wot! ain't you then seed your old missus's coachman?"

"No," replied Bob, "not lately."

"Vell, but do you mean to say you don't know there's a screw werry loose?"

"Haven't heard nothing of it."

"Vell, send I may live! Vy the 'stablishment's goin' to be broke up reg'lar!"

"You don't mean *that*!"

"But I do, and nothink but! Coachman was ere last night as ever wos to explain the ole business, and the peticklers cert'ny looks werry queer. He's got vornin'; they've almost hall on 'em got vornin', and from wot I can learn things is goin' hall to smash!"

"You don't say so!" cried Bob, whose countenance developed the utmost astonishment. "You stagger me regular. I thought they had a mint."

"And so they had; but coachman tells me thish ere parleymentry business 'as kicked it all down."

"Ar, I thought they was going too fast."

"And so did I," rejoined the venerable gentleman; and it really is amazing how prone men in general are to anticipate things when they have actually taken place, and how fully their conjectures then are borne out by facts. "It struck me frequent," he continued, "that they never cood stand them air evey expences. But I'm werry sorry for it; cos, from wot I 'ear, your master's got nothink but wot he 'as from the old lady; so if *she* goes, he must go vith her."

"Safe!" returned Bob. "And it hurts my sentiments very acute, 'cause he is a trump, and there can't be two opinions about it. But what I look at most is missis, 'cause she is a regular good un, and I'd go to the bottom of the sea to serve her. What must her feelings be, mind you, eh? I don't think she knows a bit about it as yet; but when she comes for to be told, eh? Safe to break her heart."

"I don't know," said the venerable gentleman. "Vimmin genelly bears these rewerses much better than men. And it likewise makes 'em more dewoted. I've seen it frequent. Ven all goes on prosperous,

they 've plenty of scope to make themselves onhappy about nothink, and feels themselves at liberty to pitch into their husbands, cos, as they don't vont for nothink, they don' know wot they vont ; but on'y let their husbands have a rewerse, and they 're at once all affection. Vot is it they voodn't do then if they cood ! And if they can't get 'em over it, they 'll kiss 'em, and make it seem better than it is, and try to persuade 'em not to mind it, and get 'em to bear up against it like men. That's the p'int ! Vimmin is rum swells to deal with."

"I agree with you there," rejoined Bob. "But I say ! ain't your principles on this here particular p'int a leetle changed, eh ? Didn't you used to tell me, that when things went wrong, they 'd pitch into you the more ?"

"Ar," replied the venerable gentleman, whom the question had slightly confused, "that's ven they 're reg'lar hout an' hout wixens."

Bob shook his head. He perceived at a glance the inconsistency of his venerable friend, and being anxious to know the extent to which his opinions upon the matter had changed, he took occasion to intimate gently that he had an idea that the views which he had once entertained on the subject of matrimony were not precisely those which he entertained then.

"It strikes me forcible," he added, "that they 're, in p'int of fact, particularly different ; 'cause I somehow or another have a sort of a notion that you and our cook is a managing of matters, do you know."

At this moment the venerable gentleman blushed—ay, actually blushed !—but on recovering himself a trifle, he smiled, and said, "Vy, Bobby, vot makes you think so ?"

"'Cause she's a continually sighing and talking about you, and looking arter the postman, and receiving of letters, which is writ in a fist very simular to yourn."

Again the venerable gentleman looked extremely red. He saw at once that, in sending a letter to Bob in an undisguised hand, he had not acted with his customary caution.

"You write a decent stick though," continued Bob, playfully. "The i's is all dotted, and the hizzards is wery respectable."

"I see," said the venerable gentleman, shaking his head with great significance, "I see I've let the cat out of the bag. But it ain't of much odds, cos I don't s'pose I'm puttin' *your* nose out of j'int ?"

"Not a bit of it ! Oh ! it ain't no odds to me, you know. Only all I look at is this,—she's a cook, you know, and cooks is all warmant, eh ?—don't you recollect ?"

"And so they are," returned the venerable gentleman,—"so they are, in the commqn course of natur' ; but Joanna is one in fifty million ! That's the p'int ! I'll be bound to say you don't find another sich a cook in a day's march !"

"She's a good un of the sort," observed Bob, cavalierly.

"A good un ! I believe yer. There's no mistake about her !"

"But however you come to be caught after all your experience, is a thing which gets quite over me. I can't at all understand it. A deader mystery I never come across."

"Vy, look ear," said the venerable gentleman, with a philosophic aspect. "Did you ever 'appen to see a unexperienced young greyhound a-playing with a leveret, a-rolling of it over and over, and a-pawing it, and licking it, and not exactly knowin' vot to do with it ?"

"Can't say I ever did."

"Did yer ever see a kitten a-playing with a mouse, a-purring and singing to it reg'lar, a-letting of it run, and springing arter it agin, vile the little onfort'nate victim is arf dead vith fright?"

"Yes, that I have seen."

"Werry well, then, wot do they play with 'em for? Ain't it cos they know nothink about 'em? Ain't it cos they never tasted the blood of them there animals, and don't know wot it is? Vy, in course. But let 'em jist walk their teeth into one,—let them have but one taste, and they 're always then a-hankerin' and yarnin' arter 'em wiolent. And that 's the case vith me. I never loved reg'lar afore: I never knowed wot it was to love; but now that I 've tasted it, and knows wot it is, and finds it nat'ral to like it, I can't never be 'appy vithout the hob-ject of that love, vich is her as I know loves me. That 's the p'int."

"Well," said Bob, "I hope she 'll turn out a regular good un."

"Safe to be a good un! Safe to be 'appy! She 's the kindest and comfortablest creature in life. I never see her feller, and I 've seed above a few on 'em in my time, you know. She 's cert'ny hout-an'-hout."

"Well, all I can say, you know, is, may she never be anything but. They do, mind you, sometimes turn out queer."

"But you *don't* s'pose I 've lived all these here 'ears for nothink! No, no, Bobby; hold birds ain't ketched vith chaff. I *shood* be blind if I coodn't tell wot a voman wos. I can see right clean through 'em in a hinstant. No—come, we ain't a-going to be done exactly arter all this 'ere experience, nayther!"

"Well, well," said Bob, "you *ought* to know a little about it."

"I flatter myself," returned his venerable friend, "I jist do."

"Well, and when do you think about doing the trick?"

"Vy, that depends a little upon circumstantialia. If your 'stablishment 's broke up, yer know, as vell as the old lady's, vy, it von't be vuth vile for her to take another place."

"No more it won't," observed Bob. "But don't it strike you as very strange that I ain't heard nothing about it?"

"The most singularest thing alive!" returned the venerable gentleman. "They ought at least to 'ave named it, if they did nothink helse."

"But do you know, now, I don't think it 'll be so after all."

The venerable gentleman admitted that such a thought as that might be entertained, but strongly advised him, nevertheless, to prepare. He then repeated those generous offers which his gentlemanly letter contained; and when Bob had acknowledged in grateful terms the friendly feeling by which those offers were characterised, they pressed each other's hands, had another pot, and parted.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

In which Stanley resolves to retrieve his fortune.

ALTHOUGH the news of the reduction of the widow's establishment travelled fast from Bob's venerable friend to the General's cook, from the cook to the lady's maid, from the maid to Miss Johnson, and from that young lady to the General, both he and Captain Joliffe, whom he subsequently told, deemed it a point of too much delicacy to justify any direct inquiry into the matter.

The first object of Stanley—when he found that all he had to depend upon was the estate, which yielded barely three hundred a-year—was to conceal the altered state of affairs from Amelia; and when he had taken steps to accomplish this, at least for a time, he devoted all his energies with the view of retrieving their fortunes.

But then how was this to be done? Should he enter the army? No; that would not do. Should he endeavour to obtain some colonial appointment? He had not the slightest wish to leave England; and even if he had, where was his political influence? He thought of a hundred things by which his position might be improved, but not one which was, under the circumstances, practicable.

At length Sir William—who had never allowed a syllable having reference to these embarrassments to escape him—became acquainted with a project by which he fondly hoped that Stanley might be involved in utter ruin. At that time several men of high connections—one of whom was by courtesy an Earl—having lost on various occasions immense sums at play, and being experienced and highly accomplished gamblers, conceived the idea of taking a house themselves, and putting down *sub rosa* a bank of their own. This they fancied would be a most profitable speculation; and as the aid of Sir William, by whom they were all perfectly well known, had been solicited, he held it to be an excellent opportunity for sinking the remnant of Stanley's fortune, by inducing him to join them.

He accordingly lost no time in communicating with Stanley on the subject, but took especial care to proceed with the utmost caution. At first he mentioned it as a mere matter of news; but when he found that Stanley caught at the project, he gradually entered into the most minute explanations, and made the success of the scheme appear certain.

"Well," said Stanley, when the matter had been explained, "why don't you join them?"

"Why, you see, I have at present so much on my hands, and the probability is that it would divert my attention from matters which require a deal of thought. Besides, you know, I'm not a very speculative man; and these things, to succeed, must be entered into boldly."

"Of course nothing but strict honour is intended?"

"Why, the character of those who are engaged in the scheme would alone, one would think, be a sufficient guarantee against dishonourable practices."

"Of course! But is it not singular that men of their character and standing in society should descend to enter into a speculation of the kind?"

"Why, the descent of itself is not very tremendous. The difference between playing against a bank and playing with one—except in so far as the profits are concerned—is but slight. They would not, of course, like it to be generally known that they were engaged in a speculation of this sort; nor would they, in fact, like it to be generally known that they frequented houses of that description at all; but in the abstract it certainly is as honourable to put down the bank as it is to play against it."

"It merely struck me at the moment as being rather singular."

"And so it is. If it were usual, it would be thought nothing of."

"Well," said Stanley, "the idea is certainly novel. I should really like to join them."

"I should recommend you not."

"Why?" inquired Stanley.

"Merely because I think that it might occupy too much of your time. Besides, Thorn, when you play, it is solely for pleasure; now their sole object is profit. There is another thing: they have of late lost considerable sums of money, which they are resolved to regain, and it is moreover necessary that they should do so; but you are not in that position."

"Perhaps not," rejoined Stanley, whom the reason assigned urged on the more. "But when we play, as you say, for pleasure, is not profit invariably the chief object we have in view? Are not the pleasures of play derived from winning, coupled with the hope of winning more? Are losses productive of pleasure?"

"It certainly is not very pleasurable to lose; but that is an altogether different thing. Here we have a direct and well-organized speculation, the object of the speculators being to regain a certain sum. That their object will be accomplished there can be but little doubt; but then look at the anxiety!—what can repay them for that?"

"The attainment of their object alone! Now it appears to me to be the very kind of speculation into which I should like to enter."

"Well,—but that which I look at is the necessity which exists in their case, and not in yours. Of course I'll introduce you with pleasure, and I am sure that they would like you to join them exceedingly; but if you do, you must expect to be annoyed—at least I know that the constant settlements, the division of the profits, and all that sort of thing, would annoy *me*."

"Very likely. But I have not, you know, so much to attend to as you have, which makes all the difference. When shall I see them?"

"Oh! we'll go when you please—this evening, if you like; but I should advise you before we go to think the matter over."

"Yes; that of course I'll do. Well, shall we say this evening?"

"Oh yes! I'll call for you. At what hour?"

"You may as well dine with me, and then we can start from here direct."

"Very well; be it so. I have a few little matters to attend to this morning, and while I am about them you can be turning the thing over in your mind; but still, if I were you, I should say it would be scarcely worth my while to trouble my head about it. However, it is for you to decide. We shall again see each other at seven."

Sir William then left, and as he entered his cab—"Every man," thought Stanley, "knows his own business best. He has no idea of my real position. His advice, therefore, goes for nothing. He still thinks that I am wealthy. He has not the slightest notion that my necessities are as great as the necessities of those whom I shall join. It is hence that he conceives that I shall deem the constant division of the profits an annoyance!"

Stanley smiled at this idea, and then proceeded to calculate what the profits of such a speculation were likely to be; and while he was thus engaged,—with the gain of tens of thousands floating upon the current of his rich imagination,—Sir William, who was by no means so ignorant of the matter as Stanley supposed, was conversing with the

projectors of the scheme, and representing Stanley as being a young fellow who had brilliant expectations, and who would be an unquestionable acquisition, if they could but secure him.

"But is he likely to be caught?" inquired the noble Earl. "Will he come in?"

"That I must leave entirely to you. He is to be managed."

"Has he much stuff in hand?"

"Why, it matters but little, you know, whether he has or not."

"His paper is good, of course?" interposed "Captain" Filcher, who had engaged to be the nominal proprietor of the concern.

"Safe as the bank," replied Sir William.

"Then of course," rejoined Filcher, "it's regular."

And so it was in his view, and also in that of the noble Earl, who expressed an anxiety to see Stanley, and begged of Sir William to bring him that evening, in order that he might at once be fixed, which Sir William promptly promised to do; and they parted.

During dinner, although no word was spoken on the subject which Amelia could understand, Sir William perceived that Stanley's views were unaltered. He was therefore in high spirits, and conversed with unusual animation, and studiously applauded every sentiment which Amelia advanced. His marked attention to her would, in the mind of a stranger, have excited suspicion; but his freedom of manner and of speech had been so cautiously, so gradually assumed, that its progress had been to them imperceptible.

"I wish your mamma were here, Stanley," said Amelia, on the table being cleared.

"Yes," replied Stanley, "she would have been company for you while we are absent."

"Then are you naughty people going to leave me?"

"Business, my love, business. I shall not be late."

"Oh! I anticipated quite a delightful evening."

"For my part," said the wily baronet, looking at Stanley, "I think we had better remain where we are."

"There's a good creature!" cried Amelia. "You ought to be recognised generally as the champion of the ladies. Is it of importance, dear Stanley?"

"It is my love. I must go; but I shall return very early."

"Well, do not let me interfere with business. But how long shall I give you? Shall I say twelve o'clock?"

"Do not name any time, because I like to be punctual; and if we say twelve o'clock, I may stop till that time, when otherwise I might be home earlier."

"Very well; but return as soon as you can—there's a dear."

"You really are an admirable wife," said Sir William, to whom the gentle affection displayed by Amelia was wormwood.

"Now you are pleased to flatter," she returned, with a smile.

"No, upon my honour."

"Well, I appreciate your good opinion," rejoined Amelia, gaily. "Stanley ought in due form to acknowledge the compliment, seeing that he has made me what I am. We must ascribe all the merit to him. Admirable husbands make admirable wives—is it not so?"

"It is amiable on the part of those admirable wives to think so."

"Nay, but is it not so in reality?"

"The belief, I fear, is not universally entertained."

"I should say not," interposed Stanley. "The most brutal husbands have the most gentle wives; and, as you see in my case, the more mild and affectionate a man is, the more advantage his wife takes of that mildness and affection, the more she will tyrannise over him, and makes him feel her power."

Amelia smiled, and was about to concede that with the thoughtless and the vulgar it sometimes happened that both husbands and wives took advantage of amiability and devotion; but as Stanley at the moment gave the signal, they rose; and, on taking leave, Sir William pressed the hand of Amelia with so much warmth, that although she attributed it to nothing but the purest friendship, she felt an almost involuntary inclination to withdraw it. The effect, however, was but instantaneous; she bade him adieu with her wonted smile, and then embraced her Stanley with the fondest affection.

Having entered the cab, Stanley, being impatient, started off with so much swiftness, that Bob—who had anticipated nothing of the sort, and who had to run like lightning for five hundred yards before he could catch the cab to get up behind—very naturally conceived that there was something additional amiss.

"Another blessed screw loose!" said he very privately to himself. "I'm glad he's got somebody with him; although, as it is, I must mind what I'm at. In this here ticklish state of transactions, masters ain't very particular about gratitude; and there's something a little extra o'clock to-night, I know!"

The expediency of looking out with an eagle's eye having thus appeared clear to his view, he leaped from behind with such amazing alacrity when Stanley pulled up, that he was at the head of the horse in an instant.

"Another blessed four o'clock business," said he, muttering with great caution, as Stanley and Sir William entered a brilliantly illumined club-house. "When every individual winder's in a blaze they pints to four or half-past, safe! *Won't* you stand still?" he added aloud, addressing his horse, "or am I to go for to make you? Don't you think I've enough to put up with? Ain't it ten times worse than listing for a soger? As true as I'm alive masters now-a-days ain't got no bowels for servants at all!"

Whereupon he stepped leisurely into the cab, and having driven a short distance from the door, he adjusted himself snugly in the off corner of the vehicle, with the view of having a few hours' soft repose.

On entering one of the private rooms of the club, Stanley was formally presented to the noble Earl, Captain Filcher, and two other dashing persons, who appeared to be highly pleased to see him. They had evidently been entering into certain calculations having reference to the scheme, the result of which had put them in great spirits; but no allusion whatever was made to the project for some considerable time.

At length, having freely conversed on the various topics of the day, and become thereby better acquainted with each other, the noble Earl opened the subject of the speculation, the success of which he described as being perfectly certain; and having dwelt upon the brilliant character of the anticipated profits, and proved in theory all that it was necessary to prove, Stanley became so satisfied that he entered at once into his views, and expressed himself anxious to join them.

The noble Earl of course explained how happy he should be to have him as a partner in the speculation, and as his title, independently of his gentlemanlike bearing, had great weight with Stanley, he felt highly honoured.

"And what will it be necessary for us to put down?" he inquired.

"Why, according to our calculation," replied the noble Earl, "a capital of ten thousand will in all probability realise a hundred thousand pounds in three months. But we need not put it all down at once. Let me see; there are five of us. Of course we must expect to lose a trifle at first—it will in fact be expedient to do so. Now, I think that if we each of us put down five hundred to begin with, it will do; but, of course, it will be well, in order to make all sure, for each to be prepared with two thousand."

This proposition was made to all concerned, and agreed to, and when the agreement had been drawn up and signed, they set aside all business, made an appointment to meet the next morning at the house which Captain Filcher had partly engaged, and spent a jovial evening together.

On the following morning they accordingly met, and were all much pleased with the house; and as Filcher had had some experience in fitting up "clubs," he undertook to prepare it with all possible expedition. But Stanley was *in limine* puzzled. How was he to raise his share of the sum required? He could no longer draw money of the widow. Should he mortgage his estate? As this appeared to be the only way in which it could be managed, he resolved at once to do it; but as on the day in which this resolution was formed he happened to call at the club, to see what progress had been made, and found Filcher alone, his views on the subject were changed.

Filcher, who had received certain hints from Sir William, regarded this call as auspicious. He was therefore unusually anxious to win Stanley's confidence, and after showing him the furniture he had hired, and the tables he had purchased, and explaining certain mysteries of play, he got him over a bottle of wine, and became excessively communicative and friendly.

"I don't know, of course, how you are situated," said he when he fancied that Stanley had been sufficiently warmed, "but men who may have the power to command a mint of money are not at all times flush. I merely allude to this in order to intimate that if you should at any time happen to be short, I have already so much confidence in you—and one can always tell pretty well what a man is—that I shall be happy to lend you my acceptance. But, mind, this is strictly between ourselves. I do not wish it to go farther, because in the present state of the world there are few men indeed whom I would do it for on any account; but for you I should be proud to do it, if such a thing should ever be required, to the extent of a thousand or so."

"Well," said Stanley, who was struck with the friendly feeling displayed by Captain Filcher, "I certainly feel flattered; and it strangely enough happens that I was just about to raise a sum of money by way of mortgage."

"Bills are much more convenient. They save a world of trouble. They have but to be drawn to command the sum required, and when met at maturity the thing is at an end. What sum do you want to raise?"

"I thought of two thousand."

"Well!—I shall be happy to lend you my acceptance for that amount."

"But what security shall I give?"

"Your honour, Mr. Thorn, will be a sufficient security for me."

"But I think that every man ought to have some more tangible security than that."

"Oh, nonsense!—not among friends!"

"I should feel more satisfied."

"Well, if that be the case, give me your acceptance for the same amount. I positively refuse to take any other security from *you*."

This was kind, very kind, on the part of Captain Filcher. Stanley at least strongly felt it to be so, and inquired when the bills should be drawn.

"When you please," returned the Captain. "It may as well be done now as at any other time. Let me see—instead of having one bill for two thousand, you had better have four, you know, for five hundred each. You will find them more negotiable."

"I must be guided by you," observed Stanley, who at the same moment drew out his purse. "Can we send for the stamps?"

"By the by," cried the Captain, drawing forth his pocket-book, "it strikes me I've a lot of stamps here!" And it singularly enough did happen that he found just eight of the very stamps required.

"Well," said he, "this is extraordinary! I knew that I had some, but I had no idea of what they were. They will save us the trouble of sending out for them, at all events."

Stanley agreed with him perfectly in this, and offered to pay for them; but the Captain refused to receive a single shilling. "No," said he, "I am not a dealer in stamps. They are of no use whatever to me, and may as well be filled up for this purpose as not."

The bills were then drawn at two months. At the suggestion of the Captain, the dates were slightly varied. He drew four, and four were drawn by Stanley; and, when each had accepted those which the other had drawn, they exchanged acceptances as a mere matter of mutual security.

"Have you any channel open?" inquired the Captain, when the exchange had been made. "I mean," he added, perceiving that he was not understood, "do you know any one who will discount those bills?"

"Upon my honour, I do not. I never had occasion to draw one before. But I suppose there will be no difficulty at all about that?"

"Oh! not the least in life. I'll undertake to get them cashed for you at once."

"I don't like to trouble you," said Stanley; "but at the same time I really wish you would."

"My dear fellow, don't name the trouble!" cried the Captain. "I'll do it with infinite pleasure. You shall have the cheque in the morning."

Whereupon Stanley returned him his own acceptances for the purpose of discount, and having warmly acknowledged this additional obligation, left him in possession of the whole of the bills.

The next morning he called for the promised cheque, and found the Captain excessively busy with the workmen, who were engaged, under his superintendence, in decorating the principal drawing-room, apparently for some immediate purpose.

"My dear fellow," said he, as Stanley entered, "those things cannot possibly be done until to-morrow."

"That will do quite as well," replied Stanley.

"I thought that it would make no difference to you?"

"Oh dear me, no, not the slightest. But what room is this intended for? You appear to have been very expeditious in fitting it up."

The Captain smiled, and drew Stanley aside. "You have heard nothing of it, then?" said he, *sotto voce*. "This room is being adorned to give *éclat* to a private marriage. It will take place this evening by special licence. Will you join us?—it will be delicious sport."

"But who are the parties?"

"I am bound not to tell that; but you know the bridegroom. Say you will be here. It will come off precisely at eight."

"But will my presence be agreeable to those most concerned?"

"Agreeable! My dear fellow, they will all be delighted. You positively *must* be here!"

"Well," returned Stanley, "in that case I'll come. But I should like to know who the parties are."

"All in good time, my dear fellow," cried the Captain. "But the thing must positively be kept a profound secret until the job's done."

"Oh ho! I comprehend!" said Stanley. "Papa is in the way."

"Out, my boy!—for once in your life out! There's no papa in the case; and what is more, my dear fellow, mamma will be here! At half-past seven, recollect, you will have the felicity of being presented to her and the beautiful bride. You will not therefore on any account fail?"

"I will not. But don't let me interrupt you another moment. For the present, adieu."

"Adieu, my dear fellow! Remember the time! When you know all, my boy, you'll say it's delicious!"

"This is strange!" thought Stanley, on leaving the house. "And I know the bridegroom! Who on earth can it be? Can it be Wormwell? Very likely; and yet he surely would have named it to me at least! Well, it is useless to conjecture."

And so in reality it was; but his imagination teemed with conjectures nevertheless. There was a mystery in the matter, by which his curiosity had been strongly excited, and that excitement continued throughout the morning unsubdued.

He was therefore, as a matter of course, punctual; indeed he was there somewhat before the appointed time, and found the bridegroom to be his new friend the noble earl, who presented him at once to the bride.

Well, as far as the bridegroom was concerned, of course the mystery was solved; but in his view there was something mysterious still. The bride!—true, she was rather a beautiful girl, but she was evidently not a lady, while her mamma—Stanley *couldn't* understand it! He tried to converse with the bride; but "Yes, sir,"—"No, sir," and "Very, sir," appeared to be about the only original sentences she had the ability to utter. Her mamma, however, made up for all, by announcing it loudly to be her settled conviction that special licences were far more respectable than banns.

"Why, I say," cried the Captain, when the hour had arrived, "Where's the *reverend* swell? Time's up!"

"Oh, he'll be here shortly," returned the noble Earl.

"He is safe to come, I suppose?"

At this moment a carriage drove up to the door, and almost immediately afterwards he, by whom the ceremony had to be performed, walked solemnly into the room. As he entered, he bowed profoundly to all around; and as the bridegroom promptly asked him to take a glass of wine, he as promptly filled a bumper, and winked at the bridegroom, which Stanley conceived to be particularly odd. He remained, however, silent; they clearly understood it, although he did not; and the ceremony, without the smallest loss of time, commenced.

"Dearly beloved," said the reverend gentleman, "we are gathered together here for the purpose of joining this man and this woman. Wilt thou have this woman? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, and keep her?"

The noble earl answered, "I will."

"Wilt thou have this man? Wilt thou obey him, love, honour, and serve him?"

The bride tremblingly faltered out, "I will."

"Who giveth this woman to this man?"

The Captain took the hand of the bride, and gave it to the reverend gentleman, and when he had transferred it to the noble earl, the ring was put on, and the ceremony ended!

Stanley stood amazed, and the bride's mamma observed that the ceremony, she fancied, was rather short, but suggested that it was in all probability unfashionable to have it longer when performed by special licence. She was therefore quite satisfied; and having taken just sufficient champagne to cause her to be content with almost anything, she began to extol with surpassing volubility the prominent virtues of "my daughter the Countess, and my dear son-in-law the noble earl."

The Captain then called for a bumper, and all charged.

"I give you," said he, "Health to the Bride and Bridegroom! I propose it thus early, because I know that as they have to travel some distance to-night, we shall soon be deprived of their charming society. The health of the bride and bridegroom!—the bridegroom and the bride!"

The toast was duly honoured, and the noble Earl in an eloquent speech returned thanks; shortly after which he, his trembling bride, and her delighted mamma, took leave and started in a carriage and four.

The very moment they had left, the reverend gentleman threw aside his surplice amidst loud roars of laughter.

"What is the meaning of this?" inquired Stanley of the Captain.

"What! don't you understand it?"

"Upon my honour, I do not."

"Then it's no longer surprising the old woman was deceived. Don't you think it was done admirably, considering our parson is not in orders?"

"You do not mean to say that this has been a mock marriage?"

"Why, of course! It was the only way in which that girl could be had! Mild and gentle as she appears, he has been trying in vain to seduce her in the regular way for the last six months."

Stanley was so indignant on receiving this intelligence, so incensed at being thus made a party to a proceeding so vile, that he rose on the instant, and quitted the house with a feeling of ineffable disgust.





Gift of the Society of the Friends of the Poor and the Sick

GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARRIAGE IN THE FOREST.

TRESHAM, for it will have been conjectured that he was one of the speakers mentioned in the preceding chapter, on separating from Lord Mounteagle, took the same direction as the conspirators. He hesitated for some time before venturing to knock at the garden-gate; and when he had done so, felt half-disposed to take to his heels. But shame restrained him; and hearing footsteps approach, he gave the customary signal, and was instantly admitted by Guy Fawkes.

"What brings you here?" demanded the latter, as they entered the house, and made fast the door behind them.

"I have just heard that Parliament is prorogued to the fifth of November," replied Tresham, "and came to tell you so."

"I already know it," returned Fawkes, gloomily; "and for the first time, feel some misgiving as to the issue of our enterprise."

"Why so?" inquired Tresham.

"November is unlucky to me," rejoined Fawkes, "and I cannot recollect a year in my life in which some ill has not befallen me during that month, especially on the fifth day. On the last fifth of November, I nearly died of a fever at Madrid. It is a strange and unfortunate coincidence that the meeting of the Parliament should be appointed for that particular day."

"Shall I tell you what I think it portends?" hesitated Tresham.

"Do so," replied Fawkes, "and speak boldly. I am no child to be frightened at shadows."

"You have more than once declared your intention of perishing with our foes," rejoined Tresham. "The design, though prosperous in itself, may be fatal to you."

"You are right," replied Fawkes. "I have little doubt I shall perish on that day. You are both aware of my superstitious nature, and are not ignorant that many mysterious occurrences have combined to strengthen the feeling,—such as the dying words of the prophetess, Elizabeth Orton,—her warning speech when she was raised from the dead by Doctor Dee,—and lastly, the vision at Saint Winifred's Well. What if I tell you the saint has again appeared to me?"

"In a dream?" inquired Catesby, in a slightly-sceptical tone.

"Ay, in a dream," returned Fawkes. "But I saw her as plainly as if I had been awake. It was the same vapoury figure, —the same transparent robes, the same benign countenance, only far more pitying than before — that I beheld at Holywell. I heard no sound issue from her lips, but I *felt* that she warned me to desist."

"Do you accept the warning?" asked Tresham, eagerly.

"It is needless to answer," replied Fawkes. "I have laid the train to-night."

"You have infected me with your misgivings," observed Tresham. "Would the enterprise had never been undertaken!"

"But being undertaken, it must be gone through with," rejoined Catesby, sternly. "Harkee, Tresham. You promised us two thousand pounds in aid of the project, but have constantly deferred payment of the sum on some plea or other."

"Because I have not been able to raise it," replied Tresham, sullenly. "I have tried in vain to sell part of my estates at Rushton, in Northamptonshire. I cannot effect impossibilities."

"Tush!" cried Catesby, fiercely. "You well know I ask no impossibility. I will no longer be trifled with. The money must be forthcoming by the tenth of October, or you shall pay the penalty with your life."

"This is the language of a cut-throat, Mr. Catesby," replied Tresham.

"It is the only language I will hold towards you," rejoined Catesby, contemptuously. "Look you disappoint me not, or take the consequences."

"I must leave for Northamptonshire at once, then," said Tresham.

"Do as you please," returned Catesby. "Play the cut-throat yourself, and ease some rich miser of his store, if you think fit. Bring us the money, and we will not ask how you came by it."

"Before we separate," said Tresham, disregarding these sneers, "I wish to be resolved on one point. Who are to be saved from destruction?"

"Why do you ask?" inquired Fawkes.

"Because I must stipulate for the lives of my brothers-in-law, the Lords Mounteagle and Stourton."

"If anything detains them from the meeting, well and good," replied Catesby. "But no warning must be given them. That would infallibly lead to a discovery of the plot."

"Some means might surely be adopted to put them on their guard without danger to ourselves?" urged Tresham.

"I know of none," replied Catesby.

"Nor I," added Fawkes. "If I did, I would warn Lord Montague, and some others whom I shall grieve to destroy."

"We are all similarly circumstanced," replied Catesby. "Keyes is anxious for the preservation of his patron and

friend, Lord Mordaunt,—Percy, for the Earl of Northumberland. I, myself, would gladly save the young Earl of Arundel. But we must sacrifice our private feeling for the general good.”

“We must,” acquiesced Fawkes.

“We shall not meet again till the night of the tenth of October,” said Catesby, “when take care you are in readiness with the money.”

Upon this, the conversation dropped, and soon afterwards Tresham departed.

When he found himself alone, he suffered his rage to find vent in words. “Perdition seize them!” he cried, “I shall now lose two thousand pounds, in addition to what I have already advanced; and, as Mounteagle will not have the disclosure made till the beginning of November, there is no way of avoiding payment. They would not fall into the snare I laid to throw the blame of the discovery, when it takes place, upon their own indiscretion. But I must devise some other plan. The warning shall proceed from an unknown quarter. A letter, written in a feigned hand, and giving some obscure intimation of danger, shall be delivered with an air of mystery to Mounteagle. This will serve as a plea for its divulgement to the Earl of Salisbury. Well, well, they shall have the money; but they shall pay me back in other coin.”

Early on the following day, Catesby and Fawkes proceeded to White Webbs. Garnet was greatly surprised to see them, and could not conceal his disappointment at the cause of their return.

“This delay bodes no good,” he observed. “Parliament has been so often prorogued, that I begin to think some suspicion is entertained of our design.”

“Make your mind easy, then,” replied Catesby. “I have made due inquiries, and find the meeting is postponed to suit the King’s convenience, who wishes to prolong his stay at Royston. He may probably have some secret motive for the delay, but I am sure it in no way concerns us.”

Everything being now fully arranged, the conspirators had only to wait patiently for the arrival of the expected fifth of November. Most of them decided upon passing the interval in the country. Ambrose Rookwood departed for Clopton, near Stratford-upon-Avon,—a seat belonging to Lord Carew, where his family were staying. Keyes went to visit Lord Mordaunt at Turvey, in Bedfordshire; and Percy and the two Wrights set out for Gothurst, in Buckinghamshire, to desire Sir Everard Digby to postpone the grand hunting party which he was to hold at Dunsmore Heath, as an excuse for mustering a strong party of Catholics, to the beginning of November. The two Winters repaired to their family mansion, Huddington, in Worcestershire; while Fawkes and Catesby, together with the two priests, remained at White Webbs. The three latter held daily conferences together, but were seldom joined by Fawkes, who

passed his time in the adjoining forest, selecting its densest and most intricate parts for his rambles.

It was now the beginning of October, and as is generally the case in the early part of this month, the weather was fine, and the air pure and bracing. The forest could scarcely have been seen to greater advantage. The leaves had assumed their gorgeous autumnal tints, and the masses of timber, variegated in colour, presented an inexpressibly beautiful appearance. Guy Fawkes spent hours in the depths of the wood. His sole companions were the lordly stag and the timid hare, that occasionally started across his path. Since his return, he had sedulously avoided Viviana, and they had met only twice, and then no speech had passed between them. One day, when he had plunged even deeper than usual into the forest, and had seated himself on the stump of a decayed tree, with his eyes fixed on a small clear rivulet welling at his feet, he saw the reflection of a female figure in the water; and, filled with the idea of the vision of Saint Winifred, at first imagined he was about to receive another warning. But a voice that thrilled to his heart's core, soon undeceived him, and, turning he beheld Viviana. She was habited in a riding-dress, and appeared prepared to set out upon a journey.

"So you have tracked me to my solitude," he observed, in a tone of forced coldness. "I thought I was secure from interruption here."

"You will forgive me, I am sure, when you know my errand," she replied. "It is to take an eternal farewell of you."

"Indeed!" he exclaimed. "Are you about to quit White Webbs?"

"I am," she mournfully rejoined. "I am about to set out with Father Oldcorne for Gothurst, where I shall remain till all is over."

"I entirely approve your determination," returned Fawkes, after a short pause.

"I knew you would do so, or I should have consulted you upon it," she rejoined. "And as you appear to avoid me, I would fain have departed without taking leave of you, but found it impossible to do so."

"You well know my motive for avoiding you, Viviana," rejoined Fawkes. "We are no longer what we were to each other. A fearful struggle has taken place within me, though I have preserved an unmoved exterior, between passion and the sense of my high calling. I have told you I never loved before, and fancied my heart immovable as adamant. But I now find out my error. It is a prey to a raging and constant flame. I have shunned you," he continued, with increased excitement, "because the sight of you shakes my firmness,—because I feel it sinful to think of you in preference to holier objects,—and because, after I have quitted you your image alone engrosses my thoughts. Here, in the depths of this wood,

by the side of this brook, I can commune with my soul,—can abstract myself from the world and the thoughts of the world—from you—yes you, who are all the world to me now,—and prepare to meet my end.”

“Then you are resolved to die?” she cried.

“I shall abide the explosion, and nothing but a miracle can save me,” returned Fawkes.

“And think not it will be exerted in your behalf,” she replied. “Heaven does not approve your design, and you will assuredly incur its vengeance by your criminal conduct.”

“Viviana,” replied Guy Fawkes, rising, “man cannot read my heart, but Heaven can; and the sincerity of my purpose will be recognized above. What I am about to do is for the regeneration of our holy religion; and if the welfare of that religion is dear to the Supreme Being, our cause must prosper. If the contrary, it deserves to fail, and will fail. I have ever told you that I care not what becomes of myself. I am now more than ever indifferent to life,—or rather,” he added, in a sombre tone, “I am anxious to die.”

“Your dreadful wish, I fear, will be accomplished,” replied Viviana, sadly. “I have been constantly haunted by frightful apprehensions respecting you, and my dead father has appeared to me in my dreams. His spirit, if such it were, seemed to gaze upon me with a mournful look, and, as I thought, pronounced your name in piteous accents.”

“These forebodings chime with my own,” muttered Fawkes, repressing a shudder; “but nothing shall shake me. It will inflict a bitter pang upon me to part with you, Viviana—the bitterest I can ever feel,—and I shall be glad when it is over.”

“I echo your own wish,” she returned, “and deeply lament that we ever met. But the fate that brought us together must for ever unite us.”

“What mean you?” he inquired, gazing fixedly at her.

“There is one sad consolation which you can afford me, and which you owe me for the deep and lasting misery I shall endure on your account,” replied Viviana;—“a consolation that will enable me to bear your loss with fortitude, and to devote myself wholly to heaven.”

“Whatever I can do that will not interfere with my purpose, you may command,” he rejoined.

“What I have to propose will not interfere with it,” she answered. “Now, hear me, and put the sole construction I deserve on my conduct. Father Garnet is at a short distance from us, behind those trees, waiting my summons. I have informed him of my design, and he approves of it. It is to unite us in marriage—solemnly unite us—that though I may never live with you as a wife, I may mourn you as a widow. Do you consent?”

Guy Fawkes returned an affirmative, in a voice broken by emotion.

"The moment the ceremony is over," pursued Viviana, "I shall start with Father Oldcorne for Gothurst. We shall never meet again in this world."

"Unless I succeed?" said Fawkes.

"You will *not* succeed," replied Viviana. "If I thought so, I should not take this step. I look upon it as an espousal with the dead."

So saying, she hurried away, and disappearing beneath the covert, returned in a few seconds with Garnet.

"I have a strange duty to perform for you, my son," said Garnet to Fawkes, who remained motionless and stupefied; "but I am right willing to perform it, because I think it will lead to your future happiness with the fair creature who has bestowed her affections on you."

"Do not speculate on the future, father," cried Viviana. "You know *why* I asked you to perform the ceremony. You know, also, that I have made preparations for instant departure; and that I indulge no hope of seeing Guy Fawkes again."

"All this I know, dear daughter," returned Garnet; "but, in spite of your anticipations of ill, I still hope that your union may prove auspicious."

"I take you to witness, father," said Viviana, "that in bestowing my hand upon Guy Fawkes, I bestow at the same time all my possessions upon him. He is free to use them as he thinks proper,—even in the furtherance of his design against the state, which, though I cannot approve it, seems good to him."

"This must not be," cried Fawkes.

"It *shall be*," rejoined Viviana. "Proceed with the ceremony, father."

"Let her have her own way, my son," observed Garnet, in a low tone. "Under any circumstances, her estates must now be necessarily yours."

He then took a breviary from his vest, and placing them near each other, began to read aloud the marriage service appointed by the Romish Church. And there, in that secluded spot, and under such extraordinary circumstances, with no other witnesses than the ancient trees around them, and the brook rippling at their feet, were Guy Fawkes and Viviana united. The ceremony over, Guy Fawkes pressed his bride to his breast, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

"I have broken my faith to heaven, to which I was first espoused," he cried.

"No," she returned; "you will now return to your first and holiest choice. Think of me only as I shall think of you,—as of the dead."

With this, the party slowly and silently returned to the house, where they found a couple of steeds, with luggage strapped to the saddles, at the door.

Father Oldcorne was already mounted, and in a few minutes

Viviana was by his side. Before her departure, she bade Guy Fawkes a tender farewell, and at this trying juncture her firmness nearly deserted her. But rousing herself, she sprang upon her horse, and urging the animal into a quick pace, and followed by Oldcorne, she speedily disappeared from view. Guy Fawkes watched her out of sight, and shunning the regards of Catesby, who formed one of the group, struck into the forest, and was not seen again till the following day.

The tenth of October having arrived, Guy Fawkes and Catesby repaired to the place of rendezvous. But the night passed, and Tresham did not appear. Catesby was angry and disappointed, and could not conceal his apprehensions of treachery. Fawkes took a different view of the matter, and thought it not improbable that their confederate's absence might be occasioned by the difficulty he found in complying with their demands; and this opinion was confirmed the next morning by the arrival of a letter from Tresham, stating that he had been utterly unable to effect the sales he contemplated, and could not, therefore, procure the money till the end of the month.

"I will immediately go down to Rushton," said Catesby, "and if I find him disposed to palter with us, I will call him to instant account. But Garnet informs me that Viviana has bestowed all her wealth upon you. Are you willing to devote it to the good cause?"

"No!" replied Fawkes, in a tone so decisive that his companion felt it would be useless to urge the matter further. "I give my life to the cause,—that must suffice."

The subject was never renewed. At night, Catesby, having procured a powerful steed, set out upon his journey to Northamptonshire, while Fawkes returned to White Webbs.

About a fortnight passed unmarked by any event of importance. Despatches were received from Catesby, stating that he had received the money from Tresham, and had expended it in procuring horses and arms. He also added that he had raised numerous recruits on various pretences. This letter was dated from Ashby Saint Leger's, the seat of his mother, Lady Catesby, but he expressed his intention of proceeding to Coughton Hall, near Alcester, in Warwickshire, the residence of Mr. Thomas Throckmorton (a wealthy Catholic gentleman), whither Sir Everard Digby had removed with his family, to be in readiness for the grand hunting-party to be held on the fifth of November on Dunsmore Heath. Here he expected to be joined by the two Wrights, the Winters, Rookwood, Keyes, and the rest of the conspirators, and undertook to bring them all up to White Webbs on Saturday the twenty-sixth of October.

By this time, Guy Fawkes had in a great degree recovered his equanimity, and left alone with Garnet, held long and frequent religious conferences with him; it being evidently his desire to prepare himself for his expected fate. He spent the greater

part of the nights in solitary vigils—fasted even more rigorously than he was enjoined to do,—and prayed with such fervour and frequency, that, fearing an ill effect upon his health, and almost upon his mind, which had become exalted to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, Garnet thought it necessary to check him. The priest did not fail to note that Viviana's name never passed his lips, and that in all their walks in the forest he carefully shunned the scene of his espousals.

And thus time flew by. On the evening of the twenty-sixth of October, in accordance with Catesby's intimation, the conspirators arrived. They were all assembled at supper, and were relating the different arrangements which had been made in anticipation of the important event, when Garnet observed with a look of sudden uneasiness to Catesby, "You said in one of your letters that you would bring Tresham with you, my son. Why do I not see him?"

"He sent a message to Coughton to state, that having been attacked by a sudden illness, he was unable to join us," replied Catesby, "but as soon as he could leave his bed, he would hasten to London. This may be a subterfuge, but I shall speedily ascertain the truth, for I have sent my servant Bates to Rushton, to investigate the matter. I ought to tell you," he added, "that he has given substantial proof of his devotion to the cause by sending another thousand pounds, to be expended in the purchase of arms and horses."

"I hope it is not dust thrown into our eyes," returned Garnet. "I have always feared Tresham would deceive us at the last."

"This sudden illness looks suspicious, I must own," said Catesby. "Has aught been heard of Lord Mounteagle?"

"Guy Fawkes heard that he was at his residence at Southwark yesterday," returned Garnet.

"So far, good," replied Catesby. "Did you visit the cellar where the powder is deposited?" he added, turning to Fawkes.

"I did," replied the other, "and found all secure. The powder is in excellent preservation. Before quitting the spot, I placed certain private marks against the door, by which I can tell whether it is opened during our absence."

"A wise precaution," returned Catesby. "And now, gentlemen," he added, filling a goblet with wine, "success to our enterprise! Everything is prepared," he continued, as the pledge was enthusiastically drunk, "I have got together a company of above two hundred men, all well armed and appointed, who will follow me wherever I choose to lead them. They will be stationed near Dunsmore Heath on the fifth of next month, and as soon as the event of the explosion is known, I shall ride thither as fast as I can, and, hurrying with my troops to Coventry, seize the Princess Elizabeth. Percy and Keyes will secure the person of the Duke of York, and proclaim him

King; while upon the rest will devolve the arduous duty of rousing our Catholic brethren in London to rise to arms."

"Trust to us to rouse them," shouted several voices.

"Let each man swear not to swerve from the fulfilment of his task," cried Catesby; "swear it upon this cup of wine, in which we will all mix our blood."

And as he spoke, he pricked his arm with the point of his sword, and suffered a few drops of blood to fall into the goblet, while the others, roused to a state of frenzied enthusiasm, imitated his example, and afterwards raised the horrible mixture to their lips, pronouncing at the same time the oath.

Guy Fawkes was the last to take the pledge, and crying in a loud voice, "I swear not to quit my post till the explosion is over," he drained the cup.

After this, they adjourned to a room in another wing of the house, fitted up as a chapel, where mass was performed by Garnet, and the sacrament administered to the whole assemblage. They were about to retire for the night, when a sudden knocking was heard at the door. Reconnoitring the intruder through an upper window, overlooking the court, Catesby perceived it was Bates, who was holding a smoking and mud-bespattered steed by the bridle.

"Well, what news do you bring?" cried Catesby, as he admitted him. "Have you seen Tresham?"

"No," replied Bates. "His illness was a mere pretence. He has left Rushton secretly for London."

"I knew it," cried Garnet. "He has again betrayed us."

"He shall die," said Catesby.

And the determination was echoed by all the other conspirators.

Instead of retiring to rest, they passed the night in anxious deliberation, and it was at last proposed that Guy Fawkes should proceed without loss of time to Southwark, to keep watch near the house of Lord Mounteagle, and if possible ascertain whether Tresham had visited it.

To this he readily agreed. But before setting out, he took Catesby aside for a moment, and asked, "Did you see Viviana at Coughton?"

"Only for a moment, and that just before I left the place," was the answer. "She desired to be remembered to you, and said you were never absent from her thoughts or prayers."

Guy Fawkes turned away to hide his emotion, and mounting one of the horses brought by the conspirators rode off towards London.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

ON the same day as the occurrences last related, Lord Mounteagle, who was then staying at Southwark, suddenly intimated

his intention of passing the night at his country mansion at Hoxton; a change of place which, trivial as it seemed at the moment, afterwards assumed an importance, from the circumstances that arose out of it. At the latter part of the day, he accordingly proceeded to Hoxton, accompanied by his customary attendants, and all appeared to pass on as usual, until just as supper was over, one of his pages arrived from town, and desired to see his lordship immediately.

Affecting to treat the matter with indifference, Lord Mounteagle carelessly ordered the youth to be ushered into his presence, and when he appeared, he demanded his business. The page replied, that he brought a letter for his lordship, which had been delivered under circumstances of great mystery.

"I had left the house just as it grew dusk," he said, "on an errand of little importance, when a man muffled in a cloak, suddenly issued from behind a corner, and demanded whether I was one of your lordship's servants? On my replying in the affirmative he produced this letter, and enjoined me as I valued my life and your lordship's safety, to deliver it into your own hands without delay."

So saying, he delivered the letter to his lord, who, gazing at its address, which was, "To the Right Honourable the Lord Mounteagle," observed, "There is nothing very formidable in its appearance. What can it mean?"

Without even breaking the seal, which was secured with a silken thread, he gave it to one of his gentlemen, named Ward, who was standing near him.

"Read it aloud, sir," said the Earl, with a slight smile. "I have no doubt it is some vapouring effusion, which will afford us occasion for laughter. Before I hear what the writer has to say, I can promise him he shall not intimidate me."

Thus exhorted, Ward broke open the letter, and read as follows:—

"My lord, out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care of your preservation. Therefore, I would advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift from your attendance at this Parliament, for God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. Think not slightly of this advice, but retire into the country, where you may expect the event in safety, for though there be no appearance of any stir, yet I say they shall receive a terrible blow this Parliament, and yet they shall not know who hurts them. This counsel is not to be contemned. It may do you good, and can do you no harm, for the danger is passed as soon as you have burned the letter. God, I hope, will give you grace to make good use of it, to whose holy protection I commend you."

"A singular letter!" exclaimed Mounteagle, as soon as Ward had finished. "What is your opinion of it?"

"I think it hints at some dangerous plot, my lord," replied

Ward, who had received his instructions, "some treason against the state. With submission, I would advise your lordship instantly to take it to the Earl of Salisbury."

"I see nothing in it," replied the Earl. "What is your opinion, Mervyn?" he added, turning to another of his gentlemen, to whom he had likewise given his lesson.

"I am of the same mind as Ward," replied the attendant. "Your lordship will hardly hold yourself excused, if you neglect to give due warning, should aught occur hereafter."

"Say you so, sirs?" cried Lord Mounteagle. "Let me hear it once more."

The letter was accordingly read again by Ward, and the Earl feigned to weigh over each passage.

"I am advised not to attend the Parliament," he said, "'for God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time.' That is too vague to be regarded. Then I am urged to retire into the country. The recommendation must proceed from some discontented Catholic, who does not wish me to be present at the opening of the house. This is not the first time I have been so adjured. 'They shall receive a terrible blow this Parliament, and yet shall not say who hurts them.' That is mysterious enough, but it may mean nothing,—any more than what follows, namely, 'the danger is passed as soon as you have burnt the letter.'"

"I do not think so, my lord," replied Ward; "and though I cannot explain the riddle, I am sure it means mischief."

"Well," said Lord Mounteagle, "since you are of this mind, I must lose no time in communicating the letter to the Secretary of State. It is better to err on the safe side."

Accordingly, after some further consultation, he set out at that late hour for Whitehall, where he roused the Earl of Salisbury, and showed him the letter. It is almost needless to state that the whole was a preconcerted scheme between these two crafty statesmen; but as the interview took place in the presence of their attendants, the utmost caution was observed.

Salisbury pretended to be greatly alarmed at the communication, and coupling it, he said, with previous intelligence which he had received, he could not help fearing, to adopt the words of the writer of the mysterious letter, that the Parliament was indeed threatened with some "terrible blow." Acting, apparently, upon this supposition, he caused such of the lords of the Privy Council as lodged at Whitehall to be summoned, and submitting the letter to them, they all concurred in the opinion that it referred to some dangerous plot, though none could give a guess at its precise nature.

"It is clearly some Popish project," said Salisbury, "or Lord Mounteagle would not have been the party warned. We must keep a look-out upon the disaffected of his faith."

"As I have been the means of revealing the plot to your

lordship,—if plot it be—I must pray you to deal gently with them,” rejoined Mounteagle.

“I will be as lenient as I can,” returned Salisbury. “But in a matter of this kind little favour can be shown. If your lordship will enable me to discover the principal actors in this affair, I will take care that no innocent party suffers.”

“You ask an impossibility,” replied Mounteagle. “I know nothing beyond what can be gathered from that letter. But I pray your lordship not to make it a means of exercising unnecessary severity towards the members of my religion.”

“On that you may rely,” returned the Earl. “His Majesty will not return from the hunting expedition on which he is engaged at Royston till Thursday next, the 30th. I think it scarcely worth while (considering his naturally timid nature, with which your lordships are well acquainted) to inform him of the threatened danger, until his arrival at the palace. It will then be time enough to take any needful steps, as Parliament will not meet for four or five days afterwards.”

In the policy of this course the Privy Councillors agreed, and it was arranged that the matter should be kept perfectly secret until the King’s opinion had been taken upon the letter. The assemblage then broke up, it being previously arranged that, for fear of some attempt upon his life, Lord Mounteagle should remain within the palace till full inquiries had been instituted into the affair.

When the two confederate nobles were left alone, Salisbury observed, with a slight laugh to his companion,

“Thus far we have proceeded well, and without suspicion, and, rely upon it, none shall fall on you. As soon as all is over, the most important post the King has to bestow shall be yours.”

“But what of Tresham?” asked Mounteagle. “He was the deliverer of this letter, and I have little faith in him.”

“Hum!” said Salisbury, after a moment’s reflection, “if you think it desirable, we can remove him to the Tower, where he can be easily silenced.”

“It will be better so,” replied Mounteagle. “He may else babble hereafter. I gave him a thousand pounds to send in his own name to the conspirators the other day to lure them into our nets.”

“It shall be repaid you a hundred-fold,” replied Salisbury. “But we are observed, and must therefore separate.”

So saying, he withdrew to his own chamber, while Lord Mounteagle was ushered to the apartments allotted to him.

To return to Guy Fawkes. Arriving at Southwark, he stationed himself near Lord Mounteagle’s residence. But he observed nothing to awaken his suspicions, until early in the morning he perceived a page approaching the mansion, whom, from his livery he knew to be one of Lord Mounteagle’s household, (it was, in fact, the very youth who had delivered the

mysterious letter,) and from him he ascertained all that had occurred. Filled with alarm, and scarcely knowing what to do, he crossed the river, and proceeding to the cellar, examined the marks at the door, and finding all precisely as he had left it, felt certain, that whatever discovery had been made, the magazine had not been visited.

He next repaired to the house, of which he possessed the key, and was satisfied that no one had been there. Somewhat relieved by this, he yet determined to keep watch during the day, and concealing himself near the cellar remained on the look-out till night. But no one came; nor did anything occur to excite his suspicions. He would not, however, quit his post till about six o'clock on the following evening, when thinking further delay might be attended with danger, he set out to White Webbs, to give his companions intelligence of the letter.

His news was received by all with the greatest alarm, and not one, except Catesby, who strove to put a bold face upon the matter, though he was full of inward misgiving, but confessed that he thought all chance of success was at an end. While deliberating upon what should be done in this fearful emergency, they were greatly alarmed by a sudden knocking without. All the conspirators concealed themselves, except Guy Fawkes, who opening the door, found, to his infinite surprise, that the summons proceeded from Tresham. He said nothing till the other had entered the house, and then suddenly drawing his dagger, held it to his throat.

"Make your shift quickly, traitor," he cried in a furious tone, "for your last hour is arrived. What ho!" he shouted to the others, who instantly issued from their hiding-places, "the fox has ventured into the lion's den."

"You distrust me wrongfully," rejoined Tresham, with more confidence than he usually exhibited in time of danger; "I am come to warn you, not betray you. Is this the return you make me for the service?"

"Villain," cried Catesby, rushing up to him, and holding his drawn sword to his breast. "You have conveyed the letter to Lord Mounteagle."

"It is false," replied Tresham, "I have only just heard of it; and in spite of the risk I knew I should run from your suspicions, I came to tell you what had happened."

"Why did you feign illness, and depart secretly for town, instead of joining us at Coughton?" demanded Catesby.

"I will instantly explain my motive, which, though it may not be satisfactory to you on one point, will be so on another," replied Tresham, unhesitatingly, and with apparent frankness. "I was fearful you would make a further tool of me, and resolved not to join you again till a few days before the outbreak of the plot. To this determination I should have adhered had I not learnt to-night that a letter had been transmitted by some

one to Lord Mounteagle, which he had conveyed to the Earl of Salisbury. It may not convey any notion of the plot, but it is certain to occasion alarm, and I thought it my duty, in spite of every personal consideration, to give you warning. If you design to escape, there is yet time." A vessel lies in the river, in which we can all embark for Flanders."

"Can he be innocent?" said Catesby in a whisper to Garnet.

"If I had betrayed you," continued Tresham, "I should not have come hither. And I have no motive for such baseness, for I am in equal danger with yourselves. But though the alarm has been given, I do not think any discovery will be made. They are evidently on the wrong scent."

"I hope so," replied Catesby; "but I fear the contrary."

"Shall I put him to death?" demanded Fawkes of Garnet.

"Do not sully your hands with his blood, my son," returned Garnet. "If he has betrayed us, he will reap the traitor's reward here and hereafter. If he has not, it would be to take away a life unjustly. Let him depart. We shall feel more secure without him."

"Will it be safe to set him free, father?" cried Fawkes.

"I think so," replied Garnet. "We will not admit him to our further conferences; but let us act mercifully."

The major part of the conspirators concurring in this opinion, though Fawkes and Catesby were opposed to it, Tresham was suffered to depart. As soon as he was gone, Garnet avowed that the further prosecution of the design appeared so hazardous, that it ought to be abandoned, and that, in his opinion, each of the conspirators had better consult his own safety by flight. He added, that at some future period the design might be resumed, or another planned, which might be more securely carried out.

After much discussion, all seemed disposed to acquiesce in the proposal except Fawkes, who adhered doggedly to his purpose, and treated the danger so slightly, that he gradually brought the others round to his views. At length, it was resolved that Garnet should set out immediately for Coughton Hall, and place himself under the protection of Sir Everard Digby, and there await the result of the attempt, while the other conspirators decided upon remaining in town, in some secure places of concealment until the event was known. Unmoved as ever, Guy Fawkes declared his intention of watching over the magazine of powder.

"If anything happens to me," he said, "you will take care of yourselves. You well know nothing will be wrung from me."

Catesby and the others, aware of his resolute nature, affected to remonstrate with him, but they willingly suffered him to take his own course. Attended by Bates, Garnet then set out for Warwickshire, and the rest of the conspirators proceeded to London, where they dispersed, after appointing Lincoln's Inn walks as their place of midnight rendezvous. Each then made

preparations for sudden flight, in case it should be necessary, and Rookwood provided relays of horses all the way to Dunchurch.

Guy Fawkes alone remained at his post. He took up his abode in the cellar, resolved to blow up himself together with his foes in case of a surprise.

On Thursday, the thirty-first of October, the King returned to Whitehall, and the mysterious letter was laid before him in the presence of the Privy Council by the Earl of Salisbury. James perused it carefully, but could scarcely hide his perplexity.

"Your Majesty will not fail to remark the expressions, 'a terrible blow' to the Parliament, and 'that the danger will be past as soon as you have burnt the letter,' — evidently referring to combustion," observed the Earl.

"You are right, Salisbury," said James, snatching at the suggestion. "I should not wonder if these mischievous Papists mean to blow us all up with gunpowder."

"Your Majesty has received a divine illumination," returned the Earl. "Such an idea never occurred to me; but it must be as you intimate."

"Undoubtedly—undoubtedly," replied the Monarch, pleased with the compliment to his sagacity, though alarmed by the danger; "but what desperate traitors they must be to imagine such a deed. Blow us up! God's mercy, that were a dreadful death! And yet that must evidently be the meaning of the passage. How else can it be construed, except by reference to the suddenness of the act, which might be as quickly performed as that paper would take to be consumed in the fire?"

"Your Majesty's penetration has discovered the truth," replied Salisbury, "and by the help of your wisdom I will fully develop the dark design. Where think you the powder may lie hidden?"

"Are there any vaults beneath the Parliament House?" demanded James, trembling. "Heaven save us! We have often walked there — perhaps, over a secret mine."

"There are," replied Salisbury, "and I am again indebted to your Majesty for a most important suggestion. Not a corner in the vaults shall be left unsearched. But, perhaps you will think with me, that, in order to catch these traitors in their own trap, it will be well to defer the search till the very night before the meeting of Parliament."

"I was about to recommend such a course myself, Salisbury," replied James.

"I was sure you would think so," returned the Earl; "and now I must entreat you to dismiss the subject from your thoughts, and to sleep securely, for you may rely upon it (after your Majesty's discovery) that the plot shall be fully unravelled."

The significant tone in which the Earl uttered the latter part of this speech, convinced the King that he knew more of the

matter than he cared to confess, and he contented himself with saying, "Well, let it be so. I trust all to you. But I at once divined their purpose—I at once divined it."

The Council then broke up, and James laughed and chuckled to himself at the discernment he had displayed. Nor was he less pleased with his minister for the credit given him in the affair. But he took care not to enter the Parliament House.

On the afternoon of Monday, the fourth of November, the Lord Chamberlain, accompanied by the Lords Salisbury and Mounteagle, visited the cellars and vaults beneath the Parliament House. For some time, they discovered nothing to excite suspicion. At length, probably at the suggestion of Lord Mounteagle, who, as will be recollected, was acquainted with the situation of the magazine, they proceeded to the cellar where they found the store of powder, but not meeting with any of the conspirators, as they expected, they disturbed nothing, and went away, reporting the result of their search to the King.

By the recommendation of the Earl of Salisbury, James advised that a guard should be placed near the cellar during the whole of the night, consisting of Topcliffe and a certain number of attendants, and headed by Sir Thomas Knevet, a magistrate of Westminster, upon whose courage and discretion full reliance could be placed. Lord Mounteagle also requested permission to keep guard with them to witness the result of the affair. To this the King assented, and as soon as it grew dark, the party secretly took up their position at a point commanding the entrance of the magazine.

Fawkes, who chanced to be absent at the time the search was made, returned a few minutes afterwards, and remained within the cellar, seated upon a barrel of gunpowder, the head of which he had staved in, with a lantern in one hand, and petronel in the other, till past midnight.

The fifth of November was now at hand, and the clock of the adjoining abbey had scarcely ceased tolling the hour that proclaimed its arrival, when Fawkes, somewhat wearied with his solitary watching, determined to repair for a short space to the adjoining house. He, accordingly, quitted the cellar, leaving his lantern lighted within it in one corner.

Opening the door, he gazed cautiously around, but perceiving nothing, after waiting a few seconds, he proceeded to lock the door. While thus employed, he thought he heard a noise behind him, and turning suddenly, he beheld through the gloom several persons rushing towards him, evidently with hostile intent. His first impulse was to draw a petronel, and grasp his sword. But before he could effect his purpose, his arms were pinioned by a powerful grasp from behind, while the light of a lantern thrown full in his face revealed the barrel of a petronel levelled at his head, and an authoritative voice commanded him in the King's name to surrender.

AN IRISH LOVE ADVENTURE.

BY PHELIM O'TOOLE.

A FEW years ago,—no matter how many,—there appeared in the columns of that respectable and instructive hebdomadal, “The Roscommon Chronicle,” the following notice of a

RECENT DUEL.

“A very pretty affair came off yesterday morning near the big tree of Killanyman, in which the parties were a neighbour, Mr. Hugh Kelly, junior, of the ancient and honourable house of Lisnisky, and a Mr. O’Fogarty, from the County Galway, the former attended by his uncle, Mr. H. Kelly, senior, the latter by Mr. Christopher Cooney. The result, we are sure, will prove highly gratifying to the many friends and connexions of Mr. Kelly, who showed himself a perfect gentleman on the occasion, having winged his adversary in the very first fire, although we are told it was his first appearance on the sod. Indeed, if we are to do justice, we must say that the conduct of both gentlemen was truly exemplary; so much so, that a very competent authority has declared to us he never saw two finer fellows tread the daisies of Killanyman. We regret to add, that serious fears are entertained for the life of Mr. O’Fogarty, the ball having made a very ugly mouse-hole for itself in the direction of his lungs. Under the care of our experienced townsman, Dr. H****, he is, however, doing as well as could be expected. It is said the affair originated in Mr. Kelly’s dog running away with a bone which Mr. O’Fogarty’s dog was picking.

“Farther particulars.—We have since learned the true cause of the quarrel. It seems it arose from some very harsh and disparaging expressions applied by Mr. O’Fogarty to the ladies of Roscommon *en masse*, which Mr. Kelly, in that spirit of chivalry for which our part of the world is so deservedly famous, very angrily resented. The suffering gent. is, we believe, out of danger; the ball has been cleverly extracted, and he is doing well,” &c. &c. &c.

And so it was that Mr. O’Fogarty recovered, thereby releasing us, Hugh, junior and senior, from the divers annoyances of the city of refuge to which we had fled in the Leitrim mountains, as well as from the prospective pains and penalties of the law, in that case made and provided, should Mr. O’Fogarty’s friends be shabby enough to prosecute, and cast us upon the bowels of compassion of a Roscommon jury. It would make my story too long were I to tell of the triumph in which we were conducted home, or the honours that awaited us there. It is enough to say, there wasn’t such another ovation in Lisnisky since the day on which “the masther got the lawshoot.”

I was lolling on the sofa resting myself after the labours of return and congratulation, and anticipating what a hero I was likely to be among womankind, when the door burst open with a most alarming crash, and in came Mr. Hugh Kelly, senior, the personage who, as has been stated before, stood to me in the relation of an uncle. A newspaper was in his hand, joy in his eyes, and as many capers in his toes as would make the fortunes of a Coryphée. I looked on in silent wonder, until, breathless with his pirouetting, he sought the repose of a chair.

"Oh, you lucky dog!" gasped the merry old gentleman, with a chuckle which almost inflicted apoplexy upon him.

"Lucky!—for what, in the name of wonder?" inquired I, a little amazed by an imputation to which hitherto I had not been very obnoxious.

"Read! read!" exclaimed he in reply, thrusting the newspaper into my hand, and pointing to a paragraph. I obeyed him.

"Wanted, for a small family, a steady careful person to act as dry-nurse."

"Pshaw! that's not it. There, in the third column. Don't you see it there?"

"Moderation in strong drink is a quality which will always mark the distinction between the man properly so called and the—"

"Confound me!" exclaimed mine uncle, interrupting me, "but you're the stupidest man in Connaught. Don't you see what's just under that?"

"Oh, ay—'Lost, by an elderly gentleman'—"

"Holy Saint Bridget! is it trying to vex me you are? There—read that, and bless your stars that I was born before you."

An account of my duel, as I am a gentleman! communicated by some fervent admirer to the Evening Post, and containing, moreover, a most flattering eulogium on the spirit exhibited on the occasion by me, Hugh, with a short account of my birth, life, and parentage, and I know not what besides; for I was knocked into such a bother by the first glance, that I stuck in the middle of the paragraph, and could get no farther for the life of me.

"Elegant, isn't it!" ejaculated the old gentleman, after another explosion of delight. "Egad! it's the luckiest thing befell Lisnisky in my day."

"Would it suit you to expound?" replied I; "for deuce a bit of luck can I see in it."

"Not see the luck!" exclaimed he. "Why, you stupid dog, I bet my life there's not one of them but is dying to see you this minute."

"One of who?" I ventured again to inquire.

"Murder! how innocent you are!" said the senior; "the Dublin girls, to be sure—rich and poor, gentle and simple—all mad to have a sight of you."

"Nonsense! What do they know about me?" said I, with something of a simper.

"What do they know about you! Is it after *that*!—after your fighting a duel for the sex, and getting into the papers—pooh! I believe you think I don't know them. Well, maybe I don't. Maybe I spent my thousand pounds and my three years among them for nothing. Dear, dear!—if it was to me that luck happened!—ah! it's I that would know how to make the most of it. Ten thousand at the very least I'd make by it,—or twice that if I'd be content with a widow."

Who wouldn't be a champion, if such be the rewards of chivalry! Ten thousand pounds, and the pick of Dublin! My good fortune, and the brilliant prospects which accompanied it, were forthwith announced to the family conclave at the dinner-table assembled; and mine uncle, like all old bachelors since the Flood, being an incontrovertible authority on all matters connected with the wooing and winning of ladies fair, I need hardly say the result was the decision that I should pack up without delay, and take the canal-boat for Dublin, to catch the

golden opportunity, and gather my laurels before they withered. My father's parting behest was to take for my minimum "blood, beauty, and five thousand;" nothing less than which, he said, would clear Lisnisky. Uncle Hugh gave me his duelling-pistols, and good store of advice beside. My mother threw her slippers after me for luck; and thus prepared for all possible contingencies, I set out upon my expedition to seek adventures among the fair, and select among the expected candidates her who was on the average most worthy to bear away the palm.

Let it be supposed, for the sake of brevity, that I arrived safe at my journey's end, found out the boarding-house frequented by my Connaught friends, became one of its most highly-favoured inmates ere I was an hour under the roof, and was put in possession of one of the bed-rooms kept for those whom the hostess especially delighted to honour, number something, second floor, front, when I proceeded to divest myself of the soils and abominations of travel, that I might without loss of time commence my campaign by delivering the few letters of introduction with which the goodwill of the neighbours had provided me.

I had been taught that a great deal depended on the first impression I should make; and, in order that my appearance might be in concord with the pugnacity on which my claims were to be founded, I determined my first impression should be a striking one; and so it was. "Maybe you won't be a posy!" was the delighted exclamation of our family valet, as he packed up the garments in which I was to conquer; and, all things considered, I rather think I was a posy. My coat was a nice cool grass-green, set off with gold buttons; my waistcoat was azure, prettily relieved by a scarlet scarf, and further ornamented by a handsome silver watch-guard. Having donned this pleasing attire, I was about setting off on my errand, when chancing to cast my eye to the houses at the other side of the street, which, though a genteel enough sort of locality, was rather more narrow than is usual in Dublin, I thought I detected in the apartment of the opposite domicile corresponding with my own, the graceful movements of a female figure. "Be always reconnoitring," was one of Uncle Hugh's favourite maxims, and I prepared to put it in practice, straining my eye to catch another glance. "Decency, Hugh!" was my first impulse on the occasion; but, alas for poor human nature! Curiosity soon got the better of it. "Pshaw! it's only the housemaid," remonstrated Impulse No. one. "My head to a halfpenny that it isn't," responded No. two. "When did a spider-brusher move with such a step as that?"—"Take care, or you'll see something you won't like," hinted Decency. "I wonder what that same might be," suggested Curiosity. And so they went on, *pro* and *con*, like Gregg and Maguire, until I, as umpire, gave it in favour of Curiosity, who, according to my judgment, had decidedly the best of the argument. And so I gazed long and ardently, and ever and anon the fairy vision flitted by, now advancing into light, now receding into darkness, and once or twice, by approaching the window, partially displaying a beauty which, even in dishabille, made my heart jump within me. At length my eyes, growing more accustomed to the obscurity, was able to keep her longer in view, to scan her loveliness better. She couldn't be more than eighteen; marble wasn't fairer than her forehead and neck, nor sunset richer than her cheek. Even at that distance, the merry play of a bright blue eye was perceptible;

and her hair, when she released it, flowed in ringlets of the richest auburn. She was of the middle height, or less; a proportion which, though not loved in Connaught, ever found favour in my eyes. The Fairy Queen would have withered with envy, had she seen her hands. And in a word, under the united influence of so many charms, Hugh Kelly of Lisnisky was ready to die of love or some similar disorder,—and small blame to him. “Come,” thought I to myself, “this isn’t a bad beginning. If she has the needful in other respects, my market is made. I need hardly despair while such a pleasant proximity exists between us. And please the pipers, if we continue to abide so near one another, there shall be no good time lost—none, at least, that assurance can improve.”

Full of these intents on the lady’s behalf, I continued to look on, lowering after every glance the standard of thousands, in consideration of which I was authorised to create a Mrs. Kelly, junior. I was willing to confess at once that even less than five, with so much beauty, would be quite unobjectionable. As she emerged from her dishabille I became still more humble in my desires, until at last, in the full spirit of disinterestedness, like poor Lear’s recreant daughter, I was drawn to ask myself, “What need one?” especially when, after displaying her taste by the selection of a most appropriate gown and bonnet from the heap of millinery which she had drawn from its repository, she again appeared armed cap-à-pie in loveliness, a beauty from top to toe. I was caught—fairly caught. My moneyed calculations vanished like snow on the river, and I felt only anxious on the question how I was to make known to the lady herself the magnitude of the sacrifice I was making in her favour. A most unaccountable incident removed the difficulty. It was no deception—none whatever. May I never taste matrimony, but she kissed her hand with the most winning grace, and bowed apparently towards the window in which I had stationed myself. I started back with surprise, it never having occurred to me that she had observed me, or that in such a short space of time I could have advanced so far in her good graces.

“By the powers!” thought I, “if my natural gifts don’t fail me now, the acquaintance shall be on a very pretty footing for a first interview.” I advanced to the window again; there was the lady still bowing and courtseying, as if her heart was set on the matter. I was never outdone in politeness yet, particularly among the fair sex; so, not to lose my character altogether in this instance, I threw up the window to make my good manners more visible, and laying one hand on my heart, kissed away with the other, in the delighted consciousness that I was born to be a hero among the women, and that by the ladies of Dublin—may their discrimination be rewarded!—true merit would ever be appreciated and regarded. But my *vis-à-vis*—oh! horror of horrors! she stood a moment motionless, as it were, and dumb-founded, and then springing angrily forward, caught the tassel of the window-blind, and with a jerk that was devilish near making a job for the glazier, drew a screen of grey lawn between us.

What could it mean? Had I been too forward? Was it coquetry on her part? Had I gone farther than her advances would warrant? Scarcely. In fine, I was puzzled and perplexed, frightened and chop-fallen. I was prepared to meet women a little unintelligible; but to be set so completely at fault never entered into my calculations. However, nothing could be done at present; so, hoping that we might

soon understand one another better, I put my introductions into my pocket, breathed a sigh over my mismanagement of such a promising affair, and descending, made my way into the street.

I had just reached the flags when a smart carriage, with a pair of light chestnuts drew up opposite the door. I stood a moment to admire them, and surely it was my evil genius that placed such a temptation in my way; for while I was thus unconsciously occupied, a sharp angry voice called to the coachman to drive on. I looked up with some surprise to see who spoke; for the vehicle was untenanted but a minute before, and I had not perceived any one enter it since. Oh! such a glance of recognition I received!—it was herself! the object of my *mal-apropos* civilities. I could have sunk into the ground, if such a thing as a hole was in the tough pavement; but to run away was out of the question. I was struck motionless. Never did I think that so much of anger could be concentrated in a woman's eye. That it augured very little for the furtherance of our acquaintance was certain, and equally so that coquetry had nothing to do with her displeasure. Yet how were her movements to be accounted for otherwise? A thought struck me, a stirring thought, from which I could have shrunk into the corner. It might be that the little beauty in the solitude of her chamber, and the vanity of her heart, had been practising the graces which she intended to exhibit for the benefit and behoof of those to whom her next visit was to be paid. My blood ran cold at the idea. If such were the case—and what else could be the case?—if that was the true explanation of her smiles and other complaisances, then never did living man make a more ludicrous *débüt* in the profession of lady-killing than mine; and the worst of it was, I couldn't but regard my signal failure as neither more nor less than a just judgment for peeping into such a "forefended place" as a lady's bed-chamber. So in the bitterness of my heart I vowed a vow, and breathed a prayer. The vow was, that were I to live to the age of Methuselah, I would never again be tempted to make love unless on fair and legitimate grounds; the prayer, that if ever the story was told to the world, I might have the telling of it myself.

I delivered my letters, paid my visits, and received sundry invitations to certain small dinner and tea parties, on the morrow and following days. After which I was sauntering down Westmorland Street, with the intent of calling at some tailor's, and making such additions to my rustic attire as would render my person more fitting to appear at metropolitan festivities, when I thought I recognised in a gentleman walking a few paces before me my old friend Tom Beecher, of the —th, with whom I had been on a most agreeable footing while he lay in garrison at Athlone. A second glance convinced me I was right, and hurrying forward to arrest his notice, I was in another moment in a fair way of furnishing the College of Surgeons with a small case of dislocation of the shoulder, from the frank and friendly cordiality with which I was received.

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed I, "I never could have foreseen this pleasure. I thought the —th were in Gibraltar, or Malta, or some such out-of-the-way place, by this time."

"Ah! peace be with the old —th, barring when it's war time!" was the doleful reply. "They have no longer a lien on me. I am now a civilian, Hugh—civil as yourself—a tame, domesticated citizen. Didn't you hear what happened to me?"

"No," said I, rather startled by his manner. "No court-martial, I hope?"

"Oh! damn all court-martials!" ejaculated the *ci-devant militaire*; "no; but a court-matrimonial—married, Hugh, married. One comfort is, she's the handsomest woman in Dublin, and brought me both money and interest. But the old son of a sea-cook, her father, insisted that if I didn't consent to forswear the army, and live clean and like a gentleman, I should take her without his consent; and that was a thing not to be thought of. So wish me joy, if you think I deserve it."

"I do wish you joy with all my heart!" exclaimed I, grasping his hand. "And who is the lady?"

"Since you must know," he answered, "she is, as Byron says,

'The only daughter
Of an old man who lives upon the water'—

a stiff old sea-captain. I met her at a ball in the Rotunda, and admired her so much, that somehow or other it pleased her to take a liking to me, and we passed a good deal of our time together. In the mean time the old father was ordered to sea, and what to do with the lady puzzled him. He proposed to send her back to school; but, between ourselves, I believe she gave him a hint that if he did, she wouldn't be likely to make a very long abode there. So the old dog made a virtue of necessity, and let us get married; first premising, however, as I told you, that he had determined his daughter's husband should belong to neither of those vagabond professions, the Army or Navy, if he was to have any voice in the election. Then, as he had interest enough to procure me a snug appointment in the Castle, I sold out to please all parties, and am now no longer dangerous to man, woman or child, but plain Tom Beecher, at your service. But *apropos*, by Jove! I was near forgetting. So you've taken up the trade of manslaughter, hey?"

"Pooh! now, Beecher, don't quiz!" I replied, with a smile. "I assure you I have been bored to death about that unfortunate duel, and must certainly run and hide myself somewhere until it's forgotten, if people go on after this manner." But although I deprecated all mention of it, my heart danced with delight at finding my prowess so public, encouraged as I was by the story of his good fortune, which Beecher had just recounted, and which I had resolved that mine should rival.

"If you are not engaged to-day, Hugh," continued he, after enjoying his laugh, "you must come and dine with me. Emily never in her life saw a man who fought a duel, and you never saw Emily; so it will be a mutual treat when I introduce Mrs. Tom Beecher to the hero of Lisnisky."

I assented of course; and after walking about for an hour or so, and recounting all the country news, my host intimated that it was time to turn our faces dinnerward, and accordingly, under his guidance, after making some apologies for my dress, &c. I proceeded towards his home. After passing a few streets, I perceived that I was going very much in the direction whence I had set out in the morning, and as we advanced I became still more positive. At last we reached the head of the street in which was my temporary abode, and the scene of my most mortifying humiliation. A vague and indefinable sensation of

fear began to pervade me as Beecher entered into it. I had scarcely nerve to inquire,

"Is it in this street you live, Tom?"

"Never guessed truer in your life, old boy," was the frank reply; and before I had recovered the first shock of the many misgivings called up by that piece of information, I stood with him at the very door of the habitation, whose lady occupant had given me such a lesson in discretion a few hours before, and read on the brass plate that it was the domicile of Mr. Thomas Beecher.

And she was his wife! The discovery utterly overwhelmed me. I felt myself dragged to the very jaws of destruction, like a criminal whom some uncontrollable destiny urges to his punishment. Instinct bade me fly; but she might as well have held her tongue, for I had lost the very power of motion; and even had I possessed it, was unable to frame the commonest excuse for such a procedure. I was thus led unresisting into the hall, delivered my hat and gloves to the servant, and stood committed before my consciousness returned. Mrs. Beecher had gone out in the carriage, and was expected back every moment, was the answer given to my entertainer, when he inquired for his wife. So far fortune seemed willing to repair the damage she had done me. I had at least a few moments granted to collect my scattered senses, and lay down some plan to extricate myself. One of two lines I saw that I should adopt,—either make a frank confession, and get myself kicked out at once; or boldly stand my ground, and run the chance of Mrs. B. possessing discretion enough to hold her tongue until such time as I should be able by the most suppliant apologies to disarm her resentment, if such a blessed opportunity should ever occur. Hopeless as was this latter alternative, I concluded by adopting it.

A long and terrible period of suspense followed. I doubt if there was a single chair in the drawing-room which I did not occupy in its turn in the interim, as I fidgeted about, searching for peace on each of them, and finding it as uneasy as the other. Fortunately for me, Beecher still rattled on, either not noticing my restlessness and agony at all, or else probably in the simplicity of his heart, attributing it to *mauvaise honte*. At last a carriage was heard approaching. With the unfailing instinct of fear I detected the sound, when to any other ear it would have been imperceptible. Before the vehicle turned into the street at all, I could have sworn it was bearing my doom, and I was right. Beecher looked out of the window.

"Here she comes!" exclaimed he eagerly. "Excuse me, Hugh, for a moment," and he bolted down stairs to receive his wife, leaving me to muster my courage for the dreaded interview, which was now inevitable.

Courage, indeed! it's easy to talk about it. A man may have pluck enough to stand quietly ten paces from the muzzle of a pistol now and then, when a reasonable occasion requires him, or face his nag against a seven foot wall when it stands between him and the sport; but, by the powers! I'll never take such demonstrations as these for courage again. They are but trifles to the trials I underwent in that quiet, silent drawing-room alone, nothing to keep up the steam. With such an infernal and unforeseen *éclaircissement* hanging over me, involving such an utter downfall of all the hopes and schemes which led me with their bright promises from the retirement of Lisniaky; all my innocent

attempts at fascination converted by some malign influence into the most unimaginable atrocities, and that, too, against the wife of the only friend I had within sixty miles, from whom I now stood a much better chance of getting a kicking than decent entertainment, of being treated as a recreant than as a knight-errant, detected in such an aggravated offence after winging poor Mr. O'Fogarty for merely perpetrating a joke on the sisterhood of Roscommon; and then, the ridicule; why I had nothing to expect but to be the standing jest of Connaught for the next three generations at least. Oh! that I had never pretended to chivalry! Oh! that I had never been tempted to pass the Shannon! How gladly would I have consented to return home by easy stages, at the rate of a duel a mile, if I could but get out of this scrape undetected; but such a hope was vain. I could already in anticipation feel the toe of Beecher's boot. To sit still was impossible.

I heard the carriage drive off, the hall-door close. In another minute my fate was to be decided. It occurred to me to levant through the window. Alas! when I reconnoitred I observed a bristling row of iron spikes, twelve feet beneath, upon which I should necessarily be impaled in such an attempt—a mode of quitting the world highly discreditable to any man of delicate feelings, and, moreover, open to many ugly insinuations. A beggar-boy was strolling along the street, whistling carelessly. Oh! what would I not have given to be able to change places with him unobserved; ay, or even to give one good whistle.

My sufferings were cruelly protracted; doors opened and closed; footsteps passed to and fro, but none came up. At last, after a considerable and unaccountable delay, the softly-carpeted stairs gave note of warning. I shrank into the farthest and darkest corner of the room, having previously drawn down the window-blinds, in the hope of preventing immediate recognition at least, and thus affording me a chance of making my peace in the mean time. The door opened.

"Hey! what the deuce is all this?" exclaimed Beecher, as he entered with his lady. "Where are you, Hugh, and why have you enveloped yourself in all this darkness? afraid of startling Mrs. Beecher, I suppose, by too sudden an appearance?—thoughtful, faith! Well, Emily, this unseen and considerate gentleman is Mr. Hugh Kelly, the resuscitator of chivalry, the champion of womankind, the ensanguined defender of Roscommon and its purity, a lion in the field, truculent and merciless, but a very lamb in the drawing-room; so you needn't be at all frightened when you see him. Appear, Hugh, in the mildest form you can assume, appear, and know Mrs. Thomas Beecher." And, so saying, he, with a most imposing mimicry of tragic seriousness, drew up the blind, and disclosed me, trembling and humbled, to the view of the lady.

"What!" she exclaimed, starting back, with an expression of unmitigated surprise, which I, at least knew to be unaffected, but which Beecher misinterpreting as an attempt to enter into the spirit of his joke, applauded until the room rang with his laughter. "What!" continued the astonished Mrs. B. "this—this—are you really, sir, Mr. Hugh Kelly?"

"Oh, by Jove! this is too good!" roared Beecher; "she expected you to have appeared in a coat of mail, or in the likeness of Raw-head and bloody-bones, at the very least."

"Yes, ma'am," I ventured to reply in a scarcely audible voice; "and I trust I shall be able to win your forgiveness for whatever offence my appearance has ever given you." She looked at me, and then at him; the angry flush began to fade from her brow; she saw me shrinking confused and conscious, him enjoying the scene with the wildest mirth; the utter absurdity of our different positions struck her at last, so, making a demure courtesy, she welcomed me to Dublin, wishing at the same time that I might soon be able to find a suitable subject for my knight-errantry. I was safe: the load was taken off my heart. She thought me an ass, it is true; but her thinking so had saved me from ass's treatment, and I was thankful.

Alas! I soon found what an anomaly it is in a man to pronounce himself safe so long as he is at the mercy of a woman. Every moment during dinner I was reminded of my danger; now a sly allusion; now a mischievous glance of half-subdued enjoyment plunged me into a fever of apprehension, from which the good-natured exertions of my puzzled but amused host were vainly used to rouse me.

"There's Kelly trying to catch your eye, my love," said he, when the first course was removing.

"Let me assure you, Tom," she drily answered, "it would make you quite jealous if I were to tell you how successful Mr. Kelly has been in his endeavours to catch my eye."

"Now for it," thought I, as I bowed to the malignant beauty, and with a vehement effort gulped down a glass of port to prepare me for what was coming; but no, it was all heathen Greek to Tom. He had already in his own imagination discovered a sufficient cause for her mirth, and a sufficient meaning for her *double entendres*, and the burst of ringing laughter with which she received my deprecatory glances, confirmed him in his mistake.

"Well, Hugh," said he, "joking apart, and without the least intention in life of giving you offence, but out of pure, irrepressible curiosity, will you favour me by informing me who the deuce made that coat?"

Oh! Mickey Neale — Mickey Neale! tailor-in-chief of Lisnisky, and the parts adjacent, often in the bitterness of my heart I had cursed you that day, when observing the many quizzical glances thrown upon the unfortunate garment in question, the very triumphs of your art, when in the simplicity of my heart I sported it in the streets among the more correctly decorated: little did I think I should so soon have cause to bless its very deformity for creating such an unforeseen diversion in my favour. My hopes rose again, and higher than ever; for, with a reasonable and fertile provocation for her misplaced hilarity there was little danger of any *éclaircissement* being produced by the true explanation of it. There's good in everything, if people had only eyes to see it; but I flatter myself I am the first who ever discovered the advantage of wearing a laughable coat. With something more of self-possession than I had felt since my entry into the house, I answered Beecher's question; and, following the clue with which he had so unintentionally supplied me, commenced recounting sundry anecdotes of Mickey *apropos* to his handiwork, some false, some true, but all calculated to the best of my power to keep up the laughter under which I expected to escape; and I succeeded, and at last had the indescribable felicity of closing the door after my tormentor, shutting her and her infernal secret, and all the cares it had cost me, altogether out

of our symposium, feeling on the occasion like a man who, after spending the night dreaming that he was sitting on a volcano, is awakened to be told that his thirty-first cousin is dead, and has left him a thousand a-year.

"Hugh," said Beecher to me rather gravely as I was resuming my seat, and rubbing my hands with glee, "draw over your chair. I want to have some serious conversation with you."

My heart sunk within me; in vain I struggled to rid myself of the presentiment that sooner or later I would suffer the condign for my misdemeanour, and everything accordingly frightened me. With a ghastly smile, I intimated to him to proceed, which he did in manner following, after emptying his glass, and replenishing it and mine.

"There are feelings, Hugh, that lie too deep to be understood in their full extent by others,—why don't you drink your wine, man?—feelings of the most sacred character, which will not bear the slightest violation.—I'll thank you for the sherry.—Some months ago I could not have understood them myself; at present they must be unintelligible to you.—Perhaps you'd rather have punch?—You know, however, what a man would feel on being personally insulted; multiply that a hundred fold—(empty that glass, will you?)—multiply that a hundred fold, and you may form some idea of what a husband feels when an insult is offered to his wife!"

"Oh, dear!—oh, dear!" I ejaculated to myself, "will I never be out of this terrible scrape?" There was no mistaking what he was driving at, so I edged round as near to the door as I could, in order to be ready to bolt at the slightest warning, muttering at the same time something about my deep respect for Mrs. Beecher.

"Emily has complained to me since her return," continued he, "of a very gross insult that was offered to her this morning, into which the duties of a husband command me to inquire most rigidly." So he knew it all the time, and was merely shamming his ignorance in order to lull me into a deceptive security.

"Pray don't say another word," I stammered forth with difficulty. "I'll set all to rights if you only allow me—only let me say a few words, just—"

"Thank you, Hugh,—thank you!" said he, interrupting me, and seizing my hand with a most unaccountable expression of cordiality, before I was able to frustrate his attempt, and get out of his reach: "I'm sure you will, and I can't but regard it as fortunate that I should have met you just at the time when I was likely to require your assistance and experience; for, though Emily, poor thing! doesn't for a moment imagine what will be the result of her communication, you will at once see how I must act; but to the point:—"

I was in a maze; could it be that he didn't suspect me to be the individual complained of? There was a chance of safety for me still, and I listened eagerly to his continuation.

"You must know the house opposite mine is a boarding-house, and I have been frequently annoyed by its inmates previously, but to-day in particular. D—e! but I'll break every bone in the fellow's body: don't you think I ought?"

"Oh! be calm—be calm, Beecher," said I, in a far more lugubrious tone than I wished, it being no part of my desire that he should perceive the interest I took in the well-doing of the incognito so menaced.

"Calm—pooh! just listen," continued my host, throwing off a glass of wine to keep his indignation from cooling. "A fellow, a ruffian, some ignorant puppy or another, who has got himself planted in one of the front-rooms, has taken it into his head to play the spy into my apartments; and not content with that, had the audacity (may the devil fly away with him! I can hardly tell the story)—he has had the assurance this very day, after inspecting my wife dressing herself (she of course never dreaming of a spectator); not content with that, and lest she should be ignorant of the insult already offered, as soon as she had concluded, and his curiosity was satisfied, he raised his window, and publicly kissed hands to her, and played off I know not how many more mummeries."

"Shameful!" exclaimed I, with affected indignation, as was expected from me, after hearing such a graphic account of my indiscretion, "shameful, indeed! but the poor creature may be mad—must be mad, in fact, and ought to be looked after; or—or—probably, you know, there may be some mistake, you know, and then——"

"Curse it, no," replied the irate husband, interrupting me. "I'll soon satisfy you on that point," and he pulled the bell-rope.

"What—what are you about?" exclaimed I, in utter dismay, imagining he intended to submit Mrs. B. to my examination on the subject. The servant appeared.

"Send up Betty," was the direction given to him, and he disappeared on his mission. "You must know," continued he to me, "that she was a witness to the whole affair; in fact, I believe, shared the fellow's attentions on some previous occasions, until he raised his pretensions higher—for I find that according to her report this is a nuisance of old standing—at least she says she has repeatedly observed him at his post, and would know him among a million."

What the deuce! All the dangers I had passed were as nothing to this one. I sprang from my seat the moment I obtained a clear conception of my peril, and placed my back to the door just as the Abigail laid her hand outside on the handle to open it and enter. Beecher looked at me in amazement, and rose from his chair. The chambermaid pushed against the door, but I retained my post.

"Tut—tut!" said I, in a voice almost stifled with terror, "this would never do: you don't know what devils these chambermaids are. She would smoke your designs in a moment, and alarm the whole house, perhaps the whole neighbourhood. For mercy's sake tell her to go about her business; do, now, and I'll explain the whole thing to you. I assure you I have a most particular reason for not wishing her to come in. There, now, say you don't want her." To make all sure, I turned the key.

"Really I can't understand what you're about," was the stammering remark of the master of the house, whose authority I had so unceremoniously arrogated. "How the deuce can the servants suspect but you're an attorney going to prosecute the rascal? You forget that Betty doesn't know you at all,—never saw you in her life."

"Oh! who can tell that? they're as sharp as needles," said I, in extenuation of my abruptness; "there's no knowing what she might say,—what whim she might take into her head."

"Hang me if I ever saw a Connaughtman in my life so much afraid of encountering womankind," was his natural comment after he dismissed the chambermaid; "but, as you are determined to have

your own way in the matter, pray let me know how you intend to act. You will go with a message, of course, to the ruffian?"

"Why, you see, my dear fellow," stuttered I, — "you see that requires consideration; — that is, of course, I undertake the affair. In fact, I should be very sorry to let it get into other hands; but there may be difficulties, you know;" and although it went to my heart to speak ill of myself, even incognito, I added, "the person may not be such a one as you can meet. His conduct doesn't speak much for his respectability."

"*N'importe* — *n'importe*, I won't be particular," was the truculent reply, "so you'd better go about it at once, and get six in the morning named for the hour, if you can."

"But the man may not be able to meet you," suggested I, sounding my way.

"What's to hinder him? Do you foresee any difficulties?"

"Faith, I do," I replied, "several very important ones. Suppose, for instance——"

"Then all I have to do in that case," roared Mr. Beecher, "is to seek my satisfaction how I can, and never fear, I shan't come short for a method; the sooner it comes to that the better; so you ought to go at once, and ascertain whether I shall be driven to such conduct."

"But, how am I to know the man?" inquired I, in great hopes of raising a difficulty.

"Betty will tell you, if you let her," was the answer.

"Much obliged," I replied; "Betty might tell too much, so I shan't avail myself of her information. How was the person described to you?" for I was naturally anxious to sound the full depth of his knowledge in that particular.

"As a tall, ill-looking fellow," was his graphic reply, "with immense black whiskers; a shabby-genteel, audacious sort of customer; wears a green coat, with brass buttons, and the rest of his garb made up of several other glowing colours; in fact, just the man that might lawfully be suspected of such a piece of ruffianism."

I trembled as he gave these signs and tokens, all so fearfully distinct, and which to any third person, whose mind was less pre-occupied, would have described Hugh Kelly the Younger, of Lisnisky, more legibly than would be gratifying. Luckily for me, the chambermaid had followed the true instinct of her tribe by lying in the account she gave of her observation of my movements, — for, had she confined her report of my doings to what had actually occurred on that day, my confusion would of itself have directed his suspicions towards me; but being through her exaggerations impressed with the belief that the delinquent, whoever he was, had been for some time a resident in Dublin, and occupant of the room, the scene of my ill-directed amabilities, while he knew that I had but arrived that morning, his attention was totally turned away from the extraordinary and striking coincidences which existed between the outer man of the unknown and that of his perplexed guest. This was the only solitary feature in the whole transaction upon which I could found the slightest hope. We are very fond of *alibis* in Connaught; and, if the worst went to the worst, (thanks to the mendacity of Mrs. Beecher's maid, Betty,) I could, at least, establish that proof of my innocence. But all depended on my being able to prevail on Beecher to forego his desire to have a personal interview with the object of his wrath, and every method which I had hitherto

attempted was a failure. My hopes of escape were narrowing and vanishing. I saw that it behoved me to betake myself to what means of refuge I possessed. The case was desperate; the gentleman ready to explode with impatience, and seeking but a reasonable excuse for taking the matter into his own hands, and personally vindicating the insulted delicacy of his wife by rushing across the street, and invading the premises of the adversary. A desperate—a truly desperate remedy occurred to me in this dilemma. I had no time to deliberate; it was neck-or-nothing with me: so, summoning all my assurance to my aid, I boldly exclaimed,

“I bet you a guinea I know the man.”

“The devil you do,” replied Beecher, eyeing me with a very dubious expression.

“Yes,” answered I, still keeping up an appearance of nonchalance while I despatched my forlorn-hope,—“that is, if the house opposite be number twenty-one, —— Street.”

“Well, so it is,” rejoined Beecher. “Didn’t you know all that before?”

“Pooh! how could I, and I only a few hours in Dublin?” was my answer. “It must be the same man,” I boldly continued; “it’s a most curious coincidence. I happen to know of a person lodging in that very house answering the description you have given in every particular. We had him in Athlone for some months, where I chanced to meet him, and to learn that this was his Dublin address.”

“Will you favour me with that gentleman’s name, if you please,” said Beecher, very coolly, taking an inkstand from the mantelpiece, and otherwise preparing himself for a scribble.

“Certainly, if you wish,” I replied; “but it is much more material for you to know what will obviate the possibility of everything you have in contemplation. A circumstance like this requires that truth should be told even where delicacy and feeling would wish to conceal the fact. It pains me very much to have to acquaint you that the wretched man is mad; is subject, of course, to some lucid intervals; but from what you have told me, it is evident he is now in one of his most outrageous fits; common charity requires that the proprietor should be acquainted with the matter, in order that the poor creature may be removed as quietly and secretly as possible to some place of security, an office which I shall take on myself before I go to bed to-night.”

“No go, Hugh,” was the cool rejoinder; “it’s very creditable to you, and all that, to preserve me from the casualties of a duel; and I dare say (though you say nothing about it) you are not wholly disinterested in the welfare of your friend opposite either, since he turns out to be your friend; but I tell you what, if he was as mad as the man that married his grandmother, he shan’t escape me.”

“Tut — tut, man!” said I, deprecatingly, “would you ask a madman to fight a duel?”

“Why,” exclaimed Beecher, “my own private opinion is, that the deuce a man ever fought a duel but a madman. However, I don’t want to go to that length with him; in consideration of his infirmity I’ll be satisfied if I find he’s really out of his senses; for which purpose you and I, Hugh, will step across the street now, while Emily is getting tea ready, and will hear what he has to say for himself,” and he rose to depart.

Another chance remained, my last, and I tried it. With a grave and solemn expression I asked, "And how would you act, Beecher, in case you were not satisfied on that point, when I tell you in addition, that the unfortunate being whom you wrongly designate as my friend is neither more nor less than a common bagman?"

"A common bagman!" slowly repeated the infuriated husband. "A bagman dare to treat my wife in that manner! Then, by Mercury, god of trade, I'll supply him with as choice a bagfull of sore-bones as ever Phil Crampton operated on." To my inexpressible horror he made a burst towards the door to set about putting his truculent threat in execution. This was a contingency for which I had not at all calculated. I scarce knew what to do, but at all risks he should be prevented. I sprang in his way, to prevent his egress, using every entreaty that self-preservation could suggest; but he refused to listen to anything. A slight scuffle and some loud words ensued; for, between wine and excitement, he was one part drunk and three parts unmanageable. The noise we made became louder, and was responded to at last by an outcry in the hall outside, which gathered finally to the door leading into the apartment. The uproar increased, and the frenzies of my fear kept pace with it. Mrs. Beecher's voice rose amid the din, accompanied by another female squeak, which I attributed to the dreaded chambermaid. Violent but ineffectual efforts were made to open the door, which, it may be remembered, I had previously secured. The usual process failing, another was resorted to, and finally it was burst in, discovering to the view of the alarmed intruders the master of the house and his guest tugging at each other in good earnest—for, in the delirium of my terror, I believe I made rather a serious attack on my host, perhaps in instinctive anticipation of the scene I knew was preparing for me. We were torn asunder by the footman. Mrs. B. flung herself, fainting and screaming, into the arms of her husband, whose place, as my antagonist, the saucypan showed an inclination to assume. I had no time for ceremony; and, as the coast was clear, I contented myself with flooring the ambitious man of livery, and leaping across his prostrate body, plunged through the group, gained the hall, seized my hat, and bolted—would that I could say unrecognized. The accents of a female voice rang in my ears as I departed. "Och, you ugly Turk!" was its burden, "wasn't it bad enough for you to go coort the misthress, without axin' to murder the mather after?"

NATIONAL DEFICIENCIES.

A GAUL, with shrug and most imperious frown,
On a Swiss guard contemptuously look'd down,
"You Swiss," cried he, "but fight for vulgar dross,
We French for honour, and the Legion's cross."
To whom th' Helvetian, "Both of us are wise,
Since each would fain achieve the rarest prize;
We fight for *money*, having scanty store,
You French for *honour*, which you *want* still more."

Feb. 21, 1841.

J.S.

ONE HOUR WITH DEATH !

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS IN THE
DULWICH GALLERY.

THE sun has gone in from this world of sin,
The gaunt wolf roams the fell—
“Now whither dost speed on thy tall white steed !
Strange rider, pause and tell.”—

“Mount, mount with me, and thou shalt see
A boon to thee I give :
The terrible power, for a single hour,
To ride with me—and LIVE !”—

“By the thrilling tone, and the eye of stone,
And the blue and vapoury breath,
By the hard cold brow, I know thee now,—
Dread rider ! thou art DEATH !

“Oh ! might I refuse—but I dare not choose—
My spirit is not free ;
Thy gift is a doom, and, though not to the tomb,
I feel I must go with thee !”

Away ! away ! through mire and clay
The riders two are sped.
Death first drew rein on a battle plain,
‘Mid heaps of festering dead.

He gazed all around, and no longer he frown’d,
But he laugh’d with fiendlike glee—
“The fires of hell burn wondrous well,
When man does my work for me !”

And on and on, o’er clod and stone,
Are sped those riders twain,
Towards a glimmering light through the darksome night,
Which beam’d from a cottage pane.

And a lovely sight did that glimmering light
Show to the gazers there ;
In the twilight gloom of a lonely room
Sat a lady pale and fair.*

In heavy unrest on her gentle breast,
Its young brow knit with pain,
Lay the fever’d cheek of an infant weak,
Too feeble to complain.

The tear-drop was dry in the mother’s eye,
Her cold lips spoke no word ;
Her will she had given to the will of Heaven—
She was waiting on the Lord !

* For the following eight stanzas, see Room II. No. 143, Dulwich Gallery.

Yet ever a glance she cast askance
Of strange distrust and fear,
Through the doubtful gloom of that silent room,
As she felt that Death was near.—

He has passed the door, he treads the floor,
His arm is raised to slay,—
But a bright form was seen to rush between,
And a stern voice cried, “ Away !

“ Destroyer flee ! Oh, not to thee,
Through many a peaceful year,
Is it given to split the bonds which knit,
That fond and faithful pair.

“ And in thy brief hour of impotent power,
When I may not bid thee fly ;
Not to them shalt thou bring or terror or sting,
Nor to thee shall be victory !

“ Back, wretch ! ” O’erpowered, the grim shape cowered,
And winced like a chidden boy,—
Then again on its course he urged his pale horse,
Still eager to destroy.

At a lordly hall was his next stern call,
Where, ’neath silken canopy,
Afraid to pray, a rich man lay,
Who knew that he must die :

His failing ear, it could not hear
One blessing from the poor ;
But he knew whose steed had slackened its speed,
Whose hand was on the door.

His straining eye could nought descry
O’er his couch of sculptured gold,
Save the gloating stare of some eager heir,
Or the glance of some menial cold.

Oh ! he would have given for one hope of Heaven,
And one of Love’s true tears,
All his wealth, and his lands, and have toiled with his hands
For bread through a thousand years.

But he turned his face from the Spirit of Grace,
He scoffed at the orphan’s cry,—
His God it was self, his love it was self,—
He must godless, loveless, die !

That groan was his last.—But the hour is past,
The chartered space is o’er.
“ Hast thou had enough ? ” said that rider rough,
“ I can grant thee a mile or two more.

“ What ! at once away ? pale trembler stay,
There’s a parting word to tell,—
When next thou shalt ride with Death by thy side,
Thou wilt not come off so well.”

S. N. H.

Merrie England in the olden Time:

OR, PEREGRINATIONS WITH UNCLE TIM AND MR. BOSKY, OF
LITTLE BRITAIN, DRYSALTER.

BY GEORGE DANIEL.

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"—SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER VIII.

"METHINKS, Benjamin," said Uncle Timothy to the laureat of Little Britain, as they sat *tête-à-tête* at breakfast on the morning after the adventure of the old harper,—“methinks I have conceded *quite* enough by consenting to play Esquire Bedel to the Fubsys, Muffs, and Bumgartens. A couple of lean barn-door fowls and a loin—or, as Mrs. Bumgarten classically spells it, a lion of fat country pork at Christmas, even were I a more farinaceous feeder than I am, are hardly equivalent to my approaching purgatory. You bargained, among other sights, for Westminster Abbey. Now, what possible charm can the Poets’ Corner have for the Fussy family, who detest poets and poetry quite as much as ever did the second George ‘boedry and bairding!’ That was a terrible stumbling-block, but I yielded to your wishes. Then came the British Museum; and the two stuffed giraffes on the staircase, more than the arguments with which you crammed me, conquered my scruples. I will now take leave to have my *own* way. Your eloquence, persuasive though it be, shall never talk me into a blue coat and brass buttons. My mind, Benjamin Bosky, is made up.”

“A wise man changes his mind often, Uncle Timothy.”

“And a fool never! Well, let me be thought a fool rather than look like one. Did I not lose a dear friend, Benjamin, who was once to *me*—there is nobody present to overhear—what you are kind enough to say I have been to *you*? Have I ever doffed my mourning suit—my black coat?”

“I don’t think you *have*,” replied the laureat ironically. “You are as well known by that same everlasting black coat as was old St. Dunstan’s by its clock; both exhibiting very striking figures! Though I deny the black. ’Tis hardly fresh enough to be called rusty. Depend upon it, Mrs. Bumgarten will——”

“I know it, Benjamin. That full-blown hollyhock of the aristocracy of Mammon, who has a happy knack of picking a hole in everybody’s coat, will not spare mine. Let her then, for economy’s sake, pick a hole in an old coat rather than in a new one. Besides, among her numerous antipathies is a dressed up old fool; which, properly translated, means one who is very *unlike* a Fussy, and very *like* a gentleman.”

“Am I to conclude, Uncle Timothy, that you decline granting me this particular favour?”

“In this ‘particular favour’—call it a pill, or rather, Benjamin Bosky, a bolus; you have ingeniously rolled up a dispensary of disagreeables.”

"The honour of our family is at stake," urged the laureat. "Respect, too, for Mrs. Bumgarten."

Uncle Timothy whistled

"Sic a wife as Willie had,
I would na gie a *button* for her.

"But suppose, Benjamin, I should be so insane — so lost to propriety — so stark, staring, ridiculously mad." Here Uncle Timothy paused to see what effect his budget of suppositions had upon Mr. Bosky's nerves. But Mr. Bosky kept his nerves well strung and his countenance steady, and let Uncle Timothy go on supposing.

"Suppose I should all at once depart from the sober gravity that belongs to my years, and exhibit myself in a blue coat and brass buttons—" Uncle Timothy again paused; but he might as well have whistled jigs to a milestone. The laureat continued immovable and mute.

"Benjamin—Benjamin *Bosky*!" cried Uncle Timothy, nettled at his provoking imperturbability, "if, out of a mistaken civility to your country cousins, and to rid myself of these annoying importunities, I should set at defiance the world's laughter, and invite the caricaturist to pillory me in the print-shops — a blue coat and brass buttons are not the journey-work of twenty minutes — for by *that* time I must be equipped to start. And, to swaddle myself in a ready-made fit, too long at the top, and too short at the bottom — like the Irishman's blanket! No, Benjamin Bosky! For, though of figure I have nothing to boast—" here Uncle Timothy unconsciously (?) glanced at his comely person in a mirror — "I do not intend to qualify myself for a chair on the fifth of November!"

Mr. Bosky still maintained a respectful silence, but his inward satisfaction was visible.

"Therefore, Benjamin, were I inclined to forego my scruples, and oblige you for *this once*" — as Uncle Timothy saw the apparent impossibility of obliging, he spoke more freely of his possible compliance — "the thing, you see, is absolutely impracticable."

Mr. Bosky looked anxiously at the clock, and Uncle Tim quite exulted that, while starting an insurmountable obstacle, he had smoothed the rough edge of the laureat's disappointment, and dexterously — handsomely slipped out of a scrape.

At this moment a gentle tap was heard at the door, and the old-fashioned housekeeper — a sort of animated dumb-waiter — brought in a blue bag for Uncle Timothy, with Mr. Rumfit's respects.

"Rumfit—Rumfit," repeated the middle-aged gentleman: "I have no knowledge of such a person."

Now among the many good gifts bestowed upon Uncle Timothy was an excellent memory. But his last transaction with his tailor had been of so distant a date, that his lapse in this respect may be excused. And Mr. Rumfit was Uncle Timothy's tailor.

A carpet-bag is generally significant of its contents. Though now and then things not legitimately belonging to it, *will* creep into a carpet-bag. But in a *blue* bag there is more room for conjecture. A very equivocal thing is a blue bag. The first thing Uncle Timothy did, after reading the superscription thrice over, was to enquire of himself with whom he was at issue either in Chancery or common law, or who might possibly be at issue with him.

"None—then none have I offended!" And he untied the blue bag, dived his hand in for its contents, and the first thing he fished up was a bran new blue coat, with brilliant brass buttons.

After turning the garment round and round, and examining it attentively, he laid it aside, dived again, and hooked a rich black satin waistcoat tastefully embroidered.

The waistcoat underwent a similar scrutiny, and then took its station beside the blue coat.

A third dive brought to the surface a claret-coloured pair of continuations of a very quiet and becoming cut, to which was pinned a respectful note from Mr. Rufus Rumfit of Red Lion Square, stating that the suit had been made exactly to measure, and hoping that it would meet with Uncle Timothy's approbation.

"Pray, Benjamin," enquired the satirical-nosed gentleman, "is this Rufus Rumfit at all given to drink? He talks of having taken *my* measure: he had surely taken more than *his own* when he hazarded such an assertion. Some would-be old beau—for the habiliments, I see, are of a mature fashion—is burning to disguise his person in this harlequin suit. My life on't, Mr. Rumfit will soon discover his mistake and be back again." And Uncle Timothy began to tumble the blue coat, black satin waistcoat, and claret-coloured continuations into the blue bag with all speed. "The clock strikes. I have no time to lose."

During this exhumation of Mr. Rumfit's handiwork, the laureat of Little Britain had been coaxing a favourite parrot, with whom he generally held converse at breakfast time, to talk: but the unusual sight of so much finery had completely absorbed Poll's attention, and he remained obstinately silent, leaving Mr. Bosky to tax his ingenuity how to prevent laughing outright in Uncle Timothy's face. But the affair admitting of no longer delay, he threw himself into a theatrical posture, and exclaimed, "'Thou wert not wont to be so dull, good Tyrrel.'"

In an instant the scales fell from the middle-aged gentleman's eyes, and he exclaimed seriously, and trying to look reproachfully, "This, Benjamin, is *another* of your tomfooleries."

Mr. Bosky pleaded guilty; but urged, in mitigation, the occasion—the rusty old black, and the brilliant bright blue: concluding with a glowing panegyric on the *tout ensemble*, which he declared to be the masterpiece of Mr. Rumfit's thimble and shears.

Uncle Timothy was in no humour to put himself out of one: and when, after a few minutes trying on the suit in his tiring-room, *just to see*—out of mere curiosity—if it *did* fit, he returned in full pontificalibus, a middle-aged Adonis! he seemed moderately reconciled to his new metamorphosis, and rang for the old-fashioned housekeeper.

Norah Noclack was a woman of few words. On her entrance she started, stared amazedly, and uttered the interjection, "Ah!" with the further additions of "Well, I'm sure!"—

"—That with a fool's cap and bells, a dark lantern, a pasteboard red nose, a chair, and half a score of ragged urchins to shout me an ovation, I should make an undeniable old Guy! Eh, Norah?"

The ancient housekeeper shook her antediluvian high-crowned cap and streamers in token of dissent, and Mr. Bosky was unutterably shocked at the impossible idea.

"Well," added Uncle Timothy, strutting to and fro with mock dignity,

"'Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost!'"

Here is sixpence : run, Norah, and buy me a bouquet."

The old-fashioned housekeeper gazed inquiringly, when Mr. Bosky interposed with a translation. "Uncle Timothy means, Mrs. Norah, that you will purchase him sixpenny-worth of flowers to stick in his button-hole."

"No hollyhocks, or dahlias," said Uncle Timothy.

Mr. Bosky suggested a sunflower.

The satirical-nosed gentleman looked a trifle serious, and the laureat stood self-reproved.

Norah Noclack soon returned with a fragrant modest little nose-gay, consisting of a last rose of summer, a violet or two, and, what was peculiarly appropriate, heart's-ease.

A contest had very nearly arisen about Doctor Johnson's walking-stick, or club, as Mr. Bosky irreverently called it, which was Uncle Timothy's constant companion. This valued relic had been *accidentally* mislaid, and as there was no time to look for it, a handsome black cane, with a gold top and silk tassel, occupied its place in the palm of Uncle Timothy. Mr. Bosky then dutifully tendered him a smart new beaver, intimating that the old one had that morning been converted into a nursery by his favourite pepper-and-salt puss. At this crowning specimen of the laureat's ingenuity, Uncle Timothy smiled graciously, and being now gaily equipped, prepared to sally forth in good earnest, when a knock of some pretension announced the immediate presence of Mr. Muff, the august brother-in-law of Mrs. Bumgarten, and one of the pleasure-taking tormentors of Uncle Timothy.

"The Devil!" muttered the middle-aged gentleman.

Now "the deuce," "the dickens," "rabbit it," "drabbit it," "boddikins," or when anything intolerably queer excited him, "od's-boddikins!" were the only expletives that escaped from the lips of Uncle Timothy. But "the devil!" Even Mr. Bosky looked momentarily aghast, and the old-fashioned housekeeper, shaking her head and shrugging up her shoulders, attributed the appalling words to the supernatural influence of the blue coat and brass-buttons.

"Charmin' vether this is! Fine hautum mornin's these are!" grinned Mr. Muff (his tongue too big for his mouth, and his teeth too many for his tongue,) with a consequential, self-satisfied air, that seemed to say, "Beat *that* if you can."

Uncle Timothy coolly remarked that the sun was just out; and Mr. Bosky, that the post was just in.

"Ven I began to dress me the vind was nor'-nor'-east; but it soon changed to sow-sow-west," was the next profound remark volunteered by Mr. Muff.

"Then," said the laureat, "you and the wind shifted at much about the same time."

The Muffs, Fubsys, and Bumgartens, could not understand a joke, which they always took the wrong way. The intelligent master mason, nothing moved, inquired, "Anythink new in Little Britain?"

"The barber's freshly painted pole¹ over the way," replied Mr. Bosky.

"Or in Great Britain?" continued Mr. Muff.

"The moon," rejoined Uncle Timothy.

The brother-in-law of Mrs. Bumgarten was at a dead lock; but he soon rallied with, "How's the generality of *think's* in general?"

It was now Uncle Timothy's and Mr. Bosky's turn to be posed! But the interrogator relieved them by suddenly recollecting the object of his important mission—"I'm come, Mister Timviddy——"

"If, sir, you mean to address me," said the satirical-nosed gentleman, "my name is not *Timviddy*, but——"

"Timkins," interrupted Mr. Muff.

"Anything you please," rejoined Uncle Timothy, with the most contemptuous acquiescence. "Call me Alexander, Wat Tyler, Abe-lard, Joe Grimaldi, Scipio Africanus, Martin Van Butchell."

"Ve vont quarrel about Christun names, Mister Timtiffin. Plain Timvig vill do for me. The Muffs and all that's a-skin to 'em is not over-purtickler about names."

Here the poll parrot, that had been listening to and scrutinizing the intruder from head to foot, struck up the old song,

"Don't you know the *muffin* man?
Don't you know his *name*?"

"A comical, odd sort of a bird *that* is!" remarked the master mason. "I'm come, I say, Mister Timvhim, to fetch you to Mrs. Bumgarten; for she says it's werry mystified, but you gay-looking, dandyfied, middle-aged gentlemen, (Mrs. Bumgarten hates gay-looking, dandyfied, middle-aged gentlemen,) are awful loiterers by the way. Yon can't see a smart bonnet or a pretty turn'd ankle, but you old galliant gay Lotharios *must* stop and look after 'em; and *that*, she says, is werry low — and the Muffs, Fubsys, and Bumgartens hates vhat's low."

Uncle Timothy made a very *low* bow.

"Mrs. Bumgarten says she vont go to the Museum: she could

¹ The barber's pole, one of the popular relics of Merrie England, is still to be seen in some of the old streets of London and in country-towns, painted with its red, blue, and yellow stripes, and surmounted with a gilt acorn. The lute and violin were formerly among the furniture of a barber's shop. He who waited to be trimmed, if of a musical turn, played to the company. The barber himself was a nimble-tongued, pleasant-witted fellow. William Rowley, the dramatist, in "A Search for Money, 1609," thus describes him. "As wee were but asking the question, steps me from over the way (overlistning us) a news-searcher, viz. a barbar: he, hoping to attaine some discourse for his next patient, left his banner of basons swinging in the ayre, and closely eave-drops our conference. The saucie treble-tongu'd knave would insert some-what of his knowledge: (treble-tongu'd I call him, and thus I prove 't: hee has a reasonable mother-tongue, his barber-surgions tongue; and a tongue betweene two of his fingers, and from thence proceeds his wit, and 'tis a snapping wit too.) Well, sir, he (before he was askt the question,) told us that the wandring knight (Monsier L'Argent) sure was not farre off; for on Saturday-night he was saine to watch till morning to trim some of his followers, and its morning they went away from him betimes. Hee swore hee never clos'd his eyes till hee came to church, and then he slept all sermon-time; but certainly hee is not farre afore, and at yonder taverne (showing us the bush) I doe imagine he has tane a chamber." In ancient times the *barber* and the *taylor*, as news-mongers, divided the crown. The barber not only erected his *pole* as a sign, but hung his *basins* upon it by way of ornament.

abide the stuffed birds and monkeys ; but she can't a-bear old war-ses, old books, and old bronze-eyes. She hates, too, them Algerine (Elgin?) marbles."

The middle-aged gentleman inwardly rejoiced at Mrs. Bumgarten's antipathies.

"And she vont go to Vest-minister Abbey, for Mrs. Bumgarten hates old tombstuns. And she von't go to the play, for Mrs. Bumgarten hates your acting nonsensical mock stuff; and she don't think as how she'll go to the Fancy Fair, for Mrs. Bumgarten—it's werry funny *that*—hates fun."

"Pray, sir," demanded the middle-aged gentleman, "will you have the kindness to inform me what Mrs. Bumgarten *likes*?"

The master mason sounded the depths of his capacious intellect for a reply. His cogitative faculties were "in cogibundity of cogitation." After a multiplicity of mental throes, he exclaimed, "Vy, hot roast-pork and apple-sarce, vith a sprinkling of moist sugar in the grawy!"

At the same moment that Mr. Muff discharged his mind of this interesting fact, Mr. Bosky's Louis Quatorze clock struck a musical quarter, and the parrot responded with two lines from one of the laureat's lyrics,

"Quick! quick! be off in a crack;
Cut your stick, or 'twill be on your back!"

Polishing them off with a tag (the *schoolmaster* had been abroad in Little Britain!) for which my Lord Mayor—the conservator of city morals and the Thames—would have fined him five shillings.

"*That* poll parrot swears like a Chrishtun!" Mr. Muff then took hold of Uncle Timothy's arm, adding, "If ve don't make haste, Mrs. Bumgarten vill look as bitter as a duck biled vith camomile-flowers: Ve've kept her a-vaiting I don't know how long, and Mrs. Bumgarten hates to be kept a-vaiting."

Within my solitary bow'r
I saw a quarter of an hour
Fly heavily along!

The excitement over, Mr. Bosky's quarter flew by the "fast flying waggon that flies on broad wheels!" It was a dreary interval, compounded of soliloquy and recitative. "Ha! ha! 'no creature smarts so little as a fool.' Well said, Alexander the Little! Egad, I almost wish that I made one of the party. I'm in the cave of spleen, among gnomes and megrims, and getting 'as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugg'd bear!' Poll—pretty Poll!"

Pretty poll! let's you and I,
Something merry and musical try.
Is my voice too high? too low?
Answer, Polly, yes or no!
Not a word, undutiful bird,
For barley-sugar and sugar-plums—fie!"

But Poll's eyes still goggled at the door through which Uncle Tim and his finery had vanished. An almond or two from that *magazin de confitures*, Mr. Bosky's waistcoat pocket, soon revived in the abstracted bird a relish for the good things of this world. He

wetted his whistle cordially with a spoonful of maraschino, and sharpened his beak against the wires of his cage, and presented it for a salute. He then gave token of a song, and the laureat led (to the tune of the "*Dandy O!*")

THE QUAKER DUET.

O Tabitha, in truth, I 'm a sober Quaker youth ;
Then Hymen's knot, the pretty girls, to spite 'em, tye.
My heart is in your trap ; you 've crimp'd it, like your cap ;
And much the *spurrit* moves me—hum !—to—

POLL. Tye tum tye !

And when the knot is tyed, and you 're my blushing bride,
The damsels will (for leading apes must fright 'em,) tye
The rosy bands with speed. O yes, they will, indeed !
And the chorus at our meeting will be—

POLL. Tye tum tye !

I cannot hear you sigh, ah ! I will not see you cry, ah !
My constant Obadi-ah ! to unite 'em ; tye
Our hands and hearts in one, before to-morrow's sun—
Then take thy tender Tabitha to—

POLL. Tye tum tye !

CHAPTER IX.

THE Laureat of Little Britain was now left at full liberty to follow his daily avocations ; but that liberty was by no means a guarantee that he *would* follow them ; except, as some folks follow the fashions, at a very considerable distance. Mr. Bosky read the morning papers, went upon 'Change, looked in at Garraway's, enquired the price of stocks, railway, and steam-boat shares, took Birch's in his way, and discussed an oyster patty, set his watch by the dial of Bow Church, returned home, turned over the leaves of his ledger, accepted a bill, drew a draft, signed certain contracts touching turmeric, blue-galls, lac dye, and Barbary gum ; dictated a letter, hummed, whistled, poked the fire, inspected the dusty invoices of an old file, filed and trimmed his nails, scribbled on the blotting-paper, cracked a joke with his solemn clerk, and when the old-fashioned housekeeper waited upon him to receive his commands for dinner, he told her to provide only for herself, and Mr. Fixture, the solemn clerk in question ; but to be sure, as Uncle Timothy was not expected home till evening, to knock up some little dainty kickshaw for supper. Still, with all these manifestations of being mightily busy about doing nothing, it was obvious that the wits of Mr. Bosky were gone out wool-gathering for the day, and running a wild goose chase after Uncle Timothy's new blue coat and brass buttons. But the oddest is behind. Mrs. Norah Noelack, who had never before developed the organ of tune, suddenly betrayed symptoms of vocality. Her first notes fell on the astonished ear of the solemn clerk, and served him as the ghost of Banquo did Macbeth — pushed him from his stool. He hurried to the stair-head, and listened incredulously, marvelling what musical coil could be going on in the still-room. He next applied his oblique eye to the key-hole, and—seeing is believing, — beheld the locomotive old lass practising the graces,

and rehearsing a minuet before the mirror, to the chromatic accompaniment of her wiry falsetto. Big with the portentous discovery, he bustled, out of breath, to Mr. Bosky, to whom, after unpacking his budget of strange news, he proposed the instant holding of a commission of lunacy, for the due and proper administration of her few hundreds in long annuities, two large boxes, a chest of drawers, and a wardrobe full of old-fashioned finery, besides sundry trinkets, the spoils of three courtships to which she had turned a deaf ear, consigning her rejected admirers to the slough of Despond. Mr. Bosky affected to listen with extraordinary interest, and promised to give the affair his most serious consideration. A few days after the carolling of Mrs. Norah surprised Uncle Timothy, who, having heard the old chantriss go through her canzonet from beginning to end, and recognising the real culprit in the eccentric muse of Mr. Benjamin Bosky, he took the little laureat to task for putting his wardrobe into metre, hitching his Christian name into ludicrous rhyme, and turning the head and untuning the voice of the hitherto anti-musical Norah Noclack. Mr. Bosky exhibited deep contrition, and as Mr. Bosky's contrition bore considerable resemblance to Mr. Liston's tragedy, Uncle Timothy always dreaded to encounter it when anything serious was in the case. As he became more accustomed to the air, he discovered fewer faults in the execution. It had infused new life into the taciturn old lady. Her gratitude and affectionate regard had only found utterance in blessings implored on the head of her benefactor, which no one could hear but the great spirit of whom they were humbly supplicated. But *now* she could "cry to all the house" her admiration! and so completely did she innoculate the solemn clerk with her musical mania, that one evening, when called upon for a toast and a song at the club¹ of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, held in an ancient trophied chamber over the venerable gateway of the Priory, he jumped upon his legs, and startled his brother knights with his unwonted enthusiasm. "Uncle Timothy! Who does not know him by that familiar name? The poor, the needy, and such as have none to help them! Sound trumpets! wave banners! shout voices!" This was probably the longest public oration that Mr. Fixture had made in his life. Certainly the only song that he was ever known to have sung was the old-fashioned housekeeper's

APOTHEOSIS OF UNCLE TIM'S BRAN NEW BUTTONS AND BLUE.

If I had my widow's or maiden's whim—
 I know who—I know who
 It should be! Why, Uncle Tim,
 In his bran new buttons and blue.
 Tim's a middle ag'd gentleman sleek,
 With a laughing eye and a cherry cheek!
 He loves a good joke
 Like other bythe folk;

¹ This festive club consists of more than fifteen hundred members. Their orgies are celebrated every Monday evening throughout the year. The chair is taken at nine, and vacated at twelve. St. John's Gate (their place of rendezvous) is truly classic ground.

A Christmas carol,
A cup from the barrel,
And a glass of old wine seven days in the week !

Hear him sing, and hear him talk,
The veriest merriest cock of the walk ;

Daintily dress'd
Like a buck in his best !
Loyal and true
As his holiday blue !

With black silk stock and embroider'd vest ;

In Wellingtons trim
Struts Uncle Tim !
With beaver and cane,
And smart gold chain—
Di'mond pin
Stuck under his chin—
All Little Britain
Were never so smitten !

We ne'er shall look on his like again !

Heigho ! my heart is low !
Devils blue

As Tim's bran new !

Fidgets, fumes,
Mops and brooms !

Tantrums all from top to toe !

Heigho !

Such a quiz ! such a beau !

Such a shape ! such a make !

Would I were a lady,

As blooming as May-day ;

With carriages, house, and

Twice twenty thousand ;

If it only were for Uncle Timothy's sake !

CHAPTER X.

GENTLE Reader ! we promised thee at the outset of our journey pleasant companions by the way, and as an earnest of that promise we have introduced Benjamin Bosky and Uncle Tim. We would now bespeak thy courtesy for others that are soon to follow. In passing happily through life, half the battle depends upon the persons with whom we may be associated. And shall we carry dislike and spleen into the closet ? Grope for those daily plagues in our books, when they elbow and stare us full in the face at every turn we take in this wearisome world ? To chronicle minutely the "Painful Peregrinations" of Uncle Timothy through this live-long day, would exhibit him, like "Patience," not sitting "on a monument, smiling at grief," but lolling in Mr. Bosky's brischkta, laughing (in his sleeve only) at the strange peculiarities of the Muffs, and listening with mild endurance to the unaccountable antipathies of Mrs. Bumgarten. Now the Fubsys might be called, *par excellence*, a prudent family.

And Prudence is a nymph we much admire,
She loves to aid the hypocrite and liar,
And help poor rascals through the mire,
Whom filth and infamy begrime :

She's one of guilt's most useful drudges,
 Her good advice she never grudges,
 Gives parsons meekness, gravity to judges;
 But frowns upon the man of rhyme!

Good store of prudence had the Fubsy family. Their honest scruples always prevented them from burning their fingers. They were much too wise to walk into a well. They kept on the windy side of the law. But if the law drew not a very strict line of demarcation between "*meum*" and "*tuum*," or annexed no penalty to o'erleaping it, the Fubsys never let their scruples stand in the way of their interest. They were vastly prone to measure other people's morality by the family bushel, and had exceedingly grand notions touching their self-importance; (little minds, like little men, cannot afford to stoop!) which those who have seen a cock on a dunghill or a crow in a gutter, may have some idea of.

Nothing pleased Mrs. Bumgarten during this day's pleasure(?). Mr. Bosky's equipage—and one more tasteful was hardly to be found out of Little Britain—she politely brought into depreciating comparison with the staring yellow and blue, brass-mounted, and screw-wigged turn-out of her acquaintances the Kickwitches, the mushroom aristocracy of retired "Putty and Lead!" And when Mr. Muff, who was no herald, hearing something about Mr. Bosky's arms being painted on the panels, innocently inquired whether his legs were not painted too?—at which Uncle Timothy involuntarily smiled—the scarlet-liveried pride of the Fubsys rushed into her cheeks, and she bridled up, wondering what there was in Mr. Muff's question to be laughed at. Knowing the extreme susceptibility of Mrs. Bumgarten's nervous system, Uncle Timothy had desired John Tomkins to drive moderately slow. This was "scratching away at a snail's pace! a cat's gallop!" "A little faster, John," said Uncle Timothy, mildly. This was racing along like "Sabbath-day, pleasure-taking, public-house people in a tax-cart!" Not an exhibition, prospect, person, or thing were to her mind. The dinner, which might have satisfied Apicius, she dismissed with "faint praise," sighing a supplementary complaint, by way of errata, that there "*was no pickles!*"—and the carving—until the well-bred Mrs. Bumgarten herself courteously snatched the knife and fork out of Uncle Timothy's hands—was "awful! horrid!" Then she never tastes *such* port and sherry as she does at her cousins' the Shufflebothams; and as for their black amber (Hambro?) grapes, oh! they was fit for your perfect gentlefolks!—those gentlefolks, the Shufflebothams! An inquiry from mine host, whether Uncle Timothy preferred a light or a full wine, drew forth this jocular answer, "I like a full wine and a full bottle, Master Boniface."—"So do I," added the unguarded Mr. Muff. This was "tremendi-ous!" The two ladies looked at each other, and having decided on a joint scowl, it fell with annihilating blackness on the master-mason, and Mrs. Muff trod upon his toes under the table; a conjugal hint that Mr. Muff had taken enough! Mrs. Bumgarten had a momentary tiff with Mrs. Muff upon some trifling family jealousy, which brought into contest their diminutive dignities; but as the fond sisters had the good fortune to be Fubsys, and as the Fubsys enjoyed the exclusive privilege of abusing one another with impunity, the sarcastic com-

pliments and ironical sneers they so lovingly exchanged passed for nothing after the first fire ; and " Sister, sister, we are both in the wrong ! " soon set matters to rights again. The absence of Mr. Bumgarten, a scholar and a gentleman, who had backed out of this party of pleasure, (?) left his lady at a sad loss for *one* favourite subject in which she revelled, because it annoyed him ; consequently there were no vulgar impertinent hits at " your clever people ! " This unfortunate hiatus led her to some ludicrous details of what she had suffered during her matrimonial pilgrimage.

" Suffered ! " muttered the middle-aged gentleman, indignantly. " Yes, Madam Zantippe, you *have* suffered ! But what ? Why, your green-eyed illiterate prejudices to mar all that makes the domestic hearth intellectual, tranquil, and happy ! Yes ! you have reduced it to a cheerless desert, where you reign the restless fury of contradiction and discord ! "

Master Guy Muff, the eldest born of Brutus, a youth who exhibited a capacious development of the eating and drinking organs, with a winning smile that would have made his fortune through a horse-collar, now emerged from his post of honour behind the puffed sleeves, ample folds, and rustling skirts of " ma's " and aunt's silk gowns.

" Don't be frightened, Guy," said Mrs. Bumgarten, soothingly ; " it's *only* Mr. Timwig."

" I arn't a-going to, aunt," snuffled the self-complaisant Master Guy.

" I *hope*, young gentleman," said Uncle Timothy, (for, looking at the lump of living lumber, he did not venture to *suppose*,) " that you learn your lessons, and are perfect in your exercises."

" What,—hoop, skipping-rope, and pris'ner's base ? "

" Can you parse ? "

" Oh, yes ! I pass my time at dumps and marloes."

" Speak your Christmas-piece to Mr. Timtiffin, do, dear Guy ! " said " ma," coaxingly.

Master Guy Muff made the effort, Mr. Brutus Muff acting as prompter.

MASTER GUY (taking in each hand a dessert-plate).

" Look here upon this pic-*ture*, and on this,
The counter—counter—"

" Sink the shop ! " muttered Uncle Timothy.

MR. MUFF. " Fit presen-*ti*-ment"—

" You put the boy out, Mr. Muff, as you always do ! " snarled Mrs. Muff.

MASTER MUFF.—

"—Of two brothers.

See what a grace was seated on that brow ;
Hy—Hy—"

" Isn't it something about *curls* and *front* ? " said Mr. Muff.

Mrs. Muff took this as an affront to her own particular jazezy, which was bushily redolent of both ; she darted a fierce frown *à la* Fubsy at the interrogator, that awed him into silence.

MASTER MUFF.—

" A eye like *Ma's* to threaten and command—"

The subdued master-mason felt the full force of this line, to which his son Guy's appropriate pronunciation and personal stare gave a *new reading*. Here the juvenile spouter finally broke down, upon which Mrs. Bumgarten took his voice under her patronage, and having prevailed upon him to try a song, the "young idea" began in an excruciating wheeze, as if a pair of bellows had been invited to sing, the following *morceau*. "More so," said Mrs. Muff, encouragingly, "because pa" (Nicholas Fubsy, familiarly denominated "Old Nick") "said it was almost good enough to be sung a Sunday after Tabernacle."

There was a little bird,
His cage hung in the hall;
On Monday morning, May the third,
He couldn't sing at all.

And for this reason, mark,
Good people, great and small,
Because the pussey, for a lark,
Had eat him, bones and all.

"Ah!" cried Aunt B. approvingly, "that is a song! None of your frothy *comic* stuff that *some folks* (!!) is so fond of."

She now entertained Uncle Timothy with an account, full of bombast and brag, of some grand weddings that had recently been celebrated in the Fubsy family,—the Candlerigs and Gropusses (gentle-folks, it occurred to the satirical-nosed gentleman, not by the grace of God, but the mopusses!) having condescended to adulterate the patrician blood of St. Giles's in the fields with the plebeian puddle of the City Gardens, the sometime suburban retreat of the Fubsys, where they farmed a magnificent château, which, like the great Westphalian Baron de Thunder-tan-trounck's, had a door and a window. It next came to the turn of several families, with whom Mrs. Bumgarten was acquainted, to be picked to pieces; which having been done, with a gusto peculiar to the Fubsys, she looked on the forlorn hope round the table and room for something to find fault with. Uncle Timothy filled up the pause, by calling on Mr. Brutus Muff for a song.

"I never heered Mr. Muff sing, Mr. Timwig," chimed the sisters simultaneously.

"Indeed! Then, ladies, it will be the greater novelty. Come, my good sir; but first a glass of wine with you."

"Oh dear, Mr. Timwiddy, you will make Mr. Muff quite top-heavy! It must only be *half* a glass," said Mrs. Muff, authoritatively.

"The *top half*." And the middle-aged gentleman poured out the "regal purple stream" till it kissed, without flowing over, the brim. Mr. Muff instantly brought the bumper to a level with his lips, and, as if half ashamed of what he was doing, put *both halves* out of sight!

"Is the man mad?" cried the amazed Mrs. Muff.

"Has he lost his senses?" ejaculated the bewildered Mrs. Bumgarten.

"He has found them, rather," whispered the satirical nosed gentleman.

The bland looks and persuasive tones of Uncle Timothy, to say nothing of the last bumper, had wrought wonders on the master-mason. He looked Silenus-like and rosy, and glanced his little peering eyes across the table—*Mrs. Muff* having a *voice* too in the affair—for an assenting nod from the fierce black velvet spangled turban of his better and bigger half. But *Mrs. Muff* made no sign, and he paused irresolute, when another kind word and smile from the middle-aged gentleman encouraged him, at all hazards, to begin with,

Doctor Pott lived up one pair,
And reach'd his room by a comical stair!
Like all M.D.'s,
He pocketted fees
As quick as he could,
As doctors should!
And rented a knocker near Bloomsbury Square.
Tib his rib was not wery young,
Wery short, wery tall,
Wery fair vithal;
But she had a tongue
Wery pat, wery glib
For a snow-white fib,
And wery vell hung!

"You shan't sing another line, *that* you shan't, Brutus!" vociferated *Mrs. Muff*. But the Cockney Roman, undaunted and vocal, went on singing,

Says Doctor Peter Pott, "As I know vhat 's vhat,
My anti-bilious patent pill on Tib my rib I'll try;
If *Mrs. P.* vill swallow, if dissolution follow,
And she should kick the bucket, I'm sure I shan't cry!"

"Where *could* he have learned such a rubbishing song? I never know'd that he knew it! A man, too, after pa's own heart! I shall certainly go into hystericals," sighed *Mrs. Muff*.

"If so be as you 're so inclined, my love, have the purliteness just to wait till I've a-done singing.

And vel the doctor knew that a leer par les deux yeux
Mrs. Pott vithstand could not, when shot from Peter's eye;
So presently plump at her he opes his organic battery,
And said the pill it wouldn't kill, no, not a little fly!

"Have you no sort of compassion for my poor nerves?" remonstrated *Mrs. Muff*, pathetically.

"None vhatsumdever," replied the stoical Brutus. "Vhat compassion have you ever had for *mine*?"

"Besides," said he, "I swear, d'ye see,
By the goods and chattels of Doctor P.
By my vig and my cane,
Brass knocker and bell,
And the cab in vvhich I cut sich a svel,
That a single pill (a pill, by the by,
Is a dose!) if *Mrs. Pott* vill try,
Of gout and phthisic she'll newer complain,
And newer want to take physick again."
Down it slid,
And she newer *did*!

(The Doctor with laughing vas like to burst!)
For this werry good reason—it finish'd her first!

"I 'll send," cried Mrs. Bumgarten, furiously, "for one of the L division."

"You may send to the devil for one of the L division!" shouted the valiant Mr. Muff, aspirating with particular emphasis the letter L. "Howsever, ladies, as you don't seem *much* to *like* Doctor Pott, suppose I favour you vith the Irishman's epitaph.

Here I lays, Teddy O'Blaise, (Singing)
And my body quite at its *aise* is;
Vith the tip of my nose and the tops of my toes
Turn'd up to the roots of the daisies!

And now, my invaluable spouse, as I can't conveniently *sing* you any more moral lessons, I 'll just *tipple* you two or three!" And Mr. Muff, with admirable coolness and precision, filled himself a bumper. "First and foremost, from this day henceforrer'd I 'm determined to be my own lord and master."

"You shall never be mine!" said Mrs. Muff, bitterly.

"Imprimis and secondly, I don't choose to be the hen-pecked, hugger-mugger, collywoffling, snubbed, under-the-fear-of-his-vife-and-a-broomstick Jerry Sneak and Pollycoddle, that old Nic Fubsy the Whitechapel pin-maker vas! You shan't, my dear, like *his* loving Lizzy, curry-comb my precious vig, and smuggle my last vill!"

"Et tu Brute!" said Uncle Timothy, in a half whisper.

"He *is* a brute!" sobbed Mrs. Bumgarten, "to speak so of poor dear pa! Mr. Muff, Mr. Muff! how I *disgust* you!"

"Don't *purwoke* me, Mrs. Bumgarten, pray, don't *purwoke* me into 'fending and proving, or I shall let the cat out of the bag to Mr. Timvig, and the kittens into the bargain! By the Lord Harry, I 'll *peach*, Mrs. Muff!"

Five full glasses of red port had removed the decent restraint that Mrs. Bumgarten *sometimes* imposed on her unruly member, which restraint may be likened unto the board that confines the odoriferous contents of a scavenger's cart, and she was about to pour upon the master-mason a fragrant flood of Fubsyean eloquence, when *Prudence*, the family guardian angel, took her by the tongue's tip, as St. Dunstan took a certain ebony gentleman by the nose. She telegraphed Mrs. Muff, and Mrs. Muff telegraphed the intelligent Guy. Just as Brutus was fetching breath for another ebullition, with his hand on the decanter for another bumper, he found himself half throttled in the Cornish hug of his affectionate and blubbering first-born! When a chimney caught fire, it was a custom in Merrie England to drop down it a live *goose*, in the quality of extinguisher! And no goose ever performed its office better than the living Guy. He opened the flood-gates of his gooseberry eyes, and *played upon* pa so effectually, ma and aunt sobbing and sighing in full chorus, that Mr. Muff's ire or fire was speedily put out; and when, to prevent a coroner's inquest, the obedient child was motioned by the ladies to relax his filial embrace, the mollified master-mason began to sigh and sob too. The politic sisters now proposed to cut short their day's *pleasure*!—a proposal not resisted by Mr. Muff, who was in a humour to comply with anything, and politely seconded by Uncle Timothy, to

whom it was some consolation, that while *he* had been sitting upon thorns, his *tormentors too* were a little nettled! Seeing bluff John Tomkins in the stable-yard grooming *con amore* one of Mr. Bosky's pet bloods, he called out,

"John! I'm afraid we were too many this morning for that shy-ing left-wheeler. Now, if he should unfortunately take to kicking—"

"Kicking! Mr. Timwiddy," screamed Mrs. Bumgarten.

"Kicking! Mr. Timwig!" echoed Mrs. Muff.

Herodotus (who practised what he preached) said, "When telling a lie will be profitable, let it be told!"—"He may lie," said Plato, "who knows how to do it in a suitable time." So thought John Tomkins, who in all probability had never read either Herodotus or Plato, and thinking no time like the present, and hoping to frighten his unwelcome customers into an omnibus, and drive home Uncle Timothy in capital style, he so aggravated the possible kickings, plungings, takings fright, and runnings away of that terrible left-wheeler, that the good-natured and accommodating middle-aged gentleman was easily persuaded by the ladies to lighten the weight and diminish the danger, by returning to town by some other conveyance. And it was highly ludicrous to mark the glum looks and disappointment of John when he doggedly put the horses to, and how he mischievously laid his whip-cord into the sensitive flanks of the "shying left-wheeler," who honoured every draft on his fetlocks, and duly confirmed the terrifying anticipations and multiplications of the veracious John Tomkins!

"Song sweetens toil, however rude the sound,"—and John sweetened *his* by humming the following, in which he encored himself several times, as he drove Mrs. Bumgarten and family to town.

Dash along! splash along! hi, gee ho!

Four-and-twenty perriwigs all of a row!

Save me from a tough yarn twice over told—

Save me from a Jerry Sneak, and save me from a scold.

A horse is not a mare, and a cow is not a calf;

A woman that talks all day long has too much tongue by half.

To the music of the fiddle I like to figure in;

But off I cut a caper from the music of the chin!

When Madam's in her tantrums, and Madam 'gins to cry;

If you want to give her change, hold an *ingun* to your eye;

But if she shakes her pretty fist, and longs to come to blows,

You may slip through her fingers, if you only soap your nose!

Dash along! splash along! hi, gee ho!

No horse so fast can gallop as a woman's tongue can go.

"Needs must," I've heard my granny say, "when the devil drives."

I wish he drove, instead of me, this brace of scolding wives!

ON GALATEA.

BY GOTTHOLD EFERAIM LESSING.

FOLKS say that Galatea dyes her hair:

'Twas black the day she bought it, I can swear.

HORÆ OFFLEANÆ.

BY A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

I TURNED into Offley's the other night, when it was "almost at odds with morning which was which." It was accordingly, as Jack Falstaff feelingly describes it on being disturbed, the sweetest morsel of the night; and such have I often found it

"In my warm youth, when George the Fourth was King."

Then it was that, flinging aside dull Care, and bidding her try to kill another cat,* instead of tormenting a Christian, I began "to put in the remainder of the evening,"—an evening, by the way, of a peculiar sort, for it always expired "amidst the tears of the cup," and generally in the broad blaze of sun-light. Many and many an evening of this sort have I spent at Offley's, and it was the memory of them that now guided my footsteps. The large and well-proportioned room erected by old Offley as a temple to singing, smoking, supping, and so forth, was empty, save for the presence of the waiter, Reynolds, who was leaning upon his arms in the accustomed place over the back of the box near the door, gazing into the unpeopled space before him with a melancholy air, which would have sat appropriately upon the genius of the place. He started at my footsteps, and his face lit up as he recognised in me an old frequenter of the establishment in those days when he whom men called Offley, but the loftier spirits styled Frawley, presided over the gay and busy scene, and took his state as the patron of high solemnities. Time had made no perceptible change in Reynolds: I think the old scythe-bearer rarely does in waiters. They acquire prematurely in their youth the appearance of a "certain age," and for at least a generation they look no older. You par-boil salmon to make it keep. The waiter seems to have undergone a similar process at the outset of his career, and in its course to exemplify the conservative effects. The French are right; the proper appellation for them from the knife-board to the grave is *garçon*! I ordered the staple commodities of the house—a chop, and a nip of Burton ale.

There was no such chop to be had in Christendom as that which old Frawley used to cook with his own hands for his favourite guests. But the mighty Mandarin of multitudinous chops, is no more. No matter—we must take things as we can best get them; and so, like an Homeric hero, I proceeded to remove my desire for meat and drink, and then, with a Broughamian glass of brandy-and-water, *calidum cum* by my side, and a real Havannah, I fell into a reflective mood. The feelings which swelled my bosom were similar to those which Cicero attributes to Atticus. "*Movemur enim nescio quo pacto locis ipsis, in quibus eorum quos diligimus aut admiramur adsunt vestigia. Me quidem ipsæ illæ nostræ Athenæ non tam operibus magnificis exquisitisque antiquorum artibus delectant, quam recordatione summorum virorum, ubi quisque habitare, ubi sedere, ubi disputare sit solitus, studiosèque eorum etiam*"

* Care killed a cat.—*Old proverb.*

sepulchra contemplor." I thought of a number of good and clever fellows who used to spend so much time in this room,—they might be said, without exaggeration, to inhabit it; I saw where they used to sit, carry on their arguments, and do other things which the Roman has neglected to record of his illustrious Greeks, such as drink grog, smoke cigars, sing songs, make speeches, and occasionally box their corners. I threw myself back upon the bench, closed my eyes, and the room was again thronged as of yore. There was the crowd of strangers to the town, and of low persons belonging to it—of the town, towny; and there, too, knots of rare fellows, now spectators only, and rather supercilious ones, of the busy scene, soon to be actors of fast and fiery merriment, when the professional singers shall have been gone, and the *snobbery* cleared. There at the round table, behind a huge bowl, worthy representative of the Celestial Empire, ladling out the punch which he has himself concocted, sits Lord —, in all the portliness of a *bon vivant* of the school of Fox and Sheridan, who had consumed seas of turtle, forests of venison, and oceans of punch and claret. On his right sits the Marquess of —, smoking shag tobacco from a clay pipe, and looking more like a north country grazier than a courtier, or the representative of a house that can boast

"The stirring memories of a thousand years."

Around this table, close packed, are members of Parliament, officers, barristers, and other gentlemen; and conspicuous amongst them for his stentorian laugh and rollicking flow of spirits is Jack Spenser, the prince of boon companions, an excellent singer of songs of all sorts,

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe,"

and the best of convivial orators. In the box next to this table, and in familiar communication with it, is a younger crew of "jolly companions," law-students, parliamentary reporters, painters, and actors, and amongst these, as the general guest, is Sim Fairfield, *alias* "the Captain." Ay, and there on the stool in the middle of the room stands old Frawley himself, singing,

"I'm jolly Dick the lamplighter."

And oh! how the chorus thunders with that aspiration of the vowels, in which the company loved to follow the example of Mr Offley!

"Then who'd be grave, when wine can save

The heaviest heart from sinking?

And magic grapes lend *hanged* shapes

To *hevery* girl we're drinking!"

I opened my eyes for the purpose of taking some more of the lining out of my tumbler; my vision fled, and I awoke to the remembrance that a few bricks only stood betwixt the churchyard and the seat of unbridled jollity, and that old Frawley now lay in that churchyard, and so did Simon Fairfield; and no doubt both sleep well, as the tavern's roar was always sweet lullaby in their ears. Sim lies directly under the great window of the room. On the evening of his burial, Count Boleski, a Polander, and a number of the Captain's friends, assembled at that window, and poured libations upon his grave. They did not, however, treat his gentle and jolly spirit like a heathen ghost. They poured forth no blood; the Captain had an aversion to it even in the way of his profession, unless

when it appeared at mess in the interior of black puddings ; nor no milk,—for Simon could never abide it in its purity, and required always to have it liberally mixed with rum. No ! They thrice evoked his manes, and then solemnly emptied upon his last resting-place pots of porter, quarts of ale, and double-goes of brandy, hollands, rum, whiskey, and gin, all of which in his lifetime Captain Fairfield loved with a love passing the love of women. I was out of town when the country was deprived of the services of that great man Frawley, so I know not what ceremonies followed his interment ; but I learned that he died in the good cause for which he had lived. He caught cold by running out bareheaded on an inclement night to select a brace of birds for the supper of a pet customer, and placing himself on his return, before a huge fire to cook them,—he died in a few days after. But his fame will live as long as mutton-chops continue to be *objets de consommation*. Every time any of his old friends are served with a cold or tough chop, and have consequently to recommend the cook to the attention of the infernal powers, they think of poor old Frawley, and breathe a wish that he had been still alive to cook and cater for them. Now this I call fame. If I may judge from my own experience, he must be invoked daily, in the language of the Irish mourner, “ Oh ! Frawley, why did you die ? ” for I find my own memory of him refreshed upon multitudinous occasions. In fact, Bellamy’s is the only place now where you can get a good, hot, plain English mutton-chop. The female cook is nearly as great an artist as Frawley ; but there is a difference, so to speak, in the fabric of the chop. The House of Commons’ chop is small and thin. I have seen honourable members eat a dozen of them at a sitting. Frawley’s, on the contrary, was thick and substantial, and therefore, when dressed with his consummate skill, better than the former. A couple of them furnished a moderate man with a dinner. But it is curious to remark that it was at Bellamy’s Offley received his artistical education. He was originally a waiter there, and as such was privileged to watch, and occasionally admitted to assist, the presiding priestess of the gridiron at the exercise of her mysteries.

Frawley’s extreme ugliness (if Victor Hugo had seen him, he would have given him a heritage, of immortality), his vigorous “ exasperation ” of the vowels, his sharpness, his invincible good humour and politeness,—equal to Talleyrand’s, of whom it was said, that at the moment he was receiving a kick in the “ catastrophe,” his countenance might be observed radiant with smiles,—all conduced to make him a general favourite. And this he must have turned to good account, and put money in his purse, as he was enabled at no very advanced period of life to start in business as a tavern-keeper on his own account. Certainly Frawley was one of the ugliest of human beings ; yet it was not a repulsive ugliness. He was lame ; his hands were like the claws of a bear ; he squinted awfully ; all the features were irregular. The face was entirely, as artists say, out of drawing ; the head was on one side, like that of a magpie peeping into a marrow-bone ; yet there was an air of *bonhomie* and good-fellowship about the expression of the countenance, that courted your laugh, rather than gave rise to any averse or unpleasant feeling. Frawley had been used to be laughed at all his life, and from long habit came to like it. Decidedly he was most attached to the young rakes, who took the loving labour of quizzing him to the top of his

bent. If at three or four o'clock in the morning he could learn that a party of these bright and buoyant spirits had arrived, he would, though in bed, arise and come down stairs to join heart, and soul, in the fun which was going forward. Sometimes, too, if he were lazy, a deputation would proceed to his chamber, and fetch him down in his night-gear. It was as impossible to play out the play without him at his own inn, as it would have been without Jack Falstaff at the Boar in Eastcheap. His songs were sure to excite peals of laughter, whether joyous or sentimental, "Jolly Dick the Lamp-lighter," or "The Lass of Richmond Hill," the social effusions of Morris, or the sea-songs of Dibdin. His reminiscences of the great men upon whom he had waited when at Bellamy's, were also shrewd and entertaining. Nor had he lived in the presence of orators—the mighty men of renown—in vain. No! he was a powerful speaker both in vehemence and volubility, and the use of what the Germans style thunder-words. His eloquence showed to peculiar advantage at the supper on St. Patrick's night whereunto he invited all the choice spirits who frequented his establishment. Grand were the strains wherein he poured forth his acknowledgments when his health was drunk amidst the most vociferous applause.

Some fastidious persons used to affect to think there was too much noise at these reunions; but they were sure to make their appearance on the next anniversary of the saint,

"Who drove the frogs into the bogs, and banish'd all the vermin!"

I recollect, too, a pair of these overnice gentlemen were signally punished for their affectation. Wearied, as they declared, with the alternations of shouting and chorussing, which were as regular as those of day and night, the intervening seasons of twilight being devoted to drinking, solo-singing, and spouting, they announced about two a departure for their quiet beds; but having "got the cross drop into them," they contrived to quarrel with the authorities for wishing to exercise in Covent Garden market a natural prerogative, contrary to police law; the consequence was, they were thrust into the watch-house, which looks into the churchyard opposite to Offley's great room. Having been the reverse of polite to those functionaries who "violated the dignity of man" in their persons, no tidings of their fate could they get conveyed to their jovial friends, and they consequently had to pass the remainder of the evening gazing through the bars of their prison window, which commanded a fine view of the window of the room they had abandoned, and whence they could see the light streaming, and hear the sounds of merriment as they careered over the graves of the sad and silent dead. About eight A.M. the police relented. Word of the prisoners' plight was sent to Offley's. They were speedily released, and found the party, on their arrival, engaged in discussing a meal half ancient, half modern, partaking of the nature of a re-supper and a breakfast. There were grilled fowl, broiled bones, and devilled kidneys, with bottled stout and champagne, on the one hand, on the other tea, coffee, and the etceteras. The rescued prisoners were glad to undergo a world of quizzing, on condition of being allowed to comfort their chilled and exhausted bodies with the good things before them. We sung in what the Welsh call *penillion* about these fallen cherubim to the tune of

"There were three maids of Spain a-drinking of their wine,"
old Offley leading off with

"There was two slow-coach gents a-drinking *hof my wine*,
And all their kinversation was we think *hourseelves* mighty fine!"

I here close my reminiscences of the last of "the old hosts" of the metropolis. Never again will London see so pleasant, so good, and so safe a tavern and night-house as old Frawley's used to be—never in one room so witty, so well-informed, and so right joyously convivial a circle as were wont to surround old Frawley.

Captain Simon Fairfield was the reverse of Mr. Offley in every respect. Fortune smiled on Simon at his entrance into life. She gave him the best passports into society—a handsome person, an elegant address, an honourable name, and a voice of exquisite sweetness. But much has been written by Mr. Benson Hill, and others, about the most prosperous portion of his career when he was a favourite guest of all the general officers, and of the Duke himself; when, no convivial party during our campaigns could be complete without the best singer in the British army. It was only when poor old Sim was reduced to moral and physical degradation that I knew him. He was a sad wreck. Still it was impossible not to perceive that he had once been eminently handsome, and his manners exquisite. They still bore undeniable traces of polish and refinement. There were, moreover, such occasional glimpses of self-assertion in his bearing towards the *snobbery*, that I could easily believe those who described him as a haughty exclusive when he played a part in the fashionable world. He was well-proportioned, and might have served in his youth as a model for a light-infantry officer. His features were regular: the eye of deep clear blue, the nose aquiline, the mouth delicate, the play of the lips singularly expressive, the brow noble—in fact, grandly chiselled. The hands and feet were most aristocratically small and well-formed. In short, Nature stamped gentleman upon him, and it was out of the question not to recognize him as such even when drunk and dirty, unkempt and unshaven, shirtless, and with an old frock evidently not made for him, and fastened up to the throat, to conceal the want of linen by the aid more of pins than buttons.

Sim's life might be divided into three periods. During the first he served throughout the Peninsular war. Envy, however, pretended that Sim had a predilection for the sick-list on the eve of a general engagement, and that he was much indulged in his taste, as neither the surgeon nor the commanding-officer were over-anxious to imperil the life of their famous tenor. So he escaped without a scratch. Upon the peace, he sold out; and here begins the second period. He was then a fashionable man upon town,—a lion of the drawing-rooms and of the principal taverns, such as Long's, Steeven's, the Clarendon. He was a lady-killer too, and might have made many a good match. But he was too fastidious or too careless, and let every opportunity slip. Gradually his two darling vices told against him—love of drink, and of play. He had a curious adventure at this period of his history. He got very drunk at a convivial party, and having left it, turned into a hell, where he threw in seven or eight mains, and won a considerable sum, which he succeeded, moreover, in bringing safe to the hotel at which he lived. But, being in his bed-room, with that strange cunning which fre-

quently displays itself in madmen, and men temporarily mad from drink, he cut a little slit with his penknife in the mattress, and into this thrust the bank-notes, crumpled into a small ball. Sim then went to bed, fell into a deep undreaming sleep, and forgot all that had occurred. When he rose next day he perceived from the money on his table that he had been playing—and with success. He sallied forth, and encountered an acquaintance, who congratulated him upon the large sum he had won. Sim denied lustily that he had won more than two or three and thirty-pounds. His friend rejoined, "I saw you, and if you won one shilling you won eight or nine hundred pounds."

Simon thought he was hoaxing him, and departed in a huff. But another and another acquaintance bade Sim joy of his winnings, so that he was at last forced into the conviction that he had won the money. But, if he had, he had lost it again. His pocket had been picked either at the hell, or in the street.

"Thus was Corinth lost and won!"

Six months had passed away, and Simon still continued to occupy the same bedchamber in the Northumberland coffeehouse, which then stood in the Strand, nearly opposite the mansion of the Percies. Some procession was to pass. Sim's room was borrowed for the occasion, that the sittings at the window might be let, and the bed was taken down. In removing the mattress a housemaid discovered Sim's treasure (nearly seven hundred pounds), and the captain being a favoured lover, she restored it to him entire.

The relief was seasonable. Unfortunately, however, the greater part before long went as it had come, and no second miracle restored it to the loser. A drunken gambler may win once; but he is sure to be ruined in the long run. So was it with our hero. His love for indulging in potations pottle-deep increased, and his ill-success at play went on in proportion. He drank to drive away care. At last everything went—money, credit, standing in society, even hope itself departed. Then commenced the third phasis of his life. For a time he haunted the gaming-tables where he had lost his means of livelihood; he sunk to the rank and society of the hellites, sang when called upon, afterwards acted as a *bonnet*, and thus existed: but at last was banished even from hell. He now got drunk whenever he could; and whenever he did, was quarrelsome and abusive, and rarely refrained from especially assailing his friends and patrons, the hellites. At length the nuisance became so great, that they were compelled to drive him forth "to prey at fortune."

Nothing remained save his exquisite voice; but even this to another man would have been a fortune. Had he gone on the stage, he might have enjoyed comfort and independence. But, strange as it may seem, his pride revolted at the notion. Yet he had been whilst in the army a constant *amateur* performer; and there can be no doubt he might have succeeded. No! he preferred sinking into a sort of attendant at the night-taverns. From the proprietors of these he got a dinner (but he rarely cared to dine) or supper, and a couple of "goes" of whiskey. No liquor came amiss to him; but he was an Irishman, and sufficiently patriotic to prefer the Irish manufacture. In consideration of the entertainment afforded by "mine host" he was to sing when called upon. It was the custom, more-

over, for anybody who wished to hear a particular song, such as "The Tinker," "The Chairman," "Love's young dream," or the like, to treat the captain with a "go." And thus he generally enjoyed as many tumblers of punch as he could swallow betwixt evening and some six o'clock next morning. He was, likewise, continually receiving crowns, halfcrowns, and shillings, from those who knew him in former days. He made it, however, a rule to spend whatever money he chanced to receive before he retired to what he was pleased to style his chaste and virtuous bed. His fancy was, whenever he had anything beyond a few pence—to treat others with the proceeds of the bounty conferred upon himself. He would go to the kitchen of the Constitution, and treat the hackney-coachmen to the full extent of his means, presiding with great dignity, and graciously condescending to entertain his guests by singing after his best manner, and by his capital performances upon a violin borrowed for the occasion. At another time he would betake himself to the Harp—a house of call for the actors, supernumeraries of the theatres, scene-shifters, and so forth, and play "*Le véritable Amphitryon*" for the benefit of these cattle.

A friend of mine one morning put this propensity to the test. A party of us adjourned from Olney's to an early breakfast-house in the neighbouring market, to see a queer chapter in human life, eat fresh eggs, and drink a decoction of roasted corn under the name of coffee. We had Sim with us. He was in high feather. He astonished the weak minds of the market-gardeners by singing "The Tinker," with the whole of the trombone accompaniments, and slanged a Jew clothesman to admiration. Even the defeated Israelite was obliged, as he gave in, to admit, "S'help me God! but you're a clever man!" We were all delighted with Simon, and one of our body presented him with a sovereign. We determined to watch what he did with it. We were not long in doubt: he made straight for Belshaw's gin-palace, at the corner of James Street; and as we peeped in we saw the captain taking a "cropper" himself, and presiding over the distribution of "croppers" round to a host of basket-women.

Sim's steadiest support was from a set of Irish students-at-law, some of whom are, now "that wild youth's past," distinguished scholars and advocates learned in the law, and some are numbered with the dead. These young men were contemporaries, or nearly so, at the Irish University, and they were, in good sooth, friends. There was but one heart and one purse among them. They were wild dogs, and as frolicsome and mischievous as monkeys. But they were great of heart, hated humbug and sycophancy, and loved each other's society passing well.

It may be well imagined that men of this sort took especial pleasure in the convivial powers of the captain, and never left him without a drop to "wet his whistle." But he was an individual whom beyond that it was impossible to serve. There was no use in giving him money; it was equally useless to give him clothes. Dress the old man from head to foot to-day, and you were charmed to see how thoroughly he resumed the air and appearance of a gentleman. Before two days, however, were over, every article, down to the boots, was under avuncular protection, and Sim in the old attire—the broken-down, indestructible military frock, and ragged trousers open to every wind from heaven.

During the last ten years of his life Simon's mode of life was systematic, though far from regular. He shunned utterly the garish eye of day, which suited neither his appearance nor his avocations. He rose by evening twilight, discarded breakfast as an idle ceremony, and mizzled down to the Constitution, where he perhaps looked at some dinner, but rarely, from want of appetite, partook of any; then set to at the whiskey-and-water, sad and silent for awhile; like a hedgehog, he never opened until he was wet: but a sprinkling answered for his buoyant spirit. The two "goes" sufficed to enable him *s'orienter*: and then he blazed out for the evening like the Figaro of Beaumarchais. He transferred himself from the Constitution to Offley's — thence to the Cider-cellars — thence, perhaps, to the Finish, until six o'clock in the morning. He divided a bed in a court off Great Russell Street, with a slater. He had to wait for his share of occupancy until the slater rose to his work. Then Simon turned in; and used to expatiate upon the advantage of being preceded by an animated warming-pan. Threepence a man they paid for their usufruct of this harbour of rest. Their threepence per diem constituted the whole of Sim's personal expenses. The generous public of the night-taverns provided him with everything else. And right good value he gave: he was a delicious singer alike of the Melodies, and of outrageously convivial songs. No man who ever heard the flowing melody

"You boarding-school misses, who spend all your lives,"

will ever forget his powers. Simon, whilst I knew him, was not alone a great artist, but he carried with him

"The monumental pomp of age,"

and, fallen as he was, all who knew him could not refrain from regarding the poor monomaniac with the feelings "tender and true." Latterly he was expelled from Offley's: and most unfairly, I must say. The captain was supping with some old Peninsulars. Offley took the opportunity of dunning him for an old debt. Sim consigned his soul to the usual keeping, and, strong in the countenance of his military friends, offered to box Offley for the money. The old fellow was three parts screwed and the fourth sulky; the challenge was accepted; and the fight came off. The publican had all the best of it, and did terrible execution on Sim's visage. The captain was upon the very point of "being knocked into immortal smash," when he bethought him of butting like a ram: he ran right into Offley's stomach, and completely disarranged its internal economy by the shock. Offley cast up his accounts in general, while by the same act he forfeited all claim to Sim's in particular, for he was much too busy to come to time. The vanquished had to be removed by his own waiters. The victor triumphed, and great was the glorification thereof. But in the morning the mandate went forth, and Simon was for ever excluded from the Offleian mansion.

He was seized with his last illness at the Cider-cellars. It was early in the morning: he was conveyed thence to the parish work-house, where in a few hours he died. The men who would have spared no expense to procure him the best medical aid knew nothing of his illness till he was no more. By those who knew him, one and all, it was felt

"We better could have spared a better man."

DEARY OF A DINING-OUT MAN.

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

So, here we are in the season again.—Goodness be praised!—Those country houses take too much out of a man, in return for what he extracts from them. It is well enough in those where one has the ear of the house, as well as the run of the house,—remaining a fixture, while successive parties of guests appear and disappear; for the same *bon mots* and good stories serve to amuse his Grace on Friday, which were tried upon the country-neighbour party with success, the preceding Monday,—as inoculation was attempted upon criminals, before the royal family were submitted to the prick of the lancet. More particularly when the *whole* set has been renovated. It is a bore to have some single gentleman, or stationary *souffre douleur* cousin, on the watch for the point of every well-worn anecdote,—like people at a pantomime, familiar beforehand with the tricks.

Still, even when one makes a hit, the wear and tear of the thing is prodigious. One goes through the work of three dinners per diem;—to wit, breakfast, luncheon, and dinner,—and all without refreshment! In town, one has the chance of the clubs and morning visits to brighten one; but in a country house, where one can only rub up per aid of the new works and periodicals lying on the table, or visits shared in common with the rest of the party, one *must* fall back on one's own resources,—and the effort is prodigious.

This is the third Christmas I have spent at K—— Park; and decidedly, I must provide for myself elsewhere next winter. Lord K—— is such a bore, with his everlasting relations!—that eternal brother and sister-in-law, and the neighbours Sir John and Lady Wisacre, seem as completely established there, as the family plate; and it is too much to expect a man to do the agreeable, year after year, to the same people. I saw a smile exchanged between K—— and Lady Theresa, when I began my famous story about Perceval and Michael Angelo Taylor, as much as to say, “WHAT, AGAIN?”—And the Wisacres, who are as rude as all the rest of the Shropshire squirearchy, told me in plain terms one morning at breakfast, on my attempting to hitch in poor Copley's capital pun about Vale Royal, that they had been circulating it all over the country ever since they heard it from my lips, five years ago!—

Rebuffs of that description are like a blow with a pole-axe. Next Christmas, I will try Yorkshire. Yorkshire is unbroken ground. They are hospitable people, with a good hearty, wholesome laugh at one's service, and a strong capacity for being amused. There is something exhilarating in a fresh audience of that description.

I am sadly afraid, meanwhile, that K—— Park was a failure!—I did not do what was expected of me, or what I expect of myself. Several of the dinners were flat as the turbot; and the Duke yawned fifty-four times during the two short days he was there. I saw Lord K—— look at me reproachfully, as much as to insinuate that it was *my* fault; and I have no doubt he said to Lady Theresa, “I would not have invited Prattles, if I had known how dull he was growing;” whereas had not Lady Theresa and her husband been there, I should

have done wonders. Wilmot K—— is the dullest fellow breathing ; and Lady Theresa's cold steadfast eye chills one like a nightmare !—

(*Mem.* to book a good story of Lady Theresa's English nursery-maid, who calls the "nightmare" the "coach-mare,"—having caught the word *cauchemar* from the French *bonne*.)

To return to K—— Park.—It would be the deuce and all if a rumour should transpire that our party was *fiasco*. I had been foolish enough to circulate, far and near, that I was going. It has always a respectable air to be engaged, Christmas after Christmas, to the same country house. Should those yawns of the Duke's, therefore, get into circulation, the thing may cut me out of pleasant dinner-parties without end. As I mean decidedly to cut K—— Park next year, I have a great mind to take the initiative, and proclaim that the party was a lost case. It will be laid to the Kennedys, who were there for the first time. For last Christmas, nothing could be more brilliant than we were ; and I was so universally admitted to have been the life and soul of the party, that I was to be invited to all Lady Hunchback's dinners last season, solely on the strength of K—— Park.

Yes ! the Kennedys shall answer for it. They are vulgar, pushing people, trying everything that false finery will do, to climb into good company. It won't do. There is nothing in either of them congenial with the listless *haut ton* of the great world. I heard Lady Theresa whisper to the Duke one evening, "I never saw one of Lord K——'s parties turn out so ill. Too much quince in the apple-pie—too many monkeys in the menagerie !—One keeps fancying that all those whom these people were invited to entertain, had sent excuses. We have got the chorus ; but the soprano and prima donna are absent without leave."

The Duke replied by one of his best-executed yawns !—And after *that*, K—— expected one to be agreeable !—

Well !—no matter ! Parliament has met, and the dinners are beginning. No more country-house work till Easter, except for fox-hunters ; and to amuse *them*, heaven be thanked, no one ever dreams of inviting conversation men. The whipper-in suffices.

My first care at the commencement of the season is to look over my list, preparatory to sowing cards for the dinner-crop, and a melancholy task it is !—Two or three of my best dowagers are pretty sure to have dropped in the interval, as is the case this very year. There is old Lady Fivecourse, in Berkeley Square, whose cook was really a meritorious artist,—a fellow who will one day rank with the Udes and Francatelles. I called at the door the other day, to inquire what was become of him ; and find that one of the executors has bribed him off to Ireland ! This is a public loss. Besides which, the man himself is lost. Genius of that description requires an enlightened audience. The Irish are scarcely up to more than roast and boiled. It is throwing pearls before swine to give them such a man as Survilliers, who has glimpses of real inspiration.

I confess I had looked forward to many more pleasant dinner parties at Lady Fivecourse's. There was no more occasion for that woman to die !—Though seventy-three, she was strong as a seventy-four—(*mem.* book *that* !)—and might have lived to be a hundred. It was entirely her own doing. She *would* go dining out, when, with such a cook as Survilliers, it was her duty to dine at home. And then she called in a young apothecary, instead of adhering to Sir Thomas, who never

does anything, so that his patients have some chance of getting through. I don't mean to be ill-natured; but if I were a man of sufficient consequence for my funeral to figure in the *Morning Post*, with a list of the mourners,—“third mourning coach, the medical attendant of the deceased Earl, John Pillbox, Esq.”—I would not employ a young apothecary, who knew that his connection in business might be established by such an advertisement.

Poor Lady Fivecourse!—What a capital set one used to meet at her house! It was one of the places where I most enjoyed myself. Nothing but quiet, humdrum, mediocre people, who understood nothing but eating, and for whom one's oldest stories had the charm of novelty. I remember at a dinner in Berkeley Square, last April, setting the table in a roar with an anecdote, which originally set me up as a dining-out man, in the time of George the Fourth! It was a story of Jekyll's; but he never did it justice, his imitation of the brogue being wretched. It improved in my hands. There are some stories, like some wines, which grow mellow with travelling. I never told it better than that day at Lady Fivecourse's, for I was taking pains. Lord Grangehurst was there; and I was wild to get an invitation to his new house, with the style and splendour of which the newspapers had been boring one for the last year. The spec. prospered. I dined with him three times after Easter, and was asked to Grangehurst for the *battue*. But, on the whole, I was not satisfied. His cellar is not what it ought to be. No man ought to pretend to Hock who is not certain that his grandfather saw it in bottle.

Good lord! what a sorry life should I have led, but for the lucky chance which gave me a cast in the Marquis of Woodsbury's post-chaise, on our transit from Oxford on quitting college!—Both were in high spirits, bursting forth like a fresh-opened bottle of champagne; and my companion fortunately mistook spirits for wit. The mistakes of a young nobleman in the enjoyment of thirty thousand a-year are sure to find imitators. The women who wanted Woodsbury, whether for themselves or their daughters, protested that I was a charming creature; and after Woodsbury married, they did not think it decent to swallow their words, as they had swallowed mine.

During the scene of his bachelorhood I was invited everywhere. It disarmed suspicion,—that is, the pretty creatures fancied it disarmed suspicion to say, “Mr. Prattles, are you disengaged on Friday?—We shall be delighted to see you at half-past seven. Lord Woodsbury, will you do me the favour to meet Mr. Prattles?”—though if, after my acceptance, it turned out that Woodsbury had a prior engagement, they took care to make my venison, mutton, and my claret, *ordinaire*. They were practising on my inexperience, and I upon their cunning; for it was at the expense of these manœuvres I learnt almost all I know of the ways of the world.

I was such a boy, that they talked freely before me; making it tolerably clear that, according to the code of fashionable hospitality, nobody must expect to be entertained who cannot entertain in their turn, either by their invitations, or their power of shedding grace upon the invitations of others.

This was a cruel lesson. Chambers, I knew, were my destiny. I was as likely to have a mitre to give away, as a dinner. I had no alternative, therefore, but to abjure the lordly haunch and luscious pine, and stick to loins of mutton carved haunchwise, and meally apples by

way of dessert, or study to become amusing. I am convinced that any person of even moderate abilities may become anything he chooses, perforce of earnestness of purpose,—a stay-maker, or a Chancellor, or an opera-dancer, or a conjuror, or a quarterly reviewer,—no matter what ! ~~It is only the enervation of indolence that causes one to lag in the van.~~ Before the Woodberry ~~spice~~ ~~was over~~, I had run over my part, and was almost perfect. I watched the conversation men of the day ; I studied their very studied mode of being unstudied in their wit.—I discerned the most natural mode of lugging in impromptus made at leisure. Mademoiselle Mars at sixty-five enacts the part of the *ingénue*, or simple young girl, better than all the little misses of sixteen on the Parisian stage. So the skilful professional wit throws out bait for his own puns, as Anthony sent divers into the river to attach fishes to his hook, when angling in presence of Cleopatra.

There were giants on the earth in those days. There were some capital dining-out men on the pavé. From punning Caleb Whiteford to racy Joseph Jekyll,—from polished William Spencer to unrivalled Sharpe,—from Colman to Canning,—from Brummell to Alvanley,—from Copley to Ward,—there was talking going on in London every day, between six and nine, which it did one's heart harm to hear ; so envious did it make one of their colloquial tactics.

To attain high eminence as a diner-out, something more is required than the mere power of conducing to the amusement of the company. A very entertaining fellow, who was nothing *but* an entertaining fellow, and known to be in want of a dinner, might be asked once or twice, by way of lion, but would never be tolerated as a regular dinner guest in our best houses. In the first place, the diner-out must eat like an epicure, and not like a glutton. A hungry man is not sufficiently at ease in his body, to be at ease in his mind. To be able to dispose of his own faculties, he must be in circumstances to appreciate the merits of the *entrée* he is tasting, while the party is tasting his *bon mots*,—but not to be *engrossed* by their excellence. His responsibility to his host must preponderate over the exquisiteness of his palate.

People do not like to throw away a first-rate *menu* upon a man who does not know *quenelles de veau* from sweetbreads, any more than on a fellow who sends his plate half a dozen times to the joint on the side-table.

On this head, I had nothing to fear. I possessed what is called “a genteel independence ;” I was certain of my roast and boiled, fish and soup, at my own expense, all the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. But what a prospect ! Roast and boiled from the 1st of January to the 31st of December, when so many stew-pans were simmering in the aristocratic kitchens of Great Britain ! I felt that I had done nothing to deserve such a sentence at the hand of destiny. I felt myself predestined to the *salmi* and the *capilotade* ; and, by dint of following up my vocation, can safely say, that for the last six seasons, not a man in this gastronomical metropolis has enjoyed a more universal acquaintance with the sauce-boats of the great world.

A vulgar-minded man, incapable of seizing the lights and shadows of social life, thinks it enough to push on straight to the mark ; and, with a predetermination to be entertaining, begins to open his budget before the soup is off the table. Whereas there is scarcely more art required in dressing the dinner, than in addressing those who are invited to eat it. There are certain appointed epochs of a dinner, differ-

ing in different sets and countries, appointed for the specific introduction of certain wines,—as sherry or madeira after soup, or hock between the courses. So also there are especial moments for the introduction of divers orders of anecdotes. The man who attempts a bit of scandal while the *patés* or cutlets are going their rounds, will find his risk rewarded by reproving silence. People look as if they did not understand a word he was saying; whereas if he wait till after the second round of champagne, he will set the table in a roar. Even the first will so far thaw the faculties or decorum of the party, that a significant smile may possibly repay his pains.

Soup admits of nothing of more stirring interest than the weather. People are not yet at their ease. They have not recovered the fuss of taking their places; they have not got accustomed to their neighbours, or to the brightness of the dinner-room. They look blinky and perplexed. The edge of appetite, too, must be appeased. A few mouthfuls of hot, clear, spring soup, or *bisque d'écrevisses*, cheers up the spirits, and disposes to sociability. A sip of sherry perfects the charm. By the time turbot and its lobster sauce, or Severn salmon and its cucumber, figure on your plate, you may venture upon politics and the news of the day. If a clever man be near you, and you have important intelligence *in petto*, inquire of him whether he have anything new; then, with easy negligence, let fall the startling news that is to fix every eye at table upon yourself. Choose that moment to take wine, or to whisper confidentially to the servant behind your chair a request • for a second investigation of the fish-sauces. You should appear to be anxiously interested in the coaxing of your own appetite, when you announce the abdication of the Emperor of China, or that her Majesty's favourite parrot is sitting. All this, as stage effect, tends powerfully to the success of the piece.

Anything superlative in the way of wit should be reserved, like the hock, for the *finale* of the first course. Even in the best regulated household, there occurs a momentary pause most propitious to the explosion of a *bon mot*. The host is grateful to you; the *maitre d'hôtel* is grateful to you; everybody is grateful to you. A minute later, and the bustle of placing the second course on the table would be fatal to the success of your attempt. That most disagreeable interruption at an end, the real business of dinner conversation begins. The tide is setting in. Till the rubicon of the second course is passed, your careful talker feels that all is preamble. It is not worth while to hazard anything of real excellence. It is waste of powder and shot to lavish pearls before the rapacious animals who think more of what reaches them through their lips, than through their ears.

But after the pheasant, green-goose, or turkey poult,—after the *fondue*, cabinet-pudding, and *Chambertin*, comes the tug of war! Not only are the ears of the party opened, but its hearts. People are ready to laugh at anything; yet not too merry to distinguish between wit and humour, an old story and a new anecdote. With the orange jelly, you may whisper to a fair neighbour; with the *meringues glacés*, you may acquaint a dark one with some fact of foreign policy or fine-art fiddle-faddle, of which he was wholly ignorant. He will not turn sulky at finding you better informed than himself.

During a diner-out's first season or so, he takes almost as much pleasure in all that he causes others to swallow, as in all that he is swallowing. He enjoys his own stories and his own success. But

after making himself a name, after being cited here, there, and everywhere as the agreeable Mr. Prattles, the new Sheridan, the future Macaulay, he begins to grow nervous. He feels it necessary to talk up to his reputation; and a duty is always irksome. One dull dinner would undo him! A party where the sound of knives and forks is audible from pauses in the conversation, reflects eternal disgrace on its component parts, should it come to be known that a regular diner-out was one of the offenders. He is a lost mutton,—that is, a lost buck.—

He accordingly begins to cram, as if reading for a degree,—saps scandal, and works up his small talk as for the Seatonian prize. When first a man confronts the publicity of society, he is unable to distinguish its shades and gradations. Like a child contemplating the starry firmament, he beholds millions of stars, and rates them alike, incapable of distinguishing their gradations of magnitude. To make oneself agreeable at the dinner-table in certain circles, it suffices to read all the periodicals as they appear, to skim the daily papers, and be able familiarly to quote the jokes of the last number of the *Quarterly Review*. In others, it is necessary to have written one of these showy flare-ups, to obtain the ear of the company; and to hazard any direct allusion to them, above all to cite their witticisms, or any other good thing that has appeared in print, would be destruction. In such a party, a stale joke would be thought as offensive as a stale John Dory. The stories narrated must have their bloom upon them, like the grapes; and every anecdote boast its virgin bouquet, like every bottle of claret. Even a moderately witty thing, wholly new and unedited, obtains a higher value than the best *mot* of Alvanley filtered through the clubs.

“As somebody was saying yesterday at White’s,” observed a man at the capital table of the late Lord S——, and was about to relate some thrice-told tale, when Lord —— interrupted him with, “If I wanted to know what any one said at White’s, I would go there and hear it. I prefer something which you both think and say yourself, or, at all events, something new and original.”

Such a rebuff is too disagreeable to be wantonly provoked. For the same reason, nothing so stupid as to cram from such books as Walpole’s *Letters*, or Crequy’s *Memoirs*, or any other, not old enough to be forgotten. News should be of Charles the Second’s time or Queen Victoria’s; and nothing in the way of crib can be safely hazarded later than the times of George the First.

Time was that ten pounds’ worth of French, from the usher of some preparatory school, was worth a whole season’s entertainments; and in the early part of the present century, more than one diner-out traded exclusively upon popular books of French memoirs, still unfamiliar to the jog-trot London world.

They fished their gastronomy out of Grimod de la Reynière and Brillat Savarin; their wit out of Grimm, Diderot and Mesdames du Deffant and D’Epinay; their philosophy from L’Hermite de la Chaussée D’Antin, and their sentiment from Madame de Souza. Even our comedies were then “taken from the French,” without fear of reprisal. But now that every lawyer’s clerk visits Paris at least once a-year, and that the Burlington Arcade and its libraries supply wit and information at three-and-sixpence per month, to all classes of the community, a man attempting to dine out upon the *Revue de Paris*, *Revue des deux Mondes*, *La Mode*, and *La Presse*, would be coughed

down. It is only some solemn review that dares put on its considering cap, and inflict these stale scraps upon the public. For my part, having a reputation to sustain, I would not venture on anything, even wet from the press of Dumont or Lavocat. Several of the young members have over early sheets to brighten their speeches.

I had once a severe lesson on that score. Everybody knows the story of Conversation B. strolling to the toilet-table of Conversation S. one afternoon, where his card of mems. for the night was laid out with his pumps and white waistcoat; conning by rote the topics to be dragged in, and preceding him in the various opera-boxes to which they were assigned; so that every time the professed wit opened his lips, it was to recount some anecdote or *bon-mot* which had been recited ten minutes before, by his rival. Exactly such was my disaster!—I had received one morning a batch of pamphlets from Paris; and as usual, extracted the pith for my private use. The gems thus strung together, I intended to powder over my conversation that day at one of Lady Cork's choice dinner-parties; and had consequently provided myself with nothing else. I entered her famous old china-gallery, on the divans and slender porcupine-chairs of which I found scattered the best and brightest of the season. "All was prepared, the judges were met, a terrible show." Unluckily I came late, having been detained running my eye over my notes; so that when I made my *entrée*, that pushing fellow, L. had already the ear of the company. Judge of my horror when I found him giving tongue to one of my most striking novelties!—I longed to fly at him, and snatch it from his mouth,—as one sees a sharp terrier when another dog has pilfered a bone from him!—But it was all in vain!—He had taken the first move. *Bon mot* after *bon mot* did he let fly from his pigeon-trap, and every shot told. I had nothing left. The fellow subscribed to the same library as myself; had obtained a view of the books four-and-twenty hours before me,—and reduced me to bankruptcy. Cut up as I was, not even an incipient influenza which I pleaded, sufficed as my excuse with the old lady; and though I had the precaution to keep my chambers for a week, to give colouring to the pretext, she never invited me again the whole season, except to one of those horrible *olla podridas* which she sometimes gave at the end of her dinner weeks, to dispose of the fragments, and drink the bottlings-up of wine. It may be supposed that I did not allow myself to be converted into quick-lime.

Ill-natured people fancy that the life of a dining-out man is a life of corn, wine, and oil; that all he has to do is to eat, drink, and be merry. I only know that, had I been aware in the onset of life of all I should have to go through in my vocation, I would have chosen some easier calling. I would have studied law, physic, or divinity; I would have gone the circuit; I would have even gone the whole hog, and become a parson, rather than enjoyed the Barmecides feast of a professor of wit. Eat and drink he may, but to be really merry I defy him—Viands and generous wines pass through his lips, without making the least impression on his palate. His attention is pre-engrossed. By venturing to dwell upon some dainty-dish, he is sure to lose the opportunity of introducing some striking remark, or hazarding some neat little pun. His appetite is continually on thorns. His slice of venison is, perhaps, brought him just as he has launched into some capital story; and he has only the alternative of spoiling it, or finding the fat

become of opaline opacity when enabled to pay himself proper attention. Now venison, like time and tide, waits for no man ; and the stupidest ass of a country cousin may swallow it when the said fat is clear as amber, while the diner-out finds it gradually freezing upon his hapless plate !—

In the same way, one's iced pudding begins to melt while one finishes a series of *reparties* with some sharp opposite neighbour. I remember last season having an *avalanche* before me, that would have cooled the fire-king only to look at ; and before I could command the use of my lips, the recent inundation at Brentford was not more fluent than my plate !—

It is the custom, by the way, of quadrille dancers to be very scrupulous in engaging a *vis-à-vis*. Young ladies pretend that it is of as much consequence to them to be mated with an eligible opposite neighbour, as with an eligible partner. It is of fifty times as much importance to a dining-out man !—What he says to his two next neighbours, however interesting, does him little or no credit with the party. But a confederate opposite, is as invaluable an adjunct as the clown attending the horsemanship at Astley's. The whole audience is convulsed by the witticisms addressed to him. The whole table is in a roar when I happen to sit facing Horace or Sydney. In such a partnership, one loses nothing by a division of profits.

On the other hand, it is a horrible trial of patience to bowl to an awkward bat ; or throw the ball which there is no one to catch. I know nothing more bewildering than for a man who knows himself to have been invited for the entertainment of the company, to get placed, through one of those blunders which so often occur in mixed dinner-parties, next to some dunny dowager—dunny in mind as well as body ; or opposite to a bevy of misses in muslin frocks, to whom it is not permissible to plead guilty of an idea. Conversation is out of the question. It is like singing with your face to a stone-wall. Every fresh attempt at liveliness is rewarded with a stare of stupid wonder ; and it is only when you make yourself comprehensible to the meanest capacity by abusing the weather, or canting about the state of the times, that you are rewarded with more than monosyllables in reply. In vain do you chafe and fret. You have, perhaps, half a dozen capital stories fermenting in your brains. Take my advice. Postpone your triumph. Endure your total eclipse in solemn silence. It is useless attempting to make bricks without straw.

One of my best houses is the Marquis of Bexfield's. What a *chef* !—what a *maître d'hôtel* !—what an establishment !—what a master thereof ! Such a pleasant set, too !—fine people, who are not too fine, and coarse people, who are not too coarse. From the moment of crossing the threshold, one is conscious of a certain *bien-être* pervading one's animal nature ; as in a warm-bath, or the sortie from a long sermon at Christmas, or in the dog-days. There are certain capital dining-houses, such as that of the late Lord S. where gastronomy is made of too engrossing importance. One eats too critically, and grows nervous lest one should be betrayed into enjoying something which the knowing ones decide to be not of the highest quality. In such a set, the conversation-man is of secondary importance. People are invited exclusively to eat and drink. The talker is there only to fill up the pauses between the numerous courses. At Lord Bexfield's, this is not the case. One stands one's ground with the *bastions de volaille* and *château margout*.

The only fault I have to find with his lordship's arrangements, is the multitude of plums in his pudding. He has too many of us. The other day I dined there, expecting to meet the Guernseys, the Middlesexes, and others of that class, with whom I had noticed in the Morning Post, Lord Bexfield to have been lately dining. Not a bit! Nothing but authors and diners-out, with their females!—I never met a stupider set of people. They all looked affronted at being asked to meet each other; and every time the door opened, I saw them looking out anxiously for some lordly or ladyly arrival. We were there to enjoy each other's society, to entertain each other; when every soul of us knew that not one of the party was a dinner-giver, and consequently deserving the attention of the rest. The utmost which any of them pretended to, was what is anomalously called a good plain cook!—"Oh! oh!"

I wonder whether the Mæcenases of Astley's Amphitheatre or Sadler's Wells would do so stupid a thing as collect their tumblers to entertain each other with feats of agility? that is, to betray the mysteries of their calling, and allow a rival to discover how the fire was eaten, and how the eggs were balanced? For my part I was once idiot enough to let fall one of my choice stories, one of my "gems for the season," before Punham, who most nefariously made it his own; and, as he goes among a set of people ignorant enough of the etiquettes of society to feel entitled to seize on all they hear, and appropriate waifs and strays, like Cornish wreckers, I had the agony of hearing one of my best compilations torn to pieces wherever I went,—served piecemeal,—and martyred by clumsy dealing in the operation. Punham used to sit by, listening with an untortured countenance; and, like the distracted mother, brought to light by King Solomon's division of the living babe in her presence, any one of common discretion might have recognized me, by my anguish, to be the legitimate parent of the bantling.

By the way, Punham has one terrible advantage over me. His seat in the house places him in the current of a thousand rumours, which I only receive by a side-wind. Punham knows on Monday, the scandal I am glad to repeat on the Tuesday. I have been sometimes ready to expire when, after firing great guns to draw the attention of the table to some little bit of news I had picked up in the afternoon at the Athenæum, or some visit, my narration has been met with, "Yes; I fancy it is true. Punham mentioned it at Riddlesworth's yesterday at dinner." Parliament, too, keeps him out of the routine of nauseous humdrum dowager-visits, to which I am harnessed. I have heard old Lady Clairville say to him, "Oh! I always make excuses for you. I know how much you are taken up at the house;" and while I wear my wits to the stump in fetching and carrying tittle-tattle for her, she invites Punham to all her pleasantest dinners,—*he* who never does more than leave a card at her door!—I have half a mind to renounce her set altogether; for I look upon Punham as a sort of extinguisher chained to my flambeau. Would I could hope that her set would regret me, as I deserve to be regretted. But they pretend to call me a tale-bearer. One day, when I was sitting there, that saucy fellow, Sir Henry —, began talking about the legislative wisdom of putting to death all stray animals in the time of the Plague, protesting that more mischief was conveyed from house to house by idle in-and-out puppies, than by responsible persons. I knew what he meant. I was almost

inclined to call him out. But I was to dine the next day with the Marquis, and did not want to injure my digestion.

Those dinners at the Marquis's are my sheet-anchor!—I dine at twenty other places, on the strength of them. It is not alone the excellence of my friend Casserole, or the splendid liberality with which the whole thing is conducted, but next day,—nay, for three days afterwards,—one is able to drop in at a hundred different houses, letting fall incidentally something one heard or saw there as an excuse for a careless allusion to the dinner. Then comes the inevitable inquiry, “Did you dine there yesterday?”—“Yesterday, or Wednesday was it? Yes, yesterday.”—“And who had you?”—“Not a very large party—the Duke of Wellington (or whoever may be the lion of the day,) and a few others of one's own set.”

I hardly ever knew the bait fail of a nibble. Slow people are fond of being able to say to the next equally humdrum morning visitor,—“Prattles has just been here. He heard yesterday at Lord So-and-so's ——” and next day one gets an invitation. The Marquis's dinner kittens half a hundred other dinners.

I must own, however, that I had fewer on my list last season, than any preceding one. Did this arise from a diminution in the aggregate of dinners given, or of my own popularity?—The latter, I fear! People get fanciful in the matter of their conversation men. Though certain dishes must recur and recur again in their *menu* every spring,—salmon, turbot, lamb, or turkey-poult,—they seem to think it necessary to have a change in their talkers. It is only Rogers who blooms afresh every season, with the lilacs. There is always some new man,—something that has taken an honour,—or returned from the North Pole or Timbuctoo,—or written a book that has been exalted in the Edinburgh, or cut to mincemeat in the Quarterly,—or blown up a fort in Syria,—or inherited half a million a year,—or run away with somebody's daughter, or *from* somebody's wife,—or something wonderful or other, that entitles him to the veneration and dinners of an indulgent public. With such a card in hand, our friends grow ungrateful; forget how many a stupid party of theirs one's efforts had redeemed from the yawns;—and invite one to a family dinner! I must do as poor Lady Cork used, when her popularity was flagging; viz. send an account to the newspapers of my own death, and next day, the contradiction. Something to this effect:

“We learn, with the liveliest regret, the death of that amiable man, and charming companion, ALFRED PRATTLES, ESQ. Few persons could be so ill spared from the symposia of social life! Mr. Prattles has been for many years past recognized as one of the most distinguished members of the literary and fashionable world; and no party was considered perfect without the addition of his brilliant and highly piquant conversation. He was, perhaps, on the whole, the liveliest talker of the day.”

Followed by, “It is with the most unfeigned satisfaction we learn that there is not the slightest foundation for the rumour of the premature decease of that highly-popular individual, Mr. Prattles. We had ourselves the satisfaction of seeing him yesterday in St. James's Street, walking arm-in-arm with the Duke of Wellington; nor can we sufficiently despise the callous and wanton levity with which certain persons for the furtherance of private pique, presume to harrow up the feelings of anxious friends by the circulation of reports of this

cruel nature. We cannot sufficiently apologize to our subscribers for our insertion of so ill-advised a fabrication."

I foresee from hence the compunctious visitings brightening up the damped affections of my friends and acquaintance, on perusing such an announcement! "Poor Prattles!" they will exclaim, "I don't know how it was,—I had not seen so much of him lately,—yet he is one whose company is always an acquisition,—a most amusing little fellow,—a man who knows everything,—a man whom everybody knows.—Heartily glad to find he is still extant!—By Jove! I'll call on him to-morrow and ask him to dinner."

Even those less-affectionately disposed towards me, even those who perhaps think me a bore, will be moved to ejaculate, "Poor little Prattles!—after all, there was more twaddling than mischief in his gossip. His tittle-tattle was only the labour of his vocation. He never did any harm,—that is, he never meant to do any harm.—If he sometimes administered arsenic instead of magnesia, it was only through a mistake of the labels. He never poisoned people with malice prepense. And he was really very good fun in rainy weather in the country, or when trying to sit his horse in the Park.—I fancy we could better spare a better man than Prattles."

And then one's works!—The moment a literary man dies, and the newspapers take to getting up his memoirs, every little anonymous thing of merit that has been floating about for the last ten years, is laid to his charge. The real author has always the power of establishing his right to his unclaimed dividends;—a letter to the editor from the "constant reader of his invaluable journal," informing him in roundabout phrase that his facts are fictions, and his fictions rubbish, only serves to increase the interest of the paper. On the strength of my decease, I shall probably be charged with "Violet the Danseuse;" or the "Adventures of a Coxcomb." I have a great mind to charge myself with "Fashionable Friends," and "The Nun of Arrouca." It might be a considerable relief to the shoulders of the administration,—and at all events produce a newspaper controversy, certain to bring all parties into notice. 'Pon honour! the idea may be worth working out!—What neat little articles in the Examiner, Spectator, Athenæum, Atlas, and Literary Gazette, will endeavour to fix the cap upon the rightful head!—What fudgerations in the magazines,—what solemn sneers in the Quarterlies.—I foresee a vista of dinners prolonged from the Easter feast to the July banquets of Lovegroves (when the white-bait, like hobbledehoys, have outgrown their melted butter,) issuing from this lucky suggestion.

How I hate all those weekly papers,—with their "Library Tables," and "Weekly Gossip," and "Foreign Correspondence," taking the very roll out of one's mouth!—The digestive doctors swear that the human constitution has never got on half so well since the elaborate processes of modern gastronomy in the form of soups, gravies, and jellies, took half its labours out of its hands. They protest that the epigastric functions, not having enough to do, prey upon themselves, and consequently do mischief. The processes of the human mind are vastly analogous to those of the human stomach. When people used to work hard in the pursuit of knowledge, a healthy appetite was engendered; and it is only since the hashes of literature came to be constantly served at our tables,—scraps of poetry, romance, or history, enhanced by the peppery sauce of the reviewers,—that we lost all taste for the

wholesome learning, the solid sirloin of the historian, the homely batter-pudding of Mrs. Trimmer and Mrs. Chapone. Above all, the impertinent celerity which these placarders of literature send flying all abroad news of the birth of every *chef-d'œuvre*, and the suicides of rash authorship, is enough to distract one.—Five-and-twenty years ago, people took a couple of months to decide whether it were worth while to send to Hookham's for the new-novel; and six weeks after the publication of Southey's last epic, used to be asking each other whether that strange man, who wrote Espriella's Letters, had not been attempting something new?—Now, while Bulwer's youngest is still damp from the press, not a linendraper's apprentice in Regent's Street but is competent to inform the errand-boy that "it ben't by no manner of means bequal to Huge and Harem."—The march of intellect makes its way into every hole and corner, in more than double-quick time.

I have long perceived that my little trips of discovery to Paris, for the importation of "novelties of the season," are of no more use than if I marched up Highgate Hill and down again. Nothing nearer than Constantinople is in the slightest degree available. Between steam-navigation and yachting, the Mediterranean is grown as vulgar as the Nore. Could the ghost of Captain Cook arise to inquire why it has never been laid in Westminster Abbey, how immensely astonished it would be to find people steaming it over the Red Sea, as easily as they used to row, in his time, over Chelsea Reach; and the name of Polynesia as familiar in their mouths as that of Polly Peachum!—For my part, I am thinking of a tour for next autumn (if the untimely decease scheme do not fructify as I anticipate,) and cannot for the soul of me hit upon anything sufficiently exclusive to give a fillip to public curiosity, or pretend to being written up by the Quarterly.

The only spot of earth concerning which St. James's Street and Belgrave Square know nothing, is the City of London. I have a vast mind to try, "TRAVELS TO THE EAST; WITH SKETCHES OF SMITHFIELD AND THE BARBICAN; by one of the opera-tive class," or some such taking title. One might furbish up famous antiquarianisms out of the Gentleman's Magazine, about Crosby Hall and Winchester House, and bring in a host of savoury little compliments to the various companies, and different aldermen, certain to bring down coveys of dinners!—I smell turtle and venison in the very promise!—The Albion—Bleaden—Birch!—august names!—Cornhill, promiseth corn in Egypt;—Smithfield, marrow and fatness;—Warwick Lane, manna.—The city must necessarily abound in byres and cellars,—fat beeves, and strong beer. Fish ought never to be eaten westward of Temple Bar; and albeit, the Bank and Stock-Exchange make their turtle soup, like their twenty per cent, out of calves' heads, there are capital little *fricots* tossed up in the Poultry.—Yes,—decidedly, if a supposititious demise do not mend my fare, I will try the Eastern circuit.—

I wonder whether anybody will start anything *new* this season?—The town is wretchedly in want of a startle—to make it open its eyes. Society is miserably drowsy. The great deficiency of the English mind is invention. The country is full of originals; yet collectively, we are the most jog-trot nation in Europe. I must not quarrel with the fault, but for which, the vocation of diner-out would be extinguished. The *Pique assiette* of the French was a fellow who arrived with *couplets* in his pocket, to enliven the dessert, and administer to their love of

gaiety. The diner-out of the English, is a man who brings news to stir up the stagnancy of the unimaginative natives of Great Britain.

To-morrow, being Sunday, I will drop in at the Marquis's, and ascertain what "novelties he has in preparation," as the theatres say. Everything that is cleverest, throws off at Bexfield House, and should there be anything worth talking of in rehearsal, it were fatal not to be behind the curtain.

Where will the next volcano start up?—Canada is burnt out, and Syria subsiding,—nobody cares about Circassia, except the perfumers. I wish they would push the thing a little in China. When that hare was started, I pumped a monstrous deal out of Henry Ellis; and have got notes embellished with names, polysyllabic enough to stretch from the first course to the second, which I could make deliciously available.—Souchong and pekoe exhale from every syllable!—Besides, I once received a note from Lord Jocelyn, (declining a dinner invitation,) which entitles me to hint, in a careless manner, that I am in correspondence with his lordship. *Nous verrons.*

A CLASSICAL ODE WITH A "FREE TRANSLATION."

AD PŒTAM.

QUÆ te sub tenerâ rapuerunt, Pœta, juventâ,
O! utinam me crudelia fata vocent!

Ut linquam terras, invisaque lumina solis,
Utque tuus rursùm, corpore, sim posito!

Te sequar: obscurum per iter dux ibit eunti
Fidus Amor, tenebras lampade discutens;

Tu cave Lethæo contingens ora liquore;
Et citò venturi, sis memor, oro, viri!

TO PADDY.

Ah! Paddy, my darlin'! thin what has become o' ye?
What spalpeen has darr'd to deprive ye of life?
Sure the thief o' the world might have left jest a crumb o' ye,
To comfort the heart o' yer sorrowful wife!

Ochone! now ye 're gone, see how dreadful my fate is,
Indeed, I can't bear it; I 'll soon "cut my sticks:"—
I 'll lave the bright sun, and the sweet land o' praties,
And be off to look afther my Paddy "like bricks!"

Yes, I 'll follow ye, Pat, though ye have got the start o' me,
For my love is so faithful, 'twill soon find ye out:
With a lamp, or a rushlight, I 'll seek t'other part o' me,
And as soon as I see ye, "Mavourneen!" I 'll shout.

But don't drink of Lethe, or any sich stuff, my boy,
If ye do, ye 'll forget yer poor wife, mebbe hate her;
But if ye feel thirsty—the thought's quite enough, my boy,
By the pow'rs but I 'll bring yiz a dhrop o' the cratur!

Gus.

MESSRS. LEACH, BATTYE, AND SLUG'S MANAGING CHANCERY CLERK.

Hence, home, you idle creatures, get you home!
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?

Julius Caesar.

MR. CORNELIUS MABBY lived rather high up, in a house leading out of Milford Lane by *zigzagonal* (if I may use such an expression) windings, between Essex Street and Arundel Street,—two streets notorious for a superabundance of coal-merchants, lawyers, and lodging-house keepers. With the exceptions, I believe, of one baker, one plumber, two chandlers' shops, and one law-stationer, there is hardly a variety from the trades or professions which I have set down. In a court—(for history disdains mystery)—in a court, in fact, and up four pair of stairs, lived Mr. Mabby. He was head clerk in the firm of Messrs. Leach, Battye, and Slugs, eminent Chancery lawyers, in some blind street, antlering itself out of the Strand. He was much occupied; but it must be confessed that it was his *pleasure* to wear the collar of occupation. History is never so agreeable and becoming as when it takes the air of biography; and as I happen to know (having been present) that Mr. Mabby divulged himself on the evening of the day after last Michaelmas term, to two of the junior old gentlemen in Messrs. Leach and Co.'s employment, over or after a hot heel supper, at the close of the office, say about eleven o'clock,—I shall, after describing the lofty yet comfortable locality of Mr. Mabby, commit to the conversation of him and his two co-labourers the developement of the clerkly converse.

Up, therefore, four pair of stairs lived Mr. Mabby. The house was a sort of human receiving-house for what may be denominated penny-pot families. Fathers, mothers, and children dropped into a one-pair back, or a three-pair front, as casually as letters; and at the door, the bell-handles had all the harmonious appearance of organ stops, "each under each, as tuneable" as the Shakspearian hounds, and each vied with the other in requesting you would have the pleasure to ring it. Mabby, it must be owned, had to go up four flights of stairs, and flights they were to the airy spirit, which rose like the eagle from the scene of its prey to its own nest,—a *little*, however, it must be admitted, after sunset. He had (besides a closet for the children) one room,—not the eagle, but Mr. Mabby,—and this he protested, in his airy way, that he had for many reasons, one or two of which he condescended to enumerate,—namely, that he preferred clear air, which came softened through the chimney-tops from the Thames (this he called ventilating the bleakness), for the sake of his five children; he preferred it for the sake of his own exercise in going home; and above all, he put a high estimate on it, because his wife, Mrs. Mabby, was satisfied that the things dried better (and she spent her life in washing), and that Mabby, her dear Mabby, looked whiter in the eyes of the Chancellor, from the atmosphere in which his collars were dried.

The room was one which Crabbe would have delighted to paint; the mantelpiece was out of the reach of every human being of the family, except by means of a stool; and yet on this mantelpiece, by a sort of indescribable compromise between use and ornament, the pepper-box shone as something almost German-silvery and attractive; the nutmeg-grater seemed to discard its roughness, and put on a sort of polished character; in short, the common tin needments of the kitchen, like the lower human orders in life, flared up into a sort of tin Chartism, and asserted rights which neither their usual position in society nor their *metal* entitled them to maintain. The fender was low, and weak in the back, and with difficulty supported the weight of a shovel with a net-work scoop, a pair of tongs with a diseased joint, and a poker with a starvation tongue. There was one easy-chair without a bottom, and the flock coming out at intervals at the back; two or three other seats, which might be considered as regulars, if their being *broken in* would qualify them, furnished the room; and moreover the eye fell upon one table, with an anti-Spanish mahogany top, and a spavined leg; one *three*-post bedstead, with a wooden box doing the duty of the fourth leg and a clothes-press at the same time, very solidly; no valance, no curtains, but a decided iron bar going round a portion of the top, asserting the right to them at pleasure. I do not wish to be particular in my description, and shall therefore not hunt the dear Mr. and Mrs. Mabby into their cupboards and coal-cellar, though as to the latter, I will do her the justice to say, that no one more availed herself of the variations of the market than she did; as the eldest child, to avoid a cumbrous stock being laid in at a bad price, invariably fetched in the article fresh and fresh in a hat-box.

I have been perhaps a little too particular in my description of this domicile; but when can a reader so well realise to himself or herself the interest of the characters described, as when the scene of action is faithfully brought before them.

A word or two as to Mrs. Mabby, and I will proceed with my narration. Were it not that in all that concerned her husband she would interfere with her attenuated observations, I should certainly pass her by as something that ought to be spared to the reader. But she was a characterless character. She would be doing when she had nothing to do; she would be saying when she had nothing to say; she never by the remotest chance spoke of anything but her own family; she was no wiser than the youngest child in it. Being near-sighted, in eye as well as mind, she declared she saw everything that was going on in that family. She saw Mabby looking ill, when she could not see him at all; she zealously washed, when she could not tell a dirty thing from a clean one; she broiled a steak for what she called her dear M. when she didn't know whether the fire was in or out. Her life was a life of suds and solitude, and utter near-sightedness of eye and mind.

I now am enabled to return to the day after term,—a day on which my respected Chancery-clerk, Mr. Mabby, not only obtained liberty to leave at ten, but in the plenitude of his pleasure prevailed upon two young old gentlemen, with peaked pointed noses, and small shiny rims to their hats, appetites set razor-fashion, narrow shoulders, and indefatigable application, to enjoy a supper upon the heels aforesaid, washed and cooked with admirable industry by Mrs. Mabby, and superintended by the dipping of five pair of hungry little fore-fingers,

and the same number of insatiable juvenile eyes, into the saucepan in which they were dressed.

It must now be concluded that the office of Messrs. Leach and Co. is closed; that the common-law clerk has packed up all his *razor-sports* (as writs are facetiously termed); that the pike of a master has ceased to glare out from the weeds of his office; that the three dull coals are raked out of the common office-fire; that the poor cashier has balanced his little embezzlement-book; that the solicitor himself has accomplished his legacy and his residue case; and that Mr. Mabby retires up four pair of stairs to the bosom of his family. On this night it is quite clear that he has asked two of his fellow clerks to sup with him; and to that supper, as illustrative of character, I now beg to introduce the reader.

The organ-stop, four from the bottom, had been drawn out and let go with a smart snap from the released fore-finger and thumb of Mr. Mabby, as he stood on the door-step attended by his two meagre and hungry associates, and the rush of one to the pit from the upper regions was distinctly heard from landing to landing. The door was opened by the eldest daughter, who with a recently washed face (distinctly defined by a shady rim which went high up round the forehead, and retired behind the ears to the nape of the neck), and a frock in very melancholy imitation of white, received her parent with a newly-lit dip, and that peculiar shiny chuckle which marks the face of a child labouring under a hope or a promise of "setting up to supper." Mabby stepped in first, a mode of civility peculiar to a lodger. A housekeeper may pause, bow, and usher in his friends to his home, following them like a vassal, because, once over the threshold, all is "home, sweet home;" but the lodger in the house has to pick his home out of a packet,—to show the way to his little honeyed cellular department in the busy hive. And therefore Mabby stepped in, and begged his friends to follow. Up went the white frock and the dip first, a little too quick for the uninitiated travellers of the irregular staircase. Mabby then "opened as leader," with all the pomposity, near-sightedness, and twistings of a Chancery silk gown, supported by his two juniors, who "followed on the same side,"—that is, unwound the self-same tortuous course, and trod in the same steps as their leader. After the usual difficulties, the party got into what Mrs. Mabby in her pleasanter moments called "The Master's Office;" that is the one room we have already described; and the heels on the fire, the candle on the mantelpiece, Mrs. Mabby dressed as if it was Sunday, and her little family, separate reports in the way of children, filed regularly, seemed to bespeak a most cozy evening. Mabby confirmed all his said little reports by distinct pats on the head; and then, probably with reference to the unoccupied space in his own, and the room's interior, opened with that direction with which Lady Macbeth concludes, by uttering, like a judgment, "To bed—to bed—to bed—to bed!" There were then the invariable five supplicatory looks at the mother,—the five shrugs of the little skinny naked shoulders,—the five audible snuffles of cold and disappointment,—then the crawling, dangling submission,—then a monotonous distribution of kisses to all (not even letting the two *invitees* escape),—and then, "last stage of all," the accomplishment of the bottle conjuror's trick, the introduction of the whole of this fine young family into a closet, which it would have puzzled even the

invention of a George Robins to have aggravated into a bed-chamber. The iron boot in which the leg of poor Macbriar was lodged in the days of Old Mortality could hardly have fitted closer than must this pinching dormitory have enfolded these five little tortured innocents. They were allowed no light, as there was no room for it, and it was satisfactory to know that the little dears, once in, were sure to be safe. "There! — good night!" said the mother, as she saw her little lambs folded; and you heard the stifled bleatings of five "Good nights!" as the door closed upon the suffocating rest of the *five* Babes in the Wood.

"My dear!" said Mabby, as his wife returned to the room, "now for supper! We are all famished. Jones and Bibby have tasted nothing to-day, on purpose to be ready for supper; and I have only munched one biscuit, within, as I may say, the jurisdiction of the court, and to which twice, as it snapped crisp, the usher filed exceptions. Come, come!"

"Well, Mr. M." (she used initials when she wanted to *clear-starck* her husband in the eyes of his friends)—"Well, Mr. M., all is ready, and done to a bubble. You lay the cloth, and I will be ready with the supper as quick as a suit."

Now here the good woman was a little out, even with the best of meanings. She knew a legal allusion was always the most agreeable to her better half; but she was scarcely ever lucky in her seizure of one. Mabby winked to Jones and Bibby, and received two decided winks of acknowledgment in return, "an overpayment of delight!"

"Quick as a suit, eh, my dear? Quicker, I hope, or it won't *suit* us!"

"He, he!" from Bibby, and "Ha, ha!" from Jones, rewarded Mabby, who proceeded at once to stretch an odd sort of undersized table-cloth—a towel that had rather overgrown itself—upon the anti-mahogany table aforesaid. With a little careful twitching and smoothing, it contrived scantily to hide the surface wood-work, but allowed no drapery to approach the knees, or be ready for the napkin-work during the meal, or to give a final polish to the interior of the fork, an accomplishment invariably caught by hasty diners at eating-houses. Porter, and a more *refined* beverage, were had in for the coming feast; and Mrs. Mabby soon deposited in a capacious deep dish the savoury reeking viands. The onslaught was rapid, the destruction severe; not a vestige of the devourable part of the one dish remained in less time than we choose to record. But

"Pass we the long unvarying *course*!"

and come we to the after-supper converse. At the conclusion of the repast, however, Mabby, who had reserved a pleasantry he had treasured up for the occasion, asked Bibby if he was a good hand at a *humdrum*?

"A what?" inquired Bibby.

"A humdrum—a riddle—a bus or a humdrum," replied Mabby.

"Not a bit," foggily replied the satisfied one.

"Come, Jones, then," said the inquirer, turning to the other companion, "come, why are we like a party of the swell-mob?"

"La! my dear M, what language!" exclaimed the wife, dipping a little meditatively into the heart of Barclay and Perkins's mystery.

"Can't say, if I was to lose my situation to-morrow," replied Jones, after a pretence at a guess not worth noticing.

"Why!" said Mabby,—and he sat bolt upright as he was about to deliver himself of a *dictum*. "Because, you see, when we're put to it, *we take to our heels like good uns!*"

Mabby laughed first and smartest, Jones was loudest, and Bibby was a clear quick tenor. Mrs. Mabby said, "La! dear M. what language!" The host declared that he never tried this humdrum with greater effect; and, if the truth must be known, the nature of the supper was often regulated by this very joke, because our red-tape Joe Miller knew there was only one dish it would fit.

The cloth, at a word from the husband, was soon cleared; that is, the scanty white covering was peeled from the table, and three "goblets sparkled on the board!" with plenty of hot water, three pipes, a bottle of best refined white, and four satisfied insides! When Mrs. Mabby saw that all was ready, like Nelson when he found everything prepared before Trafalgar's battle, — she sat down in her cabin, and—looked on!

"Now is the hour that wakens fond desire
In men of law, and melts their thoughtful hearts."

Is there any action more indicative of peace, of harmless meditation, of "the dying day's decline," than the mode in which a man in this working-day world, who then thinks himself somebody, however mild in the estimation of others he may be in the day, takes up a pipe, tries it, cleans it,—*tallons* it, or *porters* it,—loads, rams—no *presses*—down, lights it, and, lifting it to his happy lips, lets thought go forth on the first cloud,

"And gives to airy nothing
A local habitation."

Each was soon suited. Jones, finding some little obstruction in the bowl, snorted through it like a grampus in trouble; but Bibby was soon sitting in a light silvery cloud, very much in the style of Madame Vestris in one of the Olympic revels. Mabby was elaborate in his preparations; but at length, having placed a little wooden box before his feet like the seals, he "took his seat." Mrs. M. had all the benefit of the air, which she always said was very wholesome.

A long pause, which, however, was clearly intended for *breathing time*.

"Phe-e-e-uw!" sighed Jones, after the fashion of a steam-engine relieving its overfraught breast. "Much doing last term? eh, Mr. Mabby?"

This inquiry was enough; pant—pant—pant went the agitated red fiery interior of Mabby's bowl; his eye gathered all its solemnity together. He drew out the pipe from his lips, stared and uttered—"Uncommon!"

Bibby nodded assent, and sent forth an attenuated line of thin white smoke, and said he "didn't doubt it."

"Uncommon!" repeated Mabby, in a way that left "no peg to hang a doubt on."

Mrs. Mabby lifted up her eyes, and looked as Lady Burleigh might have looked, on seeing Lord Burleigh perfect in the shake of his head, and shaking it.

"What a time you must have had of it! Mr. Slug is so quick and restless," ejaculated Jones.

"I'll tell you what it is, Jones; Slug is too quick for Chancery!"

"I've *heard* so," responded Jones.

"He wants something to move every term. He won't let papers get dusty, which is the soul, if I may say so, of a chancery suit. He's a sort of creature, now, as would be for looking to the end of things; he'd be for winding up an eight-day clock every night. No—no! Slug is too quick!"

"Why don't you reason with him, eh? Why don't you explain what the natural course is?" remonstrated Jones.

"Why, I do—I do. I put the papers aside. I do nothing where I possibly can, to keep suits in their natural state; but then he roakes and pokes, and gets fidgety, and if any one comes in he will have the papers out, and will disturb things."

"It's like waking a child out of its first sleep!" exclaimed Mrs. Mabby, her maternal feelings being touched by this description.

"Battye's a good man," continued Mabby. "He wouldn't care if a suit never got out of the Master's office in his born days. He always asks in so proper a tone how such a matter goes on? and you know at once by his manner that he means, how *don't* it go on."

"Ah! that's something like a solicitor!" sighed Bibby. "He never looks much over my petty cash!"

"No—no!" continued Mabby. "He's one o' the old school—he is. If I tell him sometimes, 'Chappel and Soundly, sir,—warrant to proceed.'—'Indeed, Mabby,' says he, 'what have you got on to that already.' As much as to say, 'Softly, my rapid!' Or sometimes I hint, 'In the Humbubble charity, sir; may I bespeak draught report?'—'No,' says he, 'take out another warrant.' As much as to say, 'You'll burst your b'iler, Mr. Engineer, with *that* speed!' Battye's a man, now, as Lord Eldon would have doted on!"

All this office-criticism was carried on in the way that chancery business is generally conducted in the Master's office,—in a dense, self-created fog.

After a short pause, and a replenishing of the glasses, the triumvirate got more earnestly into conversation, and Mr. Mabby's criticism, doffing its domestic character, went up Chancery Lane, looked into the Six-Clerks' Office and the Courts, and got, like Othello, "free and merry."

"Chancery," ejaculated the oracle of the fourth story, "Chancery is one of the ninth wonders of the world!"

"It is—it is," responded Bibby, "and more than that, taking in the Six-Clerks' Office, and all."

"Ay, the Six-Clerks' Office; *that* I call a paradise to a real equity mind."

"Not a shadow of a doubt about it!" said Jones. "Though it never struck me before."

"The Six-Clerk's Office, when I've served my warrants, and aint in a hurry, is a sort of a church like, all is so still and pew-like!"

"So it is," said Bibby, deeply struck with the picture.

"Pews, eh? Is there a pulpit, then, dear M.?" said the lady.

Mabby continued, without heeding this interference, "Everybody is examining nothing, and one feels awe-struck when one knows that a'most all the property on earth is asleep, as one may say, in this quiet place. It's like the lesson o' the day to a mind as thinks."

All the party pretended to think at this sublime reflection of Mabby, until Jones thought it was high time "to take his head out of his hat," as he called the established pause of mingled meditation and prayer. "Is the bar as strong now as ever you remember it, Mr. Mabby?"

This was touching the mighty master's key-bugle; he at once laid down his pipe, without a care whether it "lived or died," gathered and embraced his own hands across his own kneecap, elevated his eyebrows—the one a little higher than the other; motioned to his friends to fill, to which they silently assented; emptied the whole of his own draught at a gulp, as if to remove every obstacle from before him; put Mrs. Mabby a foot further from him; leant his head a little on one side, and commenced,

"Not by no means—by no manner of means! The Chancery bar I take to be the great Smithfield of intellect. Minds come there of the highest breed—if I may say so—to market; and, Lord! what prices they command!"

"Sold, eh?" sighed Mrs. Mabby.

"I've seen such shows as won't easily be seen again. I've seen Plumer, and Romilly, and Hart, and Heald, and Bell,—great prize creatures—great creatures—great prize creatures. Hart was slow as heart could wish. Romilly was good, but snappish to managing clerks—a great blot! Plumer worked heavy, and became Master of the Rolls; and Heald didn't speak clear, and married. Bell—now Bell had a pleasing manner, and was as intelligible as most of 'em. I remember Rose, too; a sweet arguer; but Rose rose, and has gone out o' view into the Court of Review. P'raps he may come down again among us some day—somewhere! Talent's great now; but talent aint so 'stounding as it was: and it never seems Chancery like to me to see *new silk gowns*. I remember Fonblanque's gown! I remember the time when nobody moved; and in Lord Eldon's time I no more thought of a new Chancellor than of a new mother."

"I dare say not," said Jones.

"Very natural!" sighed Mrs. M.

"There were the same officers for years; the same nosegay, I'm told; and the same tall black woman in weeds as used to sit, mad, waiting for a decree. If you left the Chancellor rubbing the calf of his leg on a Monday, you were as sure as Gospel to find him a-rubbing the same calf of a Thursday. No hurry then—no surprise—no—no—you might go back to office,—go home, and lay your head on your pillow, satisfied your cause wasn't a bit nearer a hearing than ever! Them were days! Lincoln's Inn Hall then seemed filled with statuary."

"Days indeed!—calcined days, I call 'em," ejaculated Bibby,—who meant *halcyon*, it is to be presumed, but the word got entangled and he could not undo it. "But of the present leaders now, eh, Mr. Mabby?"

"Oh!" replied Mabby, "there are very commanding gentlemen

now, it can't be denied ; but, then, they ha'n't the quiet o' the others as are gathered. Knight Bruce — now Knight Bruce is very like a speaker, and distinct, and never misses not a syllable ; and then, which is a great thing in Chancery, he won't take 'No' for an answer. He's sad savage at us, as prepares all for his fury — which ain't right — but I daresay he knows no better. But I'd rather go in to Mr. Van What's-his-name's lion afore shinbone time, than venture in to him at chambers. It's a no use a-hitting *him* over the nose, I can tell you ; it may do very well with that wild beast, but it won't do with the other. Jacob, too — Mr. Jacob's a gentleman, and 'as climbed up well to the top. If I wished to climb, I wouldn't wish to do better than use Jacob's ladder."

Bibby did not know he had a ladder, and Mabby said he only spoke "figatively."

"He's quite as good as Bruce, only he ain't so loud. Pemberton's as mild as one's sister, but as persevering as a bull-dog : you'd hardly think he could hold on so, to look him in the face. Kinderley — now Kinderley —"

Here Bibby, a little faint and overcome, silently dropped his glass, and spoiled the set. This accident broke in upon Mr. Mabby's court of review, "with most admired disorder." Jones had so saturated himself with the spirit during this chancery harangue that his mind was as clouded as his outward head ; and Mrs. Mabby was flurried out of a light broken sleep by the clattering of one out of her complete set of three tumblers.

"Bless me ! Mr. Bibby, was that you ?" was all that pacific creature said on seeing her glass shivered, as Lord Byron called it, "at her feet," but without "feeling her reflections multiplied."

"Great indeed ! — great — deed !" exclaimed Jones.

"Home ! — time — home ! Nine in the morning. Happy — happy night !"

Up rose Jones, with rather a heel on one side, it must be owned, suggested perhaps by the quality of his supper. Up, too, loofed himself, Bibby ; and the two little weak elevations, like two modern erections by a speculating builder, immediately leant against, and depended upon each other for support. Mabby was as sober as a judge ; and, taking the candle, marshalled the imbecile pair "the way that they were going." The stairs were not difficult of descent, as was proved by two or three being taken now and then at once ; and at every landing-place the party evidently received stifled blessings from the interior : the twistings around the banisters were, however, intricate in the extreme, and Bibby occasionally swarmed down very steep bits. Arrived at the door, there was a profuse display of open-eyed, staring, meaningless gratitude, and gin-and-water happiness. "Never such a night !" and "What a blessing in Mrs. Mabby !" and "Heaven bless yous !" were as thick as rain-drops in a thunder-shower. Mabby allowed the two to go out like a couple of flickering rush-lights, calling after them to be regular in the morning, as there was a warrant to proceed in the "Humbubble charity."

Mabby retired to his repose, as quietly as the most aged and familiar chancery suit under his care. Mrs. Mabby "followed on the same side," and only regretted it was so late, as she had to be up to-morrow "to wash."

Is it not strange that these hard-worked, ill-paid, harassed, humbled clerks, took the colour of their pleasures from the hues of their occupation? I presume that as the soldier and sailor find delight in fighting all their battles over again, and in thrice slaying the slain; so the law-clerk conjures up a phantom enjoyment from dwelling *at his ease at night*, upon the drudgeries and sufferings he actually encounters and endures in the day.

H. R.

MODERN ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

MR. SERJEANT TALFOURD.

ONE of the favourite topics of discussion with the periodical writers of the day, is the state of the dramatic art in England, which, we are gravely assured, is wasting away under the gradual pressure of a hopeless atrophy. There is some truth in this assertion, but it is not true to the full extent of its meaning, but must be understood in a qualified sense. The taste for the acted drama is certainly on the decline, and has been so for years; but dramatic genius is so far from being in the same condition, that we have more of it at this moment among us, than we have had since the mighty masters of the art passed from the stage of life. For the last century and a half we have had no such writers as we now possess in Joanna Baillie, Beddoes, Knowles, Talfourd, Hunt, Horne, Browning, and others whose names do not at present occur to us; for the Addisons, Youngs, Johnsons, Moores, and Lillo of the eighteenth century,—eminent as some of these were in other departments of literature,—were assuredly not dramatists in the strict acceptation of the term; for they knew not how to touch the passions skilfully, or give its due predominance to action, but relied for effect on pompous, ornate diction, and exaggerated delineation of character. Home is the best of this frigid and formal school, for he does occasionally sound the true chord of feeling; nevertheless, his “*Douglas*” is at best but a languid performance, putting us off with declamation, when we look for passion, and substituting florid description for spirited and progressive action.

It will be observed that we here speak only of the tragic drama; for we have no writers of comedy among us. That is a branch of the art, which dealing with more familiar matters, and being dependent for its existence on the manners, fashions, and other floating peculiarities of the day, necessarily “*languishes, grows dim, and dies*,” whenever these, by reason of their general sameness and want of originality,—as is the case at present,—cease to supply the comic muse with nutriment. As regards the tragic drama, then, we repeat that it is just now in a more thriving condition than it has been since the *Ultimus Romanorum*—the last of our great dramatists—expired in the person of Shirley; and that it can only be said to be declining in popular estimation, with reference to its representation on the stage. And the cause of this decline is obvious, and may be summed up in a sentence. It is not that one theatre has a monopoly, and another has none; that one manager has a fancy for raree shows, and another for operas; no, the cause is, that we have no first-rate tragic actors. Intelligent ones we have, whose judgment, disciplined by experience, is a sufficient guarantee that they will acquit themselves creditably in whatever part they may undertake; but we have none in whose conception and working out of character we can recognise that commanding power of genius which lays a spell on our imagination, and probes our roused sensibilities to the quick. Instead of bringing him a host in themselves, our modern tragedians are too often compelled to lean for support exclusively on the dramatist, and when his genius happens to nod—*aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*—they cannot, as Siddons, Kemble, and Kean could do, even with such indifferent plays as *The Gamester*, *Cato*, and *Bertram*, excite and maintain an interest for themselves.

Such being the case, we think it far from unlikely that we may live to see the day when the acted drama shall be known only as a thing that was,—unless, in-

dead, some new Siddons or Kean should arise to stay its downfall. But we have no apprehension that the closet drama, if we may so speak, will ever experience a similar fate. As soon should we expect to see literature itself shuffled aside as an obsolete fashion, and the age relapse into barbarism; for the dramatic is the noblest, the most exciting, most triumphant, and attractive form which genius can assume. How much patient study,—how much practical acquaintance with the strength and weakness of humanity,—how much concentrated feeling and fervid power of imagination,—how much silent communing with his own heart,—above all, how entire a Catholicism of nature, are necessary to constitute the sterling dramatist! To succeed in this difficult department of intellect implies the possession of abilities of the highest order; and we regard it as an omen of auspicious import, that some of the most admired poems of modern date are those which have been cast in a dramatic mould,—such as *The Bride's Tragedy*, Phillip Van Artevelde, *Thomas à Beckett*, *Gregory the Seventh*, *Nina Sforza*, and *Festus*.

Foremost among those who have distinguished themselves in this important branch of literature is Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, whose tragedies, effective in representation, lose none of their interest when perused in the calm seclusion of one's study. Of but few contemporary dramatists can this be said; and we well recollect how surprised we were, after witnessing the success of the "*Provost*," "*Rizzio*," and some other plays on the boards, to find, on an attentive examination, how much more there was of show than substance in them. Amid the excitement of a crowded theatre, with the tones of some skilful tragedian ringing in our ears, and every picturesque resource that the stage can supply, brought to bear on our imagination, we are apt to overlook all but the most obvious and glaring defects; but in the still retirement of the closet, with no external influences at work to disturb our self-possession, or throw our judgment off its balance, we come to the task of critical investigation in an unbiassed spirit; and he whose plays can stand this deliberate scrutiny may be pronounced a dramatist in the most legitimate sense of the term. To this praise Mr. Talfourd is fully entitled. The presence of a refined, matured, and elevated taste, directing the course of emotion so as not to "overstep the modesty of nature," is visible in all his tragedies; and accordingly, in calling them to mind, we remember, not so much the excellence of one particular scene, as the impression that each made on us as a whole. He seems ever to have kept in his eye those lofty models of antiquity who, after the lapse of three thousand years, "still rule our spirits from their urns." This is particularly remarkable in his earliest dramatic efforts, "*Ion*," and the "*Athenian Captive*," whose forcible but unexaggerated development of character, which has all the distinctness and dignity of sculpture—artfully constructed fable, wherein the catastrophe is brought about by a succession of causes all dependent upon one another—and classic elegance and propriety of language—show with what zeal and care the Learned Serjeant has studied the master-pieces of Sophocles and Euripides. To this careful study must be attributed his innate distaste for anything like stage-trick or melodramatic effect. Indeed, in one or two instances he has, we think, shown himself unnecessarily fastidious, and rejected opportunities of eliciting impassioned effects, from an apprehension of violating what *Philosopher Square* would call "the fitness of things."

It was observed of Sir Walter Scott by one of his most discriminating critics, that in his historical tales he not only showed an extensive knowledge of the age whose manners he professed to portray, but so fully and closely identified himself with it, that he seemed to revive its characteristic peculiarities less by an effort of the imagination than of the memory, just as though he were delineating incidents, habits, and personages of which he had himself had personal cognizance. Much of this rare faculty may be traced in the classic dramas of Mr. Talfourd. He, too, exhibits not merely an extensive, but a familiar, heart-felt acquaintance with all that we have on record of the traditions, and religious and domestic usages of the heroic times of Greece. He brings before us the Corinthian augurs watching the flight of birds; makes us breathless spectators of the well-known chariot-race, introduces us to stern Minerva's inmost shrine, where stands the "giant statue" of the goddess; gives us an insight into the solemn sacrificial rites of Argos; and spreads out beneath our gaze the olive-crowned hills and columned temples of Athens. Nor must we omit to notice the apt felicity of his passing allusions to the "sad ghost" wandering to that "thronged and silent shore," of which we get such impressive glimpses in the *Odyssey*; to the "great race of Theseus"; to the "*haggard Fury*" waiting to "cut the knot of lustrous life;" to the "couch thronged by the phantoms of revenge," which was suggested, we suspect, by a

thrilling scene in the *Orestes* of Euripides ;* and to the “ *dusky wall of shields*,” the exquisite propriety of which epithet no reader of Homer but must admire. These minute, characteristic touches—which are all let drop accidentally, as it were—are such as could only have been supplied by one who combined a scholar’s knowledge of the classic times, with a poet’s imagination to colour, shape, and breathe the breath of life into that knowledge.

It is curious to note the contrast that exists between the genius of Mr. Talfourd and that of his distinguished contemporary, Mr. Sheridan Knowles. Successful as both dramatists are, the one possesses scarcely a single attribute in common with the other. The former represents the classic school of art, with all its serene, emphatic majesty, and fixed unity of purpose, by which the same coherence and consistency are given to the different parts of a story, as to the different limbs of a statue. The latter is a revival of the Elizabethan dramatists, with all their fervid, irregular, tumultuous crowd of emotions, and all their wilful disregard of keeping, in point of details. In Mr. Talfourd’s plays we see that everything has been studiously arranged beforehand ; nothing is left to the caprice of the moment—to the chapter of accidents. The plot is uniformly simple and gradual in its development ; and, once set fairly a-going, it never halts or retrogrades, but moves steadily on to the crowning catastrophe. Yet simple, even to severity, as it is, it is never too obvious, but keeps alive curiosity at every stage of its progress. Mr. Knowles, on the other hand, is faulty to a degree in the construction of his plots, and raises expectation in one act, only to disappoint it in the next. Like some generous, high-mettled racer, he sets out on his course with uncommon vigour ; but, being unable to husband his energies, he runs himself out of breath before he has got half-way to the goal. Seldom, if ever, do his incidents follow in natural sequence ; and in working them up, he is apt to adopt a principle of favouritism with them—that is to say, he lavishes all his great powers on one, to the manifest detriment of the rest. Hence, though he has many noble, impassioned scenes, full of life, and studded with poetic gems of the purest water, he has not yet produced one highly-finished drama. As regards diction, Mr. Talfourd is elegant, harmonious, and occasionally somewhat florid ; Mr. Knowles, rough, epigrammatic, abrupt, and in his more familiar dialogues fond of affecting a republican homeliness of manner. To this we can have no objection ; but we do most earnestly protest against his frequent adoption of the quaint, obsolete phraseology of the Elizabethan age, which is as great an error of taste as would be the revival of a ghost, or a fairy, or a hamadryad, in a modern poem or romance. The main object of a dramatist should be, to copy living nature to the satisfaction of living judges, but this he can only partially accomplish, if he is constantly having recourse to a colloquial style in which men have long since ceased to express themselves. We do not find that Shakespeare affects the dialect of Chaucer. In the conception of character Mr. Talfourd exhibits great loftiness of thought and sentiment ; Mr. Knowles rarely soars above the ordinary level of humanity, but when he sets out with the heroic, as in the instance of “*John of Procida*,” he seems to feel that he has essayed a flight above his capacity, and quickly subsides into the domestic, where he is at home, if ever dramatist was.

The truthful energy and impassioned character of Mr. Knowles’s genius have been much—and deservedly so—commended, but we know not that even in his happiest moods he has shown more unaffected vigour than Serjeant Talfourd ; who, when circumstances require it, can be concise and energetic enough, knowing well that it is not passion’s wont to fritter itself away in prolix declamation. In justification of our assertion we shall take leave to quote one or two passages from the “*Athenian Captive*.” Here is a startling delineation of a murderer’s state of mind in solitude :—

* *Orestes*, while reclining on his couch, imagines himself haunted by the furies, and the phantom of his murdered mother, and gives vent to his mental agonies in the following terrible lines, which the Learned Serjeant no doubt had in his eye while portraying some of the horrors that beset the brain of the remorse-stricken Thoas :—

ο μητις, ικιστου σε, μη 'πιστι μοι
 τες αιματωδους και δρακοντωδους καρμς
 αυται, γαρ, αυται πλησιον θροσκουνι μου.
 ο Φοιβ', απεκτινουνι μ' αι κυνωπιδις,
 γαρ γαρμς, ενερν ενριαι, δειναι διαι.

"Again I stand within this awful hall !
 I found the entrance here, without the sense
 Of vision ; for a foul and clinging mist,
 Like the damp vapour of a long-closed vault,
 Is round me. Now, its objects start to sight
 With terrible distinctness ! Crimson stains
 Break sudden on the walls ! *The fretted roof*
Grows living !—Let me hear a human voice,
Or I shall play the madman !"

In the above passage the reader will not fail to admire the emphatic significance of the epithet " sudden," and the ghastly image of the hall swarming with strange, silent life ! The same deep chord of emotion is struck in the following brief dialogue, which concludes with one of the most striking thoughts in the whole range of modern dramatic literature :—

" THOAS.

I have drunk fiercely at a mountain spring,
 And left the stain of blood in its pure waters ;
 It quenched my mortal thirst, and I rejoiced,
 For I seemed grown to daemon, till the stream
 Cooled my hot throat, and then *I laughed aloud*
To find that I had something human still !

PENTHEUS.

Fret not thy noble heart with what is past.

THOAS.

No ! 'tis not past !—*The murderer has no Past ;*
But one eternal Present !"

How beautiful, in a gentler and healthier spirit, is Mr. Talfourd's description of Athens ! The versification is as smooth and polished as Parian marble ; and the closing sentiment, where the vision of the glorious city is represented as interesting the spectator, chiefly by reason of its reminding him of home, gives a touching and mellowing human interest to the passage :—

" Athens ;

Her groves, her halls, her temples, nay, her streets,
 Have been my teachers !—Fatherless, I made
 The city and her skies my home ; have watch'd
 Her various aspects with a child's fond love ;
 Hung in chill morning o'er the mountain's brow,
 And, as the dawn broke slowly, seen her grow
 Majestic from the darkness, 'till she fill'd
 The sight and soul alike ; enjoy'd the storm
 Which wrapt her in the mantle of its cloud,
 While every flash that shiver'd it reveal'd
 Some exquisite proportion, pictured once
 And ever to the gazer ;—stood entranced
 In rainy moonshine, as, one side, uprose
 A column'd shadow, ponderous as the rock
 Which held the Titan groaning with the sense
 Of Jove's injustice ; on the other, shapes
 Of dreamlike softness drew the fancy far
 Into the listening air—but most I felt
Her loveliness when summer evening tints
Gave to my lonely childhood sense of home."

We might adduce many other passages of equal excellence with those which we have just quoted ; but enough, we think, have been given to justify the terms in which we have spoken of Mr. Talfourd as a dramatist. Be it remembered, too, to his lasting credit, that in all his tragedies he has steadily kept one great object in view — namely, to raise our estimate of humanity by bringing into play all that is noble and redeeming in man's nature, and vindicating his high destiny as a thinking and responsible being.

HO-FI OF THE YELLOW GIRDLE.*

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

FAIRER than rice, more graceful than the bamboo, was So-Sli, the daughter of Poo-Poo. Her foot was no longer than her finger, so that when she walked she tottered elegantly, and required the support of a reed or of a hand-maiden; so light was her form, and so lovely was her face, and so helpless was her air, that when she appeared abroad she attracted the notice of all, as a straw which a juggler of Shanghi balances on the tip of his nose. Her brows were arched like the feathers in the tail of the domestic bird of the river; her eyes were smaller than the kernels of the almond, and were free from the disfigurement of lashes; her hair was like a cobweb of the black spiders of Chen-si; her nose was small, and beautifully flat; her lips were as two large pink caterpillars which the cooks of Pecheli have prepared for the banquet of the Son of Heaven. The fame of her loveliness had spread throughout the province Kiang Si, and many a manly spirit yearned towards her, even on the report of her beauty.

Many were the solicitations made to her father for the hand of the lovely So-Sli, and he might have married her to mandarins both civil and military as many as he pleased; but old Poo-Poo was a sage and a philanthropist, and had devoted himself much to the investigation of the causes of human happiness and misery, and had determined that marriage might be highly conducive to one or to the other, according as it should be, or should not be conducted upon scientific principles. Of the scientific principles upon which marriage should be conducted he had formed a theory of his own; and it had been a source of the deepest regret to him that he had not devised his theory until after his own marriage. However, as his wife was now dead, that had become a matter of comparatively little importance. He determined that his daughter should have the full benefit to be derived from them; and, for a Chinese, it must be owned that his principles exhibited much liberality of feeling. This was particularly evinced in one of his crotchets, which, however, appeared in the eyes of his countrymen so extraordinary, that it would probably have brought down upon him the heavy displeasure of the government, but for some charitable doubts which were entertained as to his sanity. To us his fancy does not appear so unnatural; but he was the first of some sixty thousand millions of

* The following passage from Davis suggested the subject of this story:—

“The expense to the state of a wáng (imperial relative) of the first rank is about sixty thousand taëls, or 20,000*l.* annually, and this diminishes through the several grades down to the simple inheritors of the yellow girdle, who receive only three taëls per month, and two sacks of rice. But they are allowed one hundred taëls when they marry, and one hundred and twenty for a funeral; from which, says Serra, they take occasion to maltreat their wives, because when they have killed one they receive the allowance for her interment, as well as the dowry of the new wife, whom they take immediately.”—DAVIS'S *Chinese*, vol. i. p. 381.

the celestial people (reckoning but two hundred generations of three hundred millions each) who had ever questioned or doubted the propriety of a marriage between persons who had had no previous acquaintance with each other. He was rash enough to start and maintain this opinion; and furthermore he considered that a certain somewhat of congeniality should subsist between, and be discovered by the parties, before they should proceed to bind themselves indissolubly together. He determined, therefore, not only that his daughter should see her future lord before she became a wife, but such was the peculiar tenderness of his paternal affection, and so far had the heresy of innovation possessed him, that she should not be made over to any person towards whom she manifested a decided dislike; and, indeed, that she should be allowed a certain latitude of choice among the many suitors who were competitors for her hand.

Two great mandarins, Hang and Swing, and a certain rich merchant, Tin, had sent costly presents to her father; and the eloquent Tung, a graduate of the college of Hanlan, had composed ten volumes of moral sentences in praise of the beauty of So-Sli; but though he perused the books, and graciously accepted the presents, Poo-Poo rejected these applicants, who lived too far off to make their addresses in person. It fared no better with many of various rank,—manufacturers, and proprietors of rice-grounds, silk-feeders, barge-owners, and officers civil and military, who, dwelling in the neighbourhood, had opportunities of seeing and of being looked upon by the lovely eyes of So-Sli. She had expressed herself by no means averse to Hang or Swing, Tin or Tung; but these she had never seen; and her father, believing that if she engaged herself under such circumstances, she might repent when she became acquainted with the parties, had withheld his consent. Those whom she saw found no favour in her sight. One was too tall, another was too short, a third was too fat, a fourth too thin; this too gay, and that too serious; Ting-a-ting's voice was too gentle, Ding-Dong's too loud; one was too fond of sweet potato, and sweet potato she disliked; another not sufficiently partial to dog, and dog was her favourite dish. In fact, So-Sli was by no means easy to please.

Here we may pause to remark, that the multiplicity of presents which for a long time poured in upon Poo-Poo were well-nigh procuring converts to his system among old gentlemen who had marriageable daughters; but at last suitors grew chary of their presents, and withheld them till an interview with the young lady should have sealed their fortune.

In the town in which dwelt Poo-Poo and his lovely daughter, So-Sli, there resided a young man who boasted his relationship to the imperial family, being in fact a descendant from an Emperor who had occupied the throne about a hundred and fifty years before. The Emperor of China looks with commendable affection upon all his poor relations, of whom he keeps an inventory of about ten thousand; and, according to their several degrees of affinity, he allots to all, by a graduated scale, a certain annual stipend, and permits them to wear some badge by which they may be distinguished as being of his kin. This badge, whether cloak, or shawl, or belt, or cap, is of the imperial colour, yellow; and in the particular instance of Ho-

Fi, the young man of whom we speak, was a silken girdle, whence he was known throughout that neighbourhood as Ho-Fi of the Yellow Girdle. He furthermore enjoyed an allowance of three dollars and two sacks of rice per month.

Being thus a cousin, though a distant one, of the Son of Heaven, he would have conceived it much beneath his dignity to have followed for his livelihood any profession or trade; and as he had desires and ambition to which his means were quite inadequate, he was driven to curious shifts at times, in the vulgar words of the West, to procure salt for his porridge, or indeed porridge for his salt.

Ho-Fi heard all the tongues in the neighbourhood eloquent in praise of the beauty of So-Sli; but he heard them likewise no less voluble in condemnation of her whimsicality and waywardness. Fresh stories were every day told of her rejection of some meritorious suitor; and as none seemed likely to please her, those who would have been glad to carry off such a prize became shy of advancing their claims. But Ho-Fi, with less intrinsic worth than many, was not of a character to be daunted by the fear of the negotiation proving unsatisfactory, and he resolved to enlist himself as one of the competitors for the hand of So-Sli.

Ho-Fi, though quite a young man, had already been six times married, and on every occasion had had the misfortune to lose his wife within a few weeks after their union. As seven is accounted a particularly fortunate number, it is not to be wondered at that he was desirous to adventure once more. His six dear wives were all laid in a tomb together, and he wanted one other, in order "to make up a set."

Ho-Fi rejoiced in many advantages, which had already stood him in good stead in many circumstances somewhat similar to those in which he was about to exert his tactics. He was possessed of what his lovely countrywomen were prone to consider a handsome person. His finger-nails, by virtue of well-contrived splints, he managed to maintain an inch and a half in length; he was quite free from whiskers or beard; and his head was always kept cleanly shaven, except the usual tuft at the crown, which, of peculiar blackness and strength, and neatly tied up with silk, depended down his back almost to the bend of his knee. He was particular, moreover, in his dress; and as it was well known that his funds were of the most limited, it was a matter of surprise among his neighbours how he became possessed of so very respectable a wardrobe. And if this was a mystery to them, what wonder though I, a stranger and barbarian, am quite unable to explain it? I leave it to your conjectures, and I feel sure that there are some among my countrymen to whom a solution will be intuitively easy. Person and dress, it will be admitted, serve as two powerful talismans in such adventures as that upon which he was going to set forth; but he was possessed of other advantages incalculably more important. These were, a limitless assurance, and that determined perseverance which, disregarding repulses, returns again and again to the charge, or which, in simpler phrase, "will not take *no* for an answer." To these may be added an adaptability of disposition, which could fall in with the humours of all parties, and a readiness in discovering the weak points of the enemy, and directing the attack accordingly.

"'Tis but venturing," said Ho-Fi; "and if I fail, I will not hang myself up by my pig-tail like a Ni-Ni, nor run myself through with a thumb-nail like a Boo-Bee." Ni-Ni and Boo-Bee were two celebrated Werters of China.

His design thus formed, he set to work systematically to carry it into effect, and began by picking acquaintance with the philosopher Poo-Poo. Observing that venerable person cheapening the hind quarter of a prize polecat in the meat-market, with his usual ease and address he managed to fall into conversation with him; and by a little banter, from time to time agreeably directed to the butcher, soon obtained for the philosopher that abatement in the price of the tempting morsel, for which Poo-Poo himself might probably in vain have striven. Having declared his own predilection for polecat, and particularly for the hind-quarter, he led the discourse by easy gradations from polecats to weasels, from weasels to rats, from rats to dogs, from dogs to pigs, from pigs to his fair countrywomen, and so to the celebrated beauty So-Sli, the daughter of the sage Poo-Poo. Of the philosopher himself he expressed great admiration, and regretted that he was not so fortunate as to enjoy his acquaintance, nay, that he did not even so much as know him by sight. Poo-Poo was a lover of wisdom — but what philosopher was ever yet proof against flattery? or would not feel gratified at overhearing his own praises in cases like the present, where they could not be intended as flattery? Ho-Fi had already secured himself a high place in the philosophical estimation of Poo-Poo.

It will readily be supposed that Poo-Poo was not anxious to turn the conversation out of the channel into which it had thus accidentally flowed, and he sounded his new friend's opinions on the subject of his pet matrimonial theory. This Ho-Fi of course applauded "to the very echo," — by which expression is intended that his words were mere mockery, *vox et præterea nihil*.

"Were you to ask me," said he, "who is the greatest of ancient or modern sages, I should answer, Poo-Poo. Were you to ask me who, of all, has advanced a theory most likely to be extensively beneficial to the human race, I should answer Poo-Poo. Were you to ask me for a word synonymous with philosophy, I should answer Poo-Poo. I doubt not that the days will come when the wisdom of Poo-Poo will be universally admitted, and his name be adduced as a conclusive settlement of all disputed questions; when if any one shall be asked his reason, he will answer Poo-Poo; if he be asked his authority, he will answer Poo-Poo; when criticism will be condensed in those two syllables Poo-Poo; and when those same two syllables Poo-Poo will suffice to upset criticism; in short, when he that speaks Poo-Poo the loudest will be the best logician, and when all discussion will be but a matter of Poo-Poo."

That day Ho-Fi dined with Poo-Poo on the hind quarter of the prize polecat.

The morsel was small, but it was choice. Having so soon and so easily insinuated himself into the good graces of the father, he next sought an opportunity of winning his way into those of the daughter. He boldly expressed his desire to Poo-Poo, and a day was settled upon which he should be formally introduced to her, a ceremony not to be conducted with too great precipitation. In the interval he

was careful to collect all information regarding the whims and prejudices of the lovely So-Sli.

He came, he saw, he conquered ; or we should rather write, he came, *she* saw, he conquered. His attire was studiously elegant, and he had selected such colours as he had found, from the report of some of her acquaintance, were most agreeable to her ; his beautifully embroidered petticoat of crimson silk " was such as well might suit a lady's taste ;" his shawl might have won the heart even of an English lady ; his cap he had procured from one of the most eminent *modistes* of Pekin ; and the tippet, which formed part of his outdoor dress was of the most costly fur. His long black hair was carefully plaited, and hung far down his back ; he wore a necklace of pearls, much coveted by his young competitors in fashion ; his scent-bottle was full of the choicest essence ; and he carried a valuable fan, which he fluttered with peculiar grace.

This attention to externals produced at once a favourable impression upon So-Sli, who was herself particular in her attire. She usually wore a long frock-coat of blue or green cloth over a pink waistcoat, and her trowsers were always of the newest cut. She went to considerable expense to procure the most elegant pipes, and piqued herself upon her nice judgment in her choice of tobacco.

The town, like some other Chinese towns, was upon the point of surrendering to the formidable " demonstration " made by the enemy ; but when he opened upon it simultaneously, the light artillery of flattery and the heavy artillery of gifts (the latter consisting of two great guns, the one a gold snuff-box, and the other a Chinese poodle), the gates flew open, and he marched in triumph into the citadel, his lady's heart. The vanquished So-Sli kept the snuff-box, ate the poodle, and accepted the heart and the hand of Ho-Fi.

They were married, and a fortnight flew by in two days ; or perhaps the young pair made some miscalculation, as the almanacks had not predicted this.

The cranium, we would observe, is the dwelling-house of the soul ; the organ of time is its time-piece ; but when the soul sits all day in its back-rooms, it sometimes forgets to wind up its clock.

Each was constantly devising means to gratify the other ; and the only occasions of strife that arose between them were when each endeavoured to force upon the other the choicest morsels of fox, or ferret, or frog, or whatever constituted their delicate little meal for the day.

One morning, Ho-Fi for a while absented himself from his beloved So-Sli, and went into the city. When he returned, he took from his pouch, or reticule, a small packet of tea.

" My dearest So-Sli," he said, " I have a friend who is particular in the cultivation of plants. With so much skill and care are his experiments conducted, that he has succeeded in obtaining bananas from his orange-trees, and in converting a pine-apple into a gooseberry. He has lately directed his attention to the improvement of a young tea-tree. He planted it with a silver spade, manured it with silk-worms and doves' marrow, and he waters the ground around it daily with roe's tears and cinnamon juice. He has hitherto gathered but two ounces of the leaves, one of which has been pre-

sented to the Emperor, and the other he has transmitted to me, as being the oldest of his friends. I have brought it here for my darling So-Sli. As you love me, make an infusion of its leaves, and drink."

"Nay," said So-Sli, "if it be so choice, you shall drink it, not I. What exceedingly curious leaves! and, what is most remarkable is, that they are exactly like others. But what is this dust upon them?"

"That," answered Ho-Fi, "is a substance derived from the silk-worms, and is what, had they not been buried, would have formed the down on the wings when they became moths. But you must drink this most dainty infusion; I have prepared it on purpose for you; and to refuse it would be to show how little you loved your tender Ho-Fi."

Whilst speaking, Ho-Fi had poured hot water on the leaves, and he offered the cup containing the fragrant infusion to his beloved. She insisted that he should drink it; and an affectionate contest took place, each wishing to give up to the other all the enjoyment of so exquisite a draught. So-Sli at first positively refused to taste a drop; then she would consent that he should leave one sip for her; and then, that if he would take half, she would drink the remainder. Ho-Fi was obstinately determined that she should have all, or at least should take the first draught. At last their affectionate entreaties began to change to tones of anger and impatience; but, to settle the matter at once, So-Sli took the cup, and proceeding to the open window, emptied it before him, declaring that, as it had become a cause of quarrel, neither should drink it.

Their anger blew over, and several times since they had taken tea together in perfect amity. One evening they were seated to that important occupation, and Ho-Fi had just finished his first cup, when So-Sli observed she did not think the tea so good as usual. Ho-Fi agreed with her in opinion, and using a common Chinese imprecation, wished a rotten root to the tree that bore it.

"What!" said So-Sli, bursting into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, "after all the pains your poor friend has taken to nourish it with silk-worms and spice? That is too cruel a desire!"

Ho-Fi stared, and turned somewhat pale. "Why do you revert to that subject?" he said. "Methinks it were better to let such a matter rest."

"Nay," said So-Sli, still laughing violently, "I said you should drink the tea; and when I pretended to pour it from the window, I poured it only into an earthen pan which lay outside. I have had it warmed for you now, but am sorry you like it so little."

Ho-Fi turned very pale indeed, and his head, which was carefully balanced on his shoulders, assumed a remarkable resemblance to a globular stew-pan with a lid; his pig-tail, "with the effect of fear," stood out horizontally and stiffly behind as its handle; and the dropped and protruding lip of his suddenly-opened mouth seemed like a spout; but there is this to be particularly noted, that the stew would have been in the pan, whereas he and his pan were both in a stew.

For a few moments he was struck motionless, but anon he started up, and called loudly for warm water.

"Perfidious woman," he shrieked, "hast thou poisoned thy husband?"

"Poisoned!" said So-Sli. "Was the tea then poisoned? I remember that white dust—But can moth's feathers be poison?"

"It burns! it burns!" cried Ho-Fi, in a frantic manner. "For Fo's sake, bring me an emetic, a stomach-pump—no, no, that is not yet invented—but blisters, cataplasms—anything!"

He was put in bed; physicians were sent for; he raved till he was exhausted, and then lay asleep or insensible for some hours. When his sense returned, he became aware of the expressions he had used, and being calmer, he endeavoured to explain them away. He said that the tea was of such wonderful potency as to have deprived him of reason more rapidly than the strong spirit distilled from rice could have done. He had fancied in his delirium that his wife had put poison in his cup; but he now fully appreciated the absurdity of such a fear. He should write to his friend who had sent the leaves to give him warning, that if the Emperor should drink an infusion of the ounce sent to him, he, the unfortunate cultivator of this ardent tea, would undoubtedly be put to death by slow torture.

Ho-Fi had a strong constitution to support him against poisoned tea and three Chinese physicians. He slowly recovered from their effects.

He was restored once more to his fond wife; but, fond as she had always shown herself, So-Sli could not prevent the intrusion into her mind of an unpleasant suspicion that her affectionate husband had offered her poisoned tea, from a too lively solicitude to put her quite out of reach of those ugly customers, care and sorrow. Long before her marriage, surmises had been whispered which had even reached her ears, that at least a few of his former six wives "had not been fairly dealt with;" but no one, wife or otherwise, volunteered any evidence against him; and the Chinese had not arrived at those refinements in chemical science which enable our western luminaries, by distilling a bone, or making a fricassee of a muscle, to detect the millionth part of the shadow of nothing at all in one who is supposed to have died by poison.

It could hardly have been hinted that a man was such a bluebeard without strong reason assigned for so supposing. Perhaps, to some minds, the mere fact of his having been married six times, and having in every instance become a widower within two months, may suffice to justify a suspicion: but if a motive should be sought that could render such heinous villany probable, it might be mentioned that on the marriage of a Yellow Girdle he is allowed by his cousin, the Emperor, a sum of one hundred taels (in addition to his usual stipend,) to assist in furnishing his house; and on the death of his wife, one hundred and twenty more, to assist in furnishing her sepulchre. And Ho-Fi was by no means the first of whom it had been reported that he sought by a succession of such profitable marriages and deaths to raise his very inconsiderable income into a handsome competency.

So-Sli could not avoid a suspicion; but, as she had really loved Ho-Fi, she tried to repress it, and not to entertain such evil thoughts as must, if confirmed, have given a death-blow to her affection. Still

she was haunted by a fear that he might endeavour by other devices to lay her on the shelf with his former wives, whose coffins, like the volumes of a work, were ranged side by side, and duly numbered; each also was inscribed with the words, "Wife of Ho-Fi," and had besides its table of contents; which, indeed consisted merely of the lady's name.

I am sorry to say, that had So-Sli been more suspicious than she was, she would therein have done her husband no wrong. There was nothing he so earnestly wished as to have his new volume firmly put up in a camphor-wood binding, and neatly lettered to match the others.

Ho-Fi remembered an incident in a famous Chinese tragedy, an ingenious device for disposing of an obnoxious person, which he thought he might turn to account. He procured a savage-dog, and having purchased a lady's dress of peculiar colours, and another of similar appearance, but inferior quality, he filled the latter with straw, bones, and offal, and on this encouraged his dog to make an *awful* attack. The dog was well pleased with the prize he discovered within, and Ho-Fi repeated this experiment on several successive days. When he considered the animal to be sufficiently familiarized with the figure, he tied him up, and kept him some time without food. He then made a present to his lady of the other dress, and expressed a desire that she might immediately induce it. This, not, however, until she had examined it with an apprehensive eye, she did: and he affected to be much delighted at beholding her in her new garment. He, however, pretended to have business which would call him from home for an hour, and begged that she would wait his return in a grotto in the garden; he particularly requested that she would allow no one to open a chest which he had had placed in a court of the house, and of which he said the fastening had been accidentally broken: he would not at that time tell her what it contained, but promised to do so by and by.

When So-Sli was left alone, she communed with herself. "Who knows," she said, "what man-trap or spring-gun my beloved husband may have prepared for me in the grotto? It will not, I may be wise to venture thither. And, what does this chest contain which he has brought hither, and which he wishes to keep secret from me? Now I would wager six pots of pickled earthworms that he has concealed in that the grave-clothes which he intends for his affectionate So-Sli. If I detect him in such a purpose I will positively request my father to reason with him on the very great impropriety of all such modes of proceeding."

Forming this vigorous determination, So-Sli likewise resolved to examine the chest forthwith. But first she went to a cage, in which was her husband's bird of good-luck, a white necked crow. Ho-Fi valued this bird beyond all his earthly possessions; he had made it tame, and had attached it to him, and he considered that whilst he possessed it, no material ill-fortune could befall him. So-Sli frequently fed it, and it had become fond of her also, from which it was to be believed that its kindly influence would extend to her. She took it now from its cage, and placed it on her wrist, and having tendered it a kiss, which was affectionately received and reciprocated, she went into the yard to discover the contents of the myste-



He is caught in his own trap.



rious chest. She unhesitatingly raised the lid ; but let it fall again with great precipitation as with a loud growl a savage dog attempted to spring from within.

So-Sli ran, and the cover of the chest having fallen on the back of Bou-wou, — such was the dog's name, — she was able to gain a few paces before he had struggled from it. He would, however, soon have made rags of her new garment in his customary search, had she not with great presence of mind seized Ho-Fi's bird of good-luck by the neck, and whisking it rapidly three times round, thrown it to her hungry pursuer. He jumped aside to snap at it, and So-Sli, reaching the door, closed it against him, and secured it with several bolts.

When Ho-Fi returned, So-Sli told him that a savage dog had got loose in the court, and that his bird of luck had vanished.

"As I looked in the cage," she said, "suddenly I beheld him wax paler and paler, till, having become thinner than mist, he past between the bars, and what became of him after I cannot at all tell."

Naughty little So-Sli told a story in this.

Ho-Fi was inconsolable for the loss of his bird. "Better," said he, "to lose nine wives than to lose a bird of good-luck." And inwardly he feared lest the bird of good-luck having thus vanished in the presence of So-Sli might indicate the calamity he most dreaded, — that he should lose no more wives.

In a few days, however, his wits were again at work. Finding that So-Sli's suspicions were awakened, he judged it best to send his dog back to the place in which he had been trained ; and he would not try a fresh experiment with him.

Another week had passed ; it was evening, and the shadows of the western hills were gradually extending eastward over the richly cultivated fields. This last fact I mention, not as necessary to the elucidation of my story, but merely because an erroneous opinion seems to have possessed the minds of many, that shadows are unknown in China. The artists of the celestial empire exhibit their *hopeful* character by omitting the dark side of every picture. They would make you believe that Peter Schlemil's friend had walked through the land, and bought shadow and shade, every inch of the commodity. Foreigners, however, have not discovered that nature, in this particular, has framed for China laws different from those in operation over other portions of the globe : but the Chinese seem really to be unaware that shadow exists among them ; and in their writings and discourse, as in their pictures, always represent their country as an all-enlightened land.

It was evening ; and the beautiful So-Sli was sitting in a verandah, very diligently engaged in embroidering a dress, and chewing betel, when Ho-Fi approached, and assuming an appearance of sudden alarm and solicitude, exclaimed,

"By the thumb-nails of Con-fut-tsee you cannot be well, my sweetest So-Sli. I charge you by all that is most moral tell me what ails you ? Your complexion is like silk, and you must needs be under the evil influence of the melancholic Saturn ; thence cold has gained a predominancy over heat in your temperament, and dryness over moisture. Go, therefore, to your chamber ; avoid all yellow objects, and also those of gloomy white ; you had better indeed

put out your lantern, and close your window, that you may see nothing but a lively black about you. I will go hence, lest the hue of my girdle exercise a malignant effect upon you ; and if you will betake yourself to bed I will send hither a physician of great skill, who will feel your pulses, and determine from the stars what medicines you should use."

The Chinese possess many secrets of physical science quite unknown to the philosophers of Europe. Among others is the mysterious dependance of particular colours upon particular planets ; yellow upon Saturn, for example, and black upon Mercury. White is their mourning colour ; and black, as its opposite, must needs, therefore, be regarded among them as having a particularly gay and agreeable character.

A Chinese physician is not content with feeling one pulse of his patient ; he must feel many. From each he learns somewhat of the disease, and he needs no other indications to guide him. It is a simple plan, and removes most of the difficulties that beset the European doctor in the formation of his diagnosis ; pulse with him is everything ; like the Brahmin he lives upon pulse. He consults, indeed, the planets, as we did some century since ; but in one thing he resembles our modern pharmacopeists, that beyond all stars he believes in the healing virtues of Mercury.

So-Sli wondered what the solicitude of her husband might portend. Was Bou-wou awaiting her in her chamber, and preparing a dose of bark ? " You don't bite me so easily," thought So-Sli ; and she entreated Ho-Fi that if she should immediately betake herself to bed, he would retire to rest at the same time ? He excused himself on the ground that he must forthwith call a physician, and though for a while she made some objections to this, having a great dislike to doctor's stuff and doctor's learning, which she classed together as stuff and nonsense, she gave in at last, as he seemed to wish it particularly ; and she told him at the same time that if there was anything else he desired she sincerely wished he might get it.

Ho-Fi went to seek the physician ; and So-Sli, taking a lantern, and having glanced in a mirror, to assure herself of what all along she had strongly suspected, that she was *not* so yellow as silk, went to her chamber, and very cautiously opened the door, throwing in a bone before she would enter, to find if the coast were clear. A bone, do you note, is no such poor matter but that, if hungry, a dog will " snap at it."

No dog snapped at the bone, and So-Sli ventured into the chamber ; she moved with great circumspection about it, lest some hidden wire should catch her sweet little hoof, and upset her ; and she examined the room with the utmost care, to discover *what* danger might be concealed within it ; for she had fully made up her mind that there was *some*.

She examined the chimney ; she pryed in every corner ; she turned about the table and chairs ; she looked in the oven under the bed. The oven under the bed ? Yes, truly ; the oven was under the bed. So to place it is a common practice in the Chinese Empire, and unquestionably an acute ; in one side of a chamber is an arched recess, in which is placed the bed on a raised platform, and beneath

it the oven. What a very cosy thing upon a winter's night! The warming-pan as large as the mattress. You put your bread in the oven, and have a hot roll in bed. But perhaps this practice may have done something towards making the Chinese rather a crusty people.

She detected no gunpowder-plot in the oven; no *shell* to put her in mind of her coffin. The Chinese don't understand much about shells. Perhaps the scientific expedition under Admiral Elliott may yet have occasion to give them some lessons in conchology.

So-Sli was not yet satisfied. "What," said she, "an' if I find needles in my bed?" and the mere idea gave her a stitch in her side. She lifted the bed-clothes, but let them fall again much more quickly; she was frightened, but she did not shriek. She gave utterance to a little gasping cry, such as might proceed from a terrified "sucking-dove;" ~~and she did not run away, for though she had arrived at womanhood, her feet were as those of an infant.~~ However she tottered back a few paces, and then ~~passed to consider what she should do.~~

But what had she seen in the bed? Had any of you seen it, my fair readers, the apparition of the old gentleman's tail, to which it bore a very marked resemblance, could scarcely have frightened you more. It was a huge black adder. You must not, however, suppose that, though startled, our little celestial lady was scared at all in the same degree that you would have been; by reason that she had been on most familiar terms with many of his kin in the kitchen; he soon began, in her mind's eye, to assume an appearance by no means unpleasing: that ugly black cloak was loosened from about his throat, and stripped off; it rustled gradually to his tail, and revealed beneath a delicate white skin. He grew in grace as he lay coiled up in a little iron-cradle, that seemed made on purpose for him. This having been laid in a warm place, he got lively, and his antics and gesticulations became infinitely diverting; but when at last he had exhausted himself with this amusement, he fell into a torpor, and being then plunged into a warm bath of milk and spices—

So-Sli hobbled quietly out of the room; she called a female servant, and sent her into the court to bring a young rat from the coop; to its leg they tied a small stone, and put in a large, long earthen pot with a small neck; and just peeping under the clothes of the bed to see whereabouts the adder lay, they thrust this in with the mouth towards him. They listened, and after a time fancied that they heard him glide into it, and this was confirmed by a little squeak from the rat; so, cautiously lifting the clothes, they suddenly raised the jar upon the end, and put a stopper over its mouth. The adder was in for a fix: "I shall 'go to pot,'" thought he; but it was no use to make a coil about it.

So-Sli sat up to wait the return of her loving and liege lord: "I shall stay by him a little yet," she said; "an adder shall not be our divider."

Two or three hours elapsed ere his return: he had forgotten the physician.

As he entered he seemed startled at beholding her. "My dearest So-Sli," he said, "how is it that you have not retired to bed, as I requested? Believe me you act most dangerously in neglecting my

advice, and exposing yourself thus to the air whilst under the influence of these cold humours."

"Had I gone to bed, as you bade me," she answered, "I should but have got from my cold humours into a very hot one; and it would not have been at all conducive to my comfort or my health. Whilst you were absent from me, how could I have rested? I should have been haunted by dragons, and demons, and cockatrices. Besides, I expected to see the physician, and was not willing that he should visit me in my bed-chamber. How is it that he comes not with you?"

"His own son is on the point of death," replied Ho-Fi, "and I could not induce him to leave his bedside; but he desired that you should not rise from your couch whilst the cold influence was upon you; and he bade me to spend the night in watching and fasting; and at midnight to gather certain simples on the hill without the city, from which to-morrow he will prepare your medicines. I conjure you, then, as you love my yellow girdle, to go to bed without more delay.

So-Sli at last assented to go to bed alone; but she would not do so until he should have partaken with her of a soup which she said she had prepared for him with great care, feeling that it would be agreeable to him after being so long exposed to the damp of the night. To this Ho-Fi had, *for his own part*, no reasonable objection to make; but for her sake wished it had not been made, and earnestly advised her by no means to take any part of it. The night-air had given Ho-Fi an appetite.

So-Sli promised; they sat down on either side a small table. A lantern was placed upon it, and the soup was brought in in a covered bowl. This was put before Ho-Fi that he might help himself, and he had placed his hand upon the cover, when So-Sli accidentally knocked the lantern from the table, and the light was extinguished. She rose suddenly from her chair in great alarm, and in doing so upset the light table, and the soup-bowl was thrown into the lap of Ho-Fi. He endeavoured to catch his supper as it fell. Unhappy Ho-Fi! his supper caught him by the wrist, and made him roar with agony. So-Sli knew his partiality for viper-soup, but had forgotten to have the reptile *cooked*.

She had played him a worse trick than her country-woman, Dah-Lee-Lah, practised upon *her* lord and master. The celebrated Sang-Song-Dah-Lee-Lah once in joke cut off his pig-tail whilst he slept, and presenting it to him at dinner in an ewer, asked if he were fond of *jugged hare*.

But So-Sli did not escape with impunity. Ho-Fi chased her round the room, and driving her at last into a corner, belaboured her for some time in an unmerciful manner, till the pain of the bite in his wrist made him fall on the floor, and beat his head against it. Whilst he was so employed his wife stepped upon his shoulder, and jumping over him, got clear out of the house. The fright she was in gave her power to run as never before her legs had carried her, and that, too, without crutches. Fright does not always thus assist us in getting out of a *hobble*.

When the first impetus infused by fear had abated, she assumed somewhat more of her ordinary walk, which was much such as that

that of a calf might be, if a calf should attempt to go on only its hind trotters. She was several times hailed by the watchman as she passed through the streets, but they allowed her to proceed; and at last, sorely spent with the fatigue of her long and unsupported tottering, she reached her father's house.

Poo-Poo had already retired to rest. He was angry at being thus aroused, but his indignation was beyond all bounds when he heard his daughter's story. "I will appeal," he said, "to Peking in this matter; and we will hang Ho-Fi in his yellow girdle."

Ho-Fi, meanwhile, when the first paroxysms of pain had subsided, sent for a barber-surgeon, and had his wrist, which was swollen to the size of the calf of his leg, examined and dressed. Moreover, having no doubt heard of that ancient practice in chirurgery which cured the wound by anointing the weapon, he had the viper dressed also, and revenge furnished an excellent sauce, and greatly improved his supper.

Poo-Poo, according to promise, made his appeal to the Emperor. As Ho-Fi boasted his relationship to the imperial family, this was the properest course, though the local courts were not forbidden to exercise jurisdiction in similar cases. Commissioners were sent from Peking to investigate the affair.

Ho-Fi, and his wife, their domestics, Poo-Poo, and a few other parties, who were required as witnesses, were summoned before the tribunal. Some of the relatives of the Yellow Girdle's former wives also, took care to be present in the court.

The case was fully examined. Minute evidence was entered into to prove that Ho-Fi had in various ways attempted the life of his lady; all the circumstances connected with their marriage were set forth by Poo-Poo; So-Sli gave her evidence with great perspicuity, and her statements respecting the poisoned tea and the fierce Bou-wou, as well as the viper in the bed, were corroborated by the testimony of the servants. Some amateur witnesses made it pretty apparent that Ho-Fi's former wives had all of them been Burked and Greenaced, and the judges and jury were fully satisfied of his guilt. The defence did not shake their confidence, though it made faults of less magnitude apparent in some other parties. The verdict of the court having been submitted to Peking, the following proclamation was in a few days received from the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, and Father of the Celestial Empire. It was addressed to all his subjects,—that is to say, to his three hundred and sixty millions of children.

"Pekin; the sixth month; the fourteenth day; the fifty-eighth year of the Emperor Ho-Ho.

"Unless the laws be exercised even on the imperial kindred, they will not be obeyed.

"When the mulberry shall degenerate into the thorn, it is true that it should be rooted out.

"Guilt doth not escape the penetrating search of Ho-Ho. Ho-Ho hath long ears.

"Ho-Ho would emulate the virtues of his father, Ha-Ha, and train up by good example his son, He-He.

"It hath come to the knowledge of Ho-Ho that a certain Yellow

Girdle, named Ho-Fi, residing in the city of Din-Din, not respecting the imperial pleasure, so often proclaimed, that all shall live peaceably together without committing offences against their neighbours; hath contumaciously presumed to put six wives to death by various devices, and hath in like manner attempted the life of a seventh. The modes of their deaths have been these: for each he accounted falsely. The first fell from a rock—he ascribed it to female giddiness: the second was drowned—he said that she died of drink: the third was hanged—he spoke of her tightness of breath: the fourth was poisoned—he declared she was not careful in diet: the fifth was starved—he said that she lived too low: the sixth was choked with her share—he gave out that she could not say herself how she died. By these evasions he for a while deluded justice, but the truth hath become manifest; the chicken hath pipped the shell*; the cat can no longer conceal the kittens; the parrot hath moulted; let him be ashamed of his tail.

"But it is agreeable to the rules of justice that the punishment should bear some reference to the particular nature of the crime. This was the attempted murder of his seventh wife, which he hath essayed by poison, by a dog, and by a viper. It is the will, then, of Ho-Ho that Ho-Fi be punished in this manner: that he be stung to death by adders, and that his heart be filled with poison, and given to the dog Bou-wou. In consideration of his former enormities it is further ordered, that his body be cut into exceeding small pieces, one of which shall be sent to every square mile throughout the empire, and stuck upon a thorn. That his ten nearest relatives be put to death also; but as it is well to temper justice with mercy, they shall be merely strangled. His wife So-Sli shall be strangled likewise. His servants shall submit each to two hundred strokes of the bamboo; Poo-Poo, the father of So-Sli shall receive five hundred, shall wear the wooden collar for twelve calendar months, a proper reward for his heretical doctrines; the allowance of pay and rice to all Yellow Girdles shall cease for three years; and the principal mandarin of Hum shall be hung up in his house."

For "hung up in his house," some versions of the proclamation read "suspended in his office."

The wind-up of this enunciation of the celestial will is too long for insertion here; it exhibits a fine struggle between a proper humility and conscious wisdom.

The story of Ho-Fi is told. Chinese and poetical justice go hand-in-hand. His name has long been universally execrated throughout the Celestial Empire. The Greeks borrowed it, and among them *ophi* was an expression equivalent to "O thou serpent!" Even among us barbarous inhabitants of the isles of the Western Ocean "O fye!" is to this day used to convey a reproach.

The critics perchance may address it to me, and consider my story as poo-poo nonsense! They may do as they please, but I shall sing

"FO SAVE THE EMPEROR!"

* "Eggs are close things, but chickens will out at last." A Chinese proverb, signifying that murder will out.—DAVIS.

WANTED—A WIDOW.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

CHAPTER I.

Prologue.

MR. SAMUEL GIPPS still lives, is in good health and spirits, and is likely to be a happier man for the time to come than he has been heretofore; but he no longer lives at No. 15, — Street, in the Strand. I make no question but that by this time even he can venture to smile at a dramatic passage in his life, with which I cannot forego the pleasure of acquainting the reader. Like Shakspeare, he was the sole author of a comedy; and, like the immortal bard, played but an inconsiderable part in it. But it may be as well if I furnish a short preparatory notice of Mr. Gipps.

Mr. Samuel Gipps was a bachelor, about three-and-forty years of age, and enjoying "a small competence," a phrase which means just such an amount of yearly income as justifies a gentleman in lamenting the high prices of butcher's meat, and other perishable provisions, in boggling about house rent, and in being guilty of the petty disloyalty of cursing, even to his ominous and unanswerable face, the quarterly visit of the collector of Queen's taxes.

Like other young men upon town, Gipps in his time had been fain to content himself with lodgings, — a first floor furnished with conveniences, a street-door key, and a tinder-box and greasy candlestick duly placed on the balustrade side of the first stair. He had, accordingly, passed through the ordeal of unconfessed dancing-masters on the second "flight" of unmentioned music-teachers in the parlours, of amateur songsters at free-and-easys and glee-clubs in the adjoining chamber, and of sleep-walkers from the garrets, who never find their way to their own room, and always discover a *penchant* for the first-floor lodgers.

Weary of this mode of self-stowage, and its vexatious contingencies, Gipps had subsequently suffered himself to be taken into permanent bait at sundry boarding-houses, which, the gloss of novelty once faded, conformed even less kindly with his inclinations, than his former more independent arrangement. He complained that the inmates, native and foreign, to be found in these establishments, — the men in particular — were the most inexplicably mysterious rational beings that ever sat down in common to one table-cloth. During the day they went hither and thither, but whither it was futile to conjecture: came punctually to their meals, and at night were perversely prone to penny-point whist, and whiskey and water. He could not help fancying, also, that whenever a friend of either of these gentlemen, or of his own, chanced to call, the visiter seemed to look upon the company as a *junto* of harmless maniacs humanely leagued together for the purpose of enriching a certain eager-faced person, in brown holland cuffs and spectacles, whom they were pleased to call the landlady. The female branches were, in Gipp's opinion, rather wintry-visaged samples of the fair sex, chiefly remarkable for sandy hair, large reticules, and one tooth out in front. In short, Gipps, in

due time became thoroughly indifferent to the agreeable amenities to be exchanged at boarding-houses,—tired of inscrutable soup,—of fish that had long left a seafaring life, and Atlantean shoulders of mutton. He had given boarding-houses a fair chance, and he said (for he was a gentleman of a mild manner, and choice of speech,) they were “no good.”

“I have tried as many as most men,” said he to his friend Simpson, one day, “and I ought to know. Some one ‘within three minutes’ walk of the Royal Exchange.’ Bless you, sir, Captain Barclay, in training, couldn’t have accomplished the distance in ten. And as for those that ‘command a delightful view of the park,’ all I can say is, their commands are never obeyed. The outline of a tree or two might be seen perhaps—with Herschel’s telescope.”

“Why don’t you take a house of your own?” returned Simpson, “vote for a member, attend vestries, and get on the Paving Board? Be respectable—now, *do* be respectable. You are a middle-aged man—act as such. Sit under the shadow of your own fig-tree.”

Therefore Gipps took No. 15, —, Strand, had the fixtures at a valuation, made repairs, hung fresh bells, planted a new scraper, and placed his name in brass on the door. Handsome furniture, books, pictures, bronzes, shells, lamps—all complete. The place was a nucleus of comfort and respectability.

All would not do. There was a vacuum, as he said, a desideratum to be supplied. The house was too much for him. I do not mean in the common acceptation of those words,—that is to say, that the house was too large, or had too many rooms in it (although less, to say the truth, might have sufficed); but he could not keep the concern in order; he couldn’t manage it. Gipps had not taken a house—the house had got him; he had caught a tartar.

Now he knew very well, for he had heard his mother say so, that “servants required”—(his mother had said *wanted*, but this is anything but the truth)—“that servants required looking after;” but how was he all the livelong day to be tracking the footsteps of old Betty? In the first instance, he had thought Betty was pretty well, considering; but when, as the phrase goes, she showed herself in her true colours, they were rather startling than splendid. She had apparently no conception of the course of time, as commonly indicated by clockwork, and brought up breakfast and served dinner at discretion. In a short time he began to fear that her morals were not in a high state of preservation. She wanted to make him believe that he ate four half-quarterns a-week. Ridiculous! He was by no means partial to bread. She pleaded that the rats made away with the candles, when, “how the deuce,” thought Gipps, “a rat or any animal of that genus can run up a kitchen door, and abstract moulds and long sixes out of the round lackered box at the back of it, is more than I can possibly conceive.” It was true that about two months since, a man with a head like a hedgehog, and a face like a dolphin, *did* come to repair the cistern; but why he should therefore have since come twice a-week to take supper with Betty off his quarters of lamb, he could not satisfactorily divine.

Nat Salter, an uncouth urchin of some dozen years, who cleaned his boots, and knives and forks, and carried, and miscarried, as the case might happen, his letters and messages, was no better to his liking. Of him, too, he had formed, at first, a favourable opinion,

and had mentally measured him for pepper-and-salt trowsers with red cord down the seams, and a brown coat with a yellow collar and a gross of sugar-loaf buttons.

But the young rogue was always playing on the door-step with begrimed juveniles of his own age and physical calibre: and when he went forth, would start up incontinently, whip off his shapeless head-gear, and shout, "D'ye want me, Mr. Gipps?" Once he had actually, "with his own ears," heard him observe to a companion, "*That's my old master, Gipps — just twig him. Isn't he a article? I believe you, he just is.*"

Old master! — a article! Insufferable young rascal!

"No, no," thought Gipps at last, "this won't do. I must get a housekeeper. Nothing is to be done without a housekeeper."

CHAPTER II.

The Advertisement.

BUT how to get a housekeeper? Gipps had no more notion of the process by which so desirable an acquisition was to be procured, than he had of the method of calculating by fluxions. He resolved to seek advice upon this head; and who is so capable of giving, and happy to extend his advice as his old friend Mr. Jackson, a gentleman who had seen a vast deal of the world, and under whose ken housekeepers, without doubt, must frequently have come? He sought Mr. Jackson out accordingly, and made known his wants and wishes — his doubts and his difficulties.

"Very well," said Mr. Jackson, a gentleman, by the by, whose narrow width of wisdom was eked out by a vast selva of important gravity, "you want a housekeeper. Well, sir, you want a respectable woman — a highly respectable woman — what I should call a comfortable body."

"A comfortable body, certainly," said Gipps; "a comfortable body."

"Very good, sir," cried Jackson. "Well, sir, and have you made application to your butcher?"

"My butcher!" exclaimed Gipps. "What in the name of Newgate Market," thought he, "can 'my butcher,' who cuts up beeves and sells them in detail, have to do with housekeepers in their integrity?"

"Your butcher," resumed Mr. Jackson; "have you, I repeat, applied to your butcher,—to your baker — pshaw! absurd! I was about to say to your candlestick-maker? Let me correct myself. Have you applied to your butcher, to your baker, to your grocer, to your *green-grocer*? What!" surveying Gipps with surprise, "are you not aware that gentlemen, when they want servants, refer themselves to these purveyors, as, in like manner, when servants want places, they also refer to them?"

"I really was not aware, I am ashamed to say," replied Gipps.

"Then I beg your pardon, sir," remarked Mr. Jackson, "but you must give me leave to tell you, you know very little of the world, and a true knowledge of the world is, in these days, highly important. Permit me to ask whether you lay in your spirits from the publican?"

"I do sometimes send for a bottle from the public-house," answered Gipps, "when my spirit-merchant is remiss in sending my two gallons. What then?"

"Why, then, sir, I would by no means take a housekeeper upon a publican's recommendation. Mark me—for this is deeply important."

"How?" continued Gipps.

Mr. Jackson laid the forefinger of his left hand to the side of his nose, and cocked up the little finger of his right. "Drinking," said he solemnly, "is incompatible with a due attention to domestic duties. They who go into a public-house to inquire for a place, are usually in want of one because they have been there before."

Gipps did not much relish the course pointed out by Mr. Jackson. He was a reserved, shy man, and could not think of bothering butchers and bakers, or of soliciting grocers and tallow-chandlers to catch housekeepers for him. He would confer with his friend Simpson about the matter. Simpson, after all, knew a great deal more of the world than Jackson, who was of the old school. Hang him and his purveyors!

"What d'ye think, Simpson," said he to that gentleman; "I find I can't do without a housekeeper, and Jackson tells me to apply to my butcher, my baker, my grocer, my green-grocer."

"Jackson's an ass!" cried Simpson imperatively; "he knows nothing about it. Didn't I always say you must have a housekeeper? You must advertise for one."

"Is that the way to get one?" asked Gipps. "Mark—I must have a respectable woman."

"Of course you must. A middle-aged woman; for you're not too old, Gipps, eh? *Scandalum magnatum*, eh? d'ye see? I should say, she must be a widow."

"A widow," coincided Gipps, his face mantling with satisfaction.

"Yes, a widow," pursued Simpson; "advertise, and you're sure to succeed. Everything is got now-a-days by advertisement, from a wife to a walking-stick. Why, my friend, I'd engage to advertise for a mermaid, and to get one within four-and-twenty hours, comb and looking-glass included. D'ye remember Frankenstein—the piece we saw together some years since? Cooké was the fellow with a long scratch in the bills instead of a name; and he looked like old Scratch!"

"I do," said Gipps. "Ha! ha! that was one way of *making* an acquaintance. But do be serious, my dear Simpson. I must advertise, you say?"

"I tell you, yes. Why, Gipps, I'd make an infinitely superior fellow to Frankenstein's comparative failure out of materials indicated in the newspapers. I'd fit together the framework of a good-looking rascal in one morning, and set him going with hydrogen. A choice of pills to keep him in rude health, and Rowland's Macassar for his complexion. Advertise?—to be sure; and the first dish of Hyson poured forth by the delicate hand of the widow shall be mine."

Nothing better was to be done than to advertise. It was certain that hundreds did daily advertise; and they must get what they sought, or recourse would not so constantly be had to that method of proceeding. He decided upon advertising, and was mightily

pleased that Simpson had suggested a widow. He was partial to widows. His mother had been a widow for several years before her death. He sighed. Would that the dear old lady had lived to conduct his establishment!

And then, Mrs. Revell, the sister of Mr. Metcalfe, his opposite neighbour—she also was a widow, and a charming one. He sighed again. Advertise! "If," said Gipps, as he walked home, "Mrs. Revell would but consent to have me, (oh! that I dare—pop the question—I think they call it!) I'd see all the advertising at the — No, I wouldn't; for it shouldn't be long before I'd advertise in all the papers a certain union at St. George's, Hanover Square."

That very evening Gipps paid for the insertion of an advertisement.

He wanted a widow; and offered a comfortable home, and a very handsome stipend, to any lady of competent qualifications who might be disposed to accept them.

CHAPTER III.

The result.

ON the following day Gipps procured a copy of the newspaper, and after much difficulty succeeded in discovering his advertisement. What a close phalanx of applicants! He had never before remarked how many people there were diurnally wanting something or the other. Lodgings to be let upon which the army of Cyrus might have been comfortably billeted—light porters enough to carry the Himalaya mountains, or the pyramids of Egypt—cooks sufficient to dress the edible contents of Noah's Ark!

"Lord bless me!" said he, casting the newspaper from him; "why, no widow will ever detect that narrow slip of a thing! She must be particularly in want of a situation, and possess a remarkably good sight, if she do. Well, a few shillings are of no great consequence."

Notwithstanding this natural doubt, Gipps was careful to inquire, when he returned home in the evening, whether any lady had called during his absence; not that he had any fair reason to suppose a lady would call, seeing that his advertisement directed that application should be made between nine and ten o'clock on the morning of the morrow; but he thought that had it met the eye of some anxious female, she *might* have stirred in the matter ere the specified time, and so distanced any precise adherent to punctuality. Nobody had called but the washerwoman, who had brought home the things she had omitted to bring on the Saturday night, and who, as Betty informed her, had furnished him by mistake with two shirts and a nightcap marked "Gibbs."

"If I had but a housekeeper," said Gipps to himself, "these sad mistakes would not occur."

By the time he had risen and dressed himself on the following morning, he had well nigh abandoned all hope of securing his desiderata through the channel of public communication; and he swallowed his breakfast with considerable dissatisfaction.

It was now, by Gipps's watch, (regulated by the Horse Guards,) precisely nine o'clock. The usual "traffick" incident to—Street,

Strand, is by no means, and at no time, great. Was there not rather more bustle than ordinary in the street? Hark! There was a buzz,—a hum beneath his window—a muffled sound of footsteps, succeeded by a kind of semi-silence—a congregational hush. What could it *be*?—What did it *mean*? He would look out and satisfy himself as to the cause of this unusual stir.

The sight that met his eyes! “Ha! ha! ha!”

For, as he shot from the window, his first impulse was to indulge (and he did so, as we have seen,) in a burst of vociferous laughter, which, however, after a prolonged gratification of it, partook considerably more of hysteria than of merriment. His advertisement had been answered by the myriad. There they were—their name being Legion—an array of candidates for the beneficial advantages propounded in his printed proposition—all eager for bed, board, and stipend—panting for the place—agog for “a certainty.” Never was such a posse of widows seen in this country since the battle of Hastings. There they stood—compact, unflinching, massive, conglomerated—Westminster widows—“lone women” from Islington—“comfortable bodies” from the city—Radcliff Highway relicts!

“Now, the Lord have mercy on me!” cried the astounded Gipps. “What human being, I should be glad to ask, could have foreseen this?”

Mr. Gipps, I have before said, was a reserved, shy man. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that this portentous spectacle struck a panic into him that nearly divested him of the power of motion or of thought. The idea of *selection* from among so awful a multitude was preposterous—He could not do it. They must be got away—ordered to move on—beseeched to disperse, at all events. And now he heard Betty in the passage on the double-quick move, proceeding towards the door, whilst uprose the voice of Nat Salter,—a voice which he seemed striving to overtake as he blunderingly scrambled up-stairs: “I say, Mr. Gipps—master! did you send for this ’ere blessed lot o’ women, as is blocking up the blessed street at our door? The cabmen can’t get along, and the waterman’s crying out shame on ’em.”

“I did not—no, I have no hesitation in saying I did not. Go down stairs, that’s a good boy.”

“But why are ye a shaking in that ’ere manner, air?” asked Nat. “Bother the whole boiling on ’em, I says.”

“Go down stairs—now, that’s a good lad, go down, and tell Betty —”

Betty was already in conference elsewhere. The door had been opened, and a sturdy foot planted in the passage.

“Mr. Gipps,” remonstrated a stout and well-to-do-looking woman of a certain age, “Mr. Gipps, whose name is on the door, wants a widow lady. Let me in. First come, first served, I say; and I was the first here,” and she made a vigorous forward movement.

“Wants a widow?—not he,” returned Betty. “Stuff!—We want no widows here, nor wives either. Come, get away, all of ye—do.” So saying, Betty put forth an adequate amount of physical power, and ejected the stout lady from the premises.

A wild objurgatory shout rent the welkin.

Gipps, who had taken his station on the first-floor landing, and was

leaning on the balustrade, heard the inhuman outcry, and cramming his fingers into his ears, bethought him of the back-garret. There *was* a chimney in it. At that moment, he wished he had been made of soluble material, that he might have melted utterly away.

"A respectable widow, who has seen better days, and has come a long distance, and won't take a denial," he ejaculated. "She'll have me up before Sir Frederick for a hoax."

"They're a thickenin'," cried Nat Salter, running out of the area, and bawling upwards, in a tone between exultation and amazement. "Blest, Mr. Gipps, if all the iron railings ar'n't got a chin between 'em. Well, this bangs all I ever see. Such lots o' women I never did see!"

Another assault upon the knocker. The door was at length opened. The power of association is mysterious. How was it (but so it was) that two lines of a popular melody should have entered the head of Gipps at so trying a moment:

"Hark! 'tis the Indian drum,
They come — they come — they come!"

He at once gave himself up for lost. Somebody *was* rushing upstairs.

"God bless my soul, Mr. Gipps!" cried Mr. Metcalfe, his opposite neighbour, hurrying into the room wiping his forehead, "what is the meaning of all this? Why is this mob of women, chiefly widows, at your door?"

Gipps laid hands upon the newspaper, and indenting his finger into the advertisement, thrust the journal into the face of his new companion. "Look there!"

"An advertisement for a widow lady!" cried Metcalfe. "Well, my good sir, why don't you choose one with all despatch? These ladies are an obstruction to the passengers. Be quick!"

"Mr. Metcalfe — my worthy neighbour," said Gipps solemnly, "I could no more see these widow ladies *seriatim* in this parlour, than I could select the best wife out of the eleven thousand virgins. Are there many still left? Are they not going?"

"Going?" cried Metcalfe, glancing out of the window; "they never will go. Here's an ocean of 'em, and little knots standing at the corners of streets looking on, waiting for their turn."

Gipps groaned; but a thought of a sudden scintillated from his brain, and then played lamently about it.

"I'll tell 'em I've got one."

"Do," said Metcalfe.

Gipps proceeded to the window, and raised the sash silently. He opened his mouth for speech, but the appalling vision before him was too much. There he stood, uttering no sound, but making the most outrageous variations of aspect.

"No — d — it, that's too bad," cried a ruffian, who had observed Gipps, (for the male sex had long ago joined the group:) "here's a gentleman been advertising for a wife, and when they've all come to be picked and chose, if he ain't poking his fun at 'em, I'm blowed!"

A burst of derisive laughter in grand chorus followed this sally.

"It's of no use — they don't hear me," said Gipps, appealing to

Mr. Metcalfe. "What in Heaven's name's to be done? What a terrible mob, to be sure!"

"Here," answered Metcalfe, handing him a large sheet of cartridge-paper, in which "Sam Slick" had been sent home a few days previously, "here,—write, 'I am engaged' upon this, and hang it up at the window."

Gipps mechanically proceeded to do what he had been bidden. Seizing the pen and ink, he printed the prescribed words in a large and bold character—thus:

I AM ENGAGED.

This specimen of chirography was unheeded by the parties most interested in the announcement it contained—the widows, who still bent their total amount of eye upon the street-door. The self-same humorist, however, who had before dislodged the unhappy Gipps from the window, either imperfect of sight, unskilful as a reader, or perfectly mistaking the tenor of the notification held aloft by its author, undertook to expound its contents to the throng about him. "He says in that there paper," cried he, "says he, 'I am enraged'; when what he's got to be in a rage about, I'm blowed if I think none of us can tell. It's us that ought to be in a rage—What d'ye say?—let's toddle to the market and fetch a few 'tators and cabbage-stalks, and pelt the old muff—shall us?"

"I'll tell you what," cried Metcalfe suddenly, "this won't do any longer. Come from the window, Mr. Gipps, do. You're only exposing yourself. I'll be hanged if there's a window on the other side of the street that hasn't half-a-dozen heads thrust out of it; and, very extraordinary; there's a decent sprinkling of widows among them, too. Now don't you think, Gipps," taking that gentleman by the arm, "if I can disperse this assembly, I shall do you a good turn?—Shan't I be entitled to your gratitude?"

"You will, indeed," returned Gipps, holding up his spread hands; "I shall almost be ready to worship you."

"I'll do it then," said Metcalfe. "I wonder what my sister Revell thinks of this!"

"Ah! what, indeed!" cried Gipps. "Go, then, at once, and away with them—all of them!"

When Metcalfe was gone, Gipps threw himself upon his face on the sofa, and plunged his head under one of the cushions.

CHAPTER IV.

The Dispersion. The Widow, and Wind-up.

Metcalfe, having undertaken the desirable business volunteered by him, proceeded to go through with it in a business-like manner. By dint of coaxing some and terrifying others; by examining with the argumentative, explaining to the obtuse, and condoling with the disappointed, he succeeded in his mission. In half an hour the whole had disappeared. All this while Gipps's head was under the sofa cushion. Metcalfe did not return to restore confidence to him. He went forthwith to his own house, at the door of which, having knocked, he indulged in the following brief soliloquy.

"How precious absurd all this! That fellow Gipps is well to do in the world, and bears a respectable character. If he knew how

long I'd had my eye upon him! He advertised for a widow—but he wants a wife; and it shan't be my fault if he doesn't get one, before any of us get much older."

In the evening, when Gipps's self-possession returned, Mr. Metcalfe was announced—and a lady.

"I have brought my sister;—Mrs. Revell,—Mr. Gipps," introducing them: "she has come with me to condole with you on your unlooked for levee this morning."

"I am most happy—this is indeed an unexpected pleasure," stammered Gipps, a blush overspreading his face and temples, so extraordinarily fiery as almost to threaten the ignition of his partially grey hair. "Pray, madam, be good enough to take this seat."

A short silence ensued. Mrs. Revell did not speak: Gipps did not know what to say.

In the mean while, Mr. Metcalfe had been elevating his chin towards the pictures that ornamented the walls. "Um"—"yes"—"good"—"very sweet"—"breadth"—"fine tone"—"splendid colouring," and the like.

"By the way," said he, turning about suddenly, "what a fool I am. I have forgotten a particular business that of all things ought to be attended to. Will you excuse me, friend Gipps? I shall not be gone very long. I leave a good substitute, that's one comfort. Talk to my sister, will you? Louisa, do pay particular attention, I beg of you, to Gipps's facetious stories. Our friend is full of anecdote!"

Now, was there ever such a wanton, such an unfounded assertion? However, Gipps did not much care. He did not know how it was, but he was not at all nervous this evening. He had had too many widows about him to-day to be afraid of one, and she, certainly, a very charming woman. He had no idea before that she was so handsome. This comes of looking through the wretched medium of sheet glass.

"How—very—very ridiculous—the concourse of this morning, my dear madam," observed Gipps.

"It is all your own fault," returned Mrs. Revell. "You single gentlemen, who are bent upon being old bachelors, deserve it all."

"Well but, my dear lady," said Gipps, "we can't do without housekeepers; we must have our little comforts—our—"

"Well, sir, and why don't you marry, and get them," innocently inquired Mrs. Revell.

Gipps looked as though he had never thought of that before, and then looked at Mrs. Revell, and was surprised to perceive that she blushed.

He gathered fresh courage. "But, my dear Mrs. Revell, who'd have me?"

I shall not relate how, before Metcalfe returned, Gipps, who had suddenly acquired the art of wooing, pestered Mrs. Revell till she was fain to answer "I would," to Gipps's question.

Suffice it to say, he had put his arm round the reasonably small waist of Mrs. Revell, and was just about to seal the bargain upon her lips, when (such things will happen) Metcalfe entered the room.

"Fie! fie!" said he, "that is very naughty, Gipps. Well, you wanted a widow this morning, and hav'n't you got one?"

"I have," said Gipps; "that is to say, I hope I have. But you must stay supper. I'll bring out the wine."

It was not very long after this that Gipps's friend Simpson received an elegantly folded note, enclosing two cards united by satin ribands: "Mr. Samuel Gipps;" "Mrs. Samuel Gipps." Underneath the former, "Come and take a cup of hyson poured out by the delicate hand of my housekeeper."

EPISTLE TO FANNY ELSSLER,

AT NEW YORK, FROM "THE OMNIBUS," IN LONDON.

SWEET Fanny! the BUS is half frantic
 To find you so long in a fix;
 By demurring to cross the Atlantic,
 You make us as cross as two sticks.
 No more of this silly delaying—
 The Western is now under way;
 The Yankees grow wild with your staying,
 And we with your staying away.
 Each step seems as light as a feather
 That Congress has taken of late;
 Since you and DAN WEBSTER together
 Concocted the airy debate.
 But grant us the slightest concession,
 And our English M.P.-rical fops
 Shall bring in a bill by next session
 For increasing the duty on hops.
 Oh! FANNY, just listen to reason,
 And stick to LAPORTE for the future;
 Or who's to enchant us next season?
 Or who's to attempt the Cachucha?
 Or whom, at her benefit bobbing,
 Shall our bouquets in thunder-showers cover,
 Like the Babes in the Wood, by Cock-Robin,
 With leaves smothered over and over.
 In the BUS, grown as dull as a hearse,
 We sit, like a legion of mopers,
 Applauding, for better, for worse,
 Those terrible long legs of COPERÉ's!
 While we gaze at the steps of Miss Hughes, it's
 To show us how wilful an elf ye are,
 You pretend to prefer Massachusetts,
 And fill with your fame Philadelphia.
 But beware, lest, when bent on returning,
 The BUS should oppose its dread veto!
 Certain traitors, our motley concern in,
 Hold up their white kids for CERITO!
 At present, the ladies and lords
 Are as patient as sawyers at top e'er are;
 But *presto!*—on board for our boards!
 Or prepare to be hissed from the OPERA!

C. D.



myself of a strong desire to know how matters were going on, and I resolved to visit the cellar secretly at midnight. As I stealthily approached it, I remarked several armed figures beneath a gateway, and conjecturing their purpose, instantly concealed myself behind a projection of the wall. I had not been in this situation many minutes, when the cellar door opened, and Guy Fawkes issued from it."

"Well!" cried Catesby, breathlessly.

"The party I had noticed immediately rushed forward, and secured him before he could offer any resistance," continued Tresham. "After a brief struggle, certain of their number dragged him into the cellar, while others kept watch without. I should now have flown, but my limbs refused their office, and I was therefore compelled, however reluctantly, to see the end of it. In a short time Guy Fawkes was brought forth again, and I heard some one in authority give directions that he should be instantly taken to Whitehall, to be interrogated before the King and the Privy Council. He was then led away, and a guard placed at the door of the cellar. Feeling certain I should be discovered, I continued for some time in an agony of apprehension, not daring to stir. But, at length, summoning up sufficient resolution, I crept cautiously along the side of the wall, and got off unperceived. My first object was to warn you."

"How did you become acquainted with our place of rendezvous?" demanded the elder Wright.

"I overheard you, at our last interview at White Webbs, appoint a midnight meeting in this place," replied Tresham, "and I hurried hither in the hope of finding you, and have not been disappointed."

"When I give the word, plunge your swords into his breast," said Catesby, in a low tone.

"Hold!" cried Percy, taking him aside. "If we put him to death in this spot, his body will be found, and his slaughter may awaken suspicions against us. Guy Fawkes will reveal nothing."

"Of that I am well assured," said Catesby. "Shall we take the traitor with us to some secure retreat, where we can detain him till we learn what takes place at the palace, and if we find he has betrayed us, despatch him?"

"That would answer no good purpose," returned Percy. "The sooner we are rid of him the better. We can then deliberate as to what is best to be done."

"You are right," rejoined Catesby. "If he *has* betrayed us, life will be a burthen to him, and the greatest kindness we could render him would be to rid him of it. Let him go. Tresham," he added, in a loud voice, "you are free. But we meet no more."

"We have not parted yet," cried the traitor, springing backwards, and uttering a loud cry. "I arrest you all in the King's name."

The signal was answered by a band of soldiers, who emerged from behind the trees where they had hitherto been concealed, and instantly surrounded the conspirators.

"It is now my turn to threaten," laughed Tresham.

Catesby replied by drawing a petronel, and firing it in the supposed direction of the speaker. But he missed his mark. The ball lodged in the brain of a soldier who was standing beside him, and the ill-fated wretch fell to the ground.

A desperate conflict now ensued. Topcliffe, who commanded the assailing party, ordered his followers to take the conspirators alive, and it was mainly owing to this injunction that the latter were indebted for their safety. Whispering his directions to his companions, Catesby gave the word, and making a simultaneous rush forward, they broke through the opposing ranks, and instantly dispersing, and favoured by the gloom, they baffled pursuit.

"We have failed in this part of our scheme," said Tresham to Topcliffe, as they met half an hour afterwards. "What is to be done?"

"We must take the Earl of Salisbury's advice upon it," returned Topcliffe. "I shall now hasten to Whitehall to see how Guy Fawkes's interrogation proceeds, and will communicate with his lordship."

Upon this, they separated.

None of the conspirators met again that night. Each fled in a different direction, and, ignorant of what had happened to the rest, sought some secure retreat. Catesby ran towards Chancery Lane, and passing through a narrow alley, entered the large gardens which then lay between this thoroughfare and Fetter Lane. Listening to hear whether he was pursued, and finding nothing to alarm him, he threw himself on the sod beneath a tree, and was lost in painful reflection.

"All my fair schemes are marred by that traitor, Tresham," he muttered. "I could forgive myself for being duped by him, if I had slain him when he was in my power. But that he should escape to exult in our ruin, and reap the reward of his perfidy, afflicts me even more than failure."

Tortured by thoughts like these, and in vain endeavouring to snatch such brief repose as would fit him for the fatigue he might have to endure on the morrow, he did not quit his position till late in the morning of a dull November day—it was, as will be recollected, the memorable Fifth—had arrived.

He then arose, and slouching his hat, and wrapping his cloak around him, shaped his course towards Fleet Street. From the knots of persons gathered together at different corners,—from their muttered discourse and mysterious looks,—as well as from the general excitement that prevailed,—he felt sure that some rumour of the plot had gone abroad. Shunning observation as much as he could, he entered a small tavern near Fleet

Bridge, and called for a flask of wine and some food. While discussing these, he was attracted by the discourse of the landlord, who was conversing with his guests about the conspiracy.

"I hear that all the Papists are to be hanged, drawn, and quartered," cried the host; "and if it be true, as I have heard, that this plot is their contrivance, they deserve it. I hope I have no believer in that faith—no recusant in my house."

"Don't insult us by any such suspicion," cried one of the guests. "We are all loyal men—all good Protestants."

"Do you know whether the conspirators have been discovered, sir?" asked the host of Catesby.

"I do not even know of the plot," replied the other. "What was its object?"

"What was its object!" cried the host. "You will scarcely credit me when I tell you. I tremble to speak of it. Its object was to blow up the Parliament House, and the King and all the nobles and prelates of the land along with it."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the guests.

"But how do you know it is a scheme of the Papists?" asked Catesby.

"Because I have been told so," rejoined the host. "But who else could devise such a monstrous plan? It would never enter into the head or heart of a Protestant to conceive so detestable an action. We love our King too well for that, and would shed the last drop of our blood rather than a hair of his head should be injured. But these priest-ridden Papists think otherwise. They regard him as a usurper; and having received a dispensation from the Pope to that effect, fancy it would be a pious act to remove him. There will be no tranquillity in the kingdom while one of them is left alive; and I hope his Majesty will take advantage of the present ferment to order a general massacre of them, like that of the poor Protestants on Saint Bartholomew's day in Paris."

"Ay,—massacre them," cried the guests, "that's the way. Burn their houses, and cut their throats. Will it be lawful to do so without further authority, mine host? If so, we will set about it immediately."

"I cannot resolve you on that point," replied the landlord. "You had better wait a short time. I dare say their slaughter will be publicly commanded."

"Heaven grant it may be so!" cried one of the guests, "I will bear my part in the business."

Catesby arose, paid his reckoning, and strode out of the tavern.

"Do you know, mine host," said the guest who had last spoken, "I half suspect that tall fellow, who has just left us, is a Papist."

"Perhaps a conspirator," said another.

"Let us watch him," cried a third.

"Stay," cried the host, "he has paid me double my reckon-

ing. I believe him to be an honest man, and a good Protestant."

"What you say confirms my suspicions," rejoined the first speaker. "We will follow him."

On reaching Temple Bar, Catesby found the gates closed, and a guard stationed at them,—no one being allowed to pass through without examination. Not willing to expose himself to this scrutiny, Catesby turned away, and in doing so, perceived three of the persons he had just left in the tavern. The expression of their countenances satisfied him they were dogging him; but affecting not to perceive it, he retraced his steps, gradually quickening his pace until he reached a narrow street leading into Whitefriars, down which he darted. The moment his pursuers saw this, they hurried after him, shouting, "A Papist—a Papist!—a conspirator!"

But Catesby was now safe. Claiming the protection of certain Alsations who were lounging at the door of a tavern, and offering to reward them, they instantly drew their swords, and drove the others away, while Catesby, tossing a few pieces of money to his preservers, passed through a small doorway into the Temple, and making the best of his way to the stairs, leapt into a boat, and ordered the waterman to row to Westminster. The man obeyed, and plying his oars, soon gained the middle of the stream. Little way, however, had been made, when Catesby descried a large wherry, manned by several rowers, swiftly approaching them, and instinctively comprehending whom it contained, ordered the man to rest on his oars till it had passed.

In a few moments the wherry approached them. It was filled with serjeants of the guard and halberdiers, in the midst of whom sat Guy Fawkes. Catesby could not resist the impulse that prompted him to rise, and the movement attracted the attention of the prisoner. The momentary glance they exchanged convinced Catesby that Fawkes perceived him, though his motionless features gave no token of recognition, and he immediately afterwards fixed his eyes towards heaven, as if to intimate—at least, Catesby so construed the gesture,—that his earthly career was well-nigh ended. Heaving a deep sigh, Catesby watched the wherry sweep on towards the Tower—its fatal destination—until it was lost to view.

"All is over, I fear, with the bravest of our band," he thought as he tracked its course; "but some effort must be made to save him. At all events, we will die sword in hand, and like soldiers, and not as common malefactors."

Abandoning his intention of proceeding to Westminster, he desired the man to pull ashore, and landing at Arundel Stairs, hastened to the Strand. Here he found large crowds collected, the shops closed, and business completely at a stand. Nothing was talked of but the conspiracy, and the most exaggerated and extraordinary accounts of it were circulated and believed. Some would have it that the Parliament House was already blown

up, and that the city of London itself had been set fire to in several places by the Papists. It was also stated that numerous arrests had taken place, and it was certain that the houses of several Catholic nobles and wealthy gentlemen had been searched. To such a height was the popular indignation raised, that it required the utmost efforts of the soldiery to prevent the mob from breaking into these houses, and using violence towards their inmates.

Every gate and avenue to the palace was strictly guarded, and troops of horse were continually scouring the streets. Sentinels were placed before suspected houses, and no one was suffered to enter them, or to go forth without special permission. Detachments of soldiery were also stationed at the end of all the main thoroughfares. Bars were thrown across the smaller streets and outlets, and proclamation was made that no one was to quit the city, however urgent his business, for three days.

On hearing this announcement, Catesby saw at once that if he did not effect his escape immediately, it would be impracticable. Accordingly, he hurried towards Charing Cross, and turning up Saint Martin's Lane, at the back of the King's Mews, contrived to elude the vigilance of the guard, and speeded along the lane, — for it was then literally so, and surrounded on either side by high hedges,—until he came to Saint Giles's,—at this time, nothing more than a few scattered houses intermixed with trees. Here he encountered a man mounted on a powerful steed, and seeing this person look hard at him, would have drawn out of the way, if the other had not addressed him by name. He then regarded the equestrian more narrowly, and found it was Martin Heydocke.

"I have heard what has happened, Mr. Catesby," said Martin, "and can imagine the desperate strait in which you must be placed. Take my horse,—it may aid your flight. I was sent to London by my master, Mr. Humphrey Chetham, to bring him intelligence of the result of your attempt, and I am sure I am acting in accordance with his wishes in rendering you such a service. At all events, I will risk it. Mount, sir,—mount, and make the best of your way hence."

Catesby needed no further exhortation, but springing into the saddle hastily murmured his thanks, and striking into a lane on the right, rode off at a swift pace towards Highgate.

On reaching the brow of this beautiful hill, he drew in the bridle for a moment, and gazed towards the city he had just quitted. Dark and bitter were his thoughts as he fixed his eye upon Westminster Abbey, and fancied he could discern the neighbouring pile, whose destruction he had meditated. Remembering that from this very spot, when he had last approached the capital, in company with Guy Fawkes and Viviana Radcliffe, he had looked in the same direction, he could not help contrasting his present sensations with those he had then experienced. At that time, he was full of ardour, and confident of

success. Now, all was lost to him, and he was anxious for little more than self-preservation. Involuntarily, his eye wandered along the great city, until passing over the mighty fabric of Saint Paul's, it settled upon the Tower,—upon the place of Guy Fawkes's captivity.

"And can nothing be done for his deliverance?" sighed Catesby, as he turned away, his eyes filling with moisture:—"must that brave soldier die the death of a felon—must he be subjected to the torture—horror! If he had died defending himself, I should scarcely have pitied him. And if he had destroyed himself, together with his foes, as he resolved to do, I should have envied him. But the idea of what he will have to suffer in that dreadful place—nay, what he is now, perhaps, suffering—makes the life-blood curdle in my veins. I will never fall alive into their hands."

With this resolve, he struck spurs into his steed, and, urging him to a swift pace, dashed rapidly forward. He had ridden more than a mile, when hearing shouts behind him, he perceived two troopers galloping after him as fast as their horses could carry them. They shouted to him to stay, and as they were better mounted than he was, it was evident they would soon come up with him. Determined, however, to adhere to the resolution he had just formed, and not to yield himself with life, he prepared for a conflict, and suddenly halting, he concealed a petronel beneath his cloak, and waited till his foes drew near.

"I command you in the King's name to surrender," said the foremost trooper, riding up. "You are a rebel and a traitor."

"Be this my answer," replied Catesby, aiming at the man, and firing with such certainty, that he fell from his horse mortally wounded. Unsheathing his sword, he then prepared to attack the other trooper. But, terrified at the fate of his comrade, the man turned his horse's head, and rode off.

Without bestowing a thought on the dying man, who lay groaning in the mire, Catesby caught hold of the bridle of his horse, and satisfied that the animal was better than his own, mounted him, and proceeded at the same headlong pace as before.

In a short time he reached Finchley, where several persons rushed from their dwellings to inquire whether he brought any intelligence of the plot, rumours of which had already reached them. Without stopping, Catesby replied that most important discoveries had been made, and that he was carrying despatches from the King to Northampton. No opposition was therefore offered him, and he soon left all traces of habitation behind him. Urging his horse to its utmost, he arrived, in less than a quarter of an hour at Chipping Barnet. Here the same inquiries were made as at Finchley, and returning the same answer,—for he never relaxed his speed for a moment—he pursued his course.

In less than three quarters of an hour after this, he arrived

at Saint Albans, and proceeding direct to the post-house, asked for a horse. But instead of complying with the request, the landlord of the Rose and Crown — such was the name of the hostel—instantly withdrew, and returned the next moment with an officer, who desired to speak with Catesby before he proceeded further. The latter, however, took no notice of the demand, but rode off.

The clatter of horses' hoofs behind him soon convinced him he was again pursued, and he was just beginning to consider in what way he should make a second defence, when he observed two horsemen cross a lane on the left, and make for the main road. His situation now appeared highly perilous, especially as his pursuers, who had noticed the other horsemen at the same time as himself, shouted to them. But he was speedily relieved. These persons, instead of stopping, accelerated their pace, and appeared as anxious as he was to avoid those behind him.

They were now within a short distance of Dunstable, and were ascending the lovely downs which lie on the London side of this ancient town, when one of the horsemen in front chancing to turn round, Catesby perceived it was Rookwood. Overjoyed at the discovery, he shouted to him at the top of his voice, and the other, who it presently appeared was accompanied by Keyes, instantly stopped. In a few seconds, Catesby was by their side, and a rapid explanation taking place, they all three drew up in order of battle.

By this time, their pursuers had arrived within a hundred yards of them, and seeing how matters stood, and not willing to hazard an engagement, after a brief consultation, retired. The three friends then pursued their route, passed through Dunstable, and without pausing a moment on the road, soon neared Fenny Stratford. Just before they arrived at this place, Catesby's horse fell from exhaustion. Instantly extricating himself from the fallen animal, he ran by the side of his companions till they got to the town, where Rookwood, who had placed relays on the road, changed his horse, and the others were fortunate enough to procure fresh steeds.

Proceeding with unabated impetuosity, they soon cleared a few more miles, and had just left Stoney Stratford behind them, when they overtook a solitary horseman, who proved to be John Wright, and a little further on they came up with Percy, and Christopher Wright.

Though their numbers were thus increased, they did not consider themselves secure, but flinging their cloaks away to enable them to proceed with greater expedition, hurried on to Towcester. Here Keyes quitted his companions, and shaped his course into Warwickshire, where he was afterwards taken, while the others, having procured fresh horses, made the best of their way to Ashby Saint Leger's.

About six o'clock, Catesby and his companions arrived at his old family seat, which he had expected to approach in tri-

umph, but which he now approached with feelings of the deepest mortification and disappointment. They found the house filled with guests, among whom was Robert Winter,—who were just sitting down to supper. Catesby rushed into the room in which these persons were assembled, covered with mud and dirt,—his haggard looks and dejected appearance proclaiming that his project had failed. His friends followed, and their appearance confirmed the impression that he had produced. Lady Catesby hastened to her son, and strove to comfort him, but he rudely repulsed her.

"What is the matter?" she anxiously inquired.

"What is the matter?" cried Catesby in a furious tone, and stamping his foot to the ground. "All is lost! our scheme is discovered; Guy Fawkes is a prisoner, and ere long we shall all be led to the block. Yes, all," he repeated, gazing sternly around.

"I will never be led thither with life," said Robert Winter.

"Nor I," added a young Catholic gentleman, named Acton of Ribbesford, who had lately joined the conspiracy; "though the great design has failed, we are yet free, and have swords to draw, and arms to wield them."

"Ay," exclaimed Robert Winter, "all our friends are assembled at Dunchurch. Let us join them instantly, and we may yet stir up a rebellion which may accomplish all we can desire. I, myself, accompanied Humphrey Littleton to Dunchurch this morning, and know we shall find everything in readiness."

"Do not despair," cried Lady Catesby, "all will yet be well. Every member of our faith will join you, and you will soon muster a formidable army."

"We must not yield without a blow," cried Percy, pouring out a bumper of wine, and swallowing it at a draught.

"You are right," said Rookwood, imitating his example. "we will sell our lives dearly."

"If you will adhere to this resolution, gentlemen," rejoined Catesby, "we may yet retrieve our loss. With five hundred staunch followers, who will stand by me to the last, I will engage to raise such a rebellion in England as shall not be checked, except by the acknowledgement of our rights, or the dethronement of the King."

"We will all stand by you," cried the others.

"Swear it," cried Catesby, raising the glass to his lips.

"We do," was the reply.

"Wearied as we are," cried Catesby, "we must at once proceed to Dunchurch, and urge our friends to rise in arms with us."

"Agreed," cried the others.

Summoning all his household, and arming them, Catesby then set out with the rest for Dunchurch, which lay about five miles from Ashby Saint Leger's. They arrived there in about three quarters of an hour, and found the mansion crowded with Catholic gentlemen and their servants. Entering the banquet hall, they found Sir Everard Digby at the head of the board,

with Garnet on his right hand. Upwards of sixty persons were seated at the table. Their arrival was greeted with loud shouts, and several of the guests drew their swords and flourished them over their heads.

"What news?" cried Sir Everard Digby. "Is the blow struck?"

"No," replied Catesby; "we have been betrayed."

A deep silence prevailed. A change came over the countenances of the guests. Significant glances were exchanged, and it was evident that general uneasiness prevailed.

"What is to be done?" cried Sir Everard Digby, after a pause.

"Our course is clear," returned Catesby. "We must stand by each other. In that case, we have nothing to fear, and shall accomplish our purpose, though not in the way originally intended."

"I will have nothing further to do with the matter," said Sir Robert Digby of Coleshill, Sir Everard's uncle. And rising, he quitted the room with several of his followers, while his example was imitated by Humphrey Littleton, and others.

"All chance for the restoration of our faith in England is over," observed Garnet, in a tone of despondency.

"Not so, father," replied Catesby, "if we are true to each other. My friends," he cried, stopping those who were about to depart, "in the name of our holy religion I beseech you to pause. Much is against us now. But let us hold together, and all will speedily be righted. Every Catholic in this county, in Cheshire, in Lancashire, and Wales, must flock to our standard when it is once displayed. Do not desert us — do not desert yourselves—for our cause is your cause. I have a large force at my command; so has Sir Everard Digby, and together we can muster nearly five hundred adherents. With these, we can offer such a stand as will enable us to make conditions with our opponents, or even to engage with them with a reasonable prospect of success. I am well assured, moreover, if we lose no time, but proceed to the houses of our friends, we shall have a large army with us. Do not fall off, then. On you depends our success."

This address was followed by loud acclamations, and all who heard it agreed to stand by the cause in which they had embarked to the last.

As Catesby left the banqueting-hall with Sir Everard to make preparations for their departure, they met Viviana and a female attendant.

"I hear the enterprise has failed," she cried, in a voice suffocated by emotion. "What has happened to my husband? Is he safe? Is he with you?"

"Alas! no," replied Catesby; "he is a prisoner."

Viviana uttered a cry of anguish, and fell senseless into the arms of the attendant.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EXAMINATION.

DISARMED by Sir Thomas Knevet and his followers, who found upon his person a packet of slow matches and touchwood, and bound hand and foot, Guy Fawkes was dragged into the cellar by his captors, who instantly commenced their search. In a corner behind the door they discovered a dark lantern, with a light burning within it; and moving with the utmost caution, — for they were afraid of bringing sudden destruction upon themselves, — they soon perceived the barrels of gunpowder ranged against the wall. Carefully removing the planks, billets, and iron bars with which they were covered, they remarked that two of the casks were staved in, while the hoops from a third were taken off, and the powder scattered around it. They also noticed that several trains were laid along the floor,—everything, in short, betokening that the preparations for the desperate deed were fully completed.

While they were making this investigation, Guy Fawkes, who seeing that further resistance was useless, had remained perfectly motionless up to this moment, suddenly made a struggle to free himself; and so desperate was the effort, that he burst the leathern thong that bound his hands, and seizing the soldier nearest to him, bore him to the ground. He then grasped the lower limbs of another, who held a lantern, and strove to overthrow him, and wrest the lantern from his grasp, evidently intending to apply the light to the powder. And he would unquestionably have executed his terrible design, if three of the most powerful of the soldiers had not thrown themselves upon him, and overpowered him. All this was the work of a moment, but it was so startling, that Sir Thomas Knevet and Topcliffe, though both courageous men, and used to scenes of danger,—especially the latter,—rushed towards the door, expecting some dreadful catastrophe would take place.

“Do him no harm,” cried Knevet, as he returned, to the soldiers, who were still struggling with Fawkes,—“do him no harm. It is not here he must die.”

“A moment more, and I had blown you all to perdition,” cried Fawkes. “But heaven ordained it otherwise.”

“Heaven will never assist such damnable designs as yours,” rejoined Knevet. “Thrust him into that corner,” he added to his men, who instantly obeyed his injunctions, and held down the prisoner so firmly that he could not move a limb. “Keep him there. I will question him presently.”

“You *may* question me,” replied Fawkes, sternly; “but you will obtain no answer.”

“We shall see,” returned Knevet.

Pursuing the search with Topcliffe, he counted thirty-six

hogsheads and casks of various sizes, all of which were afterwards found to be filled with powder. Though prepared for this discovery, Knevet could not repress his horror at it, and gave vent to execrations against the prisoner, to which the other replied by a disdainful laugh. They then looked about, in the hope of finding some document or fragment of a letter, which might serve as a clue to the other parties connected with the fell design, but without success. Nothing was found except a pile of arms; but though they examined them, no name or cypher could be traced, on any of the weapons.

"We will now examine the prisoner more narrowly," said Knevet.

This was accordingly done. On removing Guy Fawkes's doublet, a horse-hair shirt appeared, and underneath it, next his heart, suspended by a silken cord from his neck, was a small silver cross. When this was taken from him, Guy Fawkes could not repress a deep sigh.

"There is some secret attached to that cross," whispered Topcliffe, plucking Knevet's sleeve.

Upon this, the other held it to the light, while Topcliffe kept his eye fixed upon the prisoner, and observed that, in spite of all his efforts to preserve an unmoved demeanour, he was slightly agitated.

"Do you perceive anything?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Knevet, "there is a name. But the character is so small, I cannot decypher it."

"Let me look at it," said Topcliffe. "This is most important," he added, after gazing at it for a moment; "the words inscribed on it are, '*Viviana Radcliffe, Ordsall Hall.*' You may remember that this young lady was examined a short time ago, on suspicion of being connected with some Popish plot against the state, and committed to the Tower, whence she escaped in a very extraordinary manner. This cross, found upon the prisoner, proves her connection with the present plot. Every effort must be used to discover her retreat."

Another deep sigh involuntarily broke from the breast of Guy Fawkes.

"You hear how deeply interested he is in the matter," observed Topcliffe, in a low tone. "This trinket will be of infinite service to us in future examinations, and may do more for us with this stubborn subject even than the rack itself."

"You are right," returned Knevet. "I will now convey him to Whitehall, and acquaint the Earl of Salisbury with his capture."

"Do so," replied Topcliffe. "I have a further duty to perform. Before morning I hope to net the whole of this wolfish pack."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Knevet. "Have you any knowledge of the others?"

Topcliffe smiled significantly.

"Time will show," he said. "But if you do not require me further, I will leave you."

With this, he quitted the cellar, and joined the Earl of Mounteagle and Tresham, who were waiting for him outside at a little distance from the cellar. After a brief conference, it was arranged, in compliance with the Earl of Salisbury's wishes, that if they failed in entrapping the conspirators, nothing should be said about the matter. He then departed with Tresham. Their subsequent proceedings have already been related.

By Sir Thomas Knevet's directions, Guy Fawkes was now raised by two of the soldiers, and led out of the cellar. As he passed through the door, he uttered a deep groan.

"You groan for what you have done, villain," said one of the soldiers.

"On the contrary," rejoined Fawkes, sternly. "I groan for what I have not done."

He was then hurried along by his conductors, and conveyed through the great western gate, into the palace of Whitehall, where he was placed in a small room, the windows of which were strongly grated.

Before quitting him, Sir Thomas Knevet put several questions to him, but he maintained a stern and obstinate silence. Committing him to the custody of an officer of the guard, whom he enjoined to keep strict guard over him, as he valued his life, Knevet then went in search of the Earl of Salisbury.

The secretary, who had not retired to rest, and was anxiously awaiting his arrival, was delighted with the success of the scheme. They were presently joined by Lord Mounteagle; and after a brief conference it was resolved to summon the Privy Council immediately, to rouse the King, and acquaint him with what had occurred, and to interrogate the prisoner in his presence.

"Nothing will be obtained from him, I fear," said Knevet. "He is one of the most resolute and determined fellows I ever encountered."

And he then related the desperate attempt made by Fawkes in the vault to blow them all up.

"Whether he will speak or not, the King must see him," said Salisbury. As soon as Knevet was gone, the Earl observed to Mounteagle, "You had now better leave the palace. You must not appear further in this matter, except as we have arranged. Before morning, I trust we shall have the whole of the conspirators in our power, with damning proofs of their guilt."

"By this time, my lord, they are in Tresham's hands," replied Mounteagle.

"If he fails, not a word must be said," observed Salisbury. "It must not be supposed we have moved in the matter. All great statesmen have contrived treasons, that they might afterwards discover them; and though I have not contrived this plot, I have known of its existence from the first, and could at any

hogsheads and casks of various sizes, all of which were afterwards found to be filled with powder. Though this discovery, Knevet could not repress his horror, he gave vent to execrations against the prisoner, and other replied by a disdainful laugh. They then in the hope of finding some document or fragment which might serve as a clue to the other parties in the fell design, but without success. Nothing except a pile of arms; but though they examined or cypher could be traced, on any of the weapons.

"We will now examine the prisoner more closely," said Knevet.

This was accordingly done. On removing his doublet, a horse-hair shirt appeared, and under his heart, suspended by a silken cord from his silver cross. When this was taken from him, he not repress a deep sigh.

"There is some secret attached to that Topcliffe, plucking Knevet's sleeve.

Upon this, the other held it to the light, and observed his eye fixed upon the prisoner, and observed all his efforts to preserve an unmoved demeanour agitated.

"Do you perceive anything?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Knevet, "there is a name. It is so small, I cannot decypher it."

"Let me look at it," said Topcliffe. "Important," he added, after gazing at it for some words inscribed on it are, 'Viviana Radcliffe.' May remember that this young lady was connected with us ago, on suspicion of being connected with against the state, and committed to the prison escaped in a very extraordinary manner. Every effort must be used to discover her.

Another deep sigh involuntarily broke from Guy Fawkes.

"You hear how deeply interested he is," said Topcliffe, in a low tone. "This is service to us in future examinations, and with this stubborn subject even than the others."

"You are right," returned Knevet, "I will go to Whitehall, and acquaint the authorities."

"Do so," replied Topcliffe. "Before morning I will be back."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Knevet. "I will be back of the others?"

said

cious

to

Mutius

re reso-

disclose

he said.

Let

your Ma-

presence of his

help admiring

and were he as

or person."

was led forth.

till the morn-

the other conspi-

the case, he was

related, to the

E;

ETC.

April 1, 1841.

Holidays may not
RUSKIN was com-
when, according
er than now. To
exquisite beauties;
ation is luxuriantly
een acted (and, may
n a public stage, but
someoever it may com-
s who sometimes con-
y upon it that things
Othello, or Imbella, or,
iously than Rumsoskin.

Loyal Hackney Coachman.
ate of Conscience.
or confidential Maid of all

ELLO's house.

ing.
rious thing!

5.

throne?—

ear a crown,
own;
at—

nod:—I
d—y!
watch.) So, so; near ten o'clock.
[A loud knock at the door.

ock.

CONSCIENZO.

—How now?—What's the matter?
(illy.)

—confused—teeth chatter—
the other knocks—
semble.

(stss.) What's the price of stocks?
—psha!—what are stocks to thee,—
A coach-and-six!

Since stocks thou'st none?

(and affecting a laugh.)

here?

No motive sinister.

time have crushed it had I been so minded. But that would not have answered my purpose. And I shall now use it as a pretext to crush the whole Catholic party, except those on whom, like yourself, I can confidently rely."

"Your lordship must admit that I have well seconded your efforts," observed Mounteagle.

"I do so," replied Salisbury, "and you will not find me ungrateful. Farewell! I hope soon to hear of our further success."

Mounteagle then took his departure, and Salisbury immediately caused all such members of the Privy Counsel as lodged in the palace to be aroused, desiring they might be informed that a terrible plot had been discovered, and a conspirator arrested. In a short time, the Duke of Lennox, the Earl of Marr, Lord Hume, the Earl of Southampton, Lord Henry Howard, Lord Mountjoy, Sir George Hume, and others, were assembled; and all eagerly inquired into the occasion of the sudden alarm.

Meanwhile, the Earl of Salisbury had himself repaired to the King's bedchamber, and acquainted him with what had happened. James immediately roused himself, and desired the chamberlain, who accompanied the Earl, to quit the presence.

"Will it be safe to interrogate the prisoner here?" he asked.

"I will take care your Majesty shall receive no injury," replied Salisbury, "and it is absolutely necessary you should examine him before he is committed to the Tower."

"Let him be brought before me, then, directly," said the King. "I am impatient to behold a wretch who has conceived so atrocious — so infernal a design against me, and against my children. Harke'e, Salisbury, one caution I wish to observe. Let a captain of the guard, with his drawn sword in hand place himself between me and the prisoner, and let two halberdiers stand beside him, and if the villain moves a step, bid them strike him dead. You understand?"

"Perfectly," replied Salisbury, bowing.

"In that case, you may take off his bonds, — that is, if you think it prudent to do so — not otherwise," continued James.

"I would not have the knave suppose he can awe me."

"Your Majesty's commands shall be fulfilled to the letter," returned the Earl.

"Lose no time, Salisbury," cried James, springing out of bed, and beginning to dress himself without the assistance of his chamberlain.

The Earl hastily retired, and ordered the attendants to repair to their royal master. He next proceeded to the chamber where Guy Fawkes was detained, and ordered him to be unbound, and brought before the King. When the prisoner heard this mandate, a slight smile crossed his countenance, but he instantly resumed his former stern composure. The smile, however, did

not escape the notice of Salisbury, and he commanded the halberdiers to keep near to the prisoner, and if he made the slightest movement in the King's presence, instantly to despatch him.

Giving some further directions, the Earl then led the way across a court, and entering another wing of the palace, ascended a flight of steps, and traversed a magnificent corridor. Guy Fawkes followed, attended by the guard. They had now reached the antichamber leading to the royal sleeping apartment, and Salisbury ascertained from the officers in attendance that all was in readiness. Motioning the guard to remain where they were, he entered the inner room alone, and found James seated on a chair of state near the bed, surrounded by his council;—the Earl of Mar standing on his right hand, and the Duke of Lennox on his left, all anxiously awaiting his arrival. Behind the King were stationed half a dozen halberdiers.

"The prisoner is without," said Salisbury. "Is it your Majesty's pleasure that he be admitted?"

"Ay, let him come in forthwith," replied James. "Stand by me, my lords. And do you, varlets, keep a wary eye upon him. There is no saying what he may attempt."

Salisbury then waved his hand. The door was thrown open, and an officer entered the room, followed by Guy Fawkes, who marched between two halberdiers. When within a couple of yards of the King, the officer halted, and withdrew a little on the right, so as to allow full view of the prisoner, while he extended his sword between him and the King. Nothing could be more undaunted than the looks and demeanour of Fawkes. He strode firmly into the room, and without making any reverence, folded his arms upon his breast, and looked sternly at James.

"A bold villain!" cried the King, as he regarded him with curiosity not unmixed with alarm. "Who, and what are you, traitor?"

"A conspirator," replied Fawkes.

"That I know," rejoined James, sharply. "But, how are you called?"

"John Johnson," answered Fawkes. "I am servant to Mr. Thomas Percy."

"That is false," cried Salisbury. "Take heed that you speak the truth, traitor, or the rack shall force it from you."

"The rack will force nothing from me," replied Fawkes, sternly; "neither will I answer any question asked by your lordship."

"Leave him to me, Salisbury,—leave him to me," interposed James. "And it was your hellish design to blow us all up with gunpowder?" he demanded.

"It was," replied Fawkes.

"And how could you resolve to destroy so many persons, none of whom have injured you?" pursued James.

"Dangerous diseases require desperate remedies," replied Fawkes. "Milder means have been tried, but without effect. It was God's pleasure that this scheme, which was for the benefit of his holy religion, should not prosper, and therefore I do not repine at the result."

"And are you so blinded as to suppose that heaven can approve the actions of him who raises his hand against the King—against the Lord's anointed?" cried James.

"He is no king who is excommunicated by the apostolic see," replied Fawkes.

"This to our face!" cried James, angrily. "Have you no remorse—no compunction for what you have done?"

"My sole regret is that I have failed," replied Fawkes.

"You will not speak thus confidently on the rack," said James.

"Try me," replied Fawkes.

"What purpose did you hope to accomplish by this atrocious design?" demanded the Earl of Marr.

"My main purpose was to blow back the beggarly Scots to their native mountains," returned Fawkes.

"This audacity surpasses belief," said James. "Mutius Scaevola, when in the presence of Porsenna, was not more resolute. Harke'e, villain, if I give you your life, will you disclose the names of your associates?"

"No," replied Fawkes.

"They shall be wrung from you," cried Salisbury.

Fawkes smiled contemptuously. "You know me not," he said.

"It is idle to interrogate him further," said James. "Let him be removed to the Tower."

"Be it so," returned Salisbury; "and when next your Majesty questions him, I trust it will be in the presence of his confederates."

"Despite the villain's horrible intent, I cannot help admiring his courage," observed James, in a low tone; "and were he as loyal as he is brave, he should always be near our person."

With this, he waved his hand, and Guy Fawkes was led forth. He was detained by the Earl of Salisbury's orders till the morning,—it being anticipated that before that time the other conspirators would be arrested. But as this was not the case, he was placed in a wherry, and conveyed, as before related, to the Tower.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE SUCCESSFUL GETTING-UP OF A NEW COMEDY.

How, as through town we roam from place to place,

London Assurance stares us in the face!

Though this assurance is but *brass*, we're told

The touch of *Vestris* changes it to *gold*!

March 24, 1841.

J. S.

RUMFUSKIN, KING OF THE NORTH POLE; OR, TREASON REWARDED.

A TRAGEDY FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL.

BY JOHN POOLE, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "PAUL PRY," ETC.

April 1, 1841.

A *Tragedy* written for private performance in the Christmas holidays may not inappropriately be published on the day sacred to Foolery. RUMFUSKIN was composed—yes, *composed* is the word—so long ago as the year 1813, when, according to Cocker, the author was about seven-and-twenty years younger than now. To this circumstance, perhaps, it is indebted for many of its most exquisite beauties; for works of this kind are best perpetrated when the imagination is luxuriantly wild, and the judgment contemptuously immature. It has been acted (and, may we add in the modesty of a parenthesis, with great success) on a public stage, but may not be again without the author's permission: this to whomsoever it may concern. But we strongly recommend it to the notice of families who sometimes convert the back drawing-room into a theatre; for they may rely upon it that things of this kind afford even *better fun* for such occasions than Othello, or Isabella, or, Ion, or, in short, any tragedy intended to draw tears more copiously than Rumfuskin.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RUMFUSKIN, <i>King of the North Pole.</i>	JEM FLOGGEM, <i>a loyal Hackney Coachman.</i>
SENTENTIOSUS, <i>Lord High Chancellor.</i>	GRISKINDA, <i>Wife of Conscienzo.</i>
CONSCIENZO, <i>a Conscientious Rascal.</i>	SCRUBINDA, <i>her confidential Maid of all Work.</i>
RASCALLO, <i>a Rascally Rascal.</i>	

SCENE I.—*A chamber in RASCALLO's house.*

Enter RASCALLO, musing.

RASC. Up!—rise, Ambition! 'Tis a glorious thing!
I've got mine own consent, and will be king.
But how to be so? By rebellion, plot,
Treason, sedition, and—I know not what;—
By dragging proud Rumfuskin from the throne?—
Methinks 'twere best to let the job alone.
Temptation, hence!—But, then,—to wear a crown,
And ride in coach-and-six about the town;
To do whate'er I please, and be as great—
Nay, greater than a minister of state;
To see e'en generals tremble when I nod:—I
Will be a king, upon my soul and bod—y!
But how goes time? (*Looks at his watch.*) So, so; near ten o'clock.
[*A loud knock at the door.*]

Down, busy devil!—for I hear a knock.

Enter CONSCIENZO.

CONS. My friend, Rascallo! — How now?—What's the matter?

RASC. The matter? (*Confusedly.*)

CONS. Ay;—thou'rt pale—confused—teeth chatter—
Thou shakest—one knee against the other knocks—

RASC. (*aside.*) I must dissemble.

(*With affected carelessness.*) What's the price of stocks?

CONS. The price of stocks!—psha!—what are stocks to thee,—

RASC. (*aside, musing.*) A coach-and-six!

CONS. Since stocks thou'st none?

RASC. (*recovering himself, and affecting a laugh.*) He! he!
But say, what brings thee here?

CONS. No motive sinister.

RASC. My Conscienzo (*mysteriously*), would'st thou—be—prime—minister?

CONS. What means Rascallo?

RASC. That if I were king,
I'd make thee one.

CONS. That's quite another thing.

RASC. Now, might I trust thee—But I know thy conscience
Is of the ticklish order.

CONS. Pooh, pooh! nonsense!

Thou mean'st no harm.

RASC. That's neither here nor there.

CONS. Thou know'st my nature: what I dare—I dare.

RASC. I'll trust thee. (*Aside.*) But I'll play upon his feelings,
To make him sure.

CONS. (*aside.*) I doubt some evil dealings.

RASC. (*with tender concern.*) Is not my Conscienzo in distress?

CONS. (*with manly resignation.*) I'm not worth ninepence.

RASC. Thou shalt have redress.

Thou hast a wife (*insidiously*)—

CONS. She's starving (*with emotion*).

RASC. (*with emphatic earnestness.*) And thy child
Is starving too.

CONS. (*in agony.*) Oh! do not drive me wild.

RASC. Will Conscienzo be so base a sinner
To let those tender sufferers want a dinner?
Shall they, and we, submit to fast and pray,
While proud Rumpfuskin eats five meals a-day?
Shall we thus tamely, empty-stomach'd stand,
While he eats all the fat of all the land?
Perish the thought!

CONS. I'm thine. What must I do?

RASC. Canst kill a king—a minister or two?

CONS. Ha! that's high treason.

RASC. Any fool knows that.

CONS. And we shall swing for't.

RASC. Not so certain that,
If skilfully we execute our plot.

CONS. (*after some reflection.*) I'll not make one—indeed I'd rather
not.

RASC. Think on thy wife, my Conscienzo; think
That she hath neither money, meat, nor drink.

CONS. That thought has roused me from my waking slumber.
I could kill kings and ministers out of number.
For thee, beloved Griskinda, I turn traitor!

RASC. Look down, ye gods! in me behold a greater!
(*To CONS.*) But, oh! remember, he that kingdoms rifles
Must make his mind up not to stick at trifles.

CONS. Fear not. When once this happy dagger knows
(*draws a dagger*)

The way to kill, 'twill spare nor friends nor foes.

RASC. Think, when we strike, 'tis for our bread-and-butter.
But, on thy life, be dumb.

CONS. No word I'll utter.
Griskinda!

RASC. For our rights !

CONS. For love !

RASC. For bread-and-butter !

[*Exeunt, brandishing their daggers.*]

SCENE II.—*A chamber in CONSCIENZO's house.*

Enter GRISKINDA, followed by SCRUBINDA.

GRISK. Prate not of patience to my troubled mind ;
Preach to the sea, and whistle to the wind,
Snuff out the sun, and bid the moon stand still,
Swallow whole worlds—but let me weep my fill.

SCRUB. Oh, pardon, gentle lady, I but try
To soothe thy woes with sweet philosophy.

GRISK. Peace, peace ! unless thy moralizing will
Discharge the butcher's or the baker's bill.
Will it, Scrubinda, pay one paltry debt,
Or tick or trust for five poor farthings get ;
Or purchase half a yard of calico
To make new breeches for my baby ?—No.

SCRUB. Madam, when money's gone, and all is spent,
Then, madam, learning is most excellent.

GRISK. No more ! 'Tis flim-flam flummery.

SCRUB. Thou'rt wrong
To chide me.

GRISK. Am I ? Then I'll sing a song.

SONG—GRISKINDA.

Air—" *While gazing on the moon's light.*"

If passing by a cook's shop,
A dainty cutlet meet your eye,
Well pleased, you make a full stop,
And wish the dainty bit to buy.
If cash ring,
They'll soon bring
The cutlet sweet, and thank you too ;
If empty
Your purse be,
The morsel will not smoke for you.
Then me no more of wisdom tell—
This simple maxim none can doubt :
With money many a fool lives well,
But the wisest cannot live without.

Our friends could all be found soon,
When we were rich and lived at ease ;—
They'd come by scores i' the forenoon
To take a crust of bread and cheese.
But, now we
Are poor, see
They quite forget we're in the nation ;
Nor would they
A groat pay
To save us all from transportation.
Then me no more, &c.

GRISK. Thou too wilt leave me when our fortunes fall.

SCRUB. No ! Wet-nurse, dry-nurse, house-maid, cook, and all,
To thee I'll be ; and by thy honour'd side—
Right side or left—my duty shall be tied.
Still will I follow thee, depend upon it,
While hope remains—

GRISK. (*aside.*) To get a cast-off bonnet.

SCRUB. Learn, madam, to condemn all praise betimes ;
For flattery, madam, is the nurse of crimes.

GRISK. Believe, Scrubinda, I shall one day try
To pay thee well for thy fidelity.
Should e'er kind Fortune bless me with her gifts,
I'll give thee—

SCRUB. (*eagerly.*) What ?

GRISK. A dozen Holland—chemises.
Take this half-crown. Retire. Here comes my lord.

SCRUB. (*pocketing the money.*) Thus virtue ever is its own reward.
[*Exit SCRUBINDA.*]

Enter CONSCIENZO, in thought.

GRISK. Why wears my Consenzio that sad brow ?
Why ruminates my lord like any cow ?
Rouse ! like a kitten frisk about the house,
Nor like a tom-cat mope.

CONS. I'm poor as mouse.

GRISK. (*anxiously.*) Mouse ! say not church-mouse.

CONS. (*with dignified resignation.*) Poor as mouse of church.

GRISK. Sure Fortune flogs us with her longest birch.

CONS. O Fortune ! wilt thou ever be thus cross !

I'm tired as dog, and sick as any horse.

(*To GRISK.*) Leave me, my love ; I fain would be alone ;

For all my sorrows must be all mine own.

GRISK. (*tenderly.*) No ; let me stay, and share them drop by drop.

CONS. Oh ! here's a sample of a wife !—Then stop.

GRISK. Say, my dear consort,—Consenzio, say,—

Why still thou quit'st thy bed ere break of day ?

Why still, thy loving, fond Griskinda scorning,

Thou com'st home every night at three i' the morning ?

And when thou com'st her dark-brown woes to share,

She finds thee still as surly as a bear ?

CONS. Say, my Griskinda, what's this yarn about ?

GRISK. There is a secret, and I'll find it out.

CONS. Oh ! spare me.

GRISK. Answer.

CONS. Ask not.

GRISK. Know I must.

CONS. Will no kind windmill grind me into dust !

GRISK. (*kneeling.*) In pity tell me.

CONS. Hide me, night, from day !

Must I the secret of my friend betray ?

O fatal force ! I can resist no longer ;

I am the weaker one, since thou'rt the stronger.—

Now list, and tremble.—About ten o'clock

I happen'd at Rascallo's door to knock,
When thus his purpose burst upon mine ear,
In dreadful speech—

(RASCALLO, who has been listening at a door in the centre,
rushes forward, and comes between them.)

RASC. Behold him, traitor, here!

(CONSCIENZO and GRISKINDA kneel. He points a dagger
at the bosom of each. SCRUBINDA rushes in, and holds
a rolling-pin over RASCALLO'S head. TABLEAU.)

SCRUB. Hold! monster, hold!

RASC. Rascallo, undismay'd,
Smiles at thy rolling-pin, frail kitchen-maid.
Hence to thy scullery!

SCRUB. Here I'd stay, base bragger,
Had'st thou ten hands, and in each hand a dagger.
Get thee down stairs!

RASC. Never!

SCRUB. Then stay, poor blockhead,
Till from thy thick skull thy dull brains be knocked.

RASC. O, what a maid is this! As I'm alive,
Her soul's as large as any common five!
This is the maid whom Fate designs my wife:
I'll marry her; I will, upon my life!

Sweet guardian of the sable pots and pans,
I'll make thee mine—so let's proclaim the banns.

SCRUB. All impudence must sink before this man's!
What means thy bold presumption? monster, say!

RASC. First take that threat'ning rolling-pin away.

CONS. GRISK. Good sir, we can't stand kneeling here all day.

RASC. Still kneel, till I'm resolved for love or war.

GRISK. Psha!

SCRUB. Nonsense!

CONS. Pish!

GRISK. Pooh, pooh!

SCRUB. No go!

CONS. Pah, pah!

RASC. Rise, then; you're free.

SCRUB. (*embracing* RASC.) Now talk of love.

RASC. And further,

To give't a zest, we'll season it with murther.

As for this outrage, friends, I beg your pardon.

CONS. I care not for thy humours a brass fardon:
But, mark me! when thou'rt next inclined for joking,
Be't not with daggers in one's bowels poking.

GRISK. Now say, Rascallo, whence this fearful rout?

RASC. I'll tell thee.—Sweet Scrubinda, just step out.
Anon we will confer about our marriage.

SCRUB. First, promise me thou'lt let me keep a carriage.

RASC. Now, by the sweetly-flowing silver Styx,
I'll let thee drive, my love, a coach-and-six;
And, unless Fortune on my purpose frown,
I'll place upon thy head a glittering crown.

SCRUB. A crown!

GRISK. A crown !

CONS. (*aside to RASCALLO.*) My friend, too rashly spoken.

RASC. (*recovering himself.*) I mean a — Brummagem five-shilling token.

Now leave us, love. (*Aside.*) A woman's like a parrot,—
Ne'er happy but when swinging in her chariot.

SCRUB. (*aside.*) To learn what's going on, I'll use this device:
I'll close the door, and listen at a crevice. [*Exit SCRUBINDA.*]

RASC. Now, Consenzio, was this noble?—eh?—

Say, was this giving me, thy friend, fair play?

Was 't right to trust my secret to thy wife,

Risking thine own and thy Rascallo's life?

To tell a woman about killing kings,

And filching crowns,—and them 'ere sort o' things?

CONS. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

GRISK. He ! he ! he ! he ! he ! he !

RASC. Flames, fire, and fury ! do you laugh at me?

CONS. We laugh to find thee such a stupid elf.

Whate'er she knows, thou 'st told her, sir, thyself.

RASC. And so I have.—May we depend upon her?

GRISK. Thou may'st.

RASC. But swear.

GRISK. (*kneeling, and with great solemnity.*) Upon my word and honour !

RASC. Hear then my plan ; 'tis ready cut and dried.

(*Shows a paper.*)

(*To CONS.*) Thou and myself, together, side by side,

Will to the palace, when the King's alone,

And ask him civilly to yield the throne.

If he refuse, as 'tis most like he will,

Then to our business—kill, kill, kill, kill, kill ;

Disarm the guard, and, this great work being done,

Despatch the Privy Council one by one.

CONS. (*pityingly.*) And won't you not spare any?

RASC. No, not none.

Next storm the Mint, and, having seized the treasure,

Thou shalt proclaim me king.

CONS. I'll do't with pleasure.

RASC. The fair Scrubinda, then, I'll make my queen,

(*GRISKINDA starts.*)

And deck her beauteous form—in sarsnet green,

Fringe, feathers, flounces, furbelows—so fine out,

That from other queens she'll take the shine out.

Thou, sweet Griskinda, shalt attend upon her (*in a patronising tone*),

The first and foremost of her dames of honour.

I'll keep my word : here 'mongst my mems I set it.

(*Writes in pocket-book.*)

GRISK. (*aside.*) Now don't he wish her majesty (*sneeringly*) may get it?

RASC. Thee, Consenzio, will I elevate,

And make thee all that's noble, grand, and great :

Still shalt thou find me to thy interest partial,

So be thou—in short, everything from Archbishop of Canterbury
down to City Marshal.

CONS. (*bowing*.) My liege, my king—that is to be, I mean—

GRISK. (*aside*.) Nor sun nor moon shall e'er behold her queen.

CONS. Some slight objections might I dare to start
Against thy royal scheme?

RASC. With all my heart.

CONS. The royal presence how shall we approach?

RASC. Well urged—(*meditating*)—I have't:—we'll hire a hackney-coach.

CONS. Next, we've no friends, no money—

RASC. That's the reason:

If we were rich, the devil take high treason.

Come, follow me: hence with thy fearful fuss,

Fit only for a puling boy at nurse; [Pronounce *nuss*, &c.]

I tell thee I'll put money in thy purse.

Our states are bad—they cannot well be worse;

And if we fail, the King can but—

CONS. and GRISK. What?

RASC. Kill us. [*Exit RASCALLO*.]

CONS. Why did I league with him in this vile plot?

Ambition, thou art like—I know not what.

He that is lured by thy enticements fair

Is like the bark that floats—I know not where;

And I am like those rash and daring men

Mad with wild schemes, who lived—I know not when.

But shall this be? No—no; I'll fall to pray'rs,

And kick ambition all the way down stairs.

Avaunt, ye very various visions vain!—

So—Conscienzo is himself again!

GRISK. (*smoothingly*.) 'Tis wisely done! when Fortune kneels before thee,

All sparkling in a full-dress suit of glory,

To spurn her favours; and the crown and rule

She tenders, to throw from thee like a fool.

CONS. To kill a king!

GRISK. Thou mewling, puling elf!

I'll go and knock his pate about myself.

CONS. Hold! I'm resolved. The deed myself I'll do.

GRISK. Go kill the King, and the king-killer too (*significantly*).

CONS. I understand thee not, my sweet rose-bud.

[SCRUBINDA *appears listening*.]

Speak thy dark meaning.

GRISK. 'Tis as clear as mud.

Dost not perceive?—Rascallo mounts the throne,

And what he'll do when there—is not yet known.

Scrubinda, too—O torture!—will be queen,

And what *her* acts may be—is not yet seen.

These things premised, I must take leave to say,

We are as fit for king and queen as they.

CONS. What's to be done?

GRISK. Betray them to the King.

They'll both be hang'd, or—to be plain—they'll swing.

CONS. What follows then?

GRISK. Then? Why, what ought to follow?

We'll kill the King, and win the crown dead-hollow.

CONS. O, my Griskinda! 'tis a question which is,
Or thou, or I, most fit to wear the—small-clothes.

GRISK. Then, let us on.

CONS. But if we fail?

GRISK. We fail.

CONS. But—should the King make head?

GRISK. Still scorn we to turn tail.

[*Exeunt GRISKINDA and CONSCIENZO.*]

SCRUBINDA *comes forward.*

SCRUB. Now that's what I call neat: the genteel thing—
To up and tell our matters to the King!

And get me hang'd, and my Rascallo too!—

Bear up, my woman's heart!—Now—what's to do?—

Ha!—With their own base measures I'll come o'er 'em:

A swift-wing'd cab shall bear me there before 'em.

Thus have I seen on Alps' recumbent heights,

When the dim turret of the sky alights—

(While flickering whirlwinds flutter on the shore,

Mocking each fragment's undulating roar)—

A storm-fed lion pulverise the light,

Till all is lost in rage and universal night.

[*Exit SCRUBINDA, with a rush.*]

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Palace.*

Enter RUMFUSKIN, musing.

RUM. Why was I born a king, ah! tell me why

Was I foredoom'd to so much misery?

Why make a king of these here realms of me?

O luckless fate! O hapless destiny!

What is a king?—or what, indeed, is man?

Or what is life? O tell me—ye who can.

To be a king! what is it, say, but, oh!

To wear a crown, and reign—supreme in woe.

Thou happy shepherd, or thou thoughtless clown,

Give me thy peace, take thou my weary crown;

I'll give my palace for thy humble cot.—

Like other kings I say 't, but like them, too,—I'll not.

SONG—RUMFUSKIN.

Air—"Oh! the days are gone."

Oh! were I now a cobbler good,

Just let me see,

Between that life and mine, what would

The diff'rence be.

The cobbler's fed

On coarse brown bread,

And labours like a Turk;

While I live on stews

And rich ragouts,

And do no work.

Sure a better thing

Is a well-fed king

Who does no work.



Amphibian, or, Thompson's Amusement,
A new and original production.



Your cobbler's drunk one day in three—
 And that's not right ;
 Whilst I most royally drunk may be
 From morn till night.
 Then if these the joys
 A king employs
 His royal hours to pass,
 He that would not be
 A king like me
 Must be an ass—
 He that would not be
 A king like me
 Must be an ass.

(*A cry of "Coachee, Coachee," by several voices without.*)

RUM. What means that direful clatter ?—Ha ! approach !

Enter JEM FLOGGEM.

What art thou ?

FLOG. Driver of a hackney-coach.

RUM. What number driv'st thou ?

FLOG. Sire, as I'm alive,

I drive no number—'tis a coach I drive.

The number of my coach is four-sixteen.

RUM. Equivocating slave ! 'tis that I mean.

(*Aside.*) The very number !—then our dream is out.

(*To FLOG.*) 'Tis plot and treason that thou com'st about.

FLOG. It is, my liege. But how thou cam'st to know it—

RUM. Is not thy business.

FLOG. Thou'rt a rum-un—go it !

RUM. O, insolence ! Now, guided by my rage,

I'd fain condemn the varlet to the cage ;

Thence to the Poultry Counter ; thence—But, hold ;

He comes a tale of treason to unfold,

And anger must a while to interest bow.

(*To FLOG.*) Now tell me all—each *when*, each *where*, each *how*.

FLOG. I will be *candid*, sire. I come to serve thee :

Thou'rt in a *pickle*, but 'tis I'll *preserve* thee.

RUM. Let truth, not puns, o'er what thou say'st prevail.

Proceed. Be that thy *cue*.

FLOG. And this my *tale*.

E'en now, as I was waiting for a fare,

Just at the end of Lisle Street, Leicester Square,

Rascallo call'd me. Big with rage and malice,

Frowning, he bade me drive him to the palace ;

When, stepping in, this paper, thee to save meant,

Fell from his pocket smack upon the pavement.

I hid it in the boot ; then set him down.

"Your fare ?" said he ; said I, "'Tis half-a-crown."

To pay so much the spooney was not willing :

"Jarvey," said he, "I'll give thee but a shilling."—

"You won't ?" says I ; says he, "Most surely not."

Thinks I, "Then I'll expose your honour's plot."

RUM. Right loyal Coachee ! (*Aside.*) How shall I requite him ?

I'll go the cheapest way to work : I'll knight him.—
Thy name ?

FLOG. Jem Floggem.

RUM. (*drawing his sword.*) Kneel.

FLOG. Don't go to trim me.

RUM. Kneel down, Jem Floggem, and arise—*Sir Jemmy.*

FLOG. I'd rather touch the ready.

RUM. Thankless beast !

FLOG. I thought you'd give me one-pound-one, at least.
What good to me with titles to be cramm'd ?

RUM. Art not a knight ?

FLOG. Your Majesty be—spificated !

RUM. Take this, bold traitor. (*Stabs him.*)

FLOG. Ha ! I'm summon'd strait—

The grave, the Bow Street—Death, the magistrate.

Cut—cut behind—my fare's—gee-up—jehu—

Coach to the city—hired—drive on—adieu ! (*Dies.*)

RUM. There fled the spirit of a saucy whip !

Thus be each Jarvey taken on the hip.—

Now for the traitors. Let's peruse their scheme :—

It answers point for point our royal dream !

We'll place Sir Jemmy's body on the throne.

Rascallo will mistake it for our own. (*Places the body on the throne.*)

Thus we'll out-scheme our deadly-scheming foes.—

Hang him, he's coming.

(*RUMFUSKIN goes off hastily with long strides. RASCALLO, dagger in hand, enters, and instantly follows him in the same way, saying*)

RASC. Hang him, there he goes !

[*Exit.*]

Enter CONSCIENZO and GRISKINDA.

CONS. Here, then, we are. But, ah ! what deed to do !

GRISK. (*coolly.*) To run Rumpfuskin's body through and through.

CONS. I own for such vagaries I'm not made.

GRISK. A captain of militia, and afraid !

CONS. I shake like calf's-foot jelly.

GRISK. I'm no bragger,

But what I say I'll do. Give me the dagger.

CONS. Hold up, my heart !—'tis done—Rumpfuskin dies !

(*Approaches the throne.*)

O horror ! See where ready-killed he lies !

GRISK. (*kneels to CONSCIENZO, and with enthusiasm.*) Hail, Con-
scienzo ! King of the North Pole !

Enter RASCALLO, with a bloody dagger.

RASC. Not whilst Rascallo lives ; upon my soul !

Thou, traitor, promisedst to lend a hand,

In hopes I'd make thee second in command ;

Alone thou left'st me to commit the crime.—Oh !

Thou faithless second, thou would'st now be *primo*.

GRISK. And shall be, too.

CONS. And will.

RASC. He shan't, that's flat.

GRISK. Here's to decide it, then : take this ! (*Stabs RASCALLO.*)

SCRUBINDA *rushes on and stabs* GRISKINDA.

SCRUB. Take that !

GRISK. And here ! (*Stabs SCRUBINDA.*)

RASC. And there ! (*Stabs CONSCIENZO.*)

CONS. I scarcely care a button

For living now, for I'm as dead as mutton.

(*They each draw a chair, and fall into it.*)

RASC. (*looking at his wound.*) My wound is mortal.

SCRUB. (*doing the same.*) So is mine.

CONS. Mine too.

GRISK. In me she has bored a hole quite through and through.

RASC. But see where comes the kill'd and wounded King.

CONS. Why, there he lies. (*Pointing to SIR JEMMY.*)

RASC. Pooh ! nonsense ! no such thing :

'Tis Jem the coachman.

CONS. O, most fatal blunder !

I took him for the King.

RASC. I shouldn't wonder.

Enter RUMFUSKIN, wounded, led on by SENTENTIOSUS, Lord High Chancellor.

RUM. Gently, my good Lord Chancellor, for, oh !

We feel our life is just upon the go.

Here will we die.

SENT. *We die !* (*Aside.*) O, curse his *we's* !

(*To him.*) Your Kingship will die *solus* if you please.

RUM. Thou know'st when we say "we," we mean but *I*.

SENT. Oh, ho ! if that's the case, why then *we* 'll die.

RUM. My good Lord Chancellor, ere we die, take note,
Thou must oblige us.

SENT. How, sire ?

RUM. Brush our coat.

SENT. Ha ! brush thy coat ! No, tyrant, be it known,
A Lord High Chancellor would not brush his own.

(*A threatening gesture by the King.*)

Think not, my sovereign, I'm too bold in stating

That task were fitter for a lord in waiting.

RUM. We're dying, so thy boldness we excuse,

Else would we make your lordship black our shoes.

See where the regicidal rebels lie.

Remove yon corpse, for on our throne we 'll die.

Pity our fate, ye traitors ; 'tis a hard one !

ALL, *except* SENT. We beg your Majesty's most gracious pardon.

RUM. (*To* SENT.) Now, ere we die, my lord, return our conscience :
Thou art the keeper on't.

SENT. What, I ? Psha ! nonsense !

RUM. *Thou'rt* keeper of our conscience, fire and fury !

SENT. 'Tis the Archbishop, sire, of *Canterbury*.

RUM. We think thou'rt wrong : but, prythee, send about it ;

And tell his Grace we cannot die without it.

We die—we cannot wait—so send it after.

FLOG. 'Tis well I'm dead, or I should die of laughter.

RUM. (*angrily.*) You have no right to speak, because you know We kill'd you upwards of an hour ago.

FLOG. 'Tis true you kill'd me, sire; but that's no rule.

RUM. No more, I say. Dost take us for a fool?

(*To SENT.*) My lord, what does the Act of Parliament say?

SENT. (*takes an Act of Parliament from his pocket.*) 'Tis thus enacted: If he can, he may.

RUM. Law still is law.—Now let's to business.—Oh!

We'll settle the succession ere we go.

Thou shalt be king, my lord; and thus we close all Life's weighty matters. (*Dies.*)

SENT. Now hear my proposal:

No more of dying—all offences smother—

Live for the present, and forgive each other.

RUM. A noble motion. (*To FLOG.*) Hence, unwieldy drone, And let thy monarch reassume his throne.

All live again! Lord Chancellor, this way hand 'em.

(*SENTENTIOSUS presents each to the King, till he comes to CONSCIENZO, who refuses.*)

CONS. I'd rather die.

SENT. De gustibus non est disputandum.

RUM. Live, I command. Slave! die against my pleasure, And of an unmade grave I'll take thy measure.

CONS. Since 'tis thy royal pleasure, sire, I'll live.

RUM. Whate'er is past we freely do forgive.

SENT. Your Majesty is much too good. (*Aside.*) But I Will file 'gainst each a bill in Chancery.

RASC. For what is past my heart is full of sorrow.

(*Aside.*) I'll have another poke at him to-morrow.

RUM. Rascallo, take Scrubinda's lily hand—

You shall be bound in Hymen's saffron band;

Her dower shall be—a half a yard of land.

For Conscienzo and his lovely wife,

They both shall board and lodge with us for life.

Sir Jemmy, for the favours in thy heart meant,

We make thee—Minister for our Home Department.

CONS. Henceforth let mortals, for each other's use meant, Not cut each other's throats for mere amusement.

MORAL.

GRISKINDA comes forward.

When worth and honour radiate the heart,
And each, refulgent, owns the worthier part,
Through azure clouds the corruscations rise,
And Reason's mirror gilds the opening skies.
So shall the soul assert her bright command,
And Peace, with Virtue join'd, pervade this happy land.

THE END.

THE SAILOR.

Come, Jack, my hearty, bear a hand! No skulking!—turn up. The ladies and gentlemen look on you as “a lion,” and would have a peep. Come, and come in all your tarry glory. Shove a fresh quid into your cheek, and give your love-locks another twist. Let’s have all genuine, even to the hitched-up trowsers, the professional hat, with its pendent streamers, the long-quartered pumps, and the deep-sea roll, then the grog—glorious grog!—shall be so too. We must have a regular blue-water lad—a Portsmouth or Wapping boy; no long-shorer, no cod-catcher will do. Out on tailor-tars and masquerade sailors! be-belted, be-daggered, and be-pistolled; we’ll none o’ them. Nor do we intend to dilate on the perilous adventures of those who navigate that endless sea, the Paddington canal. Corn-barges and coal-barges, lighters, hoys, oyster-boats, and wherries, we have nothing to do with you or yours; with those amphibious animals, dressed as sailors, complexioned like colliers, that direct the monsters which smoke along our shores, and convey sea-faring cockneys to Greenwich and the Nore, we shall not stop to converse.

We must impress for our purposes a blade who has been round the world, and on all sides of it; one who has been “done brown” under the meridian, and afterwards frozen grey at the Pole; who has been tattooed in Otaheite, and spitted for roasting in New Zealand. The lad must have floored Patagonians by dozens; have existed for three months on a rat’s hind-quarter, three leather shoes, and a satin slipper; been the only survivor in nineteen shipwrecks; and once, when his vessel foundered at sea, made a voyage from the latitude of the Cape to the Azores on a hen-coop, catching dolphins and boobies by the way for his support. He must have seen every sight for which the ocean is remarkable, and, above all, the “Flying Dutchman.” He must love his ship as his mother, and the sea as his home, regarding the land as a place merely for fresh water and wives. Fear must be unknown to him whenever danger comes in bodily substance; but he may be allowed to dread ghosts, goblins, and mermaids, which latter if he has heard sing and held conversation with, the better. He may shun the old hulk on board which the captain killed the cabin-boy, and the crew killed the captain, without his courage being doubted; he may assert having seen hundreds of spirits dancing on the waves where great battles have been fought, and his veracity be unimpugned. He must fear no man but the land-shark, dread nothing substantial save the “cat” and the bilboes. We shall expect him to be able to spin a decent yarn; we do not want him to be learned; we require to know about “Nelson and the Nile,” the old Victory, and the fighting Temeraire, as he *saw* them. It is to be hoped he will be one who has aided often in laying the Frenchman’s flag flat on his deck, as well as easing the Don of his dollars—when the said Don had them. Such an one, and more especially if he acts like a sailor ashore, gets rid of the earnings of twelve months in six hours; sports a hackney-coach round town,

with a fiddler on the roof ; sets up a dozen glasses of grog, and throws at them with another. If he does all these, and a few other things, which we may allude to presently, he will do, and let him sit to us for his picture.

We will commence our portrait with the hero on his native element. Were we to give the sea-life of a sailor in its unvarnished state, we fear it would be robbed of many of the charms, and much of the romance, usually appended to it by sober fireside landmen ; but we are patriots, and have the good of the state at heart,—when not sea-sick : *colour de rose* will not be totally omitted in our picture.

It is a glorious day ; the sun shines gaily, the breeze from the nor-west blows fair ; the “blue-peter” has been flying since day-break, and now the fore-topsail is loosed ; about noon, a gun is fired, and shortly after the boatswain’s whistle summons the gangway men, for the captain is alongside. The chief mounts to the quarter-deck, and the anchor is soon a-peak, and the vessel’s nose put seawards. The land sinks beneath the horizon, and the ship is at sea.

We will suppose this to be the opening of our hero’s career. He is perhaps some simple country lad, who sees salt water for the first time, who calls the shrouds ladders, and the dog-vane being mentioned, expects to hear a bark. For the first few days the wind is fair, the weather fine ; but the lad does not escape that nautical horror—sea-sickness. How fervently does he wish himself again at his cottage-door, or driving his geese or his pigs along some shady lane, or frightening the thievish crows from the new-sown corn, or anywhere but in his present situation. He cannot eat, and scarcely stand ; and so unmanned is he by his illness, that he would readily give all his worldly possessions to any one who would be charitable enough to throw him overboard.

His sickness, however, has a termination, and with returning strength he becomes more reconciled to his condition. He has at first a good deal of raillery to bear ; he is laughed at for his unprofessional language, quizzed for his ignorance of sheets and tackles, davits and marlingspikes. His messmates are good-natured, and he soon becomes more learned. In a month he is able to chew, smoke, and drink rum. As his voyage progresses, he masters the compass, is taught to steer, and reef, and heave the log. He is soon competent to whip a rope and lay a splice, furl a top-gallant-sail, and heave the lead ; and it is ten to one that, at the end of a long life, he has added nothing more to his professional knowledge. His voyage is marked by the usual alternation of storms and calms, dangers and escapes. He visits many strange lands, and perhaps brings away from them a monkey or a parrot, a few shells, and correct information of the prices of liquors, and where the best and cheapest tobacco is to be obtained.

At the termination of his voyage, if one of long duration, he goes on shore, in all, save strength, an able seaman. Should it happen that his craft is a merchant-man, he has most likely been apprenticed for seven years, and for this period, should she escape shipwreck, and he feel no inclination to run away, he sails in her wherever the winds may waft, or currents drift. At the end of each

voyage he mostly visits his native hamlet, struts in all the pride of ducks and a blue jacket, plights his faith to some village maid, and delights the gaping country folk with the wonders of the distant seas. He tells them of fish that fly higher than the church-steeple, and further than the distance to the wood on the hill; but the farmer's dames shake their heads incredulously. He then relates how their anchor was fouled in the wheels of Pharaoh's chariot when in the Red Sea, and this finds a readier belief, for they have all read of Pharaoh's chariot. They blush to hear him tell of men who dispense with breeches, and shudder to learn there are people who dine off brothers, and sup on sons. He tells them how a shark on one occasion gulped their stream anchor, and how when they hauled him up, they found half a whale-boat, one cask of tallow, three men, and a girl in his stomach. But his visit and his tales are over, and "again he goes to sea."

His next voyage terminates his apprenticeship, and he is his own master. A pretty good foundation for an education has been laid by the various characters with whom he has sailed, but it is now that his genuine and unrestrained rollicks commence; hitherto a master's eye has retained him within a certain boundary. In all probability he now makes a voyage as "man." At his return he has what he deems an inexhaustible amount of money to receive. He does not, as formerly, visit his country friends; they are unthought of, and in all probability never again seen. In a great number of cases his sole care is to get rid of his cash. A crimp and public-house keeper takes him under his protection, absorbing cash as a sponge does water; ladies of an unholy sisterhood, and sailors who never went to sea, aid him with all fervour in his praiseworthy resolve; and short work they make of it between them. The sharks and vampires must all be "treated to the play." Of course they go in a coach, and the crazy vehicle groans beneath the weight of a dozen; to pass one single public-house on their line without pulling up would be deemed lubberly in the extreme. Jack himself is aloft, to give orders, and perhaps handle the tiller-ropes. Before their journey is half done he becomes so frolicsome that he insists on treating the admiring spectators to a hornpipe on the roof, and he only gets quiet when the roof gives way, and he descends into the solid mass of limbs and bodies under it, where he sticks like a wedge in a plank.

The theatre is now in sight, and they bring up at the gallery door, and after another "drop" they mount to the shilling Olympus. To expect the tar to sit quietly down here would be unreasonable in audience and manager. He shouts, laughs, roars, and swears, halloos to any brother blue-jacket he chances to spy out, and gives vent to his feelings according to the nature of the drama. He has a keen relish for humour, and laughs prodigiously; should he witness a tragedy—for instance, Othello,—his excitement soon boils over: it is in vain his companions assure him it is all "a sham;" he roars to the "blackamoor" to keep his dirty hands off that sweet girl, and pipes to the rescue. It is difficult to restrain him from rushing down and mixing in the scene; he swears to revenge the lady's death, and is very liberal in his promises of broken heads and shivered limbs. Between the pieces he makes the tour of the gal-

lery outside the railings; the pit roars "Bravo, Jack!" but the officers curse Jack, and unceremoniously haul him back to his seat, in which he is held by the strength of his companions. A farce concludes the entertainments, and this, with the aid of sundry stone-bottles, puts Jack in good humour, and he forgets all about the lady and the Moor, and promised vengeance.

The party adjourn from the theatre to the nearest public house; they sup and drink again, and after a very short time all is a blank to our hero. When he wakes in the morning he finds his face bruised, his head broken, himself in a watch-house, and his pockets without a copper. He is taken before a magistrate, accused of drunkenness and rioting, tells his tale, is reprimanded, lectured, and pitied (he can't be fined), and dismissed with half-a-crown from the poor-box. He goes and spends his last penny among those who robbed him of his pounds, and then gets a ship, to go and earn more money, which at his return is, with occasional variations in the means, got rid of as quickly and as well. Let it be remarked he sometimes gives as readily as he spends, and with as little discrimination.

After his first voyage the sailor frequently enters on board a man of war, where his remaining days of service are passed. He most likely fights many hard battles, performs many gallant actions, and plays the deuce among the women, marrying perhaps some half dozen of them at the end of as many successive voyages, in his prize-money sprees, none of whom he would scarcely recognise after being a month at sea. Many dangers attend his career, and it is rarely all are escaped. He may be shipwrecked or drowned, wounded in battle, perhaps killed, and soon forgotten among others whose blood mingled with his own on the gory deck; he may die at sea, and a messmate's tear dropped on his briny grave be all that marked his exit; or he may be captured, and in a foreign prison remain as utterly lost to all who had once known him, as though sunk in the depths of ocean. Should he survive all these, and exist beyond his strength, Greenwich Hospital, or a pension, await the evening of his days; but for the merchant-seaman, enfeebled in arduous service, there was, alas! until very recently, no provision, and the last days of his useful life were passed in menial drudgery, or labour, fit but for younger hands, within the cheerless walls of the parish work-house.

We have not inquired whether these loose remarks come up to the standard raised by Dibdin's songs, Marryat's novels, and nautical dramas, but apprehend they are not many cable-lengths from the true one. That exceptions exist to the reckless, careless character we have sketched, is quite true; we ourselves, and our astonishment was immense, a few days ago saw a regular-built tar enter a savings' bank!

W. LAW GANE.

Merrie England in the olden Time:

OR, PEREGRINATIONS WITH UNCLE TIM AND MR. BOSKY, OF
LITTLE BRITAIN, DRYSALTER.

BY GEORGE DANIEL.

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"—SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER XI.

"GIVE me a woman as old as Hecuba, or as ugly as Caifacarata-daddera, rather than Mrs. Bumgarten! to whom everything that pleases her betters is gall and bitterness. Were the annoyance confined to herself alone, I should cry, 'Content,'—for the labourer is worthy of his hire; and she who sows nettles and thorns is entitled to reap a stinging and prickly harvest. And madam to go through the farce of letting fall a few crocodile tears! Had they been compassionate and holy tears, I should have respected them; but the scalding drops of a pestilent shrew, when her passion boils over—pah!—Ill temper should ride quarantine, and have a *billet de santé*, before it is let loose upon society. Away from the heated atmosphere of hatred, envy, and all uncharitableness, thank Heaven, I can now breathe freely again!"

These were among the ruminations of Uncle Timothy as he sauntered homeward through the green fields on a beautiful autumn evening. Two interesting objects lay immediately before him: the village church and grave-yard, and a row of ancient almshouses, the pious endowment of a bountiful widow, who having been brought to feel what sorrow was, had erected them as the last resting-place but one for the aged and the poor.

There dwelt in our ancestors' a fine spirit of humanity towards the helpless and the needy. The charitable pittance was not doled out to them by the hand of insolent authority; but the way-farer, heart-weary, and foot-sore claimed at the gates of these pious institutions¹ (a few of which still remain in their primitive simplicity) his loaf, his lodging, and his groat, which were dispensed, generally with kindness, and always with decency. Truly we may say, that what the present generation has gained in *head* (and even *this* admission is subject to many qualifications), it has lost in *heart*!

A grave had just received its "poor inhabitant;" the mourners

¹ "Before the Reformation, there were no Poor's Rates. The charitable dole, given at the religious houses, and the church-ale in every parish did the business.

"In every parish there was a Church-house, to which belonged spits, pots, &c. for dressing provision. Here the housekeepers met, and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people came there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c. Mr. A. Wood assures me, that there were few or no almshouses before the time of Henry the Eighth; that at Oxon, opposite Christchurch, was one of the most ancient in England."—Abrey MSS.

² Was it ever intended—is it just—is it fitting, that the Masterships of St. Cross, at Winchester, and St. Katharine's, London, should be such sumptuous sinecures?

had departed, and two or three busy urchins, with shovels and spades, were filling in the earth; while the sexton, a living clod, nothing loth to see his work done by proxy, looked, with open mouth and leaden eyes, carelessly on. Uncle Timothy walked slowly up the path, and pausing before the "narrow cell," enforced silence and decency, if not absolute reverence, by that irresistible charm that ever accompanied his presence. His pensive, thoughtful look, and mournful smile, almost surprised the gazers into sympathy. Who was the silent tenant? None could tell. He was a stranger in the village; but their pastor must have known something of his story; for his voice faltered whilst reading the funeral service, and he was observed to weep. Uncle Timothy passed on, and continued his peregrination among the tombs. How grossly had the dead been libelled by the flattery of the living! Here was "a tender husband, a loving father, and an honest man," who certainly had never tumbled his wife out at window, kicked his children out of doors, or picked his neighbour's pocket in broad daylight on the King's highway; yet was he a hypocritical heartless old money-worshipper! There lay a "disconsolate widow," the names of whose three "lamented husbands" were chiselled on her tomb-stone! To the more opulent sort of human clay, who could afford plenty of lead and stone,—perchance the emblems of their dull, cold heads and hearts,—what pompous quarries were raised above ground! what fulsome inscriptions dedicated! But the poor came meanly off. Here and there a simple flower, blooming on the raised sod, and fondly cherished, told of departed friends and kindred not yet forgotten! And who that should see a rose thus affectionately planted would let it droop and wither for want of a tear?

"Ah!" thought Uncle Timothy, "may I make my last bed with the poor!—"

"Let not unkind, untimely thrift
These little boons deny;
Nor those who love me while I live
Neglect me when I die!"

A monument of chaste and simple design attracted his attention; he bent his way towards it, and uncovering his head, perused the inscription. It was to the memory of a gentle spirit, whom he mourned with a brother's love. Four lines were all that had been thought essential to say; but they were sufficiently expressive.

Father! thy name we bless,
Thy providence adore.
Earth has a mortal less,
Heaven has an angel more!

The "Giver of every good and perfect gift" had taken her daughter, the child of hope and many tears, before she knew sin or sorrow. Her epitaph ran thus:—

Oh! happy they who call'd to rest
Ere sorrow fades their bloom,
Awhile a blessing are—and bless'd—
Then sink into the tomb.
From fleeting joys and lasting woes
On youthful wing they fly—
In heaven they blossom like the rose,
The flowers that early die!

A deep and holy calm fell upon Uncle Timothy, with a sweet assurance that a happier meeting with departed friends was not far distant. And as the guardianship of ministering angels was his firm belief and favourite theme, his secret prayer at this solemn moment was, that they might save him from the bodily and mental infirmities, the selfishness and apathy of protracted years. He read the inscriptions over again, with a full conviction of their truthfulness. *They were his own.*

At an obscure corner—and afar off—*Truth*, for a wonder, had written an epitaph upon one who loved, not his *species*, but his *specie*!

Beneath this stone old Nicholas lies;
Nobody laughs, and nobody cries.
Where he's gone, and how he fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares!

And at no great distance was a tomb entirely overgrown with rank weeds, nettles, and thorns; and there was a superstitious legend attached to it, that they all grew up in one night, and though they had been several times rooted up, still, in one night, they all grew up again! Stones had been ignominiously cast upon it; and certain ancient folks of the village gravely affirmed that, on the anniversary of the burial of the miserable old crone, the *Black Sanctus*¹ was performed by herself and guardian spirits! A yew-tree stretched forth its bare branches over the tomb, which in one night also became withered and blasted!

At the porch of the centre almshouse sat an aged female in a widow's garb, and beside her the village pastor. From the earnestness of his address, he seemed to be exhorting her to resignation; but the tears that fell from her eyes proved how hard was the task! Though Uncle Timothy would not have done homage to the highest potentate in Christendom for all the wealth and distinction that he or she could bestow, he felt his knees tremble under him at the sacredness of humble sorrow; and with the same kindred feeling that had often made him "rejoice with those that rejoice," he was now ready to "weep with those that weep." He walked up the neat little flower garden, and having read the grateful memorial inscribed over the ancient doorway to the charitable foundress, he was about to speak, when the words, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," fell like the dews of heaven upon his ear! The widow

¹ Isaac Reed informs us (see note upon Chapman's *Widow's Tears*, in Dodsley's *Old Plays*) that "the *Black Sanctus* was a hymn to Saint Satan, written in ridicule of Monkish luxury." And Tarlton (see *News out of Purgatory*) quotes it in "the Tale of Pope Boniface." "And upon this there was a general mourning through all Rome: the cardinals wept, the abbots howled, the monks rored, the fryers cried, the nuns puled, the curtezans lamented, the bells rang, the tapers were lighted, that such a *Black Sanctus* was not scene a long time afore in Rome."

The *Black Sanctus* here said to be performed was of a different kind. It was assuredly "a hymn to Satan," in which the old crone and the most favoured of her kindred took the principal parts in the *base*, Hypocrisy led the band, Avarice *scraped* the fiddle, and curses, "not loud, but deep," from above and below, chanted an appropriate chorus.

"The rest God knows—perhaps the *Devil*!"

looked up—she hushed every sigh—she wiped away every tear—the divine potency of the promise sustained her, and she wept no more.

Little ceremony did Uncle Timothy use towards the good pastor and his comforted mourner. His address began with a simple question, who was the brother that he had so recently consigned to the grave?

“This poor widow’s only son!” was the tearful, tremulous reply.

The widow rose to bring a chair for Uncle Timothy, and she invited him to sit down with a smile; for hope was radiant in her countenance, and her heart was at rest.

“The story is brief and mournful,” said the good pastor. “This poor widow has seen better days, and had troops of fair-weather friends when she little needed them. Bankruptcy and ruin overtook her husband, and hurried him to the grave. This humble asylum opened its door to receive her; and here, though she might review the past with fond regret, she became grateful for the present, and hopeful for the future. Her son, a youth of fine intellect, and seemingly born to happier fortunes, submitted to the ill-paid drudgery of an office where the hands, not the head, were required; and he delighted to spare from his narrow pittance such additional comforts for his mother as were not contemplated by the pious foundress in those primitive times. He would hasten hither on beautiful summer evenings after the business of the day, to trim her little garden, surprise her with some frugal luxury, and see that she was happy. The Sabbath he never omitted passing under this roof, and he led her to my pew,—for she is a gentlewoman, sir,—where she sat with my family. Consumption, aggravated by a fever on the spirits, seized his frame; and what privations did he endure, what fatigues did he brave, to conceal the first fatal symptoms from his mother! Of a melancholy temperament, endued with all the fine sensibilities of genius, death, under much less unprosperous circumstances, would have been a welcome visitor; but to die—and leave—no matter. I promised to take upon myself the solemn charge, should the dreaded moment arrive. *It has arrived, and that promise, by the blessing of my God, I will faithfully redeem.*”

Uncle Timothy was not an envious man—he knew envy by name only. But if at this *particular* moment his heart could have been anatomised, oh, how he *envied* the good pastor!

“The disease gained ground with fearful strides. He was obliged to absent himself from business; and as his liberal employers were no-work-no-pay philanthropists, he was left to his own slender resources, and retired here to die.”

“Who sustained my lost son in his long sickness, comforted him in affliction, and received his last sigh? Ah! sir—But I dare not disobey your too strict injunction.

‘Friend of the poor! the mourner feels thy aid—
She cannot pay thee, but thou *wilt be paid!*’”

“It was one evening in the decline of autumn when I accompanied my dear young friend in one of his solitary rambles. The sun was setting in golden splendour, and tinged the deep blue clouds that appeared, at a distance, like mountains rising above one another.

'Yon glorious orb,' he cried, with sacred fervour, 'emblem of immortality !

The setting and the rising sun
To me are themes of deep reflection—
Death, frail mortal ! is the one,
The other is thy resurrection.
Oh ! be that resurrection mine,
And glorious as those rays divine !

A few days after I was called to his bed-side ; the icy hand of death had seized him ; he recognised me, smiled, and gently pressed my hand. 'Every misery missed,' he whispered, 'is a mercy !' A faint struggle, and a short sigh succeeded, and he was gone to his rest !

"What a poor figure would this simple record of good works, lively faith, and filial piety make in a modern obituary, where incoherent ravings are eagerly noted down by prying, officious death-bed gossipers, and wrought into a romance, always egotistical, and too often profane ! Such unseemly displays may flatter the vanity of the dead and the living, but they dishonour both. To you, madam," added Uncle Timothy, taking the poor old widow's hand, and pressing it tenderly, "consolation and hope have been brought by a heaven-appointed messenger. Something, however, remains to be done in a worldly sense. But I see our good friend is on the eve of departure ; what I was about to propose shall be submitted to him when we are alone. In the mean time, you will please to consider this humble roof but as a temporary home. It abounds in sad remembrances, which change of scene may mitigate and soften down, if not entirely dispel. I have no mother—do not be surprised, madam," (smiling through his tears)—"I am not asking you to adopt such a worthless old fellow as *me* for a son ; but I have a dear, affectionate relative, whose light-hearted exuberances might be chastened by your presence and good advice. Believe me, he would deeply regard you, *were it only for your sorrow*. And as there 'is a special providence in the falling of a sparrow,' I cannot doubt that some good spirit directed me hither. God bless you ! We shall very soon meet again."

And locking the kind pastor's arm in his own, he hurried down the little garden, pausing for a moment to gather a pale rose, which he placed in his bosom.

CHAPTER XII.

"RAILLY, Master Jackimo, I'm quite ashamed on your laziness ! you only gits up to lie down, and only lies down to git up ! and, instead of making your bow to the ladies and gentlemen, and holding out your cap to catch the coppers, you are everlastingly a-doing o' nuffin but pulling up your shirt-collar, and cracking o' nuts. Hav'n't I treated you more like a relation than a monkey—giving you the best of advice ? But if ever I find you at your old sun ag'in, as sure as my name's Blinking Billy I'll take off your goold scarlet waistcoat !"

This was addressed by an itinerant musician, in a shocking bad hat, with a garnish of old red cotton nightcaps, to his mendicant monkey, that he had perched upon *Whittington's Stone* for the purpose of taking him more conveniently to task. The offender was of

a grave aspect, with a remarkably knowing look. He was dressed *en militaire*, with an old-fashioned scarlet waistcoat embroidered with tinsel, of which he seemed monstrously vain. He listened with becoming seriousness to the musician's expostulation, slyly reserving in the corner of his jaw a nut that he deferred to crack till opportunity should offer. But at the threat of losing his *red waistcoat*, he gibbered, chattered, and by every species of pantomimical begging and bowing, promised future amendment.

Had not the mind of Uncle Timothy been too much occupied with recent events, he would doubtless have scraped acquaintance with both monkey and man, who were evidently eccentrics, and Uncle Tim was a lover of eccentricity. The moment that the monkey spied a customer, he began his work of reformation by jumping off the stone, running the full tether of his chain, making a graceful bow, and holding out his cap for a contribution. His politeness was rewarded with sixpence from Uncle Timothy, and an approving word from his master; and the middle-aged gentleman, serenaded by a passing grind from the barrel-organ, walked slowly on.

A caravansary of exhibitors bound to Bartholomew Fair had halted at Mother Red-Cap's,¹ an ancient hostelry at the foot of Highgate Hill. Although weary and parched with thirst, Uncle Timothy might probably have journeyed onward, had not the "beck'ning ghost" of jovial John Backster,² flitting in the evening grey, motioned him, in imagination, to enter. He made his way to the low-roofed side parlour, where were assembled a motley troop of showmen and conjurors. One fellow was busily employed in shaving a baboon,³

¹ *Mother Red Cap*, doubtless an emanation of *Elinour Rumming*, was a favourite sign during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the *black Jack* that she held in her hand was a symbol of good ale. Two ancient hostelries still bear her prepossessing effigy: one in the *Hampstead Road, near Kentish Town*; and one at *Holloway*. It is said that a remarkable shrew, *Mother Damnable*, of *Kentish Town*, (of whom the late Mr. Bindley had an unique engraving,) gave rise to the former sign. This ill-favoured lady looks more like a witch, or sorceress, than an ale-wife. She would have frightened her customers out of the house, and their horses out of the stable! We are inclined to give the palm of priority to the venerable red-capped mother at *Holloway*, who must have been moderately notorious in the time of Drunken Barnaby, when he halted to regale himself at her portal.

"Thence to Holloway, *Mother Red-cap*
In a troop of trulls I did hap;
Wh—s of *Babylon* me impalled,
And me their *Adonis* called;
With me toy'd they, buss'd me, cull'd me,
But being needy, out they pulled me."

² *John Backster* kept the *Mother Red Cap* at *Holloway* in 1667. We are in possession of his *Token*, on the right side of which is engraved *Mother Red Cap* holding a *Black Jack*, with his initials of "*J. B. His Half Penny*:" and on the reverse, "*John Backster, att-the Mother Red-Capp in holway, 1667.*"

³ The baboon and the monkey were very popular drolls in ancient times. The following lines occur in a work called "*Ayres or Phantasticke Sprites for three Voices*," published by Thomas Weelkes, "*Batchelar of Musicke*," 1608.

"The ape, the monkey, and baboon did meet,
And breaking of their fast in Friday Street;
Two of them sware together solemnly
In their three natures was a sympathy.
'Nay,' quoth Baboon, 'I do deny that strain,
I have more knavery in me than you twain.'

which he intended to exhibit as a fairy ; and another was rasping the rough chin of a muzzled bear, that bore the operation with exemplary patience, sitting in an arm-chair, dressed in a check waistcoat and trowsers, in his professional character of an Ethiopian savage ! A conjuror was looking at a large dragon-fly through a magnifying glass, to see how it would pass off for the great high German highter-flighter ; and the proprietor of an aviary was supplying a young blackbird with an artificial comb and wattles of red velvet, to find a customer for him as the great cocky, or olla bird of the desert. A showman was mending the fractured bridge of Mr. Punch's red nose, while his stage-manager tried a new tail on the devil.¹ The master of the monster tea-kettle, who had recently been "up the spout," was tricking out his red-haired, strapping Dulcinea with peacock's feathers, bits of stained glass, catskins, strips of coloured leather, and teaching her to sing some unintelligible gibberish for the purpose of extracting from the Bartholomew Fair gulls a penny for the prodigious sight of a real wild Indian. A mermaid was in process of completion ; a dog was practising a minuet with a monkey, to see how his fifth leg fitted him ; a learned pig² was going through his lesson in numbers and cards ; a cat of extraordinary intelligence was feeding a kitten with starch, to make it stand upright ; a monkey instructed an intellectual goose how to carry a pair of miniature milkpails ; a poetical licensed victualler had just painted on his board, which was emblazoned with the sign of the Griffin and Hoop, the following lines in capitals,

" I, John Stubbs lyveth hear,
Sels goode Brandy, Gin, and Bere,

" 'Why,' quoth the Ape, ' I have a horse at will
In Paris Garden, for to ride on still,
And there show tricks.'—'Tush,' quoth the Monkey, ' I
Far better tricks in great men's houses lie.'
'Tush !' quoth Baboon ; ' when men do know I come,
For sport from town and country they will run.' "

¹ In some of the old plays the *devil* was dressed in a black suit, painted with flames, and made to shine. " Let the *devil* wear *black* for me, I'll have a suit of *sables*," says Hamlet. In the mysteries and moralities of an earlier date, he was decorated with a hairy dress, like a wild-beast.

² The earliest account that we have seen of a *learned pig* is to be found in an old Bartholomew Fair bill, issued by that Emperor of all conjurers, Mr. Fawkes, which exhibits the portrait of the swinish pundit holding a paper in his mouth, with the letter Y inscribed upon it. This " most amazing pig," which had a particularly curly tail, was the pattern of docility and sagacity : the " Pig of Knowledge, Being the only one ever taught in England." He was to be visited " at a Commodious Room, at the *George*, West-Smithfield, During the time of the Fair : " and the spectators were required to " See and Believe ! " *Three-pence* was the price of admission to behold " This astonishing animal " perform with cards, money, and watches, &c. &c. The bill concluded with a poetical apotheosis to the pig, from which we extract one verse.

" A *learned pig* in *George's* reign,
To *Æsop's* brutes an equal boast ;
Then let mankind again combine,
To render friendship still a toast."

Stella said that Swift could write sublimely upon a *broomstick*. Who ever, as the Methodists say, better " improved " a *pig* ? Except by *roasting* it ! In 1732, Mr. Fawkes exhibited a " *learned goose* " opposite the *George Inn*, West-Smithfield.

I maid mi borde a leetle whyder,
To let you nowe I æls goode Syder:"

the lines, like the liquors, being composed by the said John Stubbs! A giant,¹ well padded out, was adding some inches to his stature by a pair of German hogloshes, with extra high heels; a fresh-water sailor, with one eye, and one leg, had a seal that exhaled an odour "most ancient and fish-like;" a ballad-singer was whitening his head with chalk,² and several poor Italian boys, with tortoiseshells, squirrels, monkeys, and white mice, were jabbering away their *patois* in a corner with great animation. One lively little fellow, the lion of the party, with brilliant black eyes, ivory teeth, and a dark brown complexion, tinged with the bright warmth of an Italian sun, who bore on his shoulder a frolicksome marmoset³ that he had been teaching to leap through a hoop, amused his companions with a ditty that he had picked up on his journey hither from the pleasant valleys of his father-land.

The person of Uncle Timothy was naturally imposing; but the superfine broad cloth and brass buttons of Mr. Rumfit had invested it with a magisterial character that caused a sudden movement among the exhibitors when he entered their sanctorum. But the middle-aged gentleman soon convinced them that he was a man of humanity, and no magistrate; which quieted the alarms of both men and monkeys; and so gracious were his looks and demeanour, that the shaved bear, which had viewed him with scowling distrust, no longer kept aloof, but proffered his shaggy paw for a shake. At this moment the lecturing musician entered the room, and Master Jackimo, recognising his benefactor, jumped from the organ, ran up to him, doffed his cap, and made his best bow! Uncle Timothy and

¹ Giants have been "*At Home*" not at fairs only. Og, King of Bashan, was more than twelve English feet in height. Goliath was about nine feet nine inches high—or eleven feet, according to some commentators. The Emperor Maximinus is said to have been nine feet. Turner, the naturalist, mentions having seen on the Brazil coast a race of gigantic savages, one of whom measured twelve feet! And Monsieur Thevet, in his description of America, published at Paris in 1575, declares that he saw and measured the skeleton of a South American, which was eleven feet five inches in length. Diemerbroeck saw at Utrecht a well-proportioned living man, measuring eight feet six inches; and Dr. Becamus was introduced to a youth who was nearly nine feet high; a man *almost* ten feet, and a woman *quite* ten feet. The Patagonians have been represented as a nation of giants. The Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society contain accounts of skeletons dug up in England, measuring eight and nine feet in length, which probably were Roman. In the forty-first and forty-second volumes of the same work are two engravings taken from an *os frontis* and an *os bregmatis*, the former of which is reckoned to have belonged to a person between eleven and twelve feet high; the latter to a giant of thirteen feet four inches. Walter Parsons, porter to King James the First, was seven feet seven inches in stature. The Chinese would have us believe that they possess giants fifteen feet high. More of these prodigies hereafter.

² Powdering the hair is supposed to have taken its rise in modern Europe from some ballad singers at the fair of St. Germain's in 1614, whitening their heads to make themselves ludicrous!

³ The custom of bearing an ape on the shoulder at country fairs, &c. is very ancient. Ben Jonson makes the following allusion to it in his *Masque of Gypsies*:

"A gypsy in his shape,
More calls the beholder,
Than the fellow with the ape,
Or the ape on his shoulder."

his company being now upon terms, he ordered in biscuits for the monkeys, and buns for the bears; not forgetting some nuts for his friend, Jackimo, who waited for the musician's nod before he ventured to crack one of them. He then inquired of the bear-ward what his four-footed companion would like to drink? Upon which the keeper consulted his oracle, and received a reply which set the room in a roar—that a jug of home-brewed, with a toast and sugar, would be supremely acceptable! Uncle Timothy started, conceiving Bruin to have suddenly become possessed of Balaam's miraculous quality: but the mystery was soon explained; the keeper being a ventriloquist, and this one of his Bartlemy fair tricks.

"Pray gentlemen," said Uncle Timothy, "by what means do you make these animals so apprehensive and docile? I fear there is some cruelty in the case."

"No cruelty at all, good sir," replied the lecturing musician, who was the organ of the company. "It is your *Smithfield drovers* and *butchers* as is cruel! We *prac-tise* the soothing system. We don't larn our hanimals to dance on red-hot iron plates, as our aunt's sisters (ancestors?) did. Now that 'ere monkey o' mine; I soon found out which way the cat jumped with *him*. Never *was* sich a wain little cove! It costes me a fortin in starch to stiffen his shirt collars; and if any on 'em is in the least limp, my wig! he chatters, grins, and gies himself all the airs and graces of a fine lady. Sometimes I larn him his dooty by long lessons and short commons; sometimes I threaten—*only* threatens!—(but *that* in your honour's ear, for he's *a-listening* all the while!) to tip him monkey's allowance (shaking ferociously a very thin cane); but when I want to touch his feelings, I says, 'Jackimo, you're a good-for-nuffin little monster, and I'll walk off your *red waistcoat*!'"

This explanation was satisfactory to Uncle Timothy.

"But the monkey and the bear, how relish they the razor?"

"Kindly, sir, kindly!" replied the bruin shaver. "At first the old feller was summut rough and ugly; his beard turned the hedges of three oyster-knives afore I could trim him into a gentleman. But now he sees the advantage on it. *Don't you, my daisy?*"

The bear, after the fashion of the Irish echo, was made to ventriloquise in a growl, gruffly, "*I does, my tulip!*"

The several rehearsals being over, and all things put in order for their approaching campaign, the exhibitors were about to depart, when it occurred to Uncle Timothy that he had not paid his footing for being admitted behind the scenes. He addressed the real wild Indian, and begged her to call for what best pleased her palate; which call resolved itself into a rasher on the coals, a Welsh rabbit, a rummer of nutbrown, and a thimblefull of brandy to keep off the spasms. She was then escorted to her tea-kettle, and put under cover for the night. The bear and the monkey having been similarly disposed of, their respective shavers made merry with the rest of the show-folk. Uncle Timothy took the poor little Italian boys under his own care, and feasted them plenteously. At this moment a rival tea-kettle drew up, with a caravan in the rear.

"Pray, madam," said a tragedy queen, peeping through a bit of ragged green curtain that depended before the entrance to the tea-kettle, to a dwarf in the caravan, "do you put up at Mother Red-Cap's?"

"Not I, madam," responded the Lilliputian lady, "*I stops at the Robin Hood¹ at merry Hoxton;² none but the lower orders stops at Mother Red-Cap's!*" And the caravan moved on as fast as the wall-eyed, half-starved anatomy of a Rosinante could drag it.

The rival tea-kettle poured out a part of its contents in the person of a long, lean man, with all his limbs rumbling; no way reduceable to compass, unless you doubled him up like a pocket-rule. His wardrobe was in a fluttering condition, and illustrative of Jew-frippery and Rag-Fair tawdry. His coat was a patchwork quilt, his waistcoat and pantaloons, the sign of the chequers, an escutcheon quartering all the colours of the rainbow.

"In his hand
A box he bore, wherein the pungent dust
Of Dutch rapee, in gaudy state reclin'd.
Oft would he ope the lid, and oft immerge
His fingers,"

for the purpose of exciting an agreeable titillation in a very sharp nose, that blushed like a corn-poppo.

"A glass of cold water, warm without sugar, Lady Teazle? or a strip of white satin and bitters, my Belvidera? A pint of half-and-half in the pewter, my Calista? or a tumbler of cold without, Mrs. Longbow?"

"D'ye think, Mr. Bigstick, I'm a rhinoscheros, a river-oss, or a crocodile? Order me a pot of hot coffee and buttered toast; and mind, Mr. Bigstick, let it be buttered on *both* sides."

This dialogue was carried on between the long lean man and an invisible sharp-voiced personage in the tea-kettle.

"Coffee and toast for the tea-kettle," shouted the waiter.

¹ This old house, fronting the fields at Hoxton, was formerly a noted place of resort for the Finsbury archers. Sir William D'Avenant, in his "*Long Vacation in London*," says of the proctors and attorneys,

"Each with solemn oath agree
To meet in Fields of Finsburie;
With loynes in canvas bow-case tyde,
Where arrowes stick with mickle pride;
With hats pinn'd up, and bow in hand,
All day most fiercely there they stand,
Like ghosts of *Adam Bell* and *Clymme*,
Sol sets for fear they'll shoot at him."

A stray Toxophilite may now and then be seen at the Robin Hood, stringing his bow, and dreaming of the merry days that are past. Underneath the ancient sign is the following inscription.

"Ye archers bold, and yeomen good,
Stop, and drink with Robin Hood;
If Robin Hood is not at home,
Stop, and drink with Little John."

² Thomas Dale, Drawer at the Crown Tavern at Aldgate, kept the Turk's Head Musick-Booth in Smithfield-Rounds, over-against the Greyhound Inn, during the time of Bartholomew Fair (Temp. W. 3rd.) where he exhibited, with other ludicrous antia, Scaramouch dances and drolls, "*the Merry Cuckolds of Hogsden!*" It is stated in the Henalowe papers, deposited in the archives of Dulwich College, that *Ben Jonson* killed *Gabriel Spencer*, a fellow actor, in a duel fought in *Hoxton Fields*.

"How many?" demanded mine host.

"Four. Lady Teaser, Belvideary, Miss Cannister, and Mrs. Longbow."

"*Mort de ma vie!*" ejaculated the long lean man. "For one!—In the incomparable Tumbletuzzy all these characters are combined. And, *garçon*, bring me a basin of tea and a—biscuit."

The frugal refection was laid before the lean man. "Cat-lap base!" he muttered, swallowing the scalding hot bohea, that was strongly impregnated with Sir Hugh Middleton, and champing the dry hard biscuit.

"Another round of toast for Lady Teaser!"

"Buttered on *both* sides," growled the lean man, sarcastically; and he began to number with his long skinny fingers, as if counting the cost.

Uncle Timothy was the last person in the world to flout a threadbare coat, *because* it is threadbare, or take a man for a sharper *because* he happens to be sharp-witted or sharp-set. Your full-fed fool, he thought, was quite as likely to have nefarious designs on his purse, as the hungry humorist who at once lets you into the secret of his starvation. If he be deserving as well as poor, it was gratifying to Uncle Tim that he had made honest poverty forget its privations for a season; and should he prove a shirking idler on the *pavé*, still he had not been taken in at any vast expense. Reflections like these had been some time passing in his mind—and he left the room.

On his return, he found the lean man still counting with his fingers. Presently the waiter spread the table with a snow-white cloth; the clattering of knives and forks, plates and spoons, roused the lean man from his reverie; he gazed wistfully at the preparations, and looked thrice famished.

There is a story of a tyrant, who, to add to the natural torments of starvation, caused a roast chicken to be suspended every day before the prison bars of his victim, until he expired. Just such a tormentor, unwittingly, was Uncle Timothy. For the *garçon* again appeared, bearing a fragrant dish of broiled ham and poached eggs, the sight and aroma of which seared the eye-balls and tantalised the pinched nostrils of the lean man. At the same moment, "Another round for Lady Teaser!" tolled a twopenny knell in his ears.

"My friend not arrived yet?" said Uncle Timothy.

"No, sir," replied the *garçon* slyly, but respectfully.

"Let him pay, then, for his want of punctuality. I wait for nobody. My motto is, First come, first served. Will *you*, sir," politely addressing the lean man, "do me the favour to become my guest? Though I have ordered *supper* for two, I really cannot command *appetite* for two."

The lean man stared irresolutely at Uncle Timothy. Hunger and Pride were at fisticuffs; but Hunger hit pride such a blow in the stomach, that Pride gave up the contest.

And how gracefully did the middle-aged gentleman play the host! inviting his guest (though little invitation was needed) with the kindest words, and helping him to the daintiest morsels. The office proved no sinecure; and it was not until this supper-out of the first lustre had fully indulged his eating propensities, and cleared the board, that he found leisure to look up from his plate, and contem-

plate the execution he had done. But when a cauliflower-wigged tankard of brown stout crowned the repast, his rapture knew no bounds. He pressed it with ecstasy to his lips, and sang joyously—

Porter ! drink for noble souls !
 Raise the foaming tankard high !
 Water drink, you water think—
 So said *Johnson*—so say *I* !

Let me take a Dutchman's draught—
 Ha !—I breathe !—a glorious pull !
 Malt and hops are British drops—
 Froth for Frenchmen ! Stout for Bull !

If you ask why Britons fight
 Till they conquer or they die ?—
 Their stout is strong, their draughts are long—
 Now you know the reason why.

"Lady Teaser is quite ready, sir," said the *garçon*, hurriedly.

"Give my respectful compliments to Lady Teazle, and tell her ladyship that I'll kiss her superlative 'pickers and stealers' in 'the twinkling of a bed-post.'"

The *garçon* made another precipitate entry, with "The tea-kettle can't wait, sir !"

"A fico for the tea-kettle ! It must !—it shall ! With three rounds of toast buttered on *both* sides, and coffee *à discrétion*, hath the immortal Tumbletuzzy been magnificently regaled—('Marriage is chargeable !')—and shall *I* not take mine ease in mine inn ? Your banquet, sir, hath warmed the cockles of my heart, and made my hair curl !—'Beggar that I am, but I thank you !'

When a lean man's stomach lacks dainty fare, (Singing)
 And "*Cupboard !*" and "*Cupboard !*" it croaks in his ear,
 It rejoices, i'feggs ! when bacon and eggs
 Smoke on the board, with a tankard of beer.
 Without much ado, he soon falls to,
 The delicate viands vanish from view ;
 O'er a glass of good liquor
 His heart beats the quicker,
 And he drinks to his kind host, as I drink to you.

There's my card—Bonassus Bigstick, Esq. Bartholomew Fair"—(presenting a bill of the performances). "I'll put you on our free list, which to all the world, but yourself and the public press, shall be unavoidably suspended ! Ha !"—(scenting a rummer of hot punch that the *garçon* placed before him)—"'brandy for heroes !' Welcome, old friend ! for a' langsyne. Yet what is punch without a song ? A clerk without a Cocker ; a door without a knocker ; a ship without a sailor ; a goose without a tailor ; a priest without a pulpit ; a stage without a full pit !—As *you*, sir, have been instrumental to *my* entertainment, let *me* be vocal for *yours* ! Egad, I'll turn the affair to business account—*omnibus tulip punctum*, as we say in the classics !—by giving you an undress rehearsal of one of my crack songs for to-morrow at Saint Bartlemy.

All the world's a stage, the men and women actor folks,
 Very, very tragical, or very full of fun.

Nature, in a merry mood, on some has, quizzing, crack'd her jokes ;
 And Mr. Dicky Dunderhead of Dunstable is one.

Ranting, tearing, stamping, staring ; Whiskerandos, Domine ;
 Now he courts the comic muse, then ogles at Melpomene ;
 His funny mouth, funny eyes, funny chin, and funny nose,
 So queerly tool'd, are good as goold—and Dick the worth of money knows !
 Punch's scions, see the lions ! Bartlemy, come startle me !
 Ladies and gentlemen, walk in, walk in !

Shylock the Jew, the Brigand, and the Blackymoor,
 Nigger parlous ! killing Carlos on his wedding-day ;
 As Mother Cole, the canting soul, he drinks a drop of Jacky more ;
 As Hamlet proud, he bellows loud, and scares the ghost away !
 The pit and box to sticks and stocks his acting surely turn 'em would,
 When by the train to Dunsinane comes in a gallop Birnam Wood.
 "Avaunt ! you fright, and quit my sight ! a stool there's not, my trump, any ;
 I'll thank 'e, Banky, for your room ; Old Nick may have your company !
 Punch's scions, see the lions ! Bartlemy, come startle me !
 Ladies and gentlemen, walk in, walk in !

With Pantaloon and Columbine he skips, trips, and frisks along ;
 Round his head spins like a top as fast as it can go :
 Now he twirls his magic sword, whacks the clown, and whisks along,
 Dances on his head and hands, and jumps Jim Crow.
 In his jazey, crack'd and crazy, very queer in Lear he is ;
 And quite as queer telling Pierre how dear his Belvideary is !
 "A horse ! my kingdom for a horse ! " if legs he can but go on two—
 Another bring—twice two is four—and, like Ducrow, I'll crow on two.
 Punch's scions, see the lions ! Bartlemy, come startle me !
 Ladies and gentlemen, walk in, walk in !

O, Mr. Dunderhead ; is it to be wonder-ed
 Old chap, you let Miss Capulet make love to you till dawn ?
 For when you play'd at Dunstable, and overun the constable,
 The ladies would have pledged their hearts to take you out of pawn.
 Among the stars of Smithfield bars you'll stick so fiery off indeed,
 The deuce a bit of goose you'll get, or "Nosey ! off ! " ¹ or cough, indeed ;
 And if in fun for number one folks think to spend a penny fit,
 They'll come and see you off a tree the bark grin at your benefit.
 Punch's scions, see the lions ! Bartlemy, come startle me !
 Ladies and gentlemen, walk in, walk in !

The tea-kettle now boiled over with rage, and demanded imperiously the immediate presence of the lean man.

"Who calls on Bigstick ? As the Tumbletuzzy will brook no longer delay,

'I hold it fit that we shake hands and part.'

'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,' you will find me at the Fair. I shall expect your promised visit.

'Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me ! ' "

¹ About the year 1775, there was a performer on the violoncello in the orchestra of Drury Lane Theatre, named *Cresetti*, to whom the gods had given the appropriate nickname of *Nosey*, from his enormous staysail, that helped to carry him before the wind. "*Nosey !*" shouted from the galleries, was the signal, or word of command for the fiddlers to strike up. This man was originally an Italian merchant of good repute ; but failing in business, he came over to England, and adopted music for a profession. He had a notable knack of loud yawning, with which he sometimes unluckily filled up Garrick's expressive pauses, to the infinite annoyance of little Davy, and the laughter of the audience. In the summer of 1777 he played at Vauxhall, at the age of ninety-eight.

At this moment old blind Sally, who for more than half a century has played her way through Highgate, Holloway, and merry Islington,¹ tuned her hurdy-gurdy, and ground the lean man triumphantly into his tea-kettle.

¹ "Islington, March 20, 1698. This day here was lamentable doings. O! in what a sad fright and consternation were the *Lick-spickets* of this place; upon the suddain and unexpected appearance of the ferreters of Fuddling-schools all were put into a hurry and confusion, the men were forced to throw down their beloved pipes of *sotweed*, and rudely leave their pots without a parting kiss; the women and children too, alas! with tears and sighs, parted with their *hot cakes and custards*, before they had half stuffed their stomachs. And the streets were filled with the mourning mob. Amongst the rest was a *fat red-faced hostess*, who, with a loud and doleful, said, 'Ah! my friends, if this business holds, I shall certainly be undone. Ah! poor *Islington*, thou hast been, time out of mind, the place of general rendezvous for *Sunday sots*. Thou hast constantly supplied the citizens' wives and children with *cakes, pies, and custards*, and art the chief place, near the city, for *breeding calves and nursing children*. Thou, I say, that has been a *place so famous*, and in *such esteem*, now to have the most and richest of thy inhabitants utterly ruined *only for profaning the Sabbath-day*, alas! The *only day* we have to get money in. Who will advise me?'—'Advise you,' said one of her old sottish customers, 'you have kept an *ale-house* almost thirty years, to my knowledge, and if you have not got enough by your *nickings, frothing, double-scoring*, and selling *coarse cakes, empty pies, and nasty custards*, to keep you now you are old, e'en go to your old master, the devil, and let him keep you!'—'The English *Lucian*, or Weekly Discoveries of the Witty Intrigues, Comical Passages, and Remarkable Transactions in *Town and Country*, &c. &c."

The above is a curious picture of an *Islington ale-wife* in the olden time. The following account describes a "*strange monster*" exhibited at *Miles's Music-house at Islington* a few years after, with the comical interlude of the *Stuffed Alligator*.

"Some time since there was brought to *Miles's Music-house at Islington*, a strange sort of a monster, that does everything like a monkey, but is not a monkey; mimics man, like a jackanapes, but is not a jackanapes; jumps upon tables, and into windows upon all-fours, like a cat, but is not a cat; does all things like a beast, but is not a beast; does nothing like a man, *but is a man!* He has given such wonderful content to the *Butchers of Clare Market*, that the house is every day as full as the *Bear-Garden*; and draws the *city wives* and *prentices* out of *London*, much more than a *man hanged in chains*. It happened lately upon a holiday, when honest men walked abroad with their wives and daughters, to the great consumption of *hot buns* and *bottled ale*, that the fame of this *mimick* had drawn into the *Music-house* as great a crowd of spectators as the notable performances of *Clinch* of *Barnet* ever drew to the theatre. The *Frape* being thus assembled in the *lower room*, and the better sort being climbed into the *gallery*; a little creature, who before walked erect, and bore the image of a man, transformed himself into a monkey, and began to entertain the company with such a parcel of pretty pug's tricks, and mimical actions, that they were all as intent upon the baboon's vagaries as if a mandrake had been tumbling through a hoop, or an hobgoblin dancing an antick! Whilst the eyes and ears of the assembly were thus deeply engaged, the skin of a large *alligator*, stuff'd with hay, hanging within the *top of the house*, and the rats, having burrowed through the ceiling, could come down at pleasure, and sport upon the back of the monster; one of the revengeful vermin, to put a trick upon his fellows, who were enticed by the smell of the hay to creep down the serpent's throat, his jaws being extended, gnawed the cord in two, and down comes the *alligator* with *his belly full of rats*, upon the head of the monkey, and laid him sprawling; giving some of the spectators a wipe with his tail; the rats running out of his mouth in a wonderful hurry, like so many sailors from between decks when a ship at midnight has struck upon a rock!"—"A *Pacquet* from *Will's*, 1701."

A RENCONTRE WITH THE BRIGANDS.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

Sir, we are undone ! These are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

YE who listen to the romantic stories of those who have never left England, and pursue with eagerness the routes of the Society of Useful Knowledge's maps and Mrs. Starke's "Italy,"—who expect that the reality will make good the promises of guide-books, attend to the following account of a meeting with the brigands.

Travelling English—be not deceived by Prout, Stanfield, and Roberts, and that arch-impostor Finden, whose magic burin throws such sunlight over his scenes. Especially mistrust the pantomimic dioramas, and do not think that you will meet beautiful girls at every turn of the road in Switzerland, in short red petticoats and blue bows on their shoulders. Do not believe that peasants are perpetually dancing under the vine-covered trellises in Italy, and that the brigands are dressed in spangled green velvet tunics, with ribands bound round their calves, and watches and medals hung about them after the manner of Mr. Wallack,—do not, I say, place credence in these things, if you do you will be lamentably deceived.

We had dreamed away a week amongst the crumbling magnificence of Venice, (that amphibious city of human beavers,) and having climbed the Campanile of San Marco, and descended to the dungeons of the Ducal Palace, as well as "stood upon the Bridge of Sighs," and been baked beneath the sable canopies of the gondolas, a cross breed between a canoe and a floating hot-house, we began to think of proceeding on our journey. But travelling in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom is very different from driving in a cab with your carpet-bag to Euston Square, or Nine Elms. The *Servizio Dei R. Velociferi Privilegiati* (so called from their never accomplishing by any chance above six miles an hour,) is still in its infancy; and there are only two public conveyances a-week from Venice to Bologna, in which it is necessary to bespeak your places some days beforehand. We consequently found every list of passengers filled up for some time to come, and it was not in the very best temper that I and my friend H—— left the *Uffizio* on the Grand Canal, and flung ourselves moodily amongst the cushions of the gondola to return to our hotel, with the prospect of being detained another week in Venice.

As chance would have it,—and a very ill chance it proved,—there was a gentleman from Hamburg at the *Albergo dell' Europa*, where we were stopping, who was similarly situated to ourselves, and equally anxious to reach Florence. Finding that we were bent upon the same journey, he agreed to pay the third of the expense of a posting-carriage, and we decided upon leaving Venice the next morning, intending to travel night and day, by which means we should be enabled to outstrip the diligence by twenty or thirty hours. Every inquiry was made by us connected with our route at the *Direzione della Posta*, and we were assured that the roads were secure, the posting arrangements admirable, and we finished the evening by pur-

chasing a few trifling *souvenirs* of the "Queen of the Adriatic" for our friends in England, including some little silver gondolas, for brooches, which alone reached their destination.

At two o'clock on Saturday, August 8, 1840, we quitted Venice in a two-oared gondola, and having a fair wind, which enabled us to mount a sail, arrived at Fusina on the main land by half-past three. A delay of an hour took place in inspecting passports and baggage, and wrangling with the postmaster, who for some time refused to let us have a carriage and horses, because we had not got a formal permission from the Government. After much altercation, he at length complied, and we started in a voiture without doors or lining, under the assurance of finding a better one at the next post. By the promise of an additional *buono mano*, the postilion moved his cattle at a pace somewhat faster than we could have walked; and following the course of the Brenta with its palace-covered banks, weedy straggling gardens, and whitewashed statues, we got to Padua about seven. On quitting the city, one of the most awful thunderstorms I ever witnessed commenced, which lasted the whole way to Monselice, when the weather cleared up as suddenly as it had become gloomy, giving place to a brilliant moon.

Opposite the post-house at Monselice was a wretched cabaret filled with peasants of the lowest order, who clustered round us, and inspected every article of luggage as it was removed from the carriage to another. I paid no attention to this at the time, as we had got pretty well inured to the curiosity of loiterers at the inns; but I have since been convinced that information was sent along the road of our approach; especially as the postilion contrived all sorts of delays before our departure, and for the first two leagues scarcely urged his horses beyond a walk. An ill-looking hound he was too, with large round earrings peeping out from amongst long black ringlets that shadowed his sallow countenance; his features bore the stamp of cunning and villany.

The clock struck ten as we left Monselice, and my companions composed themselves, soon informing me by their deep inspirations that they were fast asleep. The voiture was a small landau with a leathern front, which buckled on to the head when it was up, and was rendered a close carriage, the said front being fitted up with small windows, that permitted a view of the country, and the vehicle was likewise furnished with curtains on each side. We had jogged on for about half an hour, and I was sitting opposite to my fellow travellers, with my back to the horses, listening to the monotonous "*hi!*" of the postilion, and the eternal jangling of the bells on the bridles, when our carriage suddenly stopped, and I heard a tumult of strange voices in the road. On turning to discover the cause of this interruption, I saw through the front glasses a party of six or seven men ranged in a semicircle across the road, pointing their guns at the carriage, and gradually closing around us.

There could be no mistake as to our visitors, or their intentions. I awoke my friends; and recollecting that I had eight English sovereigns loose in my waistcoat pocket, contrived to thrust seven of them into my mouth, the remaining one I slipped into my shoe. I had barely concealed this last, when the curtains were torn violently down, and the muzzles of six guns made their appearance in most unpleasant propinquity to our heads, followed by half a dozen of the

most ill-favoured visages I had ever seen. I have said there was a full moon, and I was enabled to perceive that the guns were upon full cock. The ruffians were likewise armed with pistols in their girdles, and long poniard-knives that dangled from their necks and gleamed romantically in the moonbeams. Singular enough, neither myself nor my friend were flurried at this uncomfortable moment. Odd ideas *will* cross people's minds in the most serious positions, and the sole thought that struck me was, that our situation was precisely similar to a scene I had witnessed in an adaptation of Paul Clifford at Covent Garden, some three or four years back, when the "Bath mail" was robbed on the stage.

My companions descended, in obedience to the orders of the banditti; but I was less fortunate. The door on my side chanced to have been despoiled of its hinges, and was closed with a thin plate of iron, fixed on by nails. It was impossible to open it, and I was unable to get out. An immense ruffian of six feet two, who appeared to be the chief of the party, finding that it did not give way, after several strenuous pulls, finally seized me by the collar, and dragging me over the door, flung me with some violence upon the ground close to the hind-wheels of the carriage. I was half stunned by the fall; but we had no time allowed for qualmsiness, as a general rifling immediately commenced. Two of the party entered the carriage, and threw everything out. They tore down the linings, and broke the seats open, to make sure that nothing was concealed; after which they cut the cords which secured our luggage underneath the postilion's seat, and handed down our effects in no very gentle manner, swearing, pulling, and hurrying us about all the time.

"*Presto! presto! soldi! sacramento!*" was all they uttered; but its meaning, accompanied by most expressive pantomime, was very obvious. I had the side-pocket of my blouse filled with *zwanzigers* for paying the posts, being the banker of the party, and I immediately emptied it into the cap of the one who had the charge of me, hoping that this would satisfy them. But I was mistaken. Each of us was rifled in turn, and it was with no small regret that I saw them possess themselves of my knife and pencil-case, which, being keepsakes, I would fain have preserved. My pocket-book also passed into their hands; but upon my exclaiming "*Passaporta,*" it was returned;—a circumstance I hailed with much satisfaction, since in one of its compartments was a letter of credit upon Rothschild for one hundred pounds, which I saved. It may be imagined that I had not much leisure to watch their proceedings with my comrades. I saw my friend's valuable gold watch fly from his waistcoat pocket as they broke the guard; and I recollect observing the Hamburg gentleman crouching on his knees and elbows, with his nose in the dust, under the carriage; but whether from sheer fright, or by command, I know not, nor did I like to inquire afterwards. We all lost our braces, with which they appeared extremely delighted, as well as our handkerchiefs. I had a scarf round my neck, fastened by two gold pins and a chain, which I had fixed in with silk. Of course, such a prize was not to be left; and, after many violent attempts to get the scarf away, during which I was nearly strangled, my robber coolly cut it from my neck, pins and all. My readers may be assured that the feel of the cold steel against my neck was anything but pleasant; and I firmly believe that it would have been

a matter of perfect indifference to the brigand whether he thrust the point into my chest or not. When he had concluded I was ordered to retake my seat in the carriage, a command which I gladly obeyed, in the hope that they had finished with me; since the leathern purse-belt that I wore had escaped their observation, and in one of its pockets were two of Herries's circular notes for twenty pounds each, besides a few napoleons. But, unfortunately, another of the party took it into his head to search me, and I once more got down at his command, which was, as heretofore, accompanied by a loaded gun at my ear. In vain I replied "*Niente*" to all his sounding of my different pockets. He still remained unsatisfied, and seizing the waist-band of my trowsers, tore them down the side-seam for some twelve inches, when the luckless *cintura* made its appearance, and was in an instant transferred from my waist to his own. A circumstance also occurred that gave me much uneasiness for the moment. The German had a valuable diamond ring on his finger, which he could not readily remove, and he called to us in a voice of extreme horror that they were going to cut off his finger. He, however, implored a moment's patience, and contrived, by wetting his finger, to take off the jewel. It struck me that I had also a ring which could not be got off, and although not of much value, might still tempt them to mutilate my hand. By good fortune I managed to slip the ring round until the signet was turned towards the palm, and thus escaped their notice.

We were not sorry when they thrust us finally into the vehicle; for we thought it something to have got off with our lives. My friend and myself had been walking through Switzerland, and had only two knapsacks for our luggage; but the German's loss was considerable, including, besides his *mallets* and carpet-bag, a writing-desk, in which were some hundreds of francs, and a letter of credit upon a banker at Naples for two thousand more. The only things I saved were the sovereigns I had put into my mouth, my pocket-book, and the little gondolas which were in the same pocket with my handkerchief. As we were starting again they threw into the carriage my old straw boating-hat which I had worn all the way from Chertsey; but my friend's new Tuscan adorned the head of one of the party as they marched off amongst the trees.

It was midnight before we arrived at Rovigo. There is a *pont volant* across the Adige, about a league from the town, which it took us half an hour to cross, being — as they always are — on the other side when we got up to the river. They also detained us some time, because we had no money to pay the geld, and I did not choose to exhibit our remaining scanty stock after what had occurred. At last we were allowed to proceed, under promise of payment on our arrival at the inn. From this spot a tedious journey of an hour brought us to the next town. The roads were rough, and full of holes from the late rains, the horses sluggish, and we impatient to arrive.

They had retired to rest at the posthouse, but we soon aroused them; and, having explained our circumstances, despatched a messenger to the Stazioni di Carabinieri to summon the police, and awaited their return in our bedchamber. It is but justice to state the proprietor of the inn (the Albergo della Posta at Rovigo) was anxious to show us every attention, notwithstanding we gave him to

understand that we had not the means of remuneration. He paid the money for the post, as well as the trifle we owed for passing the bridge, and begged that we would consider ourselves at home as long as we chose to stay.

The police arrived in about ten minutes, and commenced taking our depositions, and giving directions for the departure of ten or twelve carbineers, who immediately left Rovigo for the scene of our stoppage. After them came several reporters to the provincial newspapers, equally anxious to be made acquainted with the particulars of the robbery; in fact, we were not able to get to sleep before three, and then I dreamt that I had got all my money back again, and that we saw the brigands chained by the legs, and sweeping the streets, after the manner of the criminal scavengers at Leghorn.

We were compelled to keep our beds the next morning until our garments were repaired. About nine the Venetian diligence, which we should have come by had we been able to procure places, arrived at Rovigo. A young Prussian nobleman, whom we had met at Venice, the Baron de Hartmann, was amongst the passengers, and having heard what had occurred, it struck him that it must be ourselves, as he was standing on the steps of the *Albergo dell' Europa* when our gondola left. He hastened into our room, and in the most gentlemanlike manner, begged we would take of him as much money as was necessary for our wants, at the same time throwing a rouleau of napoleons upon the bed. We merely borrowed as much as would be sufficient to arrive at Florence, where we calculated upon obtaining assistance; nor would this fine young fellow take the slightest acknowledgment. He observed, "that the word of an Englishman was sufficient."

We left Rovigo about noon, surrounded by nearly the whole population, who had turned out to stare at us. There was something ludicrous in our appearance, despoiled as we were of nearly all our wearing apparel; and it may be imagined we found little difficulty in clearing the *douanes* on our entry into the Papal States. At Bologna we purchased such few necessities as were immediately requisite for our toilet; and these, tied up in a cotton pocket-handkerchief, were all the effects we carried into Florence. At this city, through the liberality of Mr. Hall, the English banker, we obtained fifty pounds upon the Paris letter of credit; and the German met with the same attention from that gentleman. The second day after our arrival we met M. Hartmann in the Palazzo Pitti, and it gave us great pleasure to be enabled to pay our small debt, together with a ring, which we begged him to accept as a *souvenir*.

Our adventure made us the heroes of all the *table d'hôtes* between Florence and Geneva, and we frequently heard our own story recounted, with many amusing exaggerations. We were likewise advised in several instances as to how we ought to have acted, and caused much astonishment at the statement that we had travelled without pistols. Of one thing I am certain—that if we had offered the least resistance, we should have been killed, for they were seven to three, and all armed to the teeth. Besides which, the fatal adventure of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, who were shot by the brigands some years back, on the road to Pæstum, during their wedding tour, was fresh in my memory, and we heard on all sides that, had

that unfortunate gentleman delivered up his property quietly there would have been no bloodshed.

And now, reader, if you are anxious to have an interview with brigands, I beseech you start for Italy directly. Take money with you, travel by night, and make display of your wealth whenever you have an opportunity. This will hardly fail to bring them about you, in spite of all Mrs. Starke says to the contrary; and, although I cannot promise you the first-rate excitement of having your wind-pipe cut through, your skull beaten in, or your brains blown out, I can give you my word that you will be pillaged to your heart's content. We learn everything better from experience than precept; and, should chance cause me to travel in Italy again, I would endeavour to cheat the bandits of their full dues by stocking my pocket book with notes from the Bank of Elegance, and filling my purse with penny coronation medals of the best brass. This would divert them for the time, since they do not examine things very closely, and then all the satisfaction and romance of the adventure might be had, without paying very dearly for it.

POSTSCRIPT.

SEVERAL months had passed since the foregoing article was written, and the affair had nearly been forgotten, except when the adventure was now and then recounted by my companion or myself, raising us to the dignity of becoming the momentary lions of a dinner-table, as real living travellers who had been attacked by real living brigands, to the fearful horror of all the old ladies, and intense excitement of the young ones. Some there were, to be sure, amongst the round of our acquaintance, whom we never could convince otherwise than that the whole affair was a well-digested hoax; "for," added these stay-at-home unbelievers, "there are very few now who go to Italy and have the *good fortune* to meet with brigands." By others, the alleged conception was laid to the most mercenary motives. According to them we had *outrun the constable*, and having entered considerably more into the gaieties of Milan and Venice than the state of our finances allowed, we had invented the account as a plausible scheme to obtain fresh notes of credit from England, without fresh accompanying notes of interrogation as to how we had contrived to get rid of the last remittance in so little time. We had no direct means of contradicting these aspersions upon our character. At last, however, we were enabled to convince our friends that we had spoken of the facts as they occurred.

To our great surprise, and no less gratification, we received a letter from the Home Office, in the early part of February, proving that although we had almost allowed the affair to drop, the proper authorities had not. Its contents were to the purpose, that the Austrian Ambassador at our Court having requested we might be called upon to give evidence respecting "a highway robbery committed on us in Lombardy in August last," Lord Normanby had directed that we should make a declaration respecting the affair in question before a magistrate. We accordingly attended at the Home Office, and being referred to Bow Street, made an appointment there on Thursday, the 4th of February. The result was a long interview with Mr. Hall, the chief magistrate (to whose courtesy and attention we are much beholden), in his private room; Signor — kindly attending to give us his able assistance in translating the various documents which had been forwarded from Rovigo and Padua, and which were somewhat verbose and technical.

From Prince Esterhazy's letter, which was the first paper read, we learned how closely the police had followed in our steps to bring us back to Rovigo, in order to make a formal deposition before the proper authorities. The only evidence we had given had been the hurried declaration in our bed-room at Rovigo after the robbery, and we had started at an early hour the following morning; it being far from our wish to remain *per force* at that uninteresting town, solely for the purpose of satisfying the judicial authorities. At the same time we had not the slightest idea of ever recovering any of our effects.

To prove the extreme vigilance of the police, and the accurate information of the

movements of travellers which the passport system affords, it will suffice to give the following example. The letter stated that we left Rovigo for Bologna the following day, where we arrived on the Monday afternoon; that we started thence on the Tuesday morning, and arrived at Florence on Wednesday night; and tracing us in a similar exact manner through Leghorn and Genoa to Milan, they finally (and fortunately) lost sight of us at the latter city.

The papers furnished by the court at Padua, although somewhat lengthy, treated more of the minute description of the articles recovered than the capture of the vagabonds who had taken them. I presume they thought *that* part of the business their own affair. We, however, learned that they had been detected by several of our things being found in their possession, and that the party consisted of eight, instead of seven, as I had before stated. They had been suspected the day before of stealing some melons at Monselice, and had lain in wait the night of the robbery for some hours in the pelting storm. This might or might not have been the case; and I still look with rather suspicious retrospection on the small cabaret opposite the post-house where we last stopped. On one thing, however, they insisted, — that we were *not* the party for whom they had watched. They affirmed that information had been given them of a valuable prize, in the shape of some other English travellers, who were expected on the road that night from Venice. This reminded us that we had seen a handsome carriage in the inn-yard at Padua, whilst we changed horses, which had followed us to that city, but whose inmates were terrified from proceeding to Ferrara that night in consequence of the violence of the storm.* We likewise learned that the rascals had stationed scouts along the road we were to pursue, who, on any attempt to sound an alarm by the postilion's horn or otherwise, would have assassinated us. From the evidence of the postilion himself, he appears to have come off with tolerable credit at the criminal court at Padua on the 14th of November last. From this we gleaned the foregoing circumstances.

Much amusement was created as the account and description of the different articles recovered was read to us by Signor —, and we in turn recognised our respective property with eager interest. Nothing was said about the watches, the money, or the notes; but even the humble remaining effects will (if we receive them from Italy) assume a hundredfold value in our eyes, from the circumstances connected with their adventures. As our penknives, knapsacks, journals, drawing-books, &c. were successively described, we appeared to be greeting friends who had long been estranged from us; and our merriment was somewhat increased when Signor — continued the list with “*two ladies' shoes, one kid and the other satin.*” Mr. Hall pleasantly observed, we had better not proceed, in case of some awkward disclosures; but my friend cleared himself very satisfactorily, by stating that they were taken out as patterns to procure some French ones by when we arrived at Paris. A little paper-knife of Swiss wood, which I had bought on the Rigi, whilst shivering with the cold of four o'clock in the morning, and endeavouring to open my eyes wide enough to see the sun rise (which process, I believe, no one ever *does* witness), was also recovered; with some silk purses, empty of course, but being *souvenirs*, still valuable in proportion to our respective gallantry. One thing I was extremely annoyed at not hearing of, and that was a pair of old shoes, in which I had crossed the Alps on foot six times, and which I regarded with affectionate veneration. I have no doubt but that the authorities will yet discover some more of our effects. Be this as it may, our best thanks are due to the police for their extreme vigilance; and it is likewise a source of much pleasure to us to offer this public acknowledgment of our gratitude to Mr. Hall, the banker at Florence, for his polite and kind assistance when we arrived at that city so utterly destitute.

We were pleased at receiving, a short time since, a letter from our Prussian friend of two days, Baron de Hartmann of Brandenburg, with a commission he wished executed in London, which we were but too happy to perform for him. We have likewise heard from our fellow-sufferer, Mr. Decastro. He has returned home once more safe and sound from *his* travels; but vows nothing shall ever induce him to set foot in Italy again, although he has some thoughts of paying a visit to England next summer, where he understands day and night travelling on the railroads is equally secure, and that there are no brigands.

* Should this meet the eye of any of the company whose equipage was in the inn-yard at Padua with ours on the afternoon of Saturday, August 3, 1840, we hope they will show in a proper manner how deep their debt of gratitude is to us for having been robbed in *mistake*, and having also placed our own throats and brains in danger instead of theirs.

HYSON AND BOHEA.

A TALE OF THE TEA-POT.

BY "T. T. T."

"THE Tea-Tree" of Tee-to-tum is the most celebrated of all Chinese didactic poems, and is one of those great and elaborate works to the production of which the labour of a life is necessary. The story of Hyson and Bohea, of which the following is not a slavish translation, may be considered as perhaps the most pathetic of its episodes.

Tee-to-tum did not misemploy his genius, and his toil was not ill-rewarded; for "The Tea-Tree" may be considered the great national poem of the Chinese.

The history of Tee-to-Tum is somewhat remarkable. It is related that he was cradled in a tea-chest, and that tea not only formed his earliest diet, but that through life he took no other nourishment. He lived in a retired tea-garden in the district of Sing-te; his house and his furniture were formed of tea wood, and the dry branches of tea-trees served him as fuel. He lived to a green old age, and his death was occasioned by an accident similar to that which terminated the days of Anacreon; only that the Chinese poet was choked, not by a grape-stone, but a tea-stem.

His poem is very voluminous, being divided into two hundred books, or, as he calls them, branches. Each branch comprises full a thousand "leaves;" not indeed leaves of two pages each; but the single verses of Tee-to-Tum are called "tea-leaves" by the people of the Celestial Land. His industry was remarkable: not a day passed without his adding to or correcting his poem.

"TE veniente die, TE decedente canebat."

"Of the love that upsprung
In the fair and the young
Let the sorrows be sung
By most musical Tung."

TUNG.

Muse of the Central Land, whose soothing power
Celestial bards drink in at twilight's hour;
Who, cheerful promptress of discourse and smiles,
Deign'st even to dwell in these barbarian isles,
A household spirit still at hand to serve us,
And make our poets warm, our prosemen nervous;
Thou from thine oft-filled urn who dost deliver
A stream more potent than Castalia's river,
And even, GREAT MUSE OF TEA! canst strength impart
To milk and water;—hear, where'er thou art!
Perchance even now in this my seventh good cup;
Ah! if it be so, let me stir thee up.

Oh! let me not thine aid in vain require!
 Inspire thou me, whilst I thy breath inspire.
 List to my prayer, and let me be possess'd
 Of rich "outpourings" strained from thy full chest;
 Brace, if thou canst, my strings, and give them tone,
 And fill my leaves with virtues like thine own.
 Let me upraise the curved lid and see
 The fancied forms of Hyson and Bohea;
 Imbue my lips their mournful fates to tell,
 Whilst flow hot streams for two that loved so well.

Love, wondrous smith! who fashions chains from looks,
 And from mere eyes can form both eyes and hooks,
 Had linked their hearts the hour that first they met,
 Had linked their hearts with links that bound them yet.
 In lonely glen their constant love began,
 And, first by chance, oft since they met by plan.

In sooth they were a goodly pair to see;
 Hyson was fat, and beauteous was Bohea:
 And none in all the province could compare
 With the sleek Hyson, or Bohea the fair.
 Both born and bred away from city's scene,
 Though town-bred youth might call young Hyson *green*,
 Though town-bred dames with scornful eyes might see
 And dub his country love, "poor, weak, Bohea,"
 Enough for them the charms within their reach,
 Enough for them that each was loved by each.

Yet 'neath some evil star their love arose:
 Though they were dearest friends their sires were foes.
 The cause of *their* dear friendship is not hidden—
 Both young, both comely, and their love forbidden.
 The cause their *sires* were foes is still more plain—
 Both had one trade, and both lived in one lane—
 One village lane some *ly* from Nanking's walling,
 And manufacturing porcelain was their calling;
 Both shone in that like two superior stars,
 And so between them they had many *jars*.

Old age and youth!—oh! *that* is formed for strife,
 This—*this* for love, the bird's-nest-soup of life!
 And should the truth before those sires be set,
 How well their children loved, how oft they met,
 Not locusts, dragons, Tartars could compare
 With the fierce wrath of that grey-pigtail'd pair.

But with a cautious care the maid and spark
 Deceived their sires, and kept them in the dark;
 Made assignations with a code of signs;
 And met by moonlight among groves and vines.

Oft—oft they met, in copse, and grove, and glen:
 Oft—oft they met, and vowed to meet again;

Beneath the stars they met, and talked of love,—
 Beneath the stars,—for could they meet *above* ?
 They talked of love ; and each loved each,—no doubt
Within their hearts,—for could they love *without* ?

The days pass'd on,—the nights flew likewise by ;—
 Weeks past, and months : and still they met to sigh
 And dream of bliss. Young Hyson ! fond Bohea !
 In vain ye dream of bliss that must not be.

One night,—that gloomy night no bat* would flit,
 But crows around flew late, and oft alit ;
 And winds breathed loud in melancholy wail,—
 A treacherous friend had told their tender tale,
 A treacherous friend, to whom Bohea confessed
 With too fond trust the secrets of her breast,—
 Though bound to silence by the holiest oath,
 That friend, *too* treacherous, had betray'd them both ;
 Told more, much more than need the muse repeat,
 And where they met, and where they next should meet.
 Bohea had told *her* all, and told her true :
 Bohea knew not that friend loved Hyson too.

Unwise Bohea ! your error now is learn'd ;
 Too soon committed, and too late discern'd :
 Too soon you trusted, and too late you vex :
 Yet not in you the fault, but in your sex.
 Each fair one of some secret thus possest,
 Whilst all the charge is hers, can take no rest ;
 So, prizing it more dearly than her peepers,
 To make it safer, finds it several keepers.

That night, that gloomy night, that night of mist,
 Bohea and Hyson sought their place of tryst :
 Bowered with green leaves, and far from haunts of men,
 That place of tryst was no tryst place till then.

Just at the self-same moment both came there,
 Each each beheld, and bade the devil take *care*.
 O Hyson bold ! O fair and fond Bohea !
 Do *ye* take care, for fear the devil take *ye*.
 They rushed to meet,—they almost met ; delight
 Was in their looks. How was 't they met not quite ?
 What was 't that check'd their speed at once and joy,
 And made them pause,—that maiden and her boy ?

For such effect cause strong and good was there :
 One hand had grasped Bohea by her long hair,
 And kept her from her love,—the fond, the true :
 And one stern fist held Hyson by the queue.

* In China, bats are considered creatures of good omen ; but crows (with the exception of that white-necked species of which mention was made in the story of "Ho. Fi" in last month's Miscellany,) are regarded as birds of very evil augury.

Their bliss was baulk'd, their hearts were fill'd with doubt,
Their heads were hurt,—and both shriek'd loudly out !

Yes, 'twas their sires : their sires had heard their tale
From that false friend,—and both with rage turn'd pale ;
But both resolved to learn the story's truth
Ere one condemned the maid, or one the youth.

With this intent they both had sought that spot :
Oh fair Bohea's and Hyson's evil lot !
Just ere they met,—alas, too faithful pair !
Those two sprang forth, and seiz'd them by the hair.
By hers Bohea's stern father dragged her home,
And question'd as they went how dared she roam
To meet young sparks by moonlight in a glen,
And why *that* youth, of all the race of men ?
Arrived at home, he tied her to a post
By those sweet locks young Hyson prized the most ;
Removed her scissors from the unhappy fair,
And bound her hands, lest these unbind her hair.
Withheld her rice and pipe, and barr'd her door,
Until she vow'd she ne'er would do so more.
And Hyson's father let not him go free,
But brought him home, and strapp'd him to a tree
By his long queue,—ah me, that it would moult !
For, fasten'd by that lock he could not bolt.
Then as a thrasher whirls round in a trice
The ponderous flail * and thrashes out the rice,
So, whirling round his head a stout bamboo,
He thrash'd his son ; his son who dared to woo.
The youth, when 'gainst his ears he felt the cane,
(Against his *ears* was much against the *grain*,)
Shriek'd out an oath he'd never do 't again.
Ah ! cruel sires, ye act the unwisest parts,
And little know what love will teach young hearts.

That self-same night, when all were lock'd in sleep,
The sad Bohea, who stay'd awake to weep,
Rose from her couch, and lest her shoes might klop,
“ Padded the hoof ” and sought her father's shop.
High in the midst a tea-pot huge was placed,
Of finest porcelain and superior taste ;
In forming which it was her sire's fond aim
To win at once more custom and more fame.
So water-pots, and boots of giant size
Oft hang from shops to attract the passer's eyes.

To turn it to some use, besides mere show,
Just at this time he made it a *dépôt*

* “ The grain (rice) has been said to be trodden out sometimes by cattle ; but the most usual implement for threshing is the common European flail.”

DAVIS'S *Chinese*, chap. xxi.

For certain tea, some four-and-twenty lbs.
 Dried by himself—the produce of his grounds.
 There came Bohea, the beautiful! the sweet!
 And standing on the tips of her small feet,
 Scarce knowing what to do or how begin,—
 She lifted up the cover, and look'd in.

Then went she thence,—she was her father's daughter,—
 And, one by one, fetch'd several pails of water,
 And emptied in ;—but slow the water rose,
 And soon she brought this labour to a close.
 “ Oh! vain,” she cried, “ with destiny to cope!
 This tea-pot, too, was form'd to baulk my hope.
 At such a rate as this, oh! Fortune's spite!
 I scarce should fill it should I toil all night.
 I hoped in this to bid my sorrows flee;
 But fate forbids: unfortunate Bohea!”

She clasp'd her fair hands like some stage adept,
 Lean'd on the porcelain, rais'd her eyes, and wept.
 The tears went down her cheeks in such array
 As floods roll down when river-banks give way.
 Oh! joy, Bohea! thy woes shall find their bar,
 Those tears in quick streams gush'd into the jar.
 So hot they fell, so large, and fast, and free,
 They fill'd the porcelain pot,—and made the tea.
 “ Is't true?” she cried. “ Then Fo hath heard my prayer—
 Come back, sweet Hope! and hence, far hence, Despair!
 If but my act shall prompt the youth I love,
 Though parted here, we soon may meet above.*
 So now of friends and foes I take my leave,
 And drown myself to make my father grieve.”

She climb'd a chair beside the tea-pot's brim;
 She plunged—she sank—alas! she could not swim.
 White gleam'd her robes amid the watery gleam—
 The steam arose—her breath rose with the steam.
 No corks were there, no bladders, and no stick;
 Three times she kick'd, and then she ceased to kick.
 Strong was the tea-pot, and in vain she struck it,
 And her last kick kick'd that, and kick'd the bucket.
 As leaves of tea, long twisted and curl'd up,
 Swell and unroll in tea-pot or in cup,—
 Though downward bent her toes had long perforce lain,
 She turn'd them up in that said piece of porcelain.
 Perchance this tale improbable appears;
 Yet think how often maids are drown'd in tears.

* It is specifically urged against the doctrines of Fo by the Confucians, that they unfit men for the business and duties of life, by fixing their speculations so entirely on another state of existence, as to lead some fanatics to hang or drown themselves, in order to anticipate futurity; *nay, two persons have been known to commit suicide together, with a view to becoming man and wife in the next world.*—DAVIS'S *Chinese*, Chap. xiv.

Then deem it true, and weep for poor Bohea,—
First drown'd in tears,—then both in tears and tea.

Young Hyson heard—for ill news travels fast—
Young Hyson heard—young Hyson stood aghast.
He swore, he raved, he stamp'd, he tore his hair,—
That one long lock,—he scream'd,—he cursed the chair
That help'd her up, he cursed his evil lot,
He cursed the tea, he also cursed its pot.
He strove to weep,—but strove to weep in vain—
There seem'd to glow hot lava in his brain,
Volcano fires before his eyes to start,
And more than earthquake to convulse his heart.
He strove to speak—but, oh ! no voice would come ;
He strove again—his words were “ha” and “Hum.”
Once more he strove ;—at last the fetters broke
That bound his speech,—he strove to speak,—and spoke.—

“Oh ! thou white lump of sugar ! * thrown too soon
To sweeten tea—(ah ! would I were thy spoon !)—
Thou for whose sake my grief must e'er keep hot,
Why didst thou fall in that detested tea-pot ?
Alas ! no power may bring her back to life,
Who was my love, who should have been my wife—
Who should have been—Ah me ! but what avails
She *should* have been, since Death hath turn'd the scales—
Hath turn'd the scales betwixt Despair and Hope,
And left me nought to do on earth—but mope.
But mope !—but mope ! And was I born for this ?
Away with words,—since *she* is lost and *bliss*—
Away with words, with life—in brief, with *breath*—
Nought now is left worth living for, save death !
Though foes should gladden, and though friends should weep,
If fires be hot, knives sharp, or opium cheap,
If wolves be fierce, wells deep, or girdles strong,
Then farewell, life !—thou shalt not hold me long.”

Thus spoke the youth, then rose from where he sat,
And rush'd away—the wind bore off his hat.
He heeded not—he rush'd, and on the wind
His clothes flew out, his pigtail stream'd behind—
Long, black, and fluttering with his speed it stream'd,
And head and pig-tail some huge tadpole seem'd,
Or comet grim, dread portent of the skies,—
Its tail the pig-tail, and its light his eyes.

Thus on he flew, and did not turn, or stop,
Or pause, till, lo ! he reach'd a blacksmith's shop—
There check'd his steps.—“Hillo !” but no reply—
“What, ho ! who waits ?”—his loud voice rent the sky.

* This metaphorical apostrophe, which occurs in the original of Tee-To-Tum, and which all must acknowledge to be a very sweet one, is the more remarkable, as the Chinese are not in the habit of taking sugar in their tea.

Dread silence follow'd, and his bold heart sunk.
 "Sure those within must be asleep or drunk."
 He first peep'd in,—then enter'd,—but could find
 None, save one old man, almost deaf and blind.
 "Father!" he cried,—the old man answer'd, "Son!"—
 "Have you an axe?"—the sage replied, "Here's one."
 "The price?" he ask'd.—"Three mace."—"I'll give you two."
 —"Enough." He seized it, paid, and on he flew.

Not far from thence—from thence it might be seen—
 There grew a tea-tree, of the sort call'd green.
 To that he bent his flight, and there he found
 One branch that grew breast-high above the ground.
 He cut it midway through—part fell down plump,
 And part was left outstanding from the stump.
 The first he dragg'd away, and threw aside,
 The last he sharpen'd with the tool, then cried,
 "Oh! worst of all plant-kind! malignant tea!
 Since my sweet girl, my all-beloved Bohea,
 For whom have I such bitter cause to grieve,
 Amid thy lifeless leaves of life took leave;
 What better course could be, what wiser plan
 Devised for me—oh! most unhappy man!
 To leave a world of which my soul is sick,
 Than on thy stick thus cut, to cut my stick!"

He said, and moving some few paces back
 To gain a run, he made his girdle slack,
 And bared his breast—then raising to the skies
 His hands, he oped his mouth, and closed his eyes,
 Breathed out one last sigh for his love's sweet sake,
 Cried "Oh, Bohea!" and rush'd upon the stake.
 The stake went through between his lights and liver—
 He gave four kicks, two screeches, and one quiver—
 He felt the sharp wood in his vital parts,
 And in that quiver seem'd ten thousand darts.
 "Oh Fo!" he cried, or ere his eyes grew dim—
 "Oh Fo!" he cried, and Fo gave ear to him—
 "Oh Fo!" he cried, "be not a foe to me,
 But draw me hence, yet, yet my love to see.
 Since early death thus bliss on earth denies,
 Oh! let us meet and mingle in the skies.
 And though our parents' hearts have yet been hard,
 Whence our fond hearts were each from each debarr'd,
 Grant that they now may sorrow o'er our doom,
 And lay our bones together in one tomb,
 And write our tale, that all our fates may know!"
 This said, young Hyson was absorb'd in Fo.

Her parents in the tea-pot found Bohea—
 They drew the body thence, and saved the tea;
 Rich store, in well-cork'd jars, for livelong weeks.
 But tears meanwhile bedew'd their tender cheeks;

And much they wish'd, when every wish was vain,
 They ne'er had parted that most faithful twain.
 And Hyson's parents found him on the stake—
 A sight to make their fond hearts yearn and ache,
 Hung up, ah me ! in every breeze to spin,
 Like windmill's sails, or chafers on a pin.
 They moved him thence—they laid him in a shell—
 They learn'd the fate of her he loved so well.
 They, too, at last relented—but too late ;
 And feeling guilty, threw the blame on fate.
 Then well-writ notes and courteous messages
 Pass'd between Hyson's father and Bohea's.
 Old feuds forgot, they clear'd their brows of gloom,
 And both subscribed to build one common tomb.
 Even on that spot where met those thralls of love,
 One half beneath the ground, and half above,
 Of tea-pot shape 'twas built, but partly hid,
 And the roof fashion'd like a tea-pot lid.
 The whole, when lined with finest porcelain clay,
 There, in two chests, Bohea and Hyson lay.
 A plant of tea was set on either side ;
 This green—the sort on which young Hyson died ;
 That black—a kind since far and wide renown'd,
 In whose infusion fair Bohea was drown'd.
 The plants grew well, and, rich in leaf and bloom,
 The branches mingled o'er the lover's tomb ;
 Whence those two species, from those days to these,
 Have borne the name of Hysons and Boheas.
 Still maids and lovers to that tomb repair
 To plight the vows of fond affection there ;
 Kneel by the grave, or lift their hands above
 To pluck the sprigs as talismans of love ;
 And gentle brides, their husbands' hearts to fix,
 Of those two kinds the cup of union mix.
 Ne'er had the fond pair known that state divine,
 " Where transport and security entwine ;"
 But since kind death hath tied them in one tether,
 Their namesake leaves full oft are brought together,
 In equal chests (with India-paper linings),
 In transports, with security, to Twining's.

Then weep no more for that united pair,
 Since thus in death one common lot they share ;
 And, like their trees that high in air embrace,
 So bade their spirits rise from that low place
 To meet above ; and Hyson and Bohea
 Now mix their essence both in Tieu* and tea.

* Heaven.

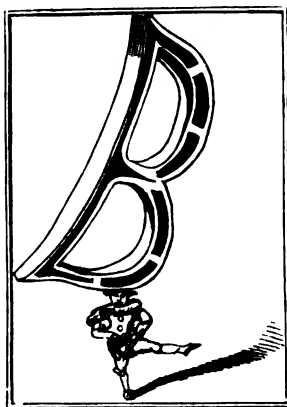
The Old Ledger.

No. III.

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.



THE MOUNTEBANK.



ING, from my long sedentary habits, not much more locomotive than an oyster, it was with some little difficulty that I resolved to take my physician's advice, and seek in change of air and scene a remedy for the blue and yellow melancholy which too close an attention to business had superinduced.

Those who are accustomed to rove "from pillar to post," and, with no other luggage than their cloak, and a wide-mouthed, all-devouring carpet-bag, take a trip to France or Holland, cannot conceive the feelings of one long pent up in a dingy office, whose personal knowledge even of the localities of the great city itself wherein he toils is almost

limited to the particular tract invariably traversed in his diurnal transit from his lodging to the counting-house. Like a bird bred in a cage, liberty to him proves rather a source of nervous apprehension than enjoyment.

This is more especially the case with a single gentleman who has passed his fiftieth year in the mechanical routine of an office, and who carries his confirmed love of order and regularity to that solitary sanctum, his suburban dormitory, where the "people of the house," from long experience, know his chronometrical habits, and where he finds everything as ready to his hand as the knocker of the street-door.

On the evening of the momentous day I had named as that of my departure, I sat alone in my snug apartment, and contemplated my *lares*—my household gods in silence. I was about to separate from my books, my pictures, and, as I thought in my melancholy mood, from all my earthly comforts. But the die was cast; although strongly inclined, I was ashamed to retract.

The words of the Earl of Orrery recurred tormentingly to my memory with more than their ordinary force. "Whenever we step out of domestic life," says that nobleman, "in search of felicity, we come back again disappointed, tired, and chagrined." To which consolatory maxim was added the dogma of old James, our book-keeper, who was as great a stay-at-home as a snail, for the last twenty years not having walked farther west than St. Paul's Churchyard, and whose usual peregrinations were limited to a stroll on Tower Hill or the wharf at the Custom House, where he declared the air was as fine and fresh as mortal could desire. "When a man is rich," quoth James, "there is no pillow so soft as his own; when he is well, he certainly requires no other."

Among other things which disquieted me, strange to say, was the vision of the sweeper of a certain crossing which I daily used, to whom for years I had regularly paid my penny. I thought he might calculate upon the weekly expense in part payment of his miserable lodging,—for it had become a sort of certain income,—and I accused myself of selfishness in not having remembered him, and paid the paltry stipend in advance!

The morning came, and at the appointed hour old Smith appeared at the door to escort me, and carry my luggage to the steam-vessel which was to transport me to—Gravesend!

The garrulity of the old man cheered my spirits. He said he was quite sure the jaunt would do me a world of good, and that, for his part, he thought it was wrong to "stew" myself up month after month, and stick so close to the desk as I had done, especially as I had latterly been so "peaking" and queer, and was morally certain that I should come back as fresh as a daisy, and be better than ever. This *did* encourage me, I must confess, and I followed him as he elbowed through the motley crowd assembled at the wharf, and "made way for me" with something like alacrity, and seated myself as soon as possible on the nearest bench on the fresh-washed deck. Having slipped a crown into his honest palm, with an injunction to drink my health, Smith departed. Presently, as I looked at the spectators who lined the edge of the wharf, I discerned his jolly countenance peering over their shoulders, and watching me intently.

"Foolish fellow!" thought I, in a peevish humour, "he will lose his breakfast; for he must be punctual at the office."

But still I must honestly confess I felt an indescribable gratification in the consciousness that one at least among that mass looked upon me with affection. This feeling became more intense when the vessel was unmoored, and we fairly started; for then, and not till then, as if he feared to be recognised, I observed his head thrust forward to watch me as far as his eye could reach; and when at last I lost sight of his close-cropped, muscular head, it seemed as if the link betwixt me and the "greatest city in the world," was suddenly snapped in twain. The cupola of St. Paul's, the Monument, and the Tower soon vanished

from my view. "*Sic transit gloria mundi!*" thought I, and then instantly smiled at the ridiculous importance I attached to smoky London and its associations.

The voyage, however, proved anything but disagreeable, for 'twas

"All on a summer's day,"

and the smooth water, on which the sunbeams danced, was only disturbed from its placid repose by the revolution of the labouring wheels. The band played, the passengers walked and talked, and the smart steward in his linen jacket—the "*arbiter bibendi*"—ran up and down supplying the thirsty souls with ginger-beer, bottled ale and porter, and other choice liquids.

For my own part, I experienced a sort of indolent dreaminess—a dull insensibility to the realities of the novel scene around, that was not entirely dissipated until we had nearly reached our destination. I had no sooner effected a landing, and escaped the holiday throng, than I toiled up the narrow High Street, and crossing the London Road, discovered a glimpse of the country. I felt cheered and exhilarated, and having fixed upon a lodging which overlooked a beautiful orchard and garden ground, I ordered dinner; for I experienced an appetite to which I had long been a stranger. I discussed this important affair, and then drawing my chair to the open window,—for it was a sultry day,—sipped my pint of wine at my ease, the smiling prospect almost imperceptibly dissipating my moodiness, and filling my mind with pleasant thoughts.

At the period of this my first visit, Gravesend was not a third of the extent of the present town. There were then no Bazaars, Tivoli Gardens, or Observatories,—no Royal Baths or Zoological Gardens, giving one a notion that a huge slice of the great Babylon had emigrated to the shores of Kent. It is now, in my opinion, too towny; for the pleasant green lanes and walks have gradually retreated farther a-field before the rapid march of bricks and mortar, and the casual visiter is scarcely able to spare the time to take a peep at the country.

But to return. Having the organ of order largely developed, I was desirous of unpacking my portmanteau, and finding a place for everything, and putting everything in its place, when, lo! I discovered that I had left the key behind. It was not a member of the numerous and united family which I invariably carried in my pocket. After poking at the lock for half an hour, trying all the keys in turn, and almost breaking my back, I found my "*mother bunch*" no witch, and was compelled to summon a smith, who without ceremony "*cut the gordian knot*" in a few seconds.



Having arranged all my paraphernalia to my satisfaction, I returned to my sitting-room, where I found a tea equipage of gaudy colours displayed upon the table, garnished with shrimps and watercresses.

My obliging landlady, who was very fine, and talked a little too much, asked me if I did not intend to visit the hill, and see the mountebank, whose kind intentions of amusing the inhabitants and visitors had been announced in due form by the bellman; and she assured me that "all Gravesend" would be there.

As I had come on purpose to see "all Gravesend," I thought this an excellent opportunity, and thanking her for her information, started in quest of pleasure, with my cherry-tree walking-stick in my grasp. I had no need of a guide, even had that giant landmark the windmill been wanting; for a stream of people—sailors, and peasants, and gaily-dressed visitors, men, women, and children—were flocking to the spot, appearing, as they wound over the hill, like a huge boa coiling about the back of a monstrous elephant.

I surmounted the hill. I looked around me—the panorama was beautiful. The hum of the crowd—the song of the larks—for there were many soaring from the cornfields below—filled the prosy Cockney with a poetical feeling of gladness!

Passing over the brow of the hill, I beheld a sort of natural amphitheatre formed by the declivity, interspersed with bramble and heath; while on the grassy spaces were seated the greater part of the "genteeler" sort, with their children. At the foot was a meadow at the rear of a house of entertainment (the Old Prince of Orange) where a ring was formed by the humbler classes. As I wished to hear as well as see, never having witnessed an exhibition of the kind, I descended to take my place in this verdant parterre, with the determination of being "first in the throng."

What a merry set they were!—brimful of expectation. At length one of the countrymen shouted out, "Here be Tom-fool!"

All eyes were instantly turned towards the house, and behold! a clown came capering forward leading a donkey, laden with the implements of the craft, and a sorry nag, gaudily caparisoned in fringes of yellow and red worsted. Two men in smock-frocks followed; one trundling a cart-wheel, and the other leading a sheep in a string.

"Here we are!" cried the fool. "Open the door of the 'green'-room for the greatest ass in the three kingdoms!"

Whereat there arose a shout that would have been esteemed a flattering greeting by one of the first comic actors of the age. Then drawing out a penny trumpet, he blew a charge. "Rear-guard, advance!" cried he, and his followers entered, and deposited their "properties" in the centre of the space. He was a short, thickset little fellow, broad-shouldered, and rather bow-legged; but he skipped about with all the briskness of a dancing-master.

Casting his eyes towards the hill-side, he bawled out to the company, "Ladies and gentlemen, all the seats are taken; but there is plenty of standing-room."

Many took the hint, and descended. "There's another donkey coming," continued he; and presently there appeared a slim figure of a man, attired in white pantaloons and pumps, and a spangled jacket; a cotton velvet cap, stuck jauntily on his head, surrounded by a plume of ostrich feathers; and dangling a riding-whip in his hand.

"My honoured master," said he, obsequiously, "I just proclaimed

your coming to the eager multitude. Allow me to introduce you to the circle of my acquaintance."

Which ceremony he performed in extravagant dumb-show. His "honoured master" immediately bowed his white plumes *à la cavalier* to the grinning audience, and then with an airy agility *chassé'd* towards the horse. Mr. Merriman, throwing himself upon his hands, revolved in the fashion of a wheel till he arrived at the centre, when seizing a long whip in one hand, he led the animal to the edge of the circle.

Meanwhile one of the attendants in the smock-frocks threw a drum across his shoulders, thrust his pandean pipes in his waistcoat, and struck up an air.

"Here's the dog's meat, sir!" said the clown.

"The dog's meat, sirrah! It's a thorough-bred hunter."

"So am I," replied he. "I'm always hunting for my bread."

"Come, Mr. Merriman, don't keep the ladies and gentlemen waiting, but give an eye to the horse; lend me a hand, and give me a leg."

"How liberal!" exclaimed the clown. "And pray what am I to do with the rest of myself?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Merriman?"

"Why, when I've given an eye to the horse, and lent you a hand, and given you a leg, there's the best half of me gone, and your humble-cum-stumble servant may go all on one side like a crab the rest of his days."

"Come, sirrah! I want no words."

"Oh! I'm not quarrelsome," replied the other consequentially.

"Then skip along," said his master, striking him with his riding-whip.

"How can I skip along with a *wale* on my back?" demanded the clown, rubbing his brawny shoulders, and writhing about; and then, taking his master by the ankle, he assisted him to mount.

Away started the horse on his accustomed round, gradually inclining his body inwards, increasing his speed as the clown followed him, cracking his long whip.

Suddenly the glittering equestrian stood upon the saddle, bending his knees to the cantering motion of the animal, and striking him on the shoulders with his whip while he held the long reins in his left hand.

"Ride a cock-horse

To Banbury cross!"

sang out the clown.

Anon the rider held out one leg behind him, and then the other.

"There he goes, round and round, like a teetotum—all upon one leg!" exclaimed the clown. And now, to the admiration of his audience, he threw down the reins, and holding the riding-whip in the fashion of a skipping-rope, sprang over, both backwards and forwards, while in full career.

Laying aside his whip, Mr. Merriman extracted from their baggage two oranges stuck on two forks, and handed them to his master, singing,

"Oranges and lemons,

Says the bells at St. Clement's!"

The mountebank then disencumbered himself of his cap and plume, and tossed them to his motley servitor, together with his whip.

"There's ingratitude!" exclaimed Mr. Merriman. "I take care of his cast-off finery, and he gives me a *whip-in*!"

Tossing the oranges alternately in the air, and catching them in quick succession on the prongs of the forks, the master galloped on his never-ending road, amid the plaudits of the spectators.

"There's a dabster in dough for ye!" cried the clown. "He has had a good education, and no mistake, and — those are the *fruits* of it."

Having performed these evolutions, the mountebank gradually reined in his steed, and slipped astride the padded saddle, his legs dangling loosely and wearily against the panting sides of the tired animal.

"Now, Mr. Merriman, help me to alight," said he.

"In the twinkling of a bed-post," replied his humorous attendant, and drawing out a box of lucifer-matches from his capacious pockets, lighted one in an instant, and presented it.

"What's that, booby?"

"Booby? Didn't you go for to ask me to help you to a light?"

"Assist me to get down, you fool, I meant."

"There now! what a thousand little pities it is—so it is—you were not born a goose—for they always get *down* without assistance! But I can see which way the cat jumps—it's as plain as the nose on my face that, clever as you are, you're offended 'cause I've found a *match* for you."

"Mr. Merriman, you're a sad fellow, but I'll help myself," so saying, the mountebank stood upon the saddle, and leaping up, turned a summerset, and came cleverly upon his feet.

"There for ye, ain't that droll now? he gets up to get down! What a natural turn he has to the business!" exclaimed the clown; then turning to the grinning crowd. "Now can any of ye guess this, riddle-ma-riddle-ma-ree! Why is my master a liberal fellow? Why, 'cause he 'comes down' handsomely. Come, now, ain't that smart?" addressing his superior, who was adjusting his velvet cap, "and yet you called me a fool."

"Ay, a great fool."

"Certainly, or I should not own such a master."

"How mean you, sirrah?"

"I'll explain allegorically, metaphorically, categorically, and paregorically," replied the clown, and gradually elevating the cart-wheel, he clasped the nave, and supported it with one hand. "There, that's it to a tittle! Don't you see the *nave* has got the upper hand of the fool? The nave's you, and I'm me—the fool—by reason of being under you."

At this practical illustration there arose a general laugh.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," said the mountebank in a loud voice, "we are about to offer you by lottery a large and valuable collection of tea-trays, gown and waistcoat pieces, knives and forks, candlesticks and candleboxes, and numerous other articles both useful and ornamental. There are so many prizes that none of you can possibly lose—more than one shilling, which is the small price at which we offer the tickets."

While he was thus addressing and inviting them to try their fortune, the clown was busily occupied in unpacking the bales, and spreading the bright and gaudy gown-pieces on the grass, and scattering hither and thither the painted tea trays and glittering tin-candlesticks and

candleboxes all over the interior of the circle in the most alluring confusion.

Having quickly executed this temptation part of the business, he ran round, distributing the tickets to the spectators, and I was pleased to observe that the sale went on rapidly; indeed he had such a facetious and irresistible way of puffing his tickets that he extracted many a reluctant shilling, and relaxed the grasp of many a prudent hand.

A young country-woman in a red cloak, with an infant in her arms, who was standing before me, tried all her eloquence upon her husband to induce him to venture. "She should so like to have those knives: they were just what they wanted so much!"

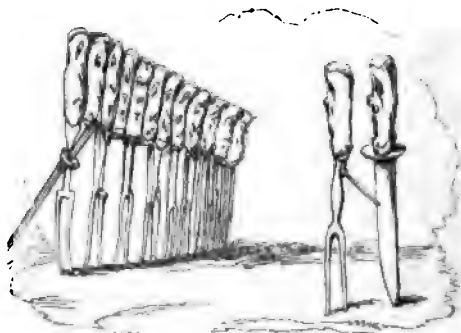
With much ado she at last prevailed, and holding out the shilling, called out eagerly for a ticket, apparently fearing her husband might repent, and perhaps recal the coin.

I could not help sympathising in her sanguine expectations of a favourable result. I too gave my shilling, which I considered due to the performers for the amusement they had afforded me.

"There's a prime dozen of knives and forks!" said the clown, exhibiting them. "Twenty-four pieces! why it's only a halfpenny a-piece: who would use their fingers when they can get tools so dog-cheap? They are all town-made, too—warranted; there's blades for you; with an edge as keen as a February frost, and of as good a temper as the cobbler's wife, who kissed her husband for 'welting' her!"

Having at last most profitably exerted his eloquence in the sale of the chances in this minor lottery, he proceeded to make a circuit with the lucky-bag, containing the blanks and prizes, in his hand.

The lots were speedily drawn by the eager expectants, who had ventured their shillings, and—only to see the tricks of that jade, Fortune—the young mother handed the mystic paper to her husband, who, unfolding it, declared to her disappointment that it was a blank, while mine turned up a capital prize, for I had won, without a wish, the much-coveted knives and forks. I felt half-ashamed of proclaiming my good luck. It occurred to me, however, that I might easily overcome this nervous difficulty, and handing the paper to the young woman, I said: "Will you do me the favour to take home these knives and forks for me?"



"Surely, sir," replied she, curtsying and blushing; "where be you living, sir?"

"You mistake me," I replied. "I wish you to accept them as a gift."

"Lauk, sir!—I'm sure—I thank you, sir," said she.

"Thank'ee kindly, sir," interposed the husband; "our Nell longed for they, and——"

"Say no more," interrupted I, "you're heartily welcome," for I felt almost as much by the observation the expression of their gratitude drew upon me as I should have done in holding out my hand and claiming the prize before the gaze of the crowd; so I slunk away, and mingled with the group in another quarter, as stealthily as if I had picked a pocket, and feared detection, although I was really gratified in being able to give the young housekeeper so much pleasure at so slight a cost.

All the prizes having been distributed, one of the men from the public-house handed a pint of foaming porter to the clown, who presented it to his master.

"Is that the way you offer the beverage to me, sirrah?" said he, with dignity.

"Beverage?" exclaimed the clown. "Why it's genuine malt and hops."

"Bring me a glass," said the mountebank, gracefully waving his hand.

Upon which the clown presented him with a pocket looking-glass.

"You want to see the way to your mouth, I suppose," said he.

"Put it into a tumbler, Mr. Merriman," cried the other impatiently.

Whereupon the fool stared, and then nodding, applied his lips to the measure, and drained it.

"Hollo! sirrah, what do you mean by that?"

"Didn't you tell me to put it into a tumbler?" said the quibbler, "and ain't I a tumbler? Look at that!" And he immediately turned a summerset in the air, leaping up, and coming down upon his feet again without touching the ground with his hands.

A shout of merriment welcomed the conceit and the agility of the clown; and another pint, with a glass being brought for the refreshment of the spangled rider, he remounted his steed, and recommenced his equestrian evolutions, skipping with a hoop, and anon rapidly passing it over his head, legs, and arms, while at full gallop.

After sundry other gymnastic feats were exhibited, not only by the master, but the man, to the evident delight of all assembled, "both great and small," the mountebank, standing upon the saddle, proclaimed aloud, that, "encouraged by the liberality of his indulgent audience, he was induced to offer a sheep to be raffled for—if he could only make up a sufficient number for so large a prize."

"Only hear that!" said the clown. "There never was such a man as my master. I verily believe he would give the little coat off his back—if anybody would wear it; and thereby hangs a tale (I don't mean to his coat, but touching his liberality). When a mere boy—a hobbledehoy—he once gave a schoolfellow two whole radishes for one—cucumber! But here's mutton here, my masters and mistresses, and no mistake. Never was such a favourable opportunity offered to a discerning public for the profitable investment of a small capital. For the trifling risk of one shilling the agriculturist may (possibly) purchase as much fine *wether* as will last him a whole fortnight. A lawyer may gain a profitable client, whom he may 'fleece' without fear of taxation, and have parchment enough left for a marriage settlement. Gentlemen of the bar,—if there be any here,—I pray ye put in for the baa-lamb! Nay, even those sapient noddles who go forth

wool-gathering, may for once have a chance of success, and *not* go home shorn! And O! ye sportsmen—ye hedge and ditch leapers, and clearers of five-barred gates!—ye riders of matches, and matchless riders, here's a particular nice chance for *you*!—nothing less than four famous *trotters*—warranted fast. So come along, my merry customers, and down with the dibs!"

And away ran Mr. Merriman round the ring, to gather in the contributions. The tickets were soon disposed of, and in less than ten minutes an "agriculturist," as I guessed from his garb, *did* carry off the sheep, and so became "master of the *wether*," as the fool quaintly observed.

The sports were now concluded with an intimation from the mountebank that a ball at three-pence per head, music and lights included, would be given in the "great room" of the Old Prince of Orange. "Purposely," as the clown added, "for the delight and entertainment of the Kentish men, his worthy master knowing the affection they entertained for 'hops.'"

CONTENTMENT.

BY MARTIN OPITZ VON BOBERFELD.*

HAPPY is he who wisely loves
 Life's simple path in peace to tread:
 He quickly falls who mounts too high,
 By false ambition blindly led.
 Let each his own good sense approve—
 My shepherdess alone I love.
 The loftiest castle feels the most
 The pealing thunder's angry might;
 So he whose pride impels him on
 Soon trembles on the giddy height. Let each, &c.
 The boundless sea has surging waves,
 And rocks, and winds that madly blow;
 The wise man by the streamlet dwells
 That in the modest vale doth flow. Let each, &c.
 If Phyllis has nor gems nor gold,
 Yet far more precious charms hath she:
 No gold, no jewels e'er could buy
 Those eyes with which she dazzles me. Let each, &c.
 How seldom can we enter in,
 When waiting at the rich man's door;
 With her I have no need of words—
 Her all is mine, I want no more. Let each, &c.
 She glitters not with borrow'd gems,
 Yet fairer unadorn'd is she.
 Let haughty dames in spangles shine—
 Such beauty ne'er shall dazzle me. Let each, &c.
 If she be not of noble rank,
 Still her Creator's child is she;
 Though she possess nor house nor lands,
 She is a rich domain to me. Let each, &c.
 Let him who will ascend on high—
 I thirst not for such labour vain.
 I still prefer my humble lot,
 That gives me joy, but spares me pain.
 And thus my own good sense approve,
 And pretty Phyllis fondly love.

* Born at Bunzlau 1597, died 1639.

SECRETS OF THE BLUE CHAMBER.

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

THE public is beginning, I trust, to recognise in me one of those modern philosophers who, instead of placing in their microscope the wing of a sphinx, or in their retort a crystal of succinamide, delight in the anatomization of insects of a larger growth, and the analysis of the newly-discovered products of the mind ; a human naturalist, intent upon pushing his discoveries into the idiosyncrasy of man, through the symptomatic indications of manners.

Those who had the luck to visit Paris some five-and-twenty years ago, may recall to mind a sapient humorist, known by the name of *L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*, who, from his secluded hermitage in the heart of that gay metropolis, exercised a most singular inquisition into the peculiarities of his contemporaries. To this day, it is admitted that the domestic life of the times of Napoleon is nowhere so accurately portrayed as in the lucubrations of the Hermit.

Much such a commentator am I.—In the upper story of a commodious mansion of the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, is my study, familiarly known by privileged visitors as the Blue Chamber ; wherein I pass my merry life in laughing over the antics of the fashionable world below. In the days of Molière, by the way, there was also a famous Blue Chamber, — *La Chambre Bleue* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet,—in which used to assemble the celebrated coterie satirized by the dramatic philosopher, under the name of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. People are apt to suppose that the designation “Blue,” applied to such of the gentler sex as dabble in literature, originated in the epoch of Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Montague. Not a bit !—It is as old as those of *Menage* and *Madame de Sévigné*,—two of the habitual frequenters of the Marchioness de Rambouillet's Blue Chamber ! Blue has consequently been for the last two centuries the emblematical colour of the lettered tribe. Blue devils had probably the same origin. The spirits that minister to my Blue Chamber, however, are *couleur de rose* ; and the feathers I pluck from their wings to depict the manners of the day, though many-hued as the plumage of a humming-bird, rarely include the cerulean tinge of the pedant among their evanescent tints.

To paint with discretion the lighter follies of the times, the artist must be a man of the world, yet, “dolphin-like, show above the element he moves in.” Inquire of the sun, which receives my morning salutation full five minutes before its rays gild the adjoining balconies of Berkeley Square, whether I rise not considerably above and before my fashionable neighbours. The first object I generally salute after the sun, on summer mornings, is my next door neighbour, Lord John Devereux, lounging home from Crockey's, with the pallid face of a waxwork figure that has weathered the vicissitudes of a show-life for the last thirty years ; and from his manner of proceeding along the street,—whether tickling the flank of a fine cab-horse in his days of prosperity, or tapping the area-rail as he saunters along, with a jewel-headed cane, nearly as valuable as the cab-horse, I can infer within a hundred guineas the amount of his winnings or losses. Lord John

is one of my weather-gauges of the morals of the day. I love the lad almost as much as though he were a grandson of my own. I can comprehend, from the nature and number of the knocks at his door, the chief incidents of his daily life. The single knocks perpetrated by wretches in brown brass-buttoned coats and corduroys, or shabby-gentle nondescripts in seedy surtouts, whereof the side-pockets seem framed to contain compendious morocco pocket-books, have begun to fill my mind with anxiety in behalf of my young neighbour, since I discovered that these worthies are apt to emerge from his abode with faces the complexion of a gathering thunder-storm, and execrations "not loud but deep,"—and occasionally loud also:—just such, in short, as are necessarily engendered between a visit to Crockey's overnight, and a visit with a single knock in the morning.

I can fully enter into the state of the case. Lord John is the third son of the Duke of Crawley, whose rent-roll of seventy thousand a-year was charged by his marriage-settlements with a provision of fifty thousand pounds for younger children. It was thought a handsome sum at the time; for the young Duchess, whose jointure those settlements purported to affix, had no dowry but her beauty; and there was a ferocious Duchess-dowager still extant, extracting eight thousand a-year from the estate. *Who* was to guess, moreover, that so silly a measure as a love-match on the part of one of the wealthiest peers of the realm, would create ten junior branches for the subdivision of the allotted sum into small packets of poison, amounting to five thousand pounds a-piece?

Lord John and his five luckless younger brothers, accordingly, were reared in purple and fine linen, on venison and providence-pine, without the slightest reason to infer that the future provision of each would not amount to the salary of their father's French cook. They rode their Shetland ponies, and figured in fine oil paintings in the Exhibition, arrayed in velvet and point-lace, in all the thoughtless vanity of childhood. Grooms, keepers, pages, tutors, and other menial servants, waited upon their beck; and they progressed in due season to Eton and the University, without having received an admonitory hint from their parents that it was their vital interest to attain there the means of their future advancement in life. The Duke was too busy with his whist, and the Duchess with her toilet, to do more than hurry through an affectionate good-b'ye to them when they quitted the castle. Lord Edward, indeed, the one intended for a bishop, was occasionally reminded that he was tabooed for the Church, and must be more guarded than his brothers; but the rest of them, like other ill weeds, grew apace, and did little or nothing beside.

No one cared enough for the Duke of Crawley to remonstrate with him seriously concerning the destinies of his boys, for he was known to be averse to serious talking; and, though a kind-hearted man, lived on from day to day, through a life of pleasure, without ever bringing it to mind that at his death his son the Marquis would succeed to Belmont Castle, and the rest of his handsome boys to comparative beggary! "Ned is to be a parson; Willie is to study the law, and represent the Crawley borough. Jack, Harry, and Orlando must go into the army, or do something or other, and we will see and push them on," was his usual reply when his old tutor, the Irish Dean, or some inquisitive country neighbour, presumed to question him respecting the training of his olive branches. His Grace trusted, in short, as men of less con-

sequence too often trust, to the chapter of accidents, to provide for those who owed it to *him* that they were thrust into this world of debits and credits, to struggle and buffet with its necessities; and was consequently more at liberty to enjoy his hunting half the year, and his rubber the other. The annual cost of his kennel, had it been laid by for William, Jack, Harry, and Orlando, would of course have placed their future fortunes beyond all solicitude. But it is a hard thing for a Duke with so fine a rent-roll to deny himself the innocent recreation of a pack of hounds, or the ruinous hospitalities which form an inevitable appendix to the onerous item of aristocratic life; and thus, when his Grace descended in his Spanish mahogany shell and crimson velvet coffin to the society of his ancestors, the wide world became encumbered with a Lord William, a Lord Henry, a Lord Orlando, and a Lord John, of no mortal use to the community, or credit to their order.

The Reform Bill, meanwhile, had provided for the Crawley borough, which was to have provided for Lord William; Lord Henry was in a hussar regiment, the inevitable expenses of which exactly doubled his income; Lord Orlando was in the Guards, on the quick march for the Bench; and Lord John, my neighbour, (who had been sent into the navy with his milk-of-roses habits so strong upon him, that it was next to impossible he should cling to it as a profession,) was what is called on the *pavé*.

Impossible to see a finer young man; — tall, active, intelligent, yet refined and gentle in his manners, unless when roused by altercations with single knocks. Having quitted Eton for the Mediterranean at thirteen, he had more pretext than his brothers for deficiency of scholarship; and, in lieu of Latin and Greek, had at least picked up enough French, Italian, and Spanish, to make him talk the abominable English in vogue amongst the gabblers of the day. He was an accomplished musician too, — as the sound of a guitar and rich tenor, which reached me on summer mornings from his open windows, sufficed to attest; and, if I might trust to the record of his partnership accounts in the Morning Post, Almacks did not boast of more favoured waltzer than Lord John Devereux.

Here was a pretty fellow to attain, at twenty-one, the absolute command of five thousand pounds, and not a grain of discretion to turn it to account! — He regarded it as a year's income! — Compared with the measure of his enjoyments at Belmont Castle, it was scarcely so much. However, he *was* good enough to content himself with it; and as Lord John had nearly attained his twenty-second year when he first attracted my notice, he was at that time hardly worth five hundred pounds in the world. Fortune sometimes favours the reckless; and the chances of Crockford's are said to have quadrupled that modest modicum before the close of the season. Though what is popularly called "done up," and melodramatically called "undone," he was able to keep up the ball a little longer. He lived at free quarters the autumn and winter months, with his brother the Duke's hunters and hounds, at Belmont Castle; and early in the spring I had the delight of welcoming him back to his old lodgings, rejuvenized by country sports, and almost as brilliant as ever.

My heart was glad within me. My interest in him was as warm as it was unjustifiable; and heartily did I long to whisper in his ear with the still small voice of experience, "Be warned! — be wise! — beware! Take into your hands the light burthen of your fortunes, and weigh

them warily, ere again you risk them against the bitterness of penury, —the shame of obligation. Youth, with health and a hundred a-year, may appear despicable in your eyes ; but youth without them is a far more sorry heritage. Take courage. Fall back upon your profession. The party in which your family is enrolled may resume its authority. Government patronage, if it find you in the path of honour, might do much for you ; but if it must seek you out sinking under a load of debt and obloquy, not even the strongest prop it has to offer can restore to strength and comeliness the deformity of a broken character."

But how from the aerial eminence of my Blue Chamber was I to whisper this into the ear of the joyous young man ?—I soon saw how matters were going with him !—Every day, knowing cabs called to take him out to dinner ; and anything but knowing family coaches stopped at his door four hours afterwards, for the same purpose, on their way to different balls. Next morning, footmen with letters, and pages with notes, before he had been more than three hours in bed ; while tailors and jewellers, hatters and bootmakers, bowed at his levee with a degree of assiduity that sufficed to prove the punctuality of his payments during the year for which his fortune had served as income. Everybody was not so well versed as I in the amount of his mother's marriage settlements and his own fortune. The tailors and jewellers knew nothing of the sum total of his losses at play, or the diminution of his property ; the fair proprietors of the footmen and pages had no reason to imagine that their little perfumed billets were addressed to a ruined man ; and as to the family coaches, they would not have stopped within three streets of his lodgings, had they entertained the most distant suspicion of the real state of the case.

It could not be expected that, when the truth began to be surmised, tailors, jewellers, and family coaches should be sufficiently philosophical to compassionate Lord John as the victim of an erroneous system, —a martyr to the grim ghost of extinct feodality, which, so far from contemplating the greatest happiness of the greatest number, seems bent upon making fools of the elder-born of the aristocracy, and knaves of the rest.

I had noticed so many traits of humanity and courtesy in this fine young man, that I shuddered at finding him about to be included in this grievous majority. I noticed his popularity among his young acquaintances, both lords and commons ; nay, I have seen the sweeper of an adjacent crossing stand and look after him with a benediction as long as he remained in sight ; while the blind beggar stationed on a neighbouring door-step, abstained from striking up her monotonous plaint whenever *his* well-known step approached, as she did for less familiar passengers ; for of *his* liberality she was pre-assured. Other excellencies had reached my knowledge connected with the three-cornered billets and their pages (I mean the pages in dark green liveries), which, combined with the almost poetical grace of his manners and appearance, excited my sympathy to the utmost. If I had not known myself to be such a wretched old quiz, I swear I would have got put up at Crockford's, for the sole purpose of watching over the proceedings of Lord John.

It almost enraged me to think that his four sisters were married to wealthy peers, hereditary lawgivers, supporters of Church and State, and men of weight and consequence in the country ; and that not one of them was at the trouble of extending an arm to preserve this luck-

less boy from destruction. There was his brother, Lord Edward, with three thousand a-year Church preferment and high ecclesiastical honours ; but *he* had a wife and children, and "therefore he could not come" to the succour of the falling man. Lord Orlando was with his regiment in India ; Lord William making his court to a city widow ; and Lord Henry compromising with his creditors. Not a soul among them with a thought or a guinea to waste upon their frail brother ! I had even thoughts of inditing a private word or two to the proprietresses of the pages, to implore their intervention. But by rash interference I might embroil the affairs of my young neighbour a million fold.

So passed the second year ; and, now that we are entering the third, the result of my evil prognostications is fatally corroborative of their wisdom. The morning single knocks are now repeated with "damnable iteration." Not a family coach for the last eight months ; the cabs of opulent friends or kinsmen few and far between ;—but, as infallible as the rising of the sun, the return of the prodigal at daylight, with sallow cheeks and seared eyes,—a gambler,—a losing gambler,—a gambler playing on parole, and knowing that his word of honour was *once* sacred !—

I see how it is—I see plainly how it is.—I shall lose him.—The lad will come to a bad end. While his brother the Duke is paying thousands per annum to keep up his hunting establishment, and hundreds to his chaplain and *maître d'hôtel*, besides devoting a prodigious waste of prose to the harassment of government and its administrators ; while Lord Edward is keeping residence at his deanery, and his noble brothers-in-laws preaching in Parliament, not a word either of exhortation or reproval is addressed to the goodly creature thus gratuitously wrecked among the rocks and shoals of fashion, by a bad education, bad example, and the bad influences of conventional life.

There is a pretty little damsel leaning at this moment against the French windows of an opposite drawing-room, and apt to be on the watch there at this hour of the day,—actuated, I suspect, by the same anxieties as myself. It is Dora Colville, only daughter of the stiff-necked, pig-tailed old General to whom the house belongs. Sir Felix is a widower, and on the committee of the United Service Club ; for were there a Lady Colville in the case, she would instruct poor Dora that it is an unbecoming thing for a pretty little face to be seen so often at the window, especially when living opposite to a handsome young man who, to speak it kindly, is a bit of a *roué*. But Dora would perhaps answer that she did not care. Dora is getting reckless on more subjects than one. In reply to such expostulations, she is apt to exclaim, with such an air of pettishness, "Do let me have *one* agreeable moment in the course of the day !"—that it is plain she takes little pleasure in the company of young Rodenton (the only son of one of the richest landed proprietors of Yorkshire), whom Sir Felix picks up in St. James's Street, and brings home with him, at least three days in the week. Two years ago, she bore patiently enough with Rodenton and his paltry self-conceit ; but Dora is now eighteen instead of sixteen ; and has acquired such mighty knowledge of the world as to be aware that a Duke's younger son, if unportioned, is worse off than a commoner's younger son, from having a social position to maintain ; and that her father has an especial motive for inviting Jemmy Roden-

ton so often to his house. For the estates of Sir Felix are entailed; the rest of his income is derived from his pay and pensions; and his gout, by taking a wrong direction, may at any moment leave Dora an orphan, with a pittance of ten thousand pounds, the product of his savings. According to the code of fashionable morality, who can blame him, under such circumstances, for recalling frequently to mind the beauties and prosperities contained within a certain ring-fence at Rodenton Hall? Besides, it is no fault of the old General's that his opposite neighbour has seen fit to let lodgings, and a handsome young spendthrift thought proper to engage them season after season.

Dora is evidently getting almost as uneasy as myself; nay, she may perhaps entertain other cares on the subject than I do. Miss Colville recognises the livery of those morning pages, just as two years ago she knew the armorial bearings of the family coaches; and is consequently better versed in the *histoire galante* of the young scapegrace. She is getting almost as thin as Lord John. What *can* be the matter with her?—*She* has no pecuniary anxieties. *She* is distracted by no single knocks. The eight thousand a-year's worth of pleasure and prosperity she is annually enjoying, seems likely to last for ever; and, as Mrs. Lumley Rodenton, her enjoyments would be still more lavishly provided. Yet I doubt whether that charming girl enjoys a happy moment! I doubt whether—but, after all, what business is it of mine? Is it not a hard thing for a respectable old bachelor like myself to be disturbed in my Blue Chamber by the vagaries of two young people, no more connected with my sympathies than Shem, Ham, or Japhet!

It used to delight my old eyes, two seasons ago, to see Dora Colville start up from her work-table encumbered with silks and Berlin patterns, or her drawing-desk scattered with pencils, when some itinerant band came through the streets, and, by its barbarous murder of one of Strauss's or Labitsky's popular waltzes, tempt the light-hearted creature into spinning round the room, threading the maze of fancy chairs and littered tables, with a grace and agility that Elslar might have envied! And now, I verily believe Collinet himself might pipe the Kœsden under her window by the hour together, without attracting her attention! I scarcely ever see her at her piano. The harp has not been out of its case this fortnight past. There she sits poring hour after hour over the embroidery frame; and I verily believe stitching blue roses and pea-green lilies. Sometimes I see her raise her pretty little slender white hand to her eyes, as if dashing away some obstacle that prevented her seeing very clearly,—more particularly whenever she happens to hear the General's well-known knock. At that signal, indeed, I have known her suddenly place both hands for a moment over her eyes, or press them upon her bosom, without rising from her chair. She seems on such occasions to entertain an intuitive dread that her father is not alone,—that young Rodenton is with him, in all the wearing monotony of his everlasting smiles,—his curls parted to a hair at the same spot for the last three years,—and his conversation diluted down to the same standard of wishy-washy insipidity. I am certain, too, that the silly fellow torments her with idle reports concerning the follies and vices of her opposite neighbour. Rodenton has a certain manner of standing at the window and surveying the modest two-windowed lodgings of Lord John Devereux with all the insolent prosperity of the son and heir of thirty thousand a-year, a park in Yorkshire, and a mansion in St. James's Square. I can detect the

smile that curls his lip as he pursues his conversation with the General's daughter, while reporting progress of the General's opposite neighbour,—the shrug, the grimace, the sneer of contempt, while Dora raises her blue eyes from her work and utters a word or two, doubtless in extenuation ; for I have observed Sir Felix break out thereupon into a rage, and saw the air with his hand, in attestation of every ill-natured word uttered by his intended son-in-law.

Yet surely it is only natural that Dora should do her utmost in vindication of her opposite neighbour ; for I remember that scarcely a day passed, two years ago, but the *Morning Post* coupled together, in describing the balls of the season, the names of Miss Colville and Lord John Devereux, as all but one and indivisible. She was then a timid *débutante* ; and Sir Felix seemed to think that a fashionable young man,—a Lord John,—a capital *valseur*,—might be available as a sort of pedestal to bring her into notice ; and though he has lately issued his word of command that she is to be as cool to the ruined spendthrift as can be effected without absolute rudeness,—that is, rudeness so marked as to provoke in return the imperiousness of his four fine-lady sisters, who, in spite of their deuce of a brother, are still court-cards in the pack of society,—it is not so easy for a warm-hearted natural girl like Dora Colville to fling aside her early predilections, and become as stiff and heartless as one of the heroines of *Madame Tussaud*.

It would be a much easier thing, and a much kinder, on the part of the old General to exert his interest with the Admiralty,—where one of his Scotch cousins rules the lady with the tin helmet and shield, who swears she rules the waves, — and get the poor lad an appointment. He would be much better in the Mediterranean again, or at Fernando Po, or Bogota,—no matter where, — to be out of the range of Crockford's, and the blue eyes of Dora Colville. But the General is a man of very limited perceptions. He only hears with one ear ; the sight of one eye was destroyed at Waterloo ; and I shrewdly suspect that he perceives only with a single organ of discernment. His one idea is to marry Dora to Rodenton Park. He does not consider the means—he contemplates the end. Sir Felix Colville spends half his life in reading the newspapers, and the other half in talking about them ; far more intent upon his duties as a committeeman at the United Service than the business of his domestic life ; and evidently thinks that, having introduced James Lumley Rodenton to his daughter in the light of a suitor, the young gentleman will gradually progress into her husband ; just as, having planted his saplings at Colville Lodge, they are sure to progress into trees. He cannot be always on the spot watching whether the rain rains ; any more than whether pretty little Dora smiles and blushes in due season upon the promising prig with the well-parted curls, who laughs so exultingly upon occasion of a reduplication of single knocks at the door of Lord John. With all his pretended apathy, however, the General is in general pretty well up to snuff,—and his snuff, moreover, is of the right Irish quality. The dexterity with which he continues to keep out of sight a certain Reverend Olinthus Colville, who is to succeed to his family estates, is beyond belief. Though only two years the junior of Sir Felix, this country parson is as weak in health as intellect ; and Sir Felix, in his alarm lest the old gentleman should be tempted to drivel in the coffeeroom of Slaughter's or the Bedford (where, lodging at the Hummums, he would naturally

satisfy his parsonic appetite with tough steaks and tougher port, on his annual visits to the metropolis to watch the progress of a tithe-suit), insists upon affording him both board and lodging; and contrives to keep him so hermetically sealed during his sojourn in town, that nothing but tithe-proctors come within ear-shot of the heir in tail. As an excuse for inviting no company in his honour, the crafty General manages that himself or his confidential butler shall be suffering from the influenza; which, as the Reverend Olinthus is sure to come in March (*like* the influenza), for the advantage of the oratorios, is easily accomplished. It is amazing with what good faith the worthy parson has swallowed the said influenza for the last eleven years! But if Dora should remain single another season, my mind misgives me that her father will be obliged to vary the scene next spring, with a quinsy or a fit of the gout.

The result of this curious fraternal manœuvre is, that, with the uninformed, Dora Colville passes for an heiress! Without entering into details of family estates, or thousands a year, the fashionable world regards her as what is vulgarly called "a catch." Prudential mammas are enchanted to see her dancing with their younger sons; and find no fault even with their eldest for seeking her as a partner. "Old Colville's only daughter," is a password for pretty little Dora into the bosom of even the most worldly-wise families.

It is a strange thing, by the way, considering the jactant vanity of modern society, — the manner in which people display the knowledge and accomplishments they possess, and boast of those they do *not* possess, — that every one is so careful to keep out of sight their remarkable proficiency in the Wisdom called Worldly, — the only wisdom of which the *principia* are posterior to the lessons of Solomon! — for nothing can be clearer to eyes profane, than that by its code alone are regulated the associated morals and manners of May Fair.

In the year five of the railway era (for really in such matters one ought to adopt a new system of chronology,) — in the year five of the railway era, the learned pundits of modern London began to perceive that the days of Latin and Greek were gone by; and that, leaving the universities to their classics, and the classics to their universities, it was high time to institute a course of practical education for practical men. Up rose, accordingly, the College of Civil Engineers, or rather, up it *began* to rise; and already one foresees the time when our great-grandsons, instead of learning to trail their sabres along the pavement of country-towns as cornets of dragoons, or to wear out their souls and bodies in the fretfulness of compelled patience while waiting for a curacy, will become academically endowed with the powers of constructing Menai bridges from Dover to Calais, or constructing an Eddystone lighthouse in the centre of the Bay of Biscay, O! The wise projectors of this truly national institution not only descried one of the wants created by the progress of the times, but found subscribers ready to afford the means (at the rate of so much per cent.) of supplying the deficiency.

Now, if, instead of a college, some philanthropist would only afford to the colleges already extant, a professorship of Worldly Wisdom, surely it would be indescribably more respectable for the rising youth of Britain to derive their principles in the new science, from some sharpwitted gentleman in spectacles, than from their parents and guardians!

For my part (but I am a twaddling old soul!) I cannot understand how a Christian father has courage to look his son in the face, after indicating to him the process of political jobbery; first, as candidate for the suffrages of the people, and next, as candidate for the confidence of an administration. Still less can I comprehend how a Christian mother ventures to accompany her pure-minded daughter on Sunday mornings into the edifice whose steeple of Portland stone riseth into the fog within view of my Blue Chamber, after inculcating on Saturday nights at the opera, the system of policy current among the match-catchers of the season! After such lessons, it appears to me that the fifth commandment becomes the most trying of the decalogue. To "Honour your father and your mother," after your father and mother have deliberately suggested habits of moral petty larceny, such as might render filial piety a difficult virtue to Æneas or the Grecian Daughter, ought to be considered the *acmé* of modern virtue.

I have seen Dora Colville's cheeks flush to a carnation tinge, after a long closeting with the General. Though a kind-hearted, excellent girl, I am convinced that his paternal admonitions have sometimes hardened her heart towards him to the consistence of Regan's and Goneril's!

"You may dance to-night with Lord Charles—the Marquis has had a paralytic stroke!" or "I insist upon it that Clarence Hamilton is not seen in your box to-night. I find that Sir Graham Hamilton's estates are entailed on his brother," are precepts which neither grey hair, nor the reverend lips of eld, can divest of their odiousness.

Were such a professorial chair instituted as I have described, of a certain no abler tactician could be found to fill the same, than Lieutenant-General Sir Felix Colville; evidence whereof might be adduced in the eagerness testified by half the mammas of his acquaintance to become chaperon to the supposititious heiress, whom they would have scouted with her mere ten thousand pounds. Even Lady Catherine Rodenton, the stately parent of James Lumley, is almost as assiduous in her courtship of Dora, as her son; having fixed her eye upon certain additions to the Yorkshire estates of the family, which she fancies might be easily secured by exchange, were the Colville property amalgamated with their own.

The passion of Jemmy Rodenton for the fair daughter of Sir Felix was, in fact, originally a dove-chick of his provident mother's hatching. The rising young man fancied himself desperately in love; because the oracle from whence his ideas and opinions were derived, assured him that he was so. Lady Catherine had so gravely informed him, when a boy, he was a staunch Tory, that he believed himself one, after he became a man. Nay more, unwilling to annoy her by denial whenever she assured her guests at Rodenton that from November till April he was never happy out of the saddle, Jemmy, without a particle of taste for field-sports, was in a fair way to live and die the life and death of a fox-hunting squire, like his father before him; and had it become her wish for any possible reason, either as tending to secure his political interests, or his position in the *coteries* of fashionable life, to make him believe himself a *fanatico per la musica*, a connoisseur, or geologist, or sea-horse, three or four days at the utmost would have sufficed to secure his conviction! Lady Catherine Colville was, in short, admirably matched against Sir Felix Colville,—diamond cut diamond,—arsenic *versus* prussic acid. Each had to deal with a submissive child.

But Jemmy's obedience emanated from the softness of his head; Dora's from the softness of her heart; and it is a bad look-out when the strength of the parent consists in the weakness of the child.

"*On peut être plus fin qu'un autre, mais pas que tous les autres,*" says a shrewd Frenchman. With all Sir Felix Colville's worldly wisdom,—all his care in secluding poor Olinthus, as though he brought with him from his parsonage the infection of small-pox, and all his advice to his family-lawyer to be as close as wax in the discussion of his affairs,—the real obstacle to the much-deaired alliance between Dora and James Lumley Rodenton never occurred to his mind! By getting Lord John Devereux appointed to a ship, he might have relieved the Hall of Eblis in St. James's Street from an unprofitable customer, and the wealthy squireling from the real stumbling-block in his matrimonial path. But, as I said before, my Blue Chamber lies in too stilted an elevation to admit of my whispering advice into the ears of my neighbours.

Were I nearer on a level with them, there are others besides the cunning old General and the improvident young sailor, whom I should like to admonish! There is a flashy young fellow, who occupies a suite of state apartments at the Grand Hotel next door but one to Sir Felix Colville's, who stands as low in my estimation as he seems to stand high in his own. The single spot of earth where he has a right to stand high—the counting-house of the city firm in which he is senior partner,—is the only one wherein he never deigns to make his appearance. Perhaps because the Lane in which it is situated is too narrow to admit his drag, and that to reach any distant point of the metropolis otherwise than four-in-hand, is out of the question. His father, honest man, used to make *his* way to his house of business, first with a cotton umbrella under his arm, and lastly in a buggy; a profitable modesty of conveyance, which caused the house itself to make its way in the world till the acting partner had bequeathed half a million to his family!

Half a million!—If a young fellow, inheriting half a million, in addition to good health and spirits, be not a happy man, the deuce is in it,—or in *him*! To be sure, the half-million is the thing likeliest on earth to teach him to get rid of his health and spirits, unless the health and spirits teach him to get rid of his half-million; for those three things have a most remarkable incompatibility for dwelling together in unity.

Mr. St. Chads has got rid of a considerable portion of all three;—thereby reducing himself to mediocrity, and obtaining nothing in return save the delight of being called "*Leo*" by those whom the newspapers call "*the leading fashionables*"; whereas, had he stuck to the city, he might still have been called only *Leonard*, like his father before him.

When I admit that a portion of the said half-million has disappeared in the shape of loans, and another portion in the shape of losses, I shall perhaps be thought ungenerous in protesting that St. Chads, whether *Leonard* or *Leo*, is incapable of a generous action. He has lent money, indeed,—but to whom?—to his poor relations?—to his humble friends?—to needy tradesmen?—to struggling artists? By no manner of means! To his *proud* friends—to out-at-elbow lords, and fashionable foreigners! He has thrown out sops, in the shape of thousand-pound notes, to the Cerberus of fashion. He has purchased

his *entrées* into the forbidden precincts of *ton*, at the cost of ten thousand guineas an inch! His losses are not, like those of his firm, in unprofitable speculations in hides and tallow, but at hazard or roulette; and his first step on quitting Oxford was into an exclusive club, where he was only borne with on due attestation that he had been pigeoned in less reputable quarters to the amount of eighty thousand pounds! Upon the faith of that pigeoning he first came to be called "*Leo*"—*leo* by name, and *leo* by nature: for he was the lion of that sporting season,—the green-horn at Epsom,—the Johnny Raw of Ascot,—the sufferer at Doncaster and Newmarket! By the following spring he had every right to be called "*Leo*, my boy!" by all the best fellows about town.

How fond they all were of him! How they used to come and breakfast on his woodcock pies,—taste his liqueurs at luncheon-time,—and dine with him either in his showy apartment or at the Clarendon! He supplied himself with Havannahs on a scale almost as gigantic as the speculations of his hide and tallow concern, exclusively for their benefit,—and Pontet's books can attest the cwt. after cwt. of carotte and macouba, of which dandies having coronets on their cabs, were friendly enough to lighten his canisters. He had a box at the Olympic and a box at the Opera, in which (so obliging were his friends in making use of his tickets,) there was seldom room for him to show his nose, unless on benefit nights; and though Leo would have seen one of St. Chads' country cousins at Greenock before he had the good-nature to oblige him with a lift into any place of public resort, he seemed to have it earnestly at heart that all the junior branches of the aristocracy should be duly accommodated with advantageous places for seeing the ballet.

I never was gratified with a view of Leo's banker's book. I am only the Hermit of the Blue Chamber. I write myself neither honourable, nor *attaché* to some foreign embassy; and am, consequently, without pretensions to the notice of a millionaire lord-hunter. But I know from sufficient authority that the chief items of the same, with the exception of such startling entries as "*Jan. 8, to Self, £24,000,*"—(for St. Chads is too vulgar a fellow not to delight in paying his hotel bill,—from the Boniface who rides a bit of blood worth three hundred guineas, to the smallest waiter of the establishment, who rides nothing but a clothes' horse,—his tailor, trowserer, jeweller, stationer, shirt-milliner, clear-starcher, &c. &c. &c. from hand to hand, for the personal enjoyment of their gratitude and congés,)—the chief items, I say, consist of "*To BEARER, two hundred guineas,*"—"*To BEARER, five hundred guineas,*"—"*To BEARER, one thousand pounds,*" and so forth. When this was first related to me, the innocence of my soul suggested that the said BEARERS might be treasurers of public charities, or secretaries of national institutions. But the head of my informant was sarcastically shaken, as with a significant smile he informed me that—by an appropriate Orientalism,—these BEARERS were all TIGERS; the two hundred guinea tiger wearing a noble crest on his button,—tiger £500, the coronet of a Marquis;—and that concerning the thousand pound tiger, the less said, the better!—These neat little sums were, in short, so many baits with which Leo had been setting his lord-trap.

Toadies, as a genus, are an object of very general contempt. The world, that wholesale dealer, has no leisure on its hands to make distinctions between toady and toady. Now there are toadies who, un-

skilled by education to become governesses or tutors, and unfitted by birth to sink into butlers or ladies' maids, are converted per force of starvation into hangers-on upon great or wealthy personages afflicted with a weakness for having their ears tickled. *Such* toadies are objects of compassion rather than scorn. "They cannot dig, to beg they are ashamed;" and the ostentatious of this world have hitherto omitted to set aside a portion of their superabundance (duly advertising the same in the morning-papers), for the maintenance of the self-respect of the shabby genteel.

But the Toady Gratuitous,—the Toady Wanton,—the Toady who toadies in the abjectness of his soul,—the Toady, who with his golden spurred heel tramples on the Humble while performing Ko-Too to the Proud, is a dirtier fellow than we care to mention in these pages.

Others beside myself entertain the same opinion. The Marquises and Honourables, whose friendship costs the presumptuous St. Chads pretty nearly the same annual sum as his hunting-kennel costs the Duke of Crawley, indulge freely in grimaces and gestures concerning their dear Leo whenever his back is turned; of which, had I not craved interpretation of a lamplighter in my neighbourhood, with whom I keep up a running acquaintance, the meaning might have been still hieroglyphical in my sight. I now perfectly comprehend their purport to be, "Hides and tallow, thou art a very sorry creature!"—"Serves him right," as the Cornish jury returned it,—"*serves him perfectly right.*" Whatever may be the measure of *their* ingratitude, he is only punished as he deserves.

It is a great gratification to my feelings that I have never once detected my favourite, Lord John, at Leo's levee. They are acquainted; not to the point of slang salutations or insolent pantomime. But I am convinced that it is the cool tone in which my young neighbour exclaims, "How are you, St. Chads?" as Leo passes him on the box of his drag, which reduces the *parvenu* to the painful necessity of replying, "Good morning, Lord John," instead of "How do, Jack?" as he would be entitled did the tiger of Dora Colville's idol "bear" to Lombard Street those missives signed "Leonard St. Chads" (private account), which unite him in the holy bonds of toadyism with the raffish portion of the aristocracy. Yet Leo would gladly purchase an *entrée* to Belmont Castle by the loan, in such cases infallibly a gift, of ten thousand pounds. By condescending to the shabbiness of certain of his titled brethren, Lord John might consequently disencumber himself of his embarrassments, and become free to re-enter his profession,—encumber himself with a ship,—*almost* with a wife! But I know him!—The lad is incapable of such degradation!—Dora is right! Lord John Devereux will go on saying,—"*Good morning, Mr. St. Chads,*" to the end of the chapter.

Within these few days, however, I have noticed the lord-feeder growing gradually as grumpy as the nondescripts in seedy coats who knock at the door of Lord John. At first, I was amazingly puzzled what could ail him. Stocks were up,—hides and tallow "*brisk.*" What could be the matter with the monied man of fashion?

But this was not all. I discerned in the countenances of the admirably got-up specimens of Human Nature who lounge in at breakfast to the woodcock pies, and mount the roof of the drag in the afternoon, for a party to Lovegrove's, with "that capital fellow, Leo," a scarcely repressed smile of delight,—a twinkling of triumph in the eye—a certain saucy elevation of the head, as they extended their feet

fingers in salutation. What can be the casualty which has caused the corners of Leo's mouth to curve downwards, and those of his satellites to curl upwards, like a crescent moon, reversed in the several cases?

Alas! "Murder will out;" that is, "Love and murder will out!" Leo has actually presumed upon one of his ukases, "Pay to BEARER two thousand pounds," to throw himself at the feet of BEARER's lovely sister, Lady Olivia; and the haughty Lady Olivia has sent him back to the city, like his cheque, with a very unpleasant hint in his ear,—conveying the assurance of her amazement, or rather, her amazement at his assurance. BEARER protests that it was Lady Olivia who whispered the startling circumstance to her intimates; whereas, Lady Olivia was too dignifiedly indignant to utter a syllable about the matter. On the contrary, Leo himself, in his first petulant resentment, betrayed his mortification to her brother,—and her brother has no padlock for his empty head any more than for his empty strong-box. And thus, all the Crockfordites are looking grave at Leo, to prevent them from laughing too broadly in his face; while Leo pretends to laugh in the faces of all the Crockfordites, to prevent their perceiving his ill-humour. The farce is kept up among them with a degree of forced gaiety and clumsy art, worthy the boards of one of the patent theatres.

Now Leo has conceived a plan of singular revenge. Among the younger sons refused by Sir Felix Colville for his supposed heiress last season, was the BEARER whose necessities and meannesses are the origin of this nefarious imbroglio. At that time, Leo would sooner have walked down St. James's Street arm-in-arm with one of his uncles, than condescend to matrimony with the child of an ancient baronet, general officer, K.C.B. and so forth. As regards their personal qualities, Dora or Olivia were perfectly immaterial in the scale. But his option lay between a *Lady Olivia* and a *Miss Colville*, and he did not hesitate. It was impossible to stand the notion of a mere "*Mrs.*" St. Chads. They could not call *her* "Leo,"—she *must* be a mere common-place respectable "*Mrs.* St. Chads."

But a *Miss Colville*, by whom BEARER had been rejected, and for whom Lord John Devereux, (the Lord John who chose to remain Lord Devereux to Mr. Leonard St. Chads,) was supposed to entertain a hopeless attachment, is becoming a person of some consequence,—of sufficient consequence, indeed, to determine him to the humiliation of a courtship.

I doubt, however, whether Leo is likely to fare better with little Dora than with Lady Olivia, or with the General than his daughter. St. Chads seems to have forgotten that the half a million of money which was to render him acceptable in the great world has been gradually melting away in fees to the doorkeepers thereof; and that he has scarcely twelve thousand a-year left in the world. Now twelve thousand a-year, arising out of a Lane in Lothbury, has very little chance, in the estimation of a professor of worldly wisdom, against a rent-roll of thirty thousand, emanating from one of the prettiest estates in the Three Ridings!

But though I have no fear of seeing the modest, gentle Dora transferred to the driving-seat of Leo, I can understand that the shattered nerves of poor Lord John will not be placed more at ease by finding any addition to the pretendants to her hand. *He* has not the shadow of a chance; he must be aware that he has not the shadow of a chance. But so long as she looks so pretty, when springing upon her bay mare

every day to accompany the General into the Park ; and so long as her slight salutations to her old partner are accompanied by glances more in sorrow than in anger, it is but natural he should curse his adverse fortunes, while he admits that all the happiness he is ever likely to enjoy in this world is through the panes of his drawing-room windows ! (If I did not scorn to play on words, the occasion is propitious.)

Lady Catherine Rodenton, meanwhile, is working herself up into a state of nervous excitement at what she regards as a most vexatious traverse to the projects of her son. Nothing can stand more widely apart from the country-gentleman world, than the section of society which performs its mummeries and morris-dances round such Jacks in the Green as St. Chads. It is perhaps in consequence of this estrangement that mutual jealousy and mutual deference are entertained between them. The country-gentleman interest, whose rents are usually in arrear, and who are consequently sadly in want of ready money to enable them to construct quays, roads, or bridges,—to sink shafts, and erect steam-engines,—build churches for the parish, or wings for their family mansion, “to enable it to fly away with the estate,”—are apt to view with uncommon reverence those who twice in every year, as sure as the sun crosses the equator, receive in the dividend office, in Threadneedle Street, moneys in hard coin of the realm, such as *they* would mortgage a considerable portion of their farms to carry off in their pockets. Lady Catherine, having vaguely heard the word million connected with a vulgar fellow of the name of Leonard St. Chads, has ever since regarded him as a sort of golden calf, an image resembling that set up by Nebuchadnezzar, for the squirearchy to fall down and worship. She has never heard of either his lendings or his spendings ; and probably conceives that the annual savings of the said million have been put out at compound interest, till he has grown as rich as Demidoff or the ex-King of Holland. She believes Leo to be the ass whose stables are stalled with varnished mahogany, and whose boot-jack is of virgin gold ; and has little hope that even Rodenton Hall and its old oaks will stand their ground against the charm of riches, enabling a woman to outshine her fair contemporaries no less by the brilliancy of her entertainments and equipages, than by personal attractions. It is perhaps as a sort of counterbalance to the mischief, that her ladyship appeared the other day at the drawing-room in the full blaze of her family diamonds. On the strength of their effulgence, she seemed to rise in her own estimation cubits above the stature of a house of business in a Lane the width of her gravel-walk ; which, if it wanted diamonds for the wife of its senior partner, must go and buy them on Ludgate Hill. *New* diamonds and *new* point-lace are non-existent in the ideas of a Duchess, and matters of consequent contempt in the estimation of a squire's lady. Lady Catherine, whose necklace formed part of the endowments of the notorious Lady Castlemaine, and whose old point figured on the shoulders of the renowned Lady Yarmouth, soon after the accession of the House of Hanover, would feel as though she were on the tread-mill, if arrayed in ornaments purchased in the year of Railways 5, with money emanating from a counting-house in Crooked Lane ! She has too much respect for her future daughter-in-law, not to attribute to her what the French call the same distinguished sentiments. Little Dora, however, may chance to be of a different opinion. I have my conjectures ; but I reserve them among the SECRETS OF MY BLUE CHAMBER.

HORÆ OFFLEANÆ.

BY A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

BOB RAMBLETON AND HIS BROTHER SIR JOHN.

THE only points of resemblance between these gentlemen were—both came from the north of Ireland—both literally *rejoiced* in the same name, for great was their pride of birth—both suffered under the constitutional affection of an everlasting thirst, which they most loved to assuage with whiskey and water—and both felt it imperatively necessary in the career of their existence to finish their evening, or rather top up their morning, at least seven days in the week, and three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, at old Frawley's. In thus appearing together, they were more to be commended than the brothers of Helena, *lucida sidera*; for the great room at Offley's enjoyed, in consequence, an advantage denied to the heavens. The twin stars, in spite of the Shaksperian assertion as to the impossibility of such an occurrence, *did* keep their motion in one sphere.* It was not, as with Castor the horse-courser, and Pollux the bruiser, necessary that Bob should set to enable Sir John to rise. On the contrary, they very often rose together; and such was their unanimity in endeavouring to enlighten the company, that a simultaneous setting had always to be enforced.

In all other respects, physical and moral, they were signally different. If, too, they met constantly at Offley's, they took right good care not to meet anywhere else. There were divers matters of dispute between them, arising partly from one gentleman's having had a property bequeathed to him, which the other had marked so decidedly as his, that for a number of years he was in the daily practice of inveighing against the owner for keeping him out of it,—and especially from the circumstance that each brother held the intellect of the other in the inverse ratio to the estimate he had formed of his own. Bob thought Sir John was a fool, though he had got the cousin's wealth, and although he acknowledged him to be the head of his own branch of the ducal and thrice-famous house of Rambleton; and Sir John, for his part, was positively of opinion that Bob was a fool, and something more, as he was "a Whig, and something more;" and there was a great deal to be said upon both sides; and not unfrequently a great deal was said. Let me, however, before I proceed farther, hasten to declare that both were good-natured, good-tempered, hospitable, excellent fellows; and no men could have a nicer or loftier sense of honour; or a livelier feeling of what was in this way due to the name they boasted, than the Rambletons. Bob had been a soldier. He entered one of our gallant Highland regiments at sixteen, and served in the same corps throughout the war to the crowning glory of Waterloo. His career commenced as a volunteer, or gentleman-cadet. He never had money to purchase a step; yet he succeeded in attaining the rank of Captain of Grenadiers. If proof were needed, none better could be given, that where all were brave and true, he had done his duty conspicuously. Be-

* Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.—SHAKSPEARE.

fore I knew him, he had been compelled by some pecuniary embarrassments to go on half-pay. The title of Captain, which, by the way, was never accorded to him, except upon the ceremony of some introduction to a stranger; for it was "destiny unshunnable as death" that whoever sat with him for half an evening *must* call him ever after Bob,—a Waterloo medal, which Bob would never wear, and always declared "ought to have been a Peninsular one, you know; because we deserved it better in the Peninsula, you know,"—and the half-pay constituted all that remained to him in reward for his European and American campaigns, and his services in every climate and country of the British empire, with the exception of India only. In appearance and bearing he was every inch a grenadier. He stood some six feet two, and was built nobly in proportion. In Homeric language, he had a girth worthy of Mars, and a chest and shoulders that would not disgrace the Earth-shaker Neptune. The limbs were long, but most firmly knit. He had especially that great length and strength of arm for which "the bold outlaw" of that country from which he proudly traced his descent was distinguished; and I can well believe that the claymore in his hand could have scarcely been a less formidable weapon than in that of Rob Roy himself. He was five-and-forty, "or by 'r Ladye," inclining to fifty years of age, yet still as erect, and apparently of as sturdy a structure as a ramrod. All the softer parts of the human frame would seem to have been worn away; nothing but bone, brawn, and muscle, thews and sinews, remained. The face and forehead, baldish head, and the neck always half-bare, were dark, and all of one unchanging and unchangeable dark red hue, and proclaimed him a soldier who had experienced every form of hardship and every variety of climate, until the consummation of their various influences had produced for him a composite colour, as the fusion of the metals gave forth the Corinthian brass. The form—the features bony and bold in outline, calm, impassive, well-nigh rigid—the deep grey eye, generally cold, but obviously capable of being cruel—all seemed such as would well befit the chief of a clan in his national garb, and with his foot upon his native heather.

Sir John had inherited the paternal property, with its large rental,—its scanty and precarious income, and its mortal incumbrances. For the first fifty years of his life he had lived like *La Fleur*, ere he fell into *Yorick's* service, "as it pleased God." He acquired no profession—he pursued no avocation. Probably he had not the means for the one, nor the capital necessary for the other, in any shape which his family pride would have tolerated. He had nothing to do, and he did nothing; and he did it in a very honourable and exemplary manner, just like the placemen of the old French court, of whom *Madame de Sevigné* said, "*Qu'il exerçoit tres bien sa charge quand il n'avoit rien à faire.*"

At length a cousin—an ex-captain of dragoons in a crack regiment, a man of fashion, and moreover of cultivated tastes and pursuits, and, best of all, of good property, died, and to John's great surprise, and Bob's infinite dismay, left the former all he had to leave—money in the funds, house and furniture, plate and linen, library and wines, horses and dogs, yacht and appointments,—and lastly, those matters of which *Jack Falstaff* in his philosophizing mood seemed most to approve, "land and beeves." I have said to

John's surprise, and Bob's dismay, because the cousin in his lifetime had not noticed the elder brother, whereas, upon the contrary, he had been very liberal in supplying Bob's extravagances.

The Captain, however, had cut his rich relation with infinite independence and magnanimity, in consequence of his having presumptuously refused upon an emergency to honour some demand made from Castle-Slowman, Castle-Selby, Castle-Levi, or some other of those feudal keeps which to the disgrace of the civilized age are still to be seen in this Metropolis. Bob, however, that he might stand quite clear with the world, took the precaution of writing to his relative to express his sense of the ungentlemanly mode in which he, the Bob aforesaid, had been treated, and, moreover, to demand gentlemanly satisfaction ere he proceeded to the terrible justice of the cut-excommunicatory. In this instance the usual formula of "stand and deliver" had been inverted; but to the refractory and obtuse individual in question it might just as well have been propounded in the ordinary way. Whether the "stand" were first or last, stand he would not: and he had already made up his mind not to deliver. The delivery was closed. Bob said his cousin was a coward, and this was cordially assented to by all Bob's pot-companions. The comfort was, that even a coward could not live for ever. The dragoon said nothing, at least in this life; but perhaps like the oyster in the fable, he thought the more. Certain it is, however, that by a voice from the grave, awful to Bob as that of the Trojan boy to Æneas, he (that is, the Englishman, not the *Dux Trojanus*,) gave all he had to John.

There had been in the Irish branch of the Rambleton family baronetcies both in the male and female line, but each in the name and of the house of Rambleton. To these John considered himself heir: and, without troubling Prince or Parliament, Attorney-General, or Garter; or, in point of fact, asking anybody's leave but his own; and thus, of course, without conforming to the ceremony of paying fees, he assumed the title of Sir John Rambleton, Bart. And it was all as right and nice as if he had paid ten thousand pounds for the privilege. He was quite as much as boastful Falstaff "Sir John to all Europe." Every man he knew upon this ancient continent, from the junior waiter to the great Frawley himself (including, of course, all the intermediate ranks of the *habitués*, from the 'prentice to the peer,) styled him "Sir John!" In truth, the only piece of adverse criticism I ever heard pronounced upon his proceeding came from the lips of his brother Bob, and this related solely to the phraseology of the title. The last baronets in the line, it appeared, had been respectively "Sir Charles" and "Sir John." Bob, after invoking the civilities of the infernal powers to his brother in honour of his stupidity, went on to say, "he ought to have been 'Sir Charles,' you know, and not 'Sir John,' you know, for 'Sir Charles' was the older baronet, you know."

Such was the state and condition of Sir John when I first knew him. Sir John's personal appearance and physical powers contrasted strangely with those of his brother. The elder was scarcely of the middle size: he had fallen clumsily into flesh, and of course it was not healthy flesh: he was of a somewhat bulky, and obviously unwieldy frame: and he evinced in his countenance that his organization was not of the perfect order, and that his constitution was

weakly; his face was ghastly pale, and perhaps looked the more so from being slightly pitted with the small-pox: a sickly shadow seemed to dwell always in its valleys: he was very near-sighted—sooth to say, purblind: and he wore perpetual spectacles—i. e. day and night—asleep and awake (that is the just collocation of the words to suit the facts,) and he had that lank, greasy, uncontortible fire-proof hair, against which no curling-iron can prevail, and which is generally supposed to be monopolized by Methodist parsons. Yet the drawing of the countenance was good and pleasant to behold, for the kind-heartedness and honesty that stood mirrored in it were undeniably visible to the most dull and cynical. Sir John possessed many of those negative qualities which are praised as adorning philosophy, and conducing to happiness. He was as much addicted to the “*nil admirari*” principle as any sage it was ever my fortune to meet. And has not wise Horace told us,

“Not to admire is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so!”

Sir John saw little to admire, for the natural reason that he could not see much of anything; and he knew as little to admire, because his mental field of view was rather less expanded than his physical. He was accordingly as little taken with the gew-gaws of the world as Diogenes the Cynic, and as insensible to all female blandishments as Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. The only strong feelings he had in addition to those he shared with Bob, namely admiration of his pedigree, love of liquor, and love of Offley's and its glorious noises, were the utmost devotion to two “*isms*” (the learned reader, we trust, will understand the term, and the unlearned believe in it,) and with Sir John they were strictly “*isms*,” and not entities, and these “*isms*” were Toryism and Protestantism. It is true he did not understand the least in the world about any political question or creed; but this made him only the firmer an adherent of the politics in which he had been born, inasmuch as he had no doubt or qualms to trouble the serenity of his convictions. He was not much better skilled in the easier science of theology; but this, again, made him all the more disinterested and zealous as a religious partizan. When he arrived at a certain degree of potatory elevation, he never failed, no matter in what company, to endeavour to propose, “The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William, who saved us from popery, slavery, brass money, and wooden shoes!” or else another toast in elevation of the Pope, which embodied a votive wish that his Holiness might be put in the pillory, and pelted with priests by our arch-enemy in some convenient corner of his own dominions; and as Sir John had great zeal and unction, and one of the most ear-piercing voices in the world, it was very difficult for his friends to prevent him from carrying his pious designs into execution, no matter how adverse might be the majority of the company. Generally we got him off by declaring stoutly he was Sir Harcourt Lees, and thus, as it were, pleading privilege; but on more than one occasion we had to make a stand-up fight for him.

Upon the borders of Windsor Great Park he had one of the most perfect little places I ever saw in any country. The grounds were exquisite; the scenery all around charming; the house fitted up

with the utmost elegance and comfort. His cousin had laboured to make it in all its details and appointments a perfect thing of its kind; and he succeeded. There was nothing that convenience could require, or taste exact, from the library to the cellar, which was not present in variety and abundance. Yet it was not London; and oh! it was not Offley's! and he could not, accordingly, bear to exist there. Nine-tenths of his time were, as might be expected, spent in London, — his days in bed at the Old Bell, Holborn, — his nights at Offley's. He confessed a short time before he died at the same Bell, that the only satisfactory week he ever passed at his beautiful lodge was one when he had contrived to fill it with a dozen of the fastest-going of his young friends from town. It was one continuous revel; and I am credibly informed that, what with whiskey-and-water, brandy-and-water, and above all, champagne and claret, that there was liquor enough drunk to float the yacht of his deceased relative; and that if the songs sung and speeches made had been only after the ballad-mongering fashion printed by the yard, they would have stretched over the whole twenty miles to town. I can not help recording, upon the part of Sir John, an admirable trait of prudence on that occasion, ere I turn to the more important character of the brother. Sir John, on the party's retiring to rest in a blaze of sunshine, used nevertheless to *insist* upon being carried by his servants into every man's room to see that the candle was safely put out. Nothing would induce the cautious baronet to seek his own repose until he had performed these rounds. I think this is in its way quite as good as the story of the man who went to light his pipe at the pump, — and that of him who took out the candle to ascertain the hour on the sun-dial: besides, it has the advantage of being true.

I remember poor Sir John seduced me to his Tusculan retreat, on the pretence of enabling me to pass a quiet week *for the sake of my health*. And such a salubrious week I certainly never did put in before or since, and never perhaps in the world were there such materials for quietude congregated. Were it only the wear and tear of lung-leather in shouting and laughing, it was enough to knock a man up for a twelvemonth; and the voice of Jack Spenser in trolling forth, "Fair maid of Wickham," or "Neil Gow's farewell to whiskey," was in itself sufficient to rouse "the sheeted dead," of the largest cemetery in Europe. Then such and so constant was the popping of corks from the champagne-bottles during the whole day until the men subsided into claret, that a fanciful ear might lead you to the belief you were listening to a regiment practising to fire by single files. But to make an end, this quiet week, which fell at the commencement of August, crowned my season, and I was obliged to go regularly to grass for the next six months.

Sir John was not a stoic, though such was his horror of locomotion, that he would have at any time preferred a seat in a porch to a perambulation in the open air on the finest summer day. He was of the sedentary order of philosophers. Bob, on the contrary, was a peripatetic. A peripatetic, however, he was of a very different character from that of those ancient Greeks upon whom the title was conferred. Bob every day of his life made a progress, not much, it is true, after the model of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, or the progresses of

"Fum the Fourth, our royal bird,"

but still a progress, and of a nature quite as interesting as at least the latter of the others. He moved about from place to place until near two o'clock in the morning, when he settled down steadily at Frawley's for "the remainder of the evening." One might have fancied he was a marine, and not an infantry-man, for he counted his time by glasses. He remained at each place he visited the whilst he was employed in emptying *one* glass of whiskey and water. He then proceeded on his "rounds;" and as the ancient mariner was guided in his course by the stars and constellations, "the signs and wonders of the heavens," so was Bob by the signs of public houses. The mode in which I heard him direct an acquaintance of mine on his road to a Sunday-dinner at Chelsea will exemplify this. Bob said, "When you leave Buckingham Gate, you know, you'll move with right shoulders forward, you know, until you get to 'The Gun;' and then you'll go on right a-head, you know, until you come to 'The Prince of Wales;' then you'll keep on, you know, till the road turns a little to the right, and you'll see 'The Three Compasses,' you know, before you; then you'll go straight again, till you come to 'The Duke of York,' you know; and you'll go on, you know, through the Hospital, till you come to Don Saltero's, you know, where the Scotch whiskey is excellent, you know; and Waldie, the landlord, you know, is a fine old fellow; then you'll go on, and turn up by the 'Black Horn,' to a street that will bring you to the 'Cadogan Arms,' which you'll leave on your right, you know, and stretch on to 'The Man in the Moon,' you know; and when you're there, you'll see 'The World's End,' which is in the common nearly opposite; and if you ask anybody there, he'll tell you where Tomkins lives, for he has his beer from 'The World's End,' you know.

There is a love-letter of his in memory, which may serve as an additional illustration of his habitudes. He wrote to his lady-love to inform her gentleness where she might find her faithful swain. But, to make the note intelligible, I must inform the reader that, both in writing and speaking, Bob had an utter contempt for prepositions, conjunctions, and such other paltry parts of speech, and generally omitted them. With this explanation, I give the amatory effusion.

"DEAREST JANE,

"Until six o'clock I am the Goat in Boots, and after that the Six Bells, Chelsea.

"Thine,

"ROBERT RAMBLETON."

Bob's constant occupation and perennial pleasure consisted in sipping whiskey and water, smoking cigars, and telling lies. He was the most unmitigated liar I ever knew; and yet his lying, like Jack Falstaff's, was of such a peculiar order, that it was impossible to despise him for it. He never said an unkind or an ill-natured thing of any human being. Like Uncle Toby, he would not injure a fly, nor would he even go so far as to give it a bad word. Nor did he ever boast of "disastrous chances—of moving accidents by flood and field," nor vex your ears with stories about Smith or Jones of

"ours." No ; the field in which Bob used to *lie* was that of natural history. He consorted with the beasts of the field and the birds of the air ; and he would allow no man breathing to outdo him in extolling the powers and wisdom of these his chosen themes of panegyric. He used to swear that of his own knowledge there was a cock at Nevis, who crowed so shrill and loud that he could be heard at Martinique, and so punctually at the instant of sunrise, that Bob's regiment always fired the gun and set their clocks and watches by him. "Come," said a man one night at Frawley's, "here's Bob Rambleton ; now let's have a little natural history." Sim Fairfield then proceeded to tell, that when he was in Portugal he fell in with a starling at a nunnery that could repeat one of the penitential psalms. Bob spoke in a very slow somniferous voice, and when he once opened, he never cracked cry whether his audience were asleep or awake until he had exhausted his imagination. "Yes," said Bob, "the starling, you know, is a clever bird ; but he is nothing to a cockatoo, you know. When I was quartered at Demerara, in the West Indies, you know, I went out one day to walk in the woods, and there upon the top of a tree, you know, I saw a great big cockatoo. He was a very peculiar fellow, you know ; he had a sky-blue bill, and a red back, and green wings, and a black belly, you know, and that was the reason I always knew him again when I saw him. And while this chap and I were looking at each other, you know, and taking marks of each other, up came Tom Macdonnell, of the 23rd Fusiliers, you know ; they wore blue facings, you know, because they were a royal regiment ; and says Tom to me, holding out his hand, 'How d'ye do, Bob Rambleton ?' and I said, 'Very well.' And we walked away together, and I thought no more about it. But nearly a month after I happened to walk into the place, and there I saw that same old cockatoo, and says he to me, throwing his head on one side, and casting a knowing look at me, 'How d'ye do, Bob Rambleton ?' And then I thought he began to laugh, but I'm not sure of it, you know, and I would not take my oath of it ; but this I'll swear to, that all the cursed little cockatoos in the wood,—and there were three hundred of them,—all cried out together, 'How d'ye do, Bob Rambleton ?' and their screaming was so horrible that it hurt the drum of my ear, and I was deaf for a long time after, and I never dared to show myself in that wood afterwards."

He also told a story very much to the honour of a monkey's sagacity, though not creditable to his honesty. The regiment were in log-huts, and Bob happened to lose the key of his peculiar domicile. He did not change the lock ; he contented himself with getting a new key. After this accident, he was constantly annoyed by the disappearance of sundry portions of his property, and particularly of his cigars. At last the circumstance of his losing his kilt and best dress-coat led to the detection of the thief ; for he saw a monkey playing with them on the top of a tree forty feet high, and upon searching this, all his effects were recovered, with the exception of his cigars, which the rascal had smoked. It seems he stole the key, and was in the habit of watching until Bob and his servant Elsworth were out of the way, when he let himself in, took what he fancied, and locked the door carefully as he retired.

Bob was never at a loss in his natural history. Passing a fish-monger's shop with him one day, I asked, "What the deuce fish is

that? I never saw such an ugly fish before." Nor did Bob either; but he promptly and gravely replied, "That is the cat-fish, you know, because he comes out of the water, and catches the mice, you know. He belongs to the West Indies, you know."

He told us one night, that at Honduras there was a tree called the iron tree, because it was harder than iron, and that it was used instead of the metal for various purposes.

"But how," said old Frawley, "could it be cut? I'm blown if you're not a-going it! Steel would be of no use ag'in it."

"Oh! they cut it down with itself," says Bob.

"Ay," retorted Frawley, "but how did they get down the *first* tree?"

"They burnt it at the root, you know," rejoined the Captain.

So remote from ill-nature were the feelings of poor Bob, that no man was more given than he to exalting his friends and acquaintance. On coming into Frawley's of an evening, I saw him sitting in a box with a man of colour, a sort of dirtily whitewashed nigger, and I declined the invitation to join him. When this fellow had gone, he took his place near me, and I said something reproachfully.

"Who was that cursed ugly nigger you were talking to?"

"That," replied Bob, "is Buckatoo, you know. He is master of the horse to the Queen of Madagascar."

Poor Bob, like Sir John, has glided under the earth, and their branch of the family is extinct. Bob trusted one of those enemies of human kind, an attorney, and he robbed him of every farthing he possessed. He died in a garret, in the rules of the Queen's Bench; and would have died without a drop of toast and water to moisten his lips, and been left to be buried by the parish, if it had not been for the generosity of that noble fellow, the Hon. George Talbot, who is now (alas the while!) like himself numbered with the dead.

OFFLEIAN CORRESPONDENCE,

WITH

BENTLEIAN GLOSSES.

WE have great pleasure in complying with the request contained in the following elegant epistle; and thus proceed to give publication to the effusion of one entitled to all sort of admiration as a proverbial personage—"the Wise Child" of the ancient adage.

SIR,

I have perused an article in Bentley's Miscellany for this month, entitled "Horæ Offleanæ." Being a son of the late Mr. Offley, I may pretend to know something about him. I therefore assert, that the statements respecting my father in the article in question are LIES!!!

As these statements will have a very extended circulation among Bentley's readers, I request that, for fair play's sake, you will afford a space for this brief communication in the next number.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

24, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden,
March 1, 1841.

GEORGE OFFLEY.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN TO R. BENTLEY, ESQ.

SIR,

I thank you for sending me the letter signed George Offley, and think this polite Publican, who has converted himself into a Scribe, should be allowed to complete the Judaic circle, and proclaim himself a Pharisee. Though he uses what Doctor Johnson was pleased to style "*the strong language*" of Bishop Warburton, namely,

"you lie," and affects all the indignation of a Lally Tollendal, in vindicating the memory of an illustrious and injured papa, it may be questioned whether the motives which actuated his desire to rush into print were other than envy of Frawley's renown (which the Miscellany has now made immortal), and his own jealousy of the fame of the great defunct. Proud, sir, am I to feel that for "mine old host"

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius,"—

—a monument not to be soiled, much less shaken by the breath of any little barker indignant at my not having proclaimed the Virgilian principle,

"Sic canibus catulos similes,"

Alack ! sir, it is not often that the whelps of modern days come up to the "old dogs" of the last generation ; nor is the present representative of the House of Offley, I much fear, an exception, saving, indeed, in the articles of good temper and gentlemanly expression. Mr. George Offley has not condescended to particulars ; he vouchsafes only his *ipse dixit*. He does not say which of my statements is false. In this he was wise. Thousands in town could prove them each and all to be true. I have described old Frawley as an honest and strong-minded man, who, without the advantage of education, raised himself from an humble station to independence and comfort. I have described him as a "merry old host," respectful, attentive, obliging, and grateful to the gentlemen who frequented his house. I have described him as a singer of songs, and a maker of speeches which invariably produced roars of laughter. I have described him as a convivial man himself, and to the great benefit of his exchequer, a promoter of conviviality in others. I have described him as an excellent cook, and a dispenser of the best mutton-chops that ever fixed upon the bars of a gridiron. And "in spite of spite" all this he was, and *will be*. Nam multos veterum velut inglorios ac ignobiles oblivio obruit, sed Offleius narratus atque traditus superstes erit. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

Bellamy's, March 10, 1841.

A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

P.S.—In the course of the evening I will ascertain from Nicholas and the cook what reminiscences they may have preserved of their old fellow-servant.

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS.

BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.

THEY are coming ! they are coming ! from the regions of the sun,
For Winter's storms are ended, and sweet May is begun ;
From those lands where summer reigneth in all her golden prime,
The glad and gleesome wanderers are hast'ning to our clime.

Soft airs have kiss'd each brooklet, loos'ning its icy chains,
And early flowers are peeping upon the vernal plains ;
The forest trees are putting on their garb of velvet green,
And in the wild wood dingles young violets are seen.

They come across blue ocean ! tribes of the restless wing,
Whose joyous hours are ever passed amid perpetual spring ;
They left us in brown autumn to flee beyond the main,
But darksome days are over, and lo ! they come again.

Oh ! had we but their pinions, what blessed lives were ours,
We would travel with the seasons, and sport in fadeless bowers ;
'Mid blossoms never dying, with melody and mirth,
We would make our yearly journey around the smiling earth.

No blight should overtake us, no tempests black apal ;
When fruits were ripe, we would not bide to see them pine and fall ;
But, like those gentle birds, speed our fleet course away
To climes of glorious sunshine, unconscious of decay.

Oh ! happy, happy creatures ! they neither weep nor sigh ;
The forests and the fountains their food and drink supply ;
They labour not for riches,—for fame they do not seek,—
No guilt pollutes their bosoms, no cares their slumbers break.

They are coming ! they are coming ! blithe attendants of the sun—
For Winter's reign is ended, and sweet May is begun—
From lands where fairly flourish the orange and the lime,
The little winged wanderers are hast'ning to our clime !

Banks of the Yare.

"LIGHT."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LONDON ASSURANCE."

"And God said, Let there be light, and there was light."—Gen. ch. i. v. 2

SPACE labour'd—quicken'd by Almighty word,
And from its shapeless womb unsightly voided
Chaos. For on that great command, Matter,
Obedient to its great Progenitor,
Rush'd amain from all the corners
Of eternity. Each atom jostling
Its fellow—in haste to pleasure *Him*—so form'd
A turgid lump, which surging to and fro
On a black sea of thickening vapour,
An unwholesome sweat oozed from the slimy depths
Of this miscarried mass. Helpless—still with all
The germ of life, as in a new-born babe,
It lay upon the bosom of great Space,
Its mother, who could not help it into fair
Existence. * * *

God said, "*Let there be light, and there was light.*"
The murky vault was split: Darkness was rent:
A golden orb sprung from the smile of God,
Stood, created,—Width oped her mighty jaws
To gape at this new wonder—for Space now
Had eyes to see her own immensity.
The Universe awoke, and dress'd in regal
Purple, stood in all the silent majesty
Of the interminable arch. Empire
Of creation! Night, so late a tyrant,
Shrank to some pit or grave within the bosom
Of its subject mass. The infant Globe, smiling,
Stretched forth its cheek towards its novel nurse,
That sung, and soothed it with a gentle breeze.
Land sprung up to meet its benefactor,
And straight shot forth its trees and shrubs, which sent up
An odour,—the only language they could speak,
To kiss and greet the light that warmed them
Into life. Syren myrtles woo the fickle
May-breeze with a rustling kiss flch'd of
The lagging wind; while ev'ry twinkling leaf
Whispers a lay of love-sick melody.
The airy multitudes, distilling
Sweetest music in their shrill tale of first
Affection, swell out the gentle tumult
Of this mellow choir, till beaming Nature
Seems one song of universal adoration.
* * *

"Light was—and God saw that it was good."
* * *

The Day went down, while Heaven blush'd at Evening's
Fickle flight. Night crept from the caves, keeping
Far off the dreaded sun; and as it came
With stealthy crawl, deserted Earth saw,
And its latest zephyr moan'd a wailing cry.
Twilight, the day's last warm embrace, turned back
From following the sun, and wept dew upon
The drooping flowers there, with a mother's slow
And struggling gait, with face o'er her shoulder
Bent, fixed a last fond gaze upon the mute-struck
Loveliness of recumbent Nature. But
Ere she went she oped her jewel-box, and clad
The dingy darkness in a blaze of angel's tears,
Shed for the fallen seraphs,—a golden filter
For up-wending souls to strain out sin, and purge
Mortality withal. Their sparkle does
Amuse her fright'ned offspring, who, half
Repelling, half accepting, sobs itself
To sleep.

D. L. BOURCICAULT.

STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The commencement of Stanley's speculation.

To those who have been accustomed to view only the unamiable portions of the female character, as developed on the one hand by the restless scheming creature of the world, and on the other by the designing hollow-hearted courtesan, the mean, cowardly practice of defrauding a woman is sport ; but by married men, who have studied the character deeply, and who appreciate those beautiful feelings by which it is essentially distinguished, that practice is happily held in abhorrence. Marriage induces a higher estimation of female virtue : it inspires men with a chivalrous, gallant spirit, of which the peculiar promptings are to those who never experienced the blessings which spring from the gentle characteristics of an amiable wife, altogether unknown ; and hence Stanley—he being the only married man present during the performance of the disgraceful, cruel mockery detailed in the preceding chapter—was the only man by whom it was not viewed as a jest. But although he was thoroughly disgusted with the heartless conduct of his new associates, he felt bound to fulfil the engagement into which he had entered, but from which he would then most gladly have withdrawn. He had no longer the slightest confidence in the men ; he conceived it to be almost impossible for them to be actuated by any correct feeling, — still, having entered into the speculation so far, he was unable to see how he could with honour retire.

Having reflected upon the matter for some time, vainly hoping for something to suggest itself whereby the speculation might with grace be abandoned, he named the subject to Sir William, in order that *he* might, if possible, point out the means by which an honourable retreat could be accomplished.

"I feel so indignant," said he, after explaining the manner in which the mock marriage had been conducted, "at having, although unconsciously, been made a party to so disreputable a proceeding, that I declare to you I would almost as soon forfeit the money I have engaged to put down, than have any farther connection with the men."

"Had you taken my advice," said Sir William, "you would not have entered into it at all ; but I don't see how you can call off now."

"Nor do I ; and yet one might imagine that conduct like that which I have described would form a sufficient pretext for withdrawing ?"

"Oh ! you must not think for a moment of making that a pretext. Were you to do so, you would only get laughed at."

"But do you not deem it disgraceful ?"

"Why, I must say that, strictly speaking, it isn't the thing ; but

in the circle, my dear fellow, in which *they* move, an affair of the kind is really thought but little of. Had he married the girl in reality, the case would have been widely different—it would then have been considered disgraceful indeed; but as it is, being merely a nominal marriage, which may at any moment be dissolved, why, his family are free from the stain of a low alliance, and his friends look upon him of course as before."

"Notwithstanding, he has utterly destroyed that poor girl by blasting her happiness for ever."

"The conduct of men of high connexions must not, my good fellow, be scrutinised too closely. You must consider the peculiarity of their position. Suppose, for instance, now, that this had been an absolute marriage, what must of necessity have followed? Why, his family, who would have considered themselves thereby eternally disgraced, would have cut him, of course, dead; while his friends would have spurned him for being a fool."

"But this is no justification—"

"Justification! I grant you. But a family of this description would rather there should be five hundred mock marriages than a real one with a creature of plebeian origin, unless, indeed, she possess a mine of wealth. The influence of affection or love in such a case is never allowed; they'll not hear it. Rank or wealth, Thorn, —rank or wealth. No other influence can possibly be recognised by them. And perhaps it is as well that it is so. Conceive, for example, the absurdity of such an announcement as this:—"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—We have authority to state, that the Earl of Clarendale will shortly lead to the hymeneal altar Miss Sophonisba Gills, the lovely daughter of the late Mr. Timothy Gills, for many years the confidential carman of the celebrated Jonas Carp, Esq. the *distingué* fishmonger of Billingsgate Market."—Why it would throw every member of the noble family into fits, while the bridegroom himself would become the legitimate laughing-stock of the world. And then look at the position of the girl. Would it not be one of perpetual misery? Even suppose she were received by the family in question, their very courtesy would make her wretched, if even their sarcasms failed to break her heart. The absurdity of persons wishing to form alliances in a sphere far above that in which they have been accustomed to move is really monstrous. As far as happiness is concerned, the ambition is fatal if the object be attained. They cannot be happy. Even their servants will sneer at the meanness of their birth. In a word, Thorn, the belief that anything but bitter mortification on either side can spring from a marriage of this character is based upon ignorance the most gross."

"All this I admit to be correct," rejoined Stanley. "In an essentially artificial state of society it invariably is so; and none but densely ignorant persons would dream of forming such a connection. But that is not the point—"

"Why, it proves that this girl, for example, as far as regards her happiness, is not in a worse position than she would have been had the Earl really married her."

"But it does not prove the conduct of the Earl to be a whit the less disgraceful."

"Granted!—as far as that goes; but it does not by any means follow, that because men of his caste delude a lot of ignorant girls,

whom they consider fair game, they should therefore be incapable of acting in all other respects with strict honour. As I said before, Thorn, I regret that you ever entered into this speculation; not because this affair has occurred, for that is too paltry to be considered for a moment, but because I conceive that the profits, whatever they may be, will never be commensurate with the trouble it may occasion. As, however, you are in it, I cannot see how you can well call off."

Nor could Stanley. The disgust with which the heartless proceeding had inspired him was not in the slightest degree diminished; his confidence in the honour of his new associates had not by the arguments of Sir William been to any extent increased; still, jealous of his reputation as a man of spirit, anxious to be deemed by all a high-toned fellow, and therefore dreading the possibility of being suspected of meanness, or even of irresolution, he determined at once to go on with the speculation precisely as if nothing of a disreputable character had occurred.

In pursuance of this determination, he in the course of the day called upon Captain Filcher, whom he found most appropriately engaged in the honourable occupation of fixing an entirely new roulette table, the secret springs of which had been constructed with surpassing ingenuity.

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed the gallant Captain, as Stanley entered, "I am positively too glad to see you. I feared that something queer had occurred, you cut away so abruptly. You *should* have stopped. Oh! I'd have given the world if you had remained. We kept it up till daylight; and *such* sport! I thought I should have died. But how came you to leave us so early?"

"I was anxious to get away," replied Stanley; "and I always find that the safest course to adopt in such a case is that of leaving without giving even the slightest intimation."

"And so it is; but I am nevertheless sorry you started." Which was perfectly true. The sorrow expressed was entertained very sincerely, and moreover very affectionately, considering that he and a bosom friend had laid a well-conceived plan for fleecing Stanley to a highly respectable extent. "But I say, my dear fellow," he continued, "those bills, now—I haven't the cash for them yet. It seems strange, but the money market is in such a state. I've been about them this morning. Four-and-twenty bills returned in three days!—*that* tells a little tale! However, I left them; but if you have any channel, I'll get them out of his hands."

"I can do nothing with them," said Stanley.

"Oh! well, then, a day or two probably will be of no importance?"

"None whatever."

"I always like these things to be done at once; but to-morrow, or the next day, I shall be able, no doubt, to get a cheque for the amount."

"That will do quite as well," replied Stanley. "But when do we commence operations?"

"Why, I should say this day week. As far as the play is concerned, you see everything now is nearly ready; but there are rooms to be fitted up for the *Countess*."

"Will she reside here?"

"Oh! yes; and mamma is to be the comptroller of the household."

"Indeed! When do they return?"

"To-morrow, I hear; and some excellent sport we shall have. Did you ever see anything more admirably managed? Oh! the whole thing was capital!"

Stanley made no observation upon this, but directed his attention to the arrangement of the tables, more with the view of changing the subject than of ascertaining what had been done. The Captain, however, entered into a variety of minute explanations having reference to the course they intended to pursue; and when he had explained all he wished him to know, Stanley left with the understanding that he was to call the next morning for the cheque.

On the following day he accordingly went; but the Captain had been still unsuccessful. He was to have it the next day; and he called the next day, and the next; in short, he continued to call day after day until the time had been fixed for putting down the first five hundred each, as per agreement, when he mortgaged his estate for the two thousand pounds, and regretted that he had not pursued this course at once, without exposing his poverty to the Captain.

Having effected this mortgage, he at once expressed his sorrow to that gallant person that he should have given him so much trouble, and stated, that as he had then sufficient money in his possession, he no longer required the bills to be done.

"I'm glad to hear it," said the Captain, on receiving this intelligence, "although I gave them this morning to a friend of mine, who promised to bring me the cash in the course of the day. But as it is, why, they had better be destroyed. I regret exceedingly that I should have been unable to get the thing done without delay; but you know what bill discounters are."

"I've never had anything to do with them," said Stanley; "but I believe they are not angels."

"Angels!—devils, sir—absolute devils. However, I'll get the bills together, and see that they are destroyed."

Stanley thanked him, and was satisfied. Scarcely knowing the nature of bills, it never struck him that he himself ought to see them destroyed; and if it had, he possessed too much delicacy to hint that he deemed it essential. That, in his view, would have been a direct imputation upon the honour of the Captain, which he would not have cast even if he had thought of the possibility of the bills getting into circulation; but the fact is, as the Captain undertook to destroy them, he thought nothing more about the matter.

The time now arrived for making up the first bank to commence with, and they met at their own club, which they had named the European, and put down five hundred pounds each. The Earl and his friends, however, manifested no inconsiderable surprise at the unaccustomed promptitude of the Captain in this particular. They evidently anticipated nothing more substantial from him than an I. O. U., and therefore looked at each other with great significance when, on drawing forth his pocket-book, he put down ten fifties with the air of a man having the power to produce fifty more of the same sort at a moment's notice. It was held to be mysterious obviously by them all, although nothing was said on the subject at the

time. The money was taken, the bank was formed, and the "European" opened the following night.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Is one which the ladies will appreciate highly.

"Now, my precious," observed Mrs. Gills, addressing the "Countess," the morning after the speculation had commenced, "now your sperits is a little bit tranquil, you know, you must begin to look about you as a lady of tittle ought, and take care you're not imposed upon, or anything of that; because now you are a Countess, my dear, you must do, of course, as Countesses does, and keep up a proper sperit and dignity."

"Yes, ma," mildly replied the Countess.

"Nor you mustn't be put off neither, my dear. You must have your own way, as all Countesses has. *Insist* upon having all you want, and you'll get it."

"But I have all I want, ma, already."

"Nonsense, child!—truly ridiculous! Oh! don't tell me! You ought to have a separate carriage, and a box at the opperer, and give a splendid serious of parties, and all that, and have all the new novels, and harps, and pianers—"

"But you know, ma, I never learned to play."

"What of that? The whole world needn't know it. When you give a soree, you know, or anything of that, engage them to play, my love, as gets their living by it. Countesses never plays in public. Don't you know, my dear, that that's beneath their dignity? Never try to play, and then nobody'll know you can't. There's no occasion to tell the world what you don't know."

"No, ma, nor more their isn't."

"Very well, then, my dear, then you don't ought to do it."

"I won't, ma; I'll always make believe that I can play."

"In course. And mind, never suffer them stuck up things of servants to address you as anything but 'my lady,' or 'your ladyship.'—'Did your ladyship please to ring for me, my lady?'—'May it please your ladyship,' and so on. I'm not sure it don't ought to be 'your grace;' but 'your ladyship' will do for the present. Be sure and make 'em stick to that; if they don't, ask 'em who they are speaking to with their impurence. Mind that particular. Always keep them gals at a respectable distance: they are sure to take liberties where they can. If you give 'em an inch, they'll take an ell, and you don't ought to do it. Always know what is due to your dignity, my precious, and make 'em conduct themselves in a way as becomes 'em. Look at that low vulgar feller, the porter. The ideor of bringing up the baker's bill in his naked hand, for all the world as if there warnt a piece of plate upon the premises. And then look at that imperent thing, Susan. She's always a-gigging and going on. I see her, although she thinks I don't. What does she mean, I should like to know? Perhaps she thinks the situation ain't good enough for her. I'd give her a month's warning: she don't know her place. I don't think she's much better than she should be, my dear. Look at her curls! What business has a low common housemaid with all them there curls? Twelve pound a-year, my love, won't support

that. Besides, she don't treat me with proper respect ; and I'd have her to know, that although I'm not a Countess myself, I'm the mother of a Countess, and that, too, of as good a Countess as any in the kingdom. What does she mean by laughing, and sneering, and opening her ignorant eyes to the other servants, when I'm giving 'em the necessary orders? Does she think I'll put up with her low-bred ways? The insolence of such dressed-up things is exclusive. Either she or me must quit."

"Dear ma," observed the Countess, "don't drop yourself down to the level of her."

"I drop myself down to her level! No, my love ; I think I do know myself better than that comes to. *Her* level! I don't think I'd go quite so low as that, neither!"

"Well, never mind, ma ; I'll give her warning."

"In course. And very proper. I shall make a woman of spirit of you yet. But that, my darling, isn't all. You mustn't let the noble Earl take no advantage of your innocence ; for Earls is but men, and all men in this regard is alike ; they'll all impose where they can ; and you don't ought to suffer him to do it. Assume enough, my precious. Begin as you mean to go on. There's nothing like striking the iron while it's hot. It saves a world of trouble, my dear. If you wait till a man gets cool, you'll find him very difficult to bend to your own shape ; but if you tell him at first what you mean, you 'stablish your dignity, and when he knows what he has to expect, why, he ain't after that disappointed. You take my advice, my love, and insist upon doing what you please ; there's nothing like it. A woman ain't a woman of spirit as don't, and specially a Countess. You must go out a-patternizing people, particular them foreigners as sings ; and give blankets away to the poor in cold weather : it all tells, my love, to make a noise in the world. And when you go a-shopping, make 'em bring the goods out to the carriage, instead of going in ; and when you don't want your carriage, have a footman behind you with a long stick, with a large gold nob at the top. Nothing on earth, my dear, looks so respectable as that ; and the taller the footman, and the longer the stick is, the better. Besides, you haven't been to court yet ; nor I haven't seen your name a single once in the papers ! And another thing, the Earl hasn't once introduced you to his family !"

"Oh ! ma !" exclaimed the Countess, "I should tremble like anything, I know, if he was."

"Tremble ! Fiddlededee ! Why should you tremble ? You're as good as them any day in the week."

"Oh dear, ma ! I shiver at the very thought. What I should do when I saw 'em I can't think. I am sure I should turn as pale as a I don't know what."

"Pale, my precious ! What do that signifies ? Paint—all Countesses paints—and then nobody'll know whether you turn pale or not."

"Oh ! but I should feel so queer, I know I should."

"Rubbish, my love ! What's to make you feel queer ? Always look upon people as being beneath you ; there's nothing on earth gives such confidence as that. If you look up to *them*, they'll look down upon you ; that's the way people gets over people, my precious. And then there's another thing : where is your cards ? I

never heard of such a thing as a Countess without cards! We'll go and order 'em this blessed morning, my love, and have your court of arms upon 'em, you know, and all that. Nothing can be done, without cards. And then I'll tell you what we'll do while we're about it. Dear me! now, how strange it never struck me before!—it will be the very thing—my love, we'll order a whole lot of invitation cards at the same time. And then we'll get up a party, and invite all the other nobility in town; all the Duchesses, and all the Marquisses, and all the Earls, and all the foreign ambassadors and their suits. Oh! we'll have such a jolly night of it, my precious!"

"But will my lord like it?"

"There's not the least occasion, my love, to let him know anything about it until they all come, and then, oh! won't it be an agreeable surprise! But let's see—who can we get now to manage it all for us? It must be somebody that knows all about it, you know. There's the Captain; but I don't like that Captain: he's always a-sneering, and smirking, and going on so, as if we warn't as good as him, and a precious sight better. I can't a-bear such ways!"

"There's Mr. Thorn, ma!" suggested the Countess.

"Ah! he's a *nice* gentleman. He'd be the one. He knows how to behave hisself. Nobody can conduct theirselves more gentlemanlier than him. He'll manage it for us. I know he will, if I ask him."

At this moment Stanley was dashing down the street in his cab, with the view of ascertaining the result of the previous night's play; but as, on pulling up, he happened to see a person in livery at the door of the European, he laid the whip into Marmion with so much effect, that the animal, darting off in an instant, left Bob, who had got down with all his wonted alacrity, a considerable distance in the rear before he had time to recover his faculties, the whole of which had been thus unceremoniously upset. Feeling, however, that he had not a single moment to lose, and being moreover extremely swift of foot, he, by virtue of making a desperate rush, soon overtook the cab, and remounted.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I should on'y just like to know what's o'clock now! There's something in the weather-glass, safe! As true as I'm alive, I don't know what's come to all the masters. It's my belief they're all a-going stark naked mad. Here's a mess—here's a pickle!"—he added, taking a retrospective view of his clothes,—“splashed up to the very eyes!—a full hour and arf's brushing; it ain't to be done under. I'm blessed if it ain't enough to aggravate a bishop. If he didn't mean to stop there at all, what did he make believe to pull up for?"

That was the point; and while Bob was thus occupied in giving expression to his own private feelings upon it, Stanley's rage was unbounded; for as Venerable Joe was the person whom he saw,—but whom Bob in his desperate haste failed to see,—he leaped at once to the conclusion that the General, having heard of the speculation into which he had entered, had planted him there as a spy.

Such was, however, by no means the fact; and, in order to prove that it was not, it will be highly correct to accompany the venerable gentleman, who, after laughing very heartily at Bob's rapid move-

ments, and wondering very naturally what it all meant, was admitted between the outer doors of the "European," when he sent up his name to Mrs. Gills, whom he had had the honour of knowing for a series of years.

Mrs. Gills, on the name being announced, blushed deeply as she repeated it again and again, marvelling who, in the name of all that was gracious, it could be, and bit her lips with due violence as she protested that the singular cognomen of the individual lived not in her memory; still she thought somehow she had heard the name somewhere—but where? Eventually by a miracle she recollected that there was a sort of person of that name in the service of General Johnson, a very intimate friend of hers, from whom, she had no doubt on earth, this person had brought some strictly confidential communication. She therefore directed the servant to show the person into the parlour; and, after having explained most lucidly to the Countess how essential to the preservation of dignity it was to repudiate all low connections, descended from the drawing-room with all the severity of aspect and stateliness of deportment at her command.

On entering the room in which the venerable gentleman stood, marvelling greatly at the fact of his being shown into a parlour, Mrs. Gills reared her chin, and bowed with such surpassing grace, that in an instant he felt friendship freezing. He nevertheless approached, and was about to take her hand, which, however, she with a truly icy elegance waved towards a chair, and with an expression of sublimity desired him to be seated.

"Your manners is very cold, Mrs. Gills," observed the venerable gentleman, who could not but deem all this deeply mysterious. "Have I offended you in anythink?"

"Oh, dear me, no!" replied the lady, tossing her head with a most superb air.

"Oh! I thought p'raps I had," rejoined the venerable gentleman, "as you seems to be werry much changed. I shouldn't a-called, on'y I 'appened to 'ear that Sophy was married."

"My daughter, sir, the Countess of Clarendale, is married," returned Mrs. Gills, with great dignity.

The venerable gentleman looked amazed. Could he believe it? Could he believe that the same individual Sophy, whom Mrs. Gills tried so extremely hard to plant upon him was a Countess? He was about to take a comprehensive view of the matter, in order to ascertain whether he could really believe it or not; but Mrs. Gills interposed at the moment an observation, which rendered his imaginative faculties subservient to the influence of straight-forward facts.

"As circumstances is so much changed,"—this was the memorable observation,—“and as you must in course be aware that there's now a propriety as is proper to be observed, may I inquire your object in honnering us with this visit?"

"Oh! I on'y merely thought I'd look in to give Sophy—I mean the Countess—joy."

"Sir," said the lady, apparently quite shocked at the vulgar idea, "I'd have you understand that my son-in-law, the noble Earl, ain't a mechanic."

"I didn't s'pose he vos. There's wery few noble Hurls as is. But can't I see the Countess? I should like to see her."

"Impossible. It ain't because I'm proud, no; but what would the noble Earl say? Why, he'd think it a disgrace to his 'scutcheon."

"It strikes me forcible," said the venerable gentleman, who felt rather piqued, "that half vot you know about 'scutcheons ain't much."

"Well, I'm sure! I'd have you to know I don't tolerate no insolence, and so you needn't come it."

"Oh! werry well, mum. But I must say, as a hold friend, I didn't expect to be treated in this 'ear upish vay."

"You may think yourself honnered that I saw you at all. I know I didn't ought to do it; but I beg, sir, that in future we mayn't be troubled by your calling any more."

"Oh! that you may take your hoath on. But as I remember there's a little trifle atween us of seventeen and sixpence, p'raps it von't be hinconvenient for you to settle vithout my summonsing on you to the court of requests?"

"What do you mean to insiniwate?" cried the lady,—"*seventeen and sixpence, or seventeen hundred pound seventeen and sixpence; it's all one to me! I'll discharge the paltry sum, sir, immediate! what do you mean?*"

Mrs. Gills, being highly indignant, was about to bounce out of the room for her purse, when the folding-doors opened, and the Countess, who had been listening in the adjoining room, appeared.

"Dear ma!" she exclaimed, "here's a purse: but don't be angry with Mr. Joseph. You know he has always been kind to us, ma." And she extended her hand to the venerable gentleman, who was about to receive it with the utmost respect, when Mrs. Gills promptly interposed her person, exclaiming,

"My precious! What would the noble Earl say? — what would he think were he to see you shaking hands with a person in livery? Fie! my love, fie! I'm putrified to think that you haven't more respect for your dignity."

"Well, ma, I'm sure there's no harm in shaking hands."

"There is harm, my love! Gracious! what would the world say? What would be thought of you in high life? Why, you wouldn't be received in good society! Consider!"

"My lady," said the venerable gentleman,—"*for though it seems werry rum, I am still glad to call you my lady—I vornt at all avare as you'd married a Hurl, or I shooldn't a-come; no, I know my place better; but I s'pose they vos havin' a game vi' me rayther ven they guv me your address, and said they thought I ought to call. However, I'm glad to 'ear of your good fortun, and give you joy, and 'ope you'll always be 'appy; but I must say your mother aint treated me vell; cos under the circumstantial, knowin' her so vell as I have done so long, and bein' always werry glad to do all I could to serve her ven she vos but a servant like myself, I do think that if heven you'd become the Queen of Hingland, she oughtn't to be so stuck up.*"

During the delivery of this eloquent speech, Mrs. Gills, with excessive *hauteur* was counting out the seventeen and sixpence, and

having done so, in due form tendered the amount. But the venerable gentleman disdained to receive it.

"I'll not touch it!" he exclaimed with magnanimity. "No; it aint that as I care for; twenty times the sum don't make no hods to me!"

"But I insist!" cried the lady.

"So you may, mum: but I'd jist as soon touch a dose of p'ison."

"But you shall have it, sir!"

"Not a penny on it: no; I wish you a werry good day, mum. I don't," he continued, addressing the Countess, "mean any disrespect to your ladyship. I voodn't offend you for the world; but it's a hold sayin' an' a true un about the beggar on ossback." And here-upon, feeling much better in consequence of having made this observation, he quitted the house.

"The low-bred creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Gills as the venerable gentleman departed.

"But you shouldn't go on so, ma," said the Countess. "People don't like it."

"Of what importance to us, child, what *such* people like, or what they don't like? You must know what is due to your own dignity, my love, or you'll never be fit to be a countess. I declare I'm in such a flustration I don't know how to contain myself. Oh, I only wish for his sake I'd been a man."

Before the nerves of this amiable lady had become tranquil, Stanley having taken an impetuous sweep round the Park, returned with the full determination to enter the club, no matter who might be on the watch. Bob, however, allowed him to make a dead stop before he attempted again to alight, for he felt, and very naturally, that he had had enough running for one day at least.

"You look like a scavenger," said Stanley, as Bob approached Marmion's head. "Where did you pick up that mud?"

"A pelting arter you, sir, when you made believe to stop here afore," replied Bob.

Stanley smiled as he entered the house, and Bob thought that his reply was particularly pointed and severe, and he winked confidentially at Marmion on the door being closed, with the view of intimating to that sagacious animal that that really was his unbiassed opinion. "It strikes me I shut up his shop, then," he observed. "There's nothing like getting the best of a master. Directly they find out they're wrong, they cuts their sticks with their tails atween their legs, dead beat."

On entering the principal play-room, Stanley ascertained from one of the attendants that the bank had been on the previous night well nigh broken. He was also informed that the persons who had won had signified their intention of playing that night, when, doubtless, the luck would be changed; and that it was deemed by the highest authorities politic to let a bank lose at first, in order not only to stimulate players, but to inspire due confidence by virtue of its stability being tested.

To this fellow's description of the extraordinary "run of luck" which had characterised the play, Stanley listened with the most marked attention. The prospect seemed cheerless. Two thousand

five hundred pounds lost in one night. His high hopes were depressed. It was a "Bear" account with *him*: and yet, why should he despair? Had not the Earl himself told him before they commenced that they ought as a matter of course to lose at first? Why then should he feel disappointed? He tried to revive his hopes by looking upon their depression under the circumstances as the mere result of folly, and having learned that his partners in the speculation had appointed to meet at eight, for the purpose of replenishing the bank, he was about to take leave, when he was formally summoned by the Countess and her mamma.

On entering the drawing-room, he was received with unusual parade. Mrs. Gills was particularly fussy, and hoped that he was well, and rang for the cake and wine, and most eloquently laboured to convey to him an idea of the delight she was sure she should derive from an early introduction to Mrs. Thorn. "Oh! do bring her with you some day," she continued, "and let us have a quiet cup of tea. It will be so delightful you can't think. I'm sure she's a dear nice lady: I am sure of it, judging from you."

Stanley smiled, and acknowledged the compliment profoundly, and said all that was necessary to convince Mrs. Gills that he thought her extremely polite.

"And now, Mr. Thorn, I've a secret," she continued,—“a secret which I don't want anybody to know on but you. I know I can trust you, and I'm sure you'll assist us. The fact is, my daughter, the Countess, and me, is a-thinking of getting up a party, for we finds it very lonely a-mumping here alone. Now, in course you know all about the other nobility, the Dukes, Lords, Wiscounts, Ambassadors, and such like; and, as we have never yet given a jollification, all we want is for you just to put us in the way of it.”

"I should think," returned Stanley, "that the Earl would be the more proper person to apply to."

"Oh! but we want to do it unbeknown to him! We want to surprise him! to show him just what we *can* do. Oh, it will be so glorious! You and Mrs. Thorn must come and meet all the nobility. Oh! we shall have such a frolic!"

Stanley could not help laughing. He thought the conception excessively rich, and one which ought to be carried into immediate execution. Feeling, however, that he was not in a position to enter into the spirit of the thing himself, he advised them to apply to Captain Filcher, whom he described as being perfectly conversant with matters of that description, and who, he doubted not, would be but too happy to aid them.

"But does he know all about the invitation-cards, the etiquettes, and all that?" enquired Mrs. Gills anxiously.

"My firm impression is," replied Stanley, "that in a case of this peculiar character you cannot have the aid of a more useful man."

"Oh, well then, I'm sure I'll apply to him. I'm certain he won't refuse. But do you think he'll keep the thing a secret?"

"I have not the slightest doubt of it," said Stanley. Nor had he. He believed him to be the very man to carry out the idea to perfection; and, having explained to them how strongly he felt that the Captain would be delighted to serve them in such a merry cause, he received their warmest thanks, and departed.

CHAPTER XL.

Is one which Gentlemen will not condemn.

As the bank was impoverished every night, notwithstanding immense sums of money were lost by the majority of the players, Stanley soon began to view the speculation as a failure. He thought it strange, that with the chances in favour of the table, and with experienced men for managers, the bank should so constantly lose; and that he did think it strange was not extraordinary, seeing that he was perfectly unconscious of the fact that the projectors of the scheme, through the instrumentality of confederates, were realising fortunes. He knew nothing of the villanous system pursued: he had no idea of knaves being deputed nightly by the two persons with whom the speculation originated, to fleece the fair players, and to plunder the bank. He thought that, of course, all was square as far as they were concerned, and yet it struck him as being singular that their spirits should be raised after each night's loss. Instead, however, of thinking of confederacy, false dice, "despatching," and "securing," and thereby attributing all to the true cause, he imbibed the pernicious, soul-enslaving doctrine of Destiny, and madly ascribed all his losses to Fate.

This made him wretched, irascible, and occasionally, although perhaps involuntarily, brutal. He was satisfied with nothing: every thing displeased him: trifles, at which before he would have smiled, now inspired him with rage; in his sleep he would constantly start and talk wildly, and when awake he would fitfully pace the room, with pursed lips and overhanging brows.

This change poor Amelia perceived with alarm. To her gentle spirit it was a source of deep affliction: it filled her heart with sorrow, and her eyes with scalding tears. She wept bitterly, but in secret: before *him* she assumed a soft gaiety, and laboured to cheer him; and when she perceived upon his brow a more than usually dark cloud, she in silence caressed him the more.

Days of misery passed; and whenever he returned she would watch his clouded countenance anxiously, in the fond hope of finding his spirit soothed, but in vain: still, fearing it might vex him, she never breathed a syllable having reference to his depression, until, finding her caresses repulsed as an annoyance, she became apprehensive that she herself might be, although unconsciously, the cause.

At first the bare thought of this being possible dreadfully distressed her; but on reflection, being unable to recollect any single act of hers at all likely to have excited his displeasure, she began to hope that something she had either said or done had been by him misconstrued, feeling convinced that if that were all, she should be able by removing the misconception to restore his tranquillity.

Having dwelt upon this for some time, to the exclusion of all other considerations, she resolved to embrace the earliest opportunity of alluding to the subject, and blamed herself for having permitted a mere misapprehension—for that she felt sure it was then—to continue in existence so long.

When this resolution was formed Stanley was absent from home: he had left to meet his partners by appointment, with the view of putting down the fourth and last five hundred each; and as he had

then made up his mind that the whole was irrevocably lost, he returned more sullen and peevish than ever.

As he entered, Amelia flew as usual to meet him, and when he had passively received her fond welcome, he sunk into a chair in the most listless style, and with a countenance enveloped in gloom.

"I have something, dear, to say to you," she observed, with a gaiety of expression which contrasted strongly with his dismal aspect, — "something, my love, of importance. It is a question, and one which must be answered distinctly too."

"A question?" cried Stanley, peevishly. "Well, what is it?"

"Nay, do not be cross, dear Stanley. And yet perhaps I must allow you to be so until you have answered my question, and I have replied." She then threw her arms round his neck, and while gazing earnestly in his face said, in tones of surpassing sweetness, "*Have I displeased you?*"

"Displeased me? Nonsense; no."

"Pray, Stanley, tell me. I fear that I have."

"I do tell you that you have not. Don't annoy me."

"Dear Stanley, do not be unkind! You have been for some time very sad, dear; my heart bleeds to see you. I cannot be happy if you are not so. Indeed, my dearest love, if I have in any way offended you—"

"I tell you again that you have not!"

"Then what is the cause of your sadness? Pray let me know all? I can bear it, my love; let it be what it may, I can bear it. Believe me, I can endure with more fortitude the knowledge of the very worst calamity that could befall us than ignorance of the cause of that affliction, which is unhappily so apparent. Do, dear, pray tell me all. Do not keep me longer in suspense. You kindly, fondly let me share your joys,—am I not bound to share your sorrows? Believe me, dear Stanley, it will to me be an additional joy to know that your confidence in me is unbounded."

As a rebellious tear glistened in his eye, Stanley kissed her, and pressed her to his heart.

"Bless you!" she continued, as she wiped the tear away. "But I must not see that: anything but that I can bear. But you will tell me, dear, will you not?"

"My good girl, what have I to tell you?"

"Do not allow me to be tortured by conjectures. They afflict me, Stanley, far more than a knowledge of the real cause can, let it be what it may."

"Amelia, rest satisfied with this, that that which vexes me is not of any permanent importance."

"I thank Heaven for that! And yet if it be not, why do you allow it to torment you thus? Come, be cheerful, dear Stanley; it will be such a delight to me to see you smile again! But I cannot be content with this assurance. If I had," she continued archly, "sufficient influence over you, I would insist upon knowing more; but as I have not, I must of course in the tone of a suppliant beg of you to tell me all about it. Come, dear, as a favour? I may be able to assist you. Besides, have I not a right to know? Upon my word, I am anything but sure that I have not. It strikes me that there should be no secrets between us. I may be wrong; but I incline, nevertheless, to the belief that a wife absolutely *ought* to know all that pertains to her husband."

"But even assuming that she ought, would it be wise, would it be kind on the part of a man to suffer his wife to be annoyed by the knowledge of every difficulty he has to encounter?"

"He frequently, I apprehend, annoys her far more by withholding that knowledge. When we see you depressed,—and that we can see, my love, in an instant, however much you may endeavour to conceal it,—the conjectures which arise in most cases create far more pain than would be induced by an actual knowledge of the facts. When you good creatures keep us thus in darkness, that we may not be afflicted by the troubles you endure, you little think that the kind generous object you have in view is not thereby attained. We are troubled by seeing that you are troubled; the very fact of your spirits being depressed, depresses ours; and although we endeavour to cheer you when dull, the gaiety we assume is *but* assumed, dear Stanley, and the assumption of itself costs many a latent pang. But, come, let me prevail upon you. What is the matter? It is true my reputation for ingenuity is not yet established, but a thousand things might be suggested even by me. Stanley, is there anything papa can do for you? If there be, let me know, there's a dear! Nothing could delight him more than to have it in his power to render you assistance. It would give him, believe me, the purest joy a man can experience. Tell me, dear,—do pray tell me if he can in any way aid you. You know not how he would rejoice in the opportunity; indeed you do not; but be sure that he would serve you with all his soul. Let me name it to him, dear. What is it? *Do tell me.*"

"Amelia," said Stanley, regarding her intently, "let us change the subject. Let it be sufficient for you to know, that I have felt perhaps far more annoyed than I ought to have felt. The affair will soon be over, and you will then find me as cheerful as ever; but if you do not wish to annoy me, and I cannot think you do, you will not in any way allude to it again."

Amelia's lips were thus sealed, and the subject therefore dropped.

CHAPTER XLI.

The Countess of Clarendale's Soirée Musicale.

HAVING explained to Captain Filcher precisely what she wanted, Mrs. Gills had the heartfelt felicity to find that he was prepared to meet her views to a hair. He was in fact, as Stanley had intimated, the very man to carry her conception fully out. He was in raptures with it. Nothing could have delighted him more; and so heartily did he enter into the spirit of the thing, and so promptly did he settle the preliminaries, feeling well convinced that before many days had expired the club would be completely broken up, and the glorious opportunity thereby lost, that he got cards engraved expressly for the occasion with the Earl's arms thereon emblazoned, and all his plans laid down to absolute perfection, in a space of time almost incredible in point of shortness.

It became, however, essential to the due execution of these plans that the Earl should be temporarily absent; and it happened most conveniently that, having put down his share of the bank, which was doomed to be the last, and just as the Captain had arranged to

get him down to Newmarket, he announced his intention of going to Brighton for a day or two, ostensibly in order to pay a long-promised visit.

For Brighton he therefore started, and no sooner had he left than the gallant Captain issued the cards. He sent them to all the Ministers, to all the peers and peeresses in town, to all the ambassadors, to all the members of the House of Commons without distinction, to all the Judges and chief members of the Bar and their ladies, to the principal literary men of the day, to the Lord Mayor and the whole Court of Aldermen ; in short, he proceeded in such an exemplary spirit, that no person of distinction in town could complain of being slighted.

It was to be a *soirée musicale* ; and as such was the case, he patronised the two most fashionable bands, and engaged not only the chief Italian singers, but all the native talent available. His views in that, as indeed in all other respects, were extremely comprehensive ; in a word, he was firmly determined to do the whole thing on a scale of magnificence not to be surpassed.

"Now, my dear madam," said he, having settled this necessary part of the business to the entire satisfaction of Mrs. Gills, "pray what do you intend to give them ?"

"Oh ! they shall have such a capital hot supper," replied the lady, "and just as much wine, rum, brandy, and gin as they like to lay into. There shall be no stint of nothing. And then we'll have some punch ; the punch alley Roman, I hear, is the nicest ; they shall have some of that. And I'll tell you what jints I mean to have. First, for instance, there shall be a tremendous biled round of beef at the top, and another sirline at the bottom ; a large plum-pudding in the middle, two saddles of mutton near that, a line of pork, a fillet of veal and ham, a turkey and sassages, lots of mince pies, a goose and apple sarce, carrots, turnips, taters, sparrowgrass, and every other delicacy in season ; and if they can't manage to make a decent supper off that, why, it *will* be a strange thing to me."

"It will be strange," observed the Captain. "I should say that they have not had *such* a supper lately."

"Is there anything else besides that you think we ought to have ? Because if there is, you know, Captain, we'll have it."

"No ; I am really unable to suggest anything else. Your arrangements appear to be excellent. You must have enough porter."

"Oh ! they shall have *lots* of that. But what time do you think they'll be here ?"

"Why, I should say that they'll begin to arrive about nine."

"That will do nicely. Oh ! won't the Earl be surprised ! But you'll excuse me, I know, for I've got a world of business in hand ; but if you should think of anything more in the mean time, please tell me."

The Captain promised faithfully to do so, and Mrs. Gills went about her business.

In less than an hour after that, however, certain of the noble Earl's family called, and on being informed that he was then out of town, the Marchioness, being resolved to have the matter explained, sent the card at once up to the Countess.

On receiving this card, the Countess almost fainted. "Oh, ma !" she cried, tremulously, "I never can go down ; I should drop."

"Rubbish, my precious!" exclaimed her mamma. "Why, what have you to fear? She won't eat you. Besides, you're every *bit* as good as her."

"Oh! I saw her get out of her carriage. The very look of her was enough. She's *such* a lady!—oh!"

"Well, my love, and ain't you a lady? And can't you get out of your carriage? I'll go down myself and see her."

"Do, ma, pray do."

"Oh! if she thinks to come any of her stuck-up fine ways over me, she'll find I can give her as good as she sends. I ain't to be frightened—don't think it."

Whereupon she adjusted her comprehensive cap, which was richly embellished with roses and lilies, and having completely satisfied herself that she *could* look fiercely if occasion should demand a look of fierceness, she tossed her head proudly, and descended.

"The Countess of Clarendale," observed the Marchioness, who was certainly a most majestic woman, "is the lady whom I am anxious to see."

"The Countess," returned Mrs. Gills, who tried very laudably to look as tall as possible. "The Countess is rather poorly; but I am her mother!"

This announcement had the effect of almost stunning the Marchioness, who drew back a trifle, and looked at Mrs. Gills with the most intense earnestness of which she was capable, while two of her sons, by whom she was accompanied, seemed ready to burst into a roar, they enjoyed the thing so highly.

"It is really very strange," said the Marchioness on recovering herself somewhat, "that I should not have even heard of my son's marriage until this morning."

"Well, it is odd he didn't let you know."

"At what church were they married?"

"Oh! it was done here, by special licence!"

"Indeed! Can I not have the pleasure of seeing the Countess?"

"Oh, yes; I'll go and fetch her; but she's such a timid thing, you don't know."

"Well, this is a start!" exclaimed one of the sons as Mrs. Gills quitted the room.

"He's not married!" cried the other. "He's not such a fool."

"I only hope to Heaven that he is not!" exclaimed the Marchioness. "But you hear what she says!"

"Oh, I don't care what *she* says. Depend upon it they are not married. But I long to see what sort of creature she is. If she be *anything* like her *mamma*, she's a beauty!"

While they were thus engaged Mrs. Gills was endeavouring to prevail upon her precious to "come down, and make no bones at all about the matter;" but the Countess was still extremely tremulous.

"Oh! ma," she cried, "I'm fit to faint."

"The ideor!" exclaimed Mrs. Gills. "As if you expected she'd gobble you up! I never see such a thing! Pluck up your sperits, and bemean yourself like a Countess as you are."

"Oh! but I feel so frightened, ma."

"What are you got to be frightened on? I'm shocked at you. Why ain't I frightened? A mere common paltry servant would have more sperit. You don't look as if you belonged to the nobility at all!"

"But I can't help it, ma."

"Exorbitant!—don't tell me! You should have a little more aristocracy about you! Come, come, my precious; come, take them there knots out of your handkercher, and come down without any more affected ways."

"I can't, ma: no, indeed, I can't."

"You pervoke me! I shall never make anything on you. What is she any more than you are? She's only a lady of title like yourself! I never heered tell of such a thing! I'm ashamed of you, reely."

And having delivered herself to this effect she again with due boldness descended alone.

"My daughter, the Countess, says as you must excuse her," she observed as she hastily re-entered the room. "She don't feel at all the thing this morning. At any other time you like to come she'd be happy."

Well! The Marchioness *could* do no more. She could not insist upon seeing her, certainly, although she much wished to arrive at the truth, and therefore feeling it to be useless to press the point then, she rose, and without any unnecessary ceremony, left the house, intimating that she was not by any means satisfied, and that she felt herself bound to see into the matter further.

As the *soirée* had been fixed to come off on the morrow, the Captain wrote to the Earl by that night's post, to inform him that his presence in town at a certain hour was absolutely indispensable; and, as he made it appear that this special command had been prompted by something connected with the speculation, that noble person duly arrived, and found his partners pretending—in order that there might appear to be a sufficient excuse for the summons—to be deeply engaged in a discussion having reference to the propriety of continuing the scheme.

Into this really animated discussion the noble Earl entered with spirit, with the view of proving the advantages which would as a matter of necessity spring from the very fact of putting down ten thousand pounds more; and as it was then but eight o'clock, the discussion was kept up with warmth until nine, at which hour the company began to arrive.

The professional people came first, and were received by the Countess and her mamma with unexampled condescension; but as the rattling of carriages continued, the Earl suddenly enquired if they knew what it meant?

"Oh! yes," replied the Captain. "The Countess gives a *soirée musicale*!"

"A *soirée devil*!" exclaimed the noble Earl: and starting up in a rage, he rushed from the room amidst loud peals of laughter.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded on reaching the brilliantly illumined *salon*, in which the Countess and Mrs. Gills—dressed in all conceivable colours, and further embellished, in order to look sweetly pretty, with a greater variety of artificial flowers than ever adorned the active person of a sweep on May-day—were entertaining the professional people with characteristic dignity and grace,—“what, I ask, is the meaning of it all?”

"My noble lord," replied the Countess. "We are only going to have a little party!"

"A little party! Are you mad?"

"But it's the Countess's own party!" interposed Mrs. Gills.

"I'll have no parties!" thundered forth the Earl. "Why did you not let me know of it, madam?"

"We thought it would be an agreeable surprise!"

"Tom!" cried the Earl, calling loudly to the porter. "Do you hear? Lock that door! Open it to no one! Not another soul shall enter to-night. What persons are these?" he added, turning to the Countess with a look which made her tremble.

"They are the singers, my lord."

"Dismiss them! I'll not have them here: they're not wanted."

Whereupon he returned to his associates, who were all extremely merry, and demanded of them why they had not informed him of the issue of the cards for this *soirée musicale*?

"We thought it by far too good a joke," was the reply.

"A joke!" exclaimed the Earl. "It *may* be a joke to you, gentlemen; but look at the position in which it places *me*! Tom!" he added, calling again to the porter as the knocking at the door became tremendous. "Never mind their knocking! If you let another creature in, I'll strangle you. Are those people gone?"

"No, my lord."

"Turn them out! Why do they remain?"

The reason soon appeared. They had resolved not to leave the house without being paid; and no sooner was the Earl informed of this than he rushed fiercely up to them again, with a forcible ejection in view.

"I'll hear nothing of your demands," said he, "to-night. I insist upon your leaving instantly. If you remain another moment you will draw upon yourselves consequences which may not be pleasing."

Several of the professional gentlemen here endeavoured to reason with him on the subject, but he would not hear a word, and exhibited such excessive violence that they eventually deemed it expedient to depart.

He saw them out, while Tom kept on guard, and then closed the door upon them himself. But the knocking still continued, for the street was full of carriages, and the whole neighbourhood seemed to be in a state of commotion.

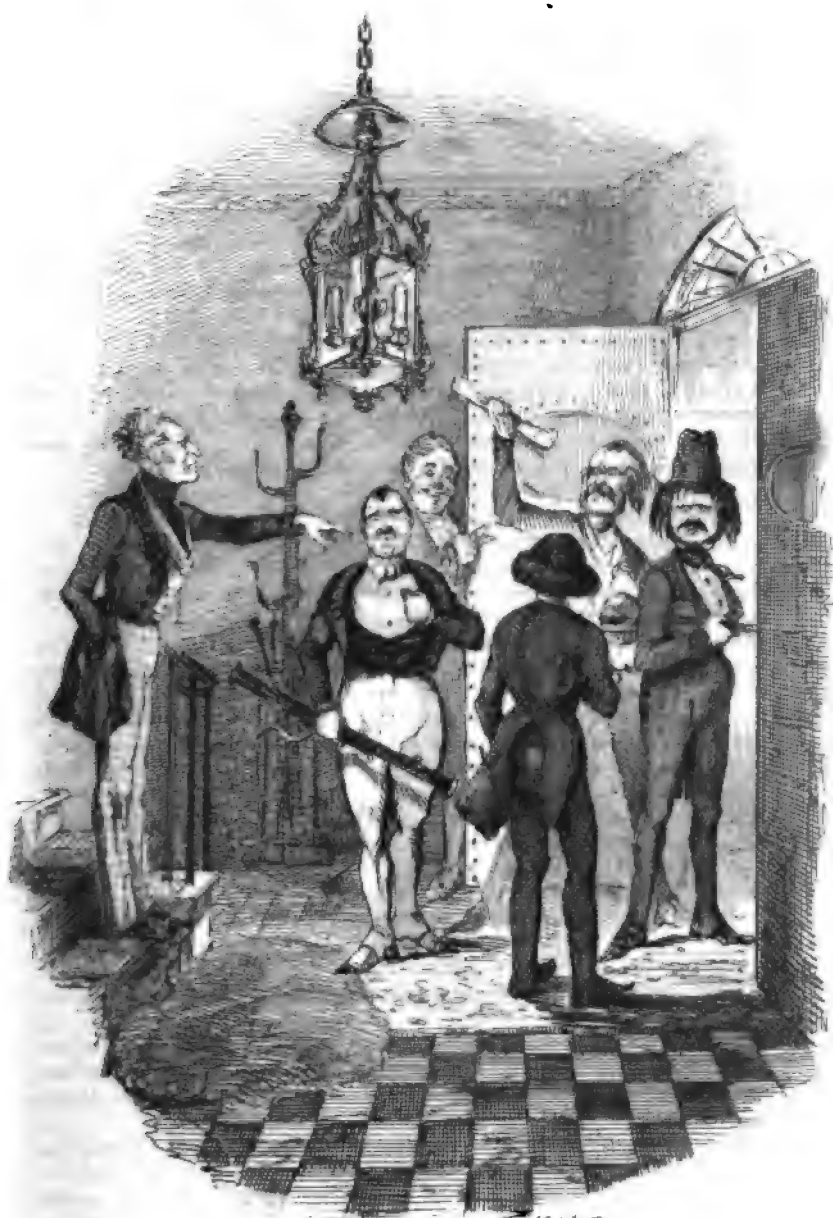
"Wrench off that knocker," he cried, "and then write upon the door."

"What, my lord?"

"Gone to the devil!—to let!—anything!—run away!—no matter what!"

Tom mixed up some whitening with great expedition, and while the enraged Earl himself kept guard, he wrenched off the knocker, and marked upon the door in legible characters, "TO LET. GONE AWAY."

"Now," said the Earl, "let them thunder if they can. Snap that bell-wire!—snap it at once! I charge you, Tom, not to let another soul in to-night." And having given this charge with violent emphasis, he quitted the house, leaving the Countess and her mamma sobbing over each other like children, while the Captain and his band were enjoying themselves highly, and making a *soirée musicale* of it, occasionally looking out upon the long line of carriages which continued to arrive and to depart with their loads until past one o'clock in the morning.



John Leach fecit

Mr. Leach was in "Pictorial Gentlemen"







the signing of the Magna Carta

GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

HOW GUY FAWKES WAS PUT TO THE TORTURE.

INTIMATION of the arrest of Guy Fawkes having been sent to the Tower, his arrival was anxiously expected by the warders, and soldiers composing the garrison, a crowd of whom posted themselves at the entrance of Traitor's Gate, to obtain a sight of him. As the bark that conveyed the prisoner shot through London Bridge, and neared the fortress, notice of its approach was given to the lieutenant, who, scarcely less impatient, had stationed himself in a small circular chamber in one of the turrets of Saint Thomas's or Traitor's Tower, overlooking the river. He hastily descended, and had scarcely reached the place of disembarkation when the boat passed beneath the gloomy archway; the immense wooden wicket closed behind it; and the officer in command springing ashore, was followed more deliberately by Fawkes, who mounted the slippery stairs with a firm footstep. As he gained the summit, the spectators pressed forward, but Sir William Waad, ordering them in an authoritative tone to stand back, fixed a stern and scrutinizing glance on the prisoner.

"Many vile traitors have ascended those steps," he said, "but none so false-hearted, none so bloodthirsty as you."

"None ever ascended them with less misgiving, or with less self-reproach," replied Fawkes.

"Miserable wretch! Do you glory in your villainy?" cried the lieutenant. "If anything could heighten my detestation of the pernicious creed you profess, it would be to witness its effects on such minds as yours. What a religion must that be, which can induce its followers to commit such monstrous actions, and delude them into the belief that they are pious and praiseworthy!"

"It is a religion, at least, that supports them at seasons when they most require it," rejoined Fawkes.

"Peace!" cried the lieutenant fiercely, "or I will have your viperous tongue torn out by the roots."

Turning to the officer, he demanded his warrant, and glancing at it, gave some directions to one of the warders, and then resumed his scrutiny of Fawkes, who appeared wholly unmoved, and steadily returned his gaze.

Meanwhile, several of the spectators, eager to prove their loyalty to the King, and abhorrence of the plot, loaded the pri-

soner with execrations, and finding these produced no effect, proceeded to personal outrage. Some spat upon his face and garments; some threw mud gathered from the slimy steps upon him; some pricked him with the points of their halberds; while others, if they had not been checked, would have resorted to greater violence. Only one bystander expressed the slightest commiseration for him. It was Ruth Ipgreve, who with her parents formed part of the assemblage.

A few kindly words pronounced by this girl moved the prisoner more than all the insults he had just experienced. He said nothing, but a slight and almost imperceptible quivering of the lip told what was passing within. The jailor was extremely indignant at his daughter's conduct, fearing it might prejudice him in the eyes of the lieutenant.

"Get hence, girl," he cried, "and stir not from thy room for the rest of the day. I am sorry I allowed thee to come forth."

"You must look to her, Jasper Ipgreve," said Sir William Waad, sternly. "No man shall hold an office in the Tower who is a favourer of papacy. If you were a good Protestant, and a faithful servant of King James, your daughter could never have acted thus unbecomingly. Look to her, I say,—and to yourself."

"I will, honourable sir," replied Jasper, in great confusion. "Take her home directly," he added in an undertone to his wife. "Lock her up till I return, and scourge her if thou wilt. She will ruin us by her indiscretion."

In obedience to this injunction, Dame Ipgreve seized her daughter's hand, and dragged her away. Ruth turned for a moment to take a last look at the prisoner, and saw that his gaze followed her, and was fraught with an expression of the deepest gratitude. By way of showing his disapproval of his daughter's conduct, the jailor now joined the bitterest of Guy Fawkes's assailants; and ere long the assemblage became infuriated to such an ungovernable pitch, that the lieutenant, who had allowed matters to proceed thus far in the hope of shaking the prisoner's constancy, finding his design fruitless, ordered him to be taken away. Escorted by a dozen soldiers with calivers on their shoulders, Guy Fawkes was led through the archway of the Bloody Tower, and across the green to the Beauchamp Tower. He was placed in the spacious chamber on the first floor of that fortification, now used as a mess-room by the Guards. Sir William Waad followed him, and seating himself at a table, referred to the warrant.

"You are here called John Johnson. Is that your name?" he demanded.

"If you find it thus written, you need make no further inquiry from me," replied Fawkes. "I am the person so described. That is sufficient for you."

"Not so," replied the lieutenant; "and if you persist in this stubborn demeanour, the severest measures will be adopted towards you. Your sole chance of avoiding the torture is in making a full confession."

"I do not desire to avoid the torture," replied Fawkes. "It will wrest nothing from me."

"So all think till they have experienced it," replied the lieutenant; "but greater fortitude than yours has given way before our engines."

Fawkes smiled disdainfully, but made no answer.

The lieutenant then gave directions that he should be placed within a small cell adjoining the larger chamber, and that two of the guard should remain constantly beside him, to prevent him from doing himself any violence.

"You need have no fear," observed Fawkes. "I shall not destroy my chance of martyrdom."

At this juncture, a messenger arrived, bearing a despatch from the Earl of Salisbury. The lieutenant broke the seal, and after hurriedly perusing it, drew his sword, and desiring the guard to station themselves outside the door, approached Fawkes.

"Notwithstanding the enormity of your offence," he observed, "I find his Majesty will graciously spare your life, provided you will reveal the names of all your associates, and disclose every particular connected with the plot."

Guy Fawkes appeared lost in reflection, and the lieutenant, conceiving he had made an impression upon him, repeated the offer.

"How am I to be assured of this?" asked the prisoner.

"My promise must suffice," rejoined Waad.

"It will not suffice to me," returned Fawkes. "I must have a pardon signed by the King."

"You shall have it on one condition," replied Waad. "You are evidently troubled with few scruples. It is the Earl of Salisbury's conviction that the heads of many important Catholic families are connected with this plot. If they should prove to be so,—or, to be plain, if you will accuse certain persons whom I will specify, you shall have the pardon you require."

"Is this the purport of the Earl of Salisbury's despatch?" asked Guy Fawkes.

The lieutenant nodded.

"Let me look at it," continued Fawkes. "You may be practising upon me."

"Your own perfidious nature makes you suspicious of treachery in others," cried the lieutenant. "Will this satisfy you?"

And he held the letter towards Guy Fawkes, who instantly snatched it from his grasp.

"What ho!" he shouted, in a loud voice, "what ho!" and the guards instantly rushed into the room. "You shall learn why you were sent away. Sir William Waad has offered me

my life, on the part of the Earl of Salisbury, provided I will accuse certain innocent parties—innocent, except that they are Catholics—of being leagued with me in my design. Read this letter, and see whether I speak not the truth.”

And he threw it among them. But no one stirred, except a warder, who picking it up, delivered it to the lieutenant.

“You will now understand whom you have to deal with,” pursued Fawkes.

“I do,” replied Waad; “but were you as unyielding as the walls of this prison, I would shake your obduracy.”

“I pray you not to delay the experiment,” said Fawkes.

“Have a little patience,” retorted Waad. “I will not baulk your humour, depend upon it.”

With this, he departed, and repairing to his lodgings, wrote a hasty despatch to the Earl, detailing all that had passed, and requesting a warrant for the torture, as he was apprehensive if the prisoner expired under the severe application that would be necessary to force the truth from him, he might be called to account. Two hours afterwards, the messenger returned with the warrant. It was in the handwriting of the King, and contained a list of interrogations to be put to the prisoner, concluding by directing him “to use the gentler torture first, *et sic per gradus ad ima tenditur*. And so God speed you in your good work!”

Thus armed, and fearless of the consequences, the lieutenant summoned Jasper Ipgreve.

“We have a very refractory prisoner to deal with,” he said, as the jailer appeared. “But I have just received the royal authority to put him through all the degrees of torture if he continues obstinate. How shall we begin?”

“With the Scavenger’s Daughter and the Little Ease, if it please you, honourable sir,” replied Ipgreve. “If these fail, we can try the gauntlets and the rack; and lastly, the dungeon among the rats, and the hot stone.”

“A good progression,” said the lieutenant, smiling. “I will now repair to the torture chamber. Let the prisoner be brought there without delay. He is in the Beauchamp Tower.”

Ipgreve bowed, and departed, while the lieutenant, calling to an attendant to bring a torch, proceeded along a narrow passage communicating with the Bell Tower. Opening a secret door within it, he descended a flight of stone steps, and traversing a number of intricate passages, at length stopped before a strong door, which he pushed aside, and entered the chamber he had mentioned to Ipgreve. This dismal apartment has already been described. It was that in which Viviana’s constancy was so fearfully approved. Two officials in the peculiar garb of the place—a sable livery—were occupied in polishing the various steel implements. Besides these, there was the surgeon, who was seated at a side table reading by the light of a brazen

lamp. He instantly arose on seeing the lieutenant, and began with the other officials to make preparations for the prisoner's arrival. The two latter concealed their features by drawing a large black capoch, or hood, attached to their gowns over them, and this disguise added materially to their lugubrious appearance. One of them then took down a broad iron hoop, opening in the centre with a hinge, and held it in readiness. Their preparations were scarcely completed when heavy footsteps announced the approach of Fawkes and his attendants. Jasper Ipgreve ushered them into the chamber, and fastened the door behind them. All the subsequent proceedings were conducted with the utmost deliberation, and were therefore doubly impressive. No undue haste occurred, and the officials, who might have been mistaken for phantoms or evil spirits, spoke only in whispers. Guy Fawkes watched their movements with unaltered composure. At length, Jasper Ipgreve signified to the lieutenant that all was ready.

"The opportunity you desired of having your courage put to the test is now arrived," said the latter to the prisoner.

"What am I to do?" was the reply.

"Remove your doublet, and prostrate yourself," subjoined Ipgreve.

Guy Fawkes obeyed, and when in this posture began audibly to recite a prayer to the Virgin.

"Be silent," cried the lieutenant, "or a gag shall be thrust into your mouth."

Kneeling upon the prisoner's shoulders, and passing the hoop under his legs, Ipgreve then succeeded, with the help of his assistants, who added their weight to his own, in fastening the hoop with an iron button. This done, they left the prisoner, with his limbs and body so tightly compressed together, that he was scarcely able to breathe. In this state he was allowed to remain for an hour and a half. The surgeon then found on examination, that the blood had burst profusely from his mouth and nostrils, and in a slighter degree from the extremities of his hands and feet.

"He must be released," he observed in an undertone to the lieutenant. "Further continuance might be fatal."

Accordingly, the hoop was removed, and it was at this moment that the prisoner underwent the severest trial. Despite his efforts to control himself, a sharp convulsion passed across his frame, and the restoration of impeded circulation and respiration occasioned him the most acute agony.

The surgeon bathed his temples with vinegar, and his limbs being chafed by the officials, he was placed on a bench.

"My warrant directs me to begin with the 'gentler tortures,' and to proceed by degrees to extremities," observed the lieutenant, significantly. "You have now had a taste of the milder

sort, and may form some conjecture what the worst are like. Do you still continue contumacious?"

"I am in the same mind as before," replied Fawkes, in a hoarse but firm voice.

"Take him to the Little Ease, and let him pass the night there," said the lieutenant. "To-morrow, I will continue the investigation."

Fawkes was then led out by Ipgreve and the officials, and conveyed along a narrow passage, until arriving at a low door, in which there was an iron grating, it was opened, and disclosed a narrow cell about four feet high, one and a few inches wide, and two deep. Into this narrow receptacle, which seemed wholly inadequate to contain a tall and strongly-built man like himself, the prisoner was with some difficulty thrust, and the door locked upon him.

In this miserable plight, with his head bent upon his breast, — the cell being so contrived that its wretched inmate could neither sit, nor recline at full length within it, — Guy Fawkes prayed long and fervently, and no longer troubled by the uneasy feelings which had for some time haunted him, he felt happier in his present forlorn condition than he had been when anticipating the full success of his project.

"At least," he thought, "I shall now win myself a crown of martyrdom, and whatever my present sufferings may be, they will be speedily effaced by the happiness I shall enjoy hereafter."

Overcome, at length, by weariness and exhaustion, he fell into a sort of doze, — it could scarcely be called sleep, — and while in this state, fancied he was visited by Saint Winifred, who, approaching the door of the cell, touched it, and it instantly opened. She then placed her hand upon his limbs, and the pain he had hitherto felt in them subsided.

"Your troubles will soon be over," murmured the saint, "and you will be at rest. Do not hesitate to confess. Your silence will neither serve your companions, nor yourself."

With these words the vision disappeared, and Guy Fawkes awoke. Whether it was the effect of imagination, or that his robust constitution had in reality shaken off the effects of the torture, it is impossible to say, but it is certain that he felt his strength restored to him, and attributing his recovery entirely to the marvellous interposition of the saint, he addressed a prayer of gratitude to her. While thus occupied, he heard — for it was so dark he could distinguish nothing — a sweet low voice at the grating of the cell, and imagining it was the same benign presence as before, paused and listened.

"Do you hear me?" asked the voice.

"I do," replied Fawkes. "Is it the blessed Winifred who again vouchsafes to address me?"

"Alas, no!" replied the voice; "it is one of mortal mould.

I am Ruth Ipgreve, the jailer's daughter. You may remember that I expressed some sympathy in your behalf at your landing at Traitor's Gate to-day, for which I incurred my father's displeasure. But you will be quite sure I am a friend, when I tell you I assisted Viviana Radcliffe to escape."

"Ha!" exclaimed Guy Fawkes, in a tone of great emotion.

"I was in some degree in her confidence," pursued Ruth; "and, if I am not mistaken, you are the object of her warmest regard."

The prisoner could not repress a groan.

"You are Guy Fawkes," pursued Ruth. "Nay, you need have no fear of me. I have risked my life for Viviana, and would risk it for you."

"I will disguise nothing from you," replied Fawkes. "I am he you have named. As the husband of Viviana,—for such I am, I feel the deepest gratitude to you for the service you rendered her. She bitterly reproached herself with having placed you in so much danger. How did you escape?"

"I was screened by my parents," replied Ruth. "It was given out by them that Viviana escaped through the window of her prison, and I was thus preserved from punishment. Where is she now?"

"In safety, I trust," replied Fawkes. "Alas! I shall never behold her again."

"Do not despair," returned Ruth. "I will try to effect your liberation; and though I have but slender hope of accomplishing it, still there is a chance."

"I do not desire it," returned Fawkes. "I am content to perish. All I lived for is at an end."

"This shall not deter me from trying to save you," replied Ruth; "and I still trust there is happiness in store for you with Viviana. Amid all your sufferings, rest certain there is one who will ever watch over you. I dare not remain here longer, for fear of a surprise. Farewell!"

She then departed, and it afforded Guy Fawkes some solace to ponder on the interview during the rest of the night.

On the following morning, Jasper Ipgreve appeared, and placed before him a loaf of the coarsest bread, and a jug of dirty water. His scanty meal ended, he left him, but returned in two hours afterwards with a party of halberdiers, and desiring him to follow him, led the way to the torture-chamber. Sir William Waad was there when he arrived, and demanding in a stern tone whether he still continued obstinate, and receiving no answer, ordered him to be placed in the gauntlets. Upon this, he was suspended from a beam by his hands, and endured five hours of the most excruciating agony,—his fingers being so crushed and lacerated that he could not move them.

He was then taken down, and still refusing to confess, was conveyed to a horrible pit, adjoining the river, called, from

the loathsome animals infesting it, "the dungeon among the rats." It was about twenty feet wide and twelve deep, and at high tide was generally more than two feet deep in water.

Into this dreadful chasm was Guy Fawkes lowered by his attendants, who, warning him of the probable fate that awaited him, left him in total darkness. At this time, the pit was free from water; but he had not been there more than an hour, when a bubbling and hissing sound proclaimed that the tide was rising, while frequent splashes convinced him that the rats were at hand. Stooping down, he felt that the water was alive with them,—that they were all around him,—and would not, probably, delay their attack. Prepared as he was for the worst, he could not repress a shudder at the prospect of the horrible death with which he was menaced.

At this juncture, he was surprised by the appearance of a light, and perceived at the edge of the pit a female figure bearing a lantern. Not doubting it was his visitant of the former night, he called out to her, and was answered in the voice of Ruth Ipgreve.

"I dare not remain here many minutes," she said, "because my father suspects me. But I could not let you perish thus. I will let down this lantern to you, and the light will keep away the rats. When the tide retires you can extinguish it."

So saying, she tore her kerchief into shreds, and tying the slips together, lowered the lantern to the prisoner, and without waiting to receive his thanks, hurried away.

Thus aided, Guy Fawkes defended himself as well as he could against his loathsome assailants. The light showed that the water was swarming with them,—that they were creeping by hundreds up the sides of the pit, and preparing to make a general attack upon him.

At one time, Fawkes determined not to oppose them, but to let them work their will upon him; but the contact of the noxious animals made him change his resolution, and he instinctively drove them off. They were not, however, to be easily repulsed, and returned to the charge with greater fury than before. The desire of self-preservation now got the better of every other feeling, and the dread of being devoured alive giving new vigour to his crippled limbs, he rushed to the other side of the pit. His persecutors, however, followed him in myriads, springing upon him, and making their sharp teeth meet in his flesh in a thousand places.

In this way the contest continued for some time, Guy Fawkes speeding round the pit, and his assailants never for one moment relaxing in the pursuit, until he fell from exhaustion, and his lantern being extinguished, the whole host darted upon him.

Thinking all over, he could not repress a loud cry, and it was scarcely uttered, when lights appeared, and several gloomy

figures bearing torches were seen at the edge of the pit. Among these he distinguished Sir William Waad, who offered instantly to release him if he would confess.

"I will rather perish," replied Fawkes, "and I will make no further effort to defend myself. I shall soon be out of the reach of your malice."

"This must not be," observed the lieutenant to Jasper Ipgreve, who stood by. "The Earl of Salisbury will never forgive me if he perishes."

"Then not a moment must be lost, or those ravenous brutes will assuredly devour him," replied Ipgreve. "They are so fierce that I scarcely like to venture among them."

A ladder was then let down into the pit, and the jailer and the two officials descended. They were just in time. Fawkes had ceased to struggle, and the rats were attacking him with such fury that his words would have been speedily verified, but for Ipgreve's timely interposition.

On being taken out of the pit, he fainted from exhaustion and loss of blood; and when he came to himself, found he was stretched upon a couch in the torture-chamber, with the surgeon and Jasper Ipgreve in attendance. Strong broths, and other restoratives, were then administered; and his strength being sufficiently restored to enable him to converse, the lieutenant again visited him, and questioning him as before, received a similar answer.

In the course of that day and the next, he underwent at intervals various kinds of torture, each more excruciating than the preceding, all of which he bore with unabated fortitude. Among other applications, the rack was employed with such rigour, that his joints started from their sockets, and his frame seemed torn asunder.

On the fourth day, he was removed to another and yet gloomier chamber, devoted to the same dreadful objects as the first. It had an arch stone ceiling, and at the further extremity yawned a deep recess. Within this there was a small furnace, in which fuel was placed ready to be kindled, and over the furnace lay a large black flag, at either end of which were stout leathern straps. After being subjected to the customary interrogations of the lieutenant, Fawkes was stripped of his attire, and bound to the flag. The fire was then lighted, and the stone gradually heated. The writhing frame of the miserable man ere long showed the extremity of his suffering, but as he did not even utter a groan, his tormentors were compelled to release him.

On this occasion, there were two personages present who had never attended any previous interrogation. They were wrapped in large cloaks, and stood aloof during the proceedings. Both were treated with the most ceremonious respect by Sir William Waad, who consulted them as to the extent to which he should

continue the torture. When the prisoner was taken off the heated stone, one of those persons advanced towards him, and gazed curiously at him.

Fawkes, upon whose brow thick drops were standing, and who was sinking into the oblivion brought on by overwrought endurance, exclaimed, "It is the King," and fainted.

"The traitor knew your Majesty," said the lieutenant. "But you see it is in vain to attempt to extort anything from him."

"So it seems," replied James, "and I am greatly disappointed, for I was led to believe that I should hear a full confession of the conspiracy from his own lips. How say you, good Master chirurgion, will he endure further torture?"

"Not without danger of life, your Majesty, unless he has some days' repose," replied the chirurgion, "even if he can endure it then."

"It will not be necessary to apply it further," replied Salisbury. "I am now in full possession of the names of all the principal conspirators, and when the prisoner finds further concealment useless, he will change his tone. To-morrow, the commissioners appointed by your Majesty for the examination of all those concerned in this dreadful project, will interrogate him in the lieutenant's lodgings, and I will answer with my life that the result will be satisfactory."

"Enough," said James. "It has been a painful spectacle, which we have just witnessed, and yet we would not have missed it. The wretch possesses undaunted resolution, and we can never be sufficiently grateful to the beneficent Providence that prevented him from working his ruthless purpose upon us. The day on which we were preserved from this Gunpowder Treason shall ever hereafter be kept sacred in our church, and thanks shall be returned to Heaven for our wonderful deliverance."

"Your Majesty will act wisely," replied Salisbury. "The ordinance will impress the nation with a salutary horror of all Papists and traitors, for they are one and the same thing, and keep alive a proper feeling of enmity against them. Such a fearful example shall be made of these miscreants as shall, it is to be hoped, deter all others from following their cause. Not only shall they perish infamously, but their names shall for ever be held in execration."

"Be it so," rejoined James. "It is a good legal maxim—*Crescente malitia, crescere debuit et poena.*"

Upon this, he left the chamber, and, traversing a number of subterranean passages with his attendants, crossed the drawbridge near the Byward Tower to the wharf, where his barge was waiting for him, and returned in it to Whitehall.

At an early hour in the following day, the commissioners appointed to the examination of the prisoner met together in a large room on the second floor of the lieutenant's lodgings, afterwards denominated, from its use on this occasion, the

Council Chamber. Affixed to the walls of this room may be seen at the present day a piece of marble sculpture, with an inscription commemorative of the event. The commissioners were nine in number, and included the Earls of Salisbury, Northampton, Nottingham, Suffolk, Worcester, Devon, Marr, and Dunbar, and Sir John Popham, Lord Chief Justice. With these were associated Sir Edward Coke, attorney-general, and Sir William Waad.

The apartment in which the examination took place is still a spacious one, but at the period in question it was much larger and loftier. The walls were panelled with dark lustrous oak, covered in some places with tapestry, and adorned in others with paintings. Over the chimney-piece hung a portrait of the late sovereign, Elizabeth. The commissioners were grouped round a large heavily carved oak table, and, after some deliberation together, it was agreed that the prisoner should be introduced.

Sir William Waad then motioned to Topcliffe, who was in attendance with half a dozen halberdiers, and a few moments afterwards a panel was pushed aside, and Guy Fawkes was brought through it. He was supported by Topcliffe and Ippreve, and it was with the greatest difficulty he could drag himself along. So severe had been the sufferings to which he had been subjected, that they had done the work of time, and placed more than twenty years on his head. His features were thin and sharp, and of a ghastly whiteness, and his eyes hollow and bloodshot. A large cloak was thrown over him, which partially concealed his shattered frame and crippled limbs; but his bent shoulders, and the difficulty with which he moved, told how much he had undergone.

On seeing the presence in which he stood, a flush for a moment rose to his pallid cheek, his eye glowed with its wonted fire, and he tried to stand erect—but his limbs refused their office—and the effort was so painful, that he fell back into the arms of his attendants. He was thus borne forward by them, and supported during his examination. The Earl of Salisbury then addressed him, and enlarging on the magnitude and horrible nature of his treason, concluded by saying that the only reparation he could offer was to disclose not only all his own criminal intentions, but the names of his associates.

"I will hide nothing concerning myself," replied Fawkes; "but I shall be for ever silent respecting others."

The Earl then glanced at Sir Edward Coke, who proceeded to take down minutes of the examination.

"You have hitherto falsely represented yourself," said the Earl. "What is your real name?"

"Guy Fawkes," replied the prisoner.

"And do you confess your guilt?" pursued the Earl.

"I admit that it was my intention to blow up the King and

the whole of the lords spiritual and temporal assembled in the Parliament House with gunpowder," replied Fawkes.

"And you placed the combustibles in the vault where they were discovered?" demanded Salisbury.

The prisoner answered in the affirmative.

"You are a Papist?" continued the Earl.

"I am a member of the Church of Rome," returned Fawkes.

"And you regard this monstrous design as righteous and laudable — as consistent with the religion you profess, and as likely to uphold it?" said the Earl.

"I did so," replied Fawkes. "But I am now convinced that Heaven did not approve it, and I lament that it was ever undertaken."

"Still, you refuse to make the only reparation in your power — you refuse to disclose your associates?" said Salisbury.

"I cannot betray them," replied Fawkes.

"Traitor! it is needless," cried the Earl; "they are known to us — nay, they have betrayed themselves. They have risen in open and armed rebellion against the King; but a sufficient power has been sent against them; and if they are not ere this defeated and captured, many days will not elapse before they will be lodged in the Tower."

"If this is the case, you require no information from me," rejoined Fawkes. "But I pray you name them to me."

"I will do so," replied Salisbury; "and if I have omitted any, you can supply the deficiency. I will begin with Robert Catesby, the chief contriver of this hell-engendered plot, — I will next proceed to the superior of the Jesuits, Father Garnet, — next, to another Jesuit priest, Father Oldcorne, — next, to Sir Everard Digby, — then, to Thomas Winter and Robert Winter, — then, to John Wright and Christopher Wright, — then to Ambrose Rookwood, Thomas Percy, and John Grant, — and lastly, to Robert Keyes."

"Are these all?" demanded Fawkes.

"All we are acquainted with," said Salisbury.

"Then add to them the names of Francis Tresham, and of his brother-in-law, Lord Mounteagle," rejoined Fawkes. "I charge both with being privy to the plot."

"I have forgotten another name," said Salisbury, in some confusion, "that of Viviana Radcliffe, of Ordsall Hall. I have received certain information that she was wedded to you while you were resident at White Webbs, near Epping Forest, and was cognisant of the plot. If captured, she will share your fate."

Fawkes could not repress a groan.

Salisbury pursued his interrogations, but it was evident, from the increasing feebleness of the prisoner, that he would sink under it if the examination was further protracted. He was therefore ordered to attach his signature to the minutes taken

by Sir Edward Coke, and was placed in a chair for that purpose. A pen was then given him, but for some time his shattered fingers refused to grasp it. By a great effort, and with acute pain, he succeeded in tracing his Christian name thus:—

Guido —

While endeavouring to write his surname, the pen fell from his hand, and he became insensible.

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING THE TROUBLES OF VIVIANA.

ON coming to herself, Viviana inquired for Garnet, and being told that he was in his chamber alone, she repaired thither, and found him pacing to and fro in the greatest perturbation.

"If you come to me for consolation, daughter," he said, "you come to one who cannot offer it. I am completely prostrated in spirit by the disastrous issue of our enterprise; and though I tried to prepare myself for what has taken place, I now find myself utterly unable to cope with it."

"If such is your condition, father," replied Viviana, "what must be that of my husband, upon whose devoted head all the weight of this dreadful calamity now falls? You are still at liberty—still able to save yourself—still able, at least, to resist unto the death, if you are so minded. But he is a captive in the Tower, exposed to every torment that human ingenuity can invent, and with nothing but the prospect of a lingering death before his eyes. What is your condition, compared with his?"

"Happy—most happy, daughter," replied Garnet, "and I have been selfish and unreasonable. I have given way to the weakness of humanity, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for enabling me to shake it off."

"You have indulged false hopes, father," said Viviana, "whereas I have indulged none, or rather all has come to pass as I desired. The dreadful crime with which I feared my husband's soul would have been loaded is now uncommitted, and I have firm hope of his salvation. If I might counsel you, I would advise you to surrender yourself to justice, and by pouring out your blood on the scaffold, wash out your offence. Such will be my own course. I have been involuntarily led into connection with this plot; and though I have ever disapproved of it, since I have not revealed it, I am as guilty as if I had been its contriver. I shall not shun my punishment. Fate has dealt hardly with me, and my path on earth has been strewn with thorns, and cast in grief and trouble. But I humbly trust that my portion hereafter will be with the blessed."

"I cannot doubt it, daughter," replied Garnet; "and though I do not view our design in the light that you do, but regard it as justifiable, if not necessary, yet with your feelings, I cannot sufficiently admire your conduct. Your devotion and self-sacrifice is wholly without parallel. At the same time, I would try to dissuade you from surrendering yourself to our relentless enemies. Believe me, it will add the severest pang to your husband's torture to know that you are in their power. His nature is stern and unyielding, and, persuaded as he is of the justice of his cause, he will die happy in that conviction, certain that his name, though despised by our heretical persecutors, will be held in reverence by all true professors of our faith. No, daughter, fly and conceal yourself till pursuit is relinquished, and pass the rest of your life in prayer for the repose of your husband's soul."

"I will pass it in endeavouring to bring him to repentance," replied Viviana. "The sole boon I shall seek from my judges will be permission to attempt this."

"It will be refused, daughter," replied Garnet, "and you will only destroy yourself, not aid him. Rest satisfied that the Great Power who judges the hearts of men, and implants certain impulses within them, for his own wise but inscrutable purposes, well knows that Guy Fawkes, however culpable his conduct may appear in your eyes, acted according to the dictates of his conscience, and in the full confidence that the design would restore the true worship of God in this kingdom. The failure of the enterprise proves that he was mistaken, — that we were all mistaken, — and that Heaven was unfavourable to the means adopted, — but it does not prove his insincerity."

"These arguments have no weight with me, father," replied Viviana; "I will leave nothing undone to save his soul, and whatever may be the result, I will surrender myself to justice."

"I shall not seek to move you from your purpose, daughter," replied Garnet, "and can only lament it. Before, however, you finally decide, let us pray together for directions from on high."

Thus exhorted, Viviana knelt down with the priest before a small silver image of the Virgin, which stood in a niche in the wall, and they both prayed long and earnestly. Garnet was the first to conclude his devotions, and as he gazed at the upturned countenance and streaming eyes of his companion, his heart was filled with admiration and pity.

At this juncture the door opened, and Catesby and Sir Everard Digby entered. On hearing them, Viviana immediately arose.

"The urgency of our business must plead an excuse, for the interruption, if any is needed," said Catesby; "but do not retire, madam. We have no secrets from you now. Sir Everard and I have fully completed our preparations," he added to Gar-

net. "Our men are all armed and mounted in the court, and are in high spirits for the enterprise. As the service, however, will be one of the greatest danger and difficulty, you had better seek a safe asylum, father, till the first decisive blow is struck."

"I would go with you, my son," rejoined Garnet, "if I did not think my presence might be an hindrance. I can only aid you with my prayers, and those can be more efficaciously uttered in some secure retreat, than during a rapid march, or dangerous encounter."

"You had better retire to Coughton with Lady Digby and Viviana," said Sir Everard. "I have provided a sufficient escort to guard you thither, — and, as you are aware, there are many hiding-places in the house, where you can remain undiscovered, in case of search."

"I place myself at your disposal," replied Garnet. "But Viviana is resolved to surrender herself."

"This must not be," returned Catesby. "Such an act at this juncture would be madness, and would materially injure our cause. Whatever your inclinations may prompt, you must consent to remain in safety, madam."

"I have acquiesced in your proceedings thus far," replied Viviana, "because I could not oppose them without injury to those dear to me. But I will take no further share in them. My mind is made up as to the course I shall pursue."

"Since you are bent upon your own destruction—for it is nothing less,—it is the duty of your friends to save you," rejoined Catesby. "You shall not do what you propose, and when you are yourself again, and have recovered from the shock your feelings have sustained, you will thank me for my interference."

"You are right, Catesby," observed Sir Everard; "it would be worse than insanity to allow her to destroy herself thus."

"I am glad you are of this opinion," said Garnet. "I tried to reason her out of her design, but without avail."

"Catesby," cried Viviana, throwing herself at his feet, "by the love you once professed for me,—by the friendship you entertained for him who unhesitatingly offered himself for you, and your cause, I implore you not to oppose me now!"

"I shall best serve you, and most act in accordance with the wishes of my friend, by doing so," replied Catesby. "Therefore, you plead in vain."

"Alas!" cried Viviana. "My purposes are ever thwarted. You will have to answer for my life."

"I should, indeed, have it to answer for, if I permitted you to act as you desire," rejoined Catesby. "I repeat you will thank me ere many days are passed."

"Sir Everard," exclaimed Viviana, appealing to the knight. "I entreat you to have pity upon me."

"I do sincerely sympathize with your distress," replied

Digby, in a tone of the deepest commiseration ; "but I am sure what Catesby advises is for the best. I could not reconcile it to my conscience to allow you to sacrifice yourself thus. Be governed by prudence."

"Oh no,—no!" cried Viviana, distractedly. "I will not be stayed. I command you not to detain me."

"Viviana," said Catesby, taking her arm, "this is no season for the display of silly weakness either on our part or yours. If you cannot control yourself, you must be controlled. Father Garnet, I entrust her to your care. Two of my troop shall attend you, together with your own servant, Nicholas Owen. You shall have stout horses, able to accomplish the journey with the greatest expedition, and I should wish you to convey her to her own mansion, Ordsall Hall, and to remain there with her till you hear tidings of us."

"It shall be as you direct, my son," said Garnet. "I am prepared to set out at once."

"That is well," replied Catesby.

"You will not do me this violence, sir," cried Viviana. "I appeal against it, to you, Sir Everard."

"I cannot help you, madam," replied the knight, "indeed, I cannot."

"Then Heaven, I trust, will help me," cried Viviana, "for I am wholly abandoned of man."

"I beseech you, madam, put some constraint upon yourself," said Catesby. "If, after your arrival at Ordsall, you are still bent upon your rash and fatal design, Father Garnet shall not oppose its execution. But give yourself time for reflection."

"Since it may not be otherwise, I assent," replied Viviana. "If I must go, I will start at once."

"Wisely resolved," replied Sir Everard.

Viviana then retired, and soon afterwards appeared equipped for her journey. The two attendants and Nicholas Owen were in the court-yard, and Catesby assisted her into the saddle.

"Do not lose sight of her," he said to Garnet, as the latter mounted.

"Rest assured I will not," replied the other.

And taking the direction of Coventry, the party rode off at a brisk pace.

Catesby then joined the other conspirators, while Sir Everard sent off Lady Digby and his household, attended by a strong escort, to Coughton. This done, the whole party repaired to the court-yard, where they called over the muster-roll of their men, to ascertain that none were missing,—examined their arms and ammunition,—and finding all in order, sprang to their steeds, and putting themselves at the head of the band, rode towards Southam and Warwick.

THE MUMP.

BY HAL WILLIS, STUDENT AT LAW.

THE "Mump" is a slight variation of the "Sponge." The difference is, that the former possesses more sincerity, or impudence, than the latter, and ingenuously commences the invasion with an acknowledgment of his or her intentions. "Well, Tom, I've come to mump a dinner with you;" or, "My dear Mrs. B. I intend to mump a dish of tea with you this afternoon. How's the little dears?" and so forth. Both Mumps and Sponges are of very ancient origin. The Latins used to call them "*muscæ*" or flies, being always ready to taste of any man's dish without invitation.

Mrs. Wigglesby was one of the finest specimens (as a naturalist would phrase it) of the genuine "Mump" that ever existed. She looked about sixty, but she declared that "she should never see seventy again;" to the surprise of her friends, for really her gastronomic performances, for one who had entirely lost her *molares* or grinders, were perfectly astonishing.

She often confessed herself that she could (what she elegantly termed) "play a good knife and fork;" but always shook her head, and expressed her fears that it was a bad sign, which she did not at all like; a sentiment, by-the-by, in which many of the purveyors sympathized. But there was one point in the character of Mrs. Wigglesby which made her appear in a different light from the generality of "Mumps." Mrs. Wigglesby was a widow, without "chick or child," had a genteel independence, and no relations! What the amount of her income was no one had been able to ascertain, for everybody declared "that Wigglesby was very close." Some said that she was worth a great deal, and others went so far as to assert, that the Widow Wigglesby was worth "I don't know how much;" which latter kind of intimation is usually intended to convey the idea of a vast sum. The mystery, however, was left to be solved by the opening of her last will and testament, and the expectation of that "mournful occasion," kept up by sundry clever hints and inuendos from the Mump, served to feed the minds of the whole circle of her acquaintance. She possessed an excellent memory; and habit and experience had rendered her such an adept in calculation that she was a perfect rival to the famous "Francis Moore, Physician," the only difference consisted in this material point, that he calculated eclipses and tides on his own tables, while Mrs. Wigglesby made hers upon the tables of her friends.

She knew to a nicety whether the "hot" or "cold" was in the ascendant, or graced the board on a particular day, and could decide without entering the house (which she never did) when there was a "hash" or a "make up." As she preferred the first appearance of any joint, she usually was what foolish people call "fortunate enough" to drop in just as the cloth was laid, and the dinner served.

Then she made such careful "*minutes*" of the respective *hours* of feeding-time observed in the different families, that she was infallibly in "pudding-time."

She always made it a rule to pat the children on the head, or, wanting them, the pet-dog or cat of the family, and never forgot the names of any of them. A wonderful example of what the actors technically

denominate a "quick study," especially when it is considered she had to play so many parts at so short a notice.

Although, like many other people who have nothing to say, she talked a great deal, she was invariably listened to with great deference, and no one ever intimated the slightest indication that she was esteemed a bore.

Opposite to the house where she rented her ready-furnished "sitting-room and bed-room, with the use of the kitchen," — which she never used, for she gave no unnecessary trouble — lived the family of the Diggses. Diggs was an honest man in a "situation." Mrs. Diggs was a shrewd, bustling housewife, who could make a guinea go as far as most people, and had brought her dear man a numerous progeny. Notwithstanding there were so many mouths to feed, the thrifty Mrs. Diggs having made Mrs. Wigglesby's acquaintance at a friend's in the next street, was always glad to see Mrs. Wigglesby to take a snack with her in her homely way, or a dish of tea, or a bit of supper; and Mrs. Wigglesby, whose whole life was devoted to her friends, good-naturedly obliged her with more frequent calls than any of the rest of her acquaintance. There were two other cogent reasons besides her natural good-nature which prompted this marked predilection. The climate of our tight little island being rather variable, just crossing the road in any weather was attended with slight inconvenience either to Mrs. Wigglesby's body or apparel, and secondly, although the Diggses were but middling people, they lived well; and there being a large family, the consumption was great, and hot joints were consequently more prevalent.

Many people looked with rather a jealous eye upon these frequent visits; but what was a source of disquiet to others, was one of self-gratulation to the managing Mrs. Diggs, who prided herself upon her tact.

One evening, when Diggs had gone to his club, and the children were all abed, Mrs. Diggs had the infinite pleasure of having Mrs. Wigglesby all to herself; and Mrs. Wigglesby complaining of spasms (having been pressed by her host to take part of a capon and sausages, a favourite dish of hers,) the bottle labelled with "brandy" was produced with the accompaniments of hot water and sugar, and the two ladies set in for a gossip. The spasms of course went off, and the Mump began to be very confidential and conversant.

Mrs. Diggs hugged herself with the idea of extracting some important communication. She drew herself closer to the fire.

"Do you feel any draught where you sit, my dear Mrs. Wigglesby?" inquired the kind-hearted Mrs. Diggs. "Do take the sofa now. I know you will feel more comfortable."

With many thanks, Mrs. Wigglesby availed herself of the polite offer, for her supper had superinduced an inclination to a reclining posture.

"You don't drink, my dear Mrs. W." continued Mrs. Diggs as she brewed her dear friend a third tumbler of "stiff" brandy-and-water.

"Thank'ye, my dear Mrs. D. There! — there! — hold! that's enough," cried the faintly-resisting Mump. "Really, now, you have made it too strong. I vow I shall never reach my apartments to-night."

"Oh! Diggs shall see you home when he returns."

"Dear me, no. I could not suffer——"

"—But he will be quite offended if you refuse. You are such a favourite of Diggs, that I assure you if you were a *few* years younger I should be a little jealous. He is always talking about you."

The latter part of Mrs. Diggs' assertion was strictly true: for her husband often complained of the expense of "keeping up such an acquaintance," and used to talk in rather a murmuring strain of "looking after dead men's shoes"; that some old women, like cats, had nine lives; and other unqualified expressions, that indubitably proved his doubt of his partner's skill in being enabled to bring the main object of her ambition to bear. Mrs. Diggs, however, "ruled the roast," and persisted in the propriety of her conduct, predicting a golden harvest to her family from her clever exertions.

But to resume. Mrs. Diggs was resolved to carry on the war with spirit; and therefore zealously plied her dear Mrs. Wigglesby with the strong potation, expecting every moment to unlock the depository of the widow's secrets. Like a skilful artist she was well aware that a wet sponge or varnish applied to an old painting will infallibly bring to view the lights that age has enveloped in dust and obscurity.

"And you have really no family, no kindred, my dear?" said she, with a sympathetic sigh; at the same time fixing her scrutinizing eye upon her friend's venerable physiognomy as if she were about to extract not only a truth, but a tooth.

"How lonely you must be!"

"Relations are not always friends," replied Mrs. Wigglesby; "and, for my part, I have received so much kindness, and experienced so much affection from my friends, that I have no reason to regret or complain of my loneliness. Indeed, I am so rich——"

"Yes, a good income is certainly a consolation and a comfort," interlarded the anxious Mrs. Diggs.

"I do not allude to money," said Mrs. Wigglesby, "but friends. I am so rich in friends, that my worldly wealth is as nothing in the comparison."

Mrs. Diggs bridled up with a proud consciousness that she formed a portion of the widow's boasted wealth. The widow laid her long bony fingers upon her neighbour's broad red hand, and continued in a strain of maudlin confidence——

"And I assure you from my heart, my dear Diggs, that you——you are the first of those friends in my estimation. No daughter could have behaved more kindly than you have done——no mother have received more delicate attentions than I have at your hands. You shall not find me ungrateful. Your name, Mrs. Diggs, is——"

Rat-tat-tat-tat! went the knocker at this interesting juncture, and quite startled poor Mrs. Diggs, whose ears and nerves were stretched to the most nervous pitch of hungry expectation.

"Confound the man!" exclaimed Mrs. Diggs, as she rammed her spoon into her tumbler with mingled fright and vexation, "to come with such a——"

Rat-tat-tat-tat! went the knocker again, her dear husband being rather valorous in spirit, and unreasonably impatient.

Mrs. Diggs ran to the door——down dropped the chain with a sort of rattling accompaniment to the confusion of her scattered thoughts.

Mrs. Wigglesby heard Diggs' voice *in alt*,——and a *sotto voce* reply from his rib, in which the complimentary terms of "you fool!" were

alone audible above the sweet tenor of her gentle greeting. She then led the gentleman into the parlour. Fortunately the *moony* state of Mrs. Wigglesby's optics prevented her from observing his flushed cheeks and grog-moistened lips ; and she received his salutation with a composure which it would have been utterly impossible to have felt, if she had marked the "light in his laughing eye."

Hastily putting on her things, with Mrs. Diggs' assistance, the Mump took the proffered arm of her guide, and he saw her home. The pleasant lecture which awaited him on his return I shall leave to the imagination of my reader. That it was neither moving, nor irritating, nor clamorous, we may charitably deduce from the fact, that Diggs fell fast asleep in the middle of it, and replied to the climax of his spouse's interesting monologue with a snore that resembled the sustained note of a juvenile trombone.

Whether Mrs. Diggs had really anything to regret from the abrupt manner in which her dear guest's confidential communications had been cut short is doubtful ; for the habitual caution of Mrs. Wigglesby had become so natural to her, that it is scarcely within the pale of probability that she would have made any satisfactory disclosures. Certain it is, that what she had "dropped" tended greatly to ingratiate her in the favour and affection of the Diggses.

The Wigginses was another family in whose good graces she had particularly insinuated herself. They kept an excellent table as well as the Diggses. She usually sat in their pew, and excused herself to the Diggses (who kindly proffered her a seat) by solely attributing her preference in this respect to its proximity to the pulpit. Now the Wigginses and the Diggses were not on speaking terms,—an admirable point in the Mump's tactics, for it prevented any comparison of notes ; and indeed she sedulously avoided visiting anywhere when she discovered any existing acquaintance ; for disagreeable consequences might possibly have ensued ; and Mrs. Wigglesby was such a good soul, that she utterly abhorred all tale-bearing and detraction. Among the few valuables which Mrs. W. was in the habit of displaying, was a gold watch with an E. W. (Elizabeth Wigglesby) engraved on the back. It was a curious circumstance that Miss Wiggins' name was Eleanor, and she very pointedly remarked one day to the widow that the said initials happened to be hers likewise. Upon this hint the goodnatured Mump spoke with great effect.

"And the watch, Eleanor, shall be yours," said the condescending Mrs. Wigglesby ; "and that you may not be kept in suspense until my will is opened,—for I intend to live a few years longer,—I'll give it you directly—"

"Oh ! my dear Mrs. Wigglesby !" exclaimed Miss Wiggins, her large grey eyes gloating upon the back of the pendent watch.

"Nay, I'll give it you directly,"—continued Mrs. Wigglesby,—
"directly you are married !"

Miss Wiggins drew in a long breath, and the blood crimsoned her pallid pock-marked physiognomy as she viewed the watch—at a distance ! The Mump either did, or pretended to mistake the cause of her confusion.

"Ah ! you may blush, my dear ; but these things, you know, will happen in the best regulated families." And having uttered this sly innuendo, she patted Miss Eleanor on the cheek.

The truth is, the chances were *rather* against this consummation ;

for Miss Wiggins was an ordinary girl, ill-tempered, and rapacious ; and the lover must have been as blind as Cupid himself to have solicited her large mottled hand, which was more calculated to light a kitchen fire than to strike a *spark*.

But, however true, and necessary to the development of our subject, this digression is ungallant. To return to Mrs. Wrigglesby. One severe morning in December, Diggs was making his maternal grimaces before his looking-glass, lathering, and scraping, and wincing under the infliction of the uncomfortable operation, grumbling at the lukewarmness of the water, and the bluntness of his razor, when a sudden exclamation from Mrs. Diggs made him start, and make a slight incision upon his half-mown chin.

"'Nation !" cried he, stamping. "What the deuce is the matter?"

Mrs. Diggs, who had spoken so unseasonably, was now mute, as with a mysterious air, she took her husband by the arm, and leading him to the window, drew aside the muslin curtain, and pointed to the opposite side of the street.

Diggs saw nothing.

"Nothing !" cried Mrs. Diggs. "You fool ! don't you see *the* house is closed from top to bottom !"

"Gemini !" said Diggs, — "why, I say, as sure as a gun the old 'un's kicked the—"

"You unfeeling brute !" said the amiable and agitated Mrs. Diggs. "Put down your razor, and run over to Mrs. Grigson's, and give a single tap at the door, and say we hope nothing's the matter."

Three strides brought Diggs to his destination. He knocked, inquired, and his worst anticipations were realized—poor Mrs. Wrigglesby was gone !

Unfortunately the widow had been taken away from her friends so suddenly, that she had had no time to make a will. Many were, of course, very much surprised ; but it "turned out," upon investigation, that her husband had bequeathed her a sum of money, which she had prudently laid out in an annuity, which ceased with her life ; and her "plate, linen, and wearing apparel" scarcely produced sufficient to pay her "just debts and funeral expenses."

But perhaps her best epitaph is, that the Mump "still lives in the memory of all those who knew her !"

ON THE RUMOURED KNIGHTING OF BRUNEL, OF THAMES TUNNEL CELEBRITY.

By St. George ! what a change from the days that have been,
When a knight achieved fame by his sword in the field ;
Now *high* honours are gain'd on a much *lower* scene,
And the knight owes this triumph alone to his *shield* !

E. L. J.

GHOST GOSSIPS AT BLAKESLEY HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STEPHEN DUGARD."

"WELL," said Simon Barnardiston, looking boldly round the room, but wishing he could see the further end of it, "I *do* like good ghost stories, because I don't believe them."

"And I," rejoined Hugh Buckner, "like them, because I *do* believe them; for nobody shall persuade me that there are no such things as ghosts."

"With respect to there actually being such things as ghosts," remarked Ebenezer Carliel, gravely, "I don't know exactly what to say, after what happened to my own uncle."

"What was that?" inquired Mary Falconer (a pretty laughing-loving lass of eighteen), as she drew her chair nearer to the fire, and asked Mr. Carliel to stir it up and make a blaze.

"Why," replied Ebenezer, taking out his watch as he spoke, "it is almost too late to tell you."

"Oh, do!" said Mrs. Dagleish, snuffing the candles, as if she liked to have plenty of light for a ghost story.

"Yes, do," echoed Mary Falconer.

"Do you know it is just twelve?" observed Mr. Carliel.

"Capital!" exclaimed Simon Barnardiston. "When it strikes, who knows but we may have the ghost himself."

"Don't be foolish," said Mrs. Dagleish; "there's many a true word spoken in jest."

"Ay," replied Hugh Buckner, "and many a jest that's spoken in bravado. I warrant Simon would be the first to walk out of the window, if he saw a ghost walking in at the door."

"Try me," said Barnardiston.

"Try me," repeated a hollow sepulchral voice, which seemed to come down the chimney close to Simon's elbow, but which in reality came from a half-opened door by the side of the fire-place, that led into the best parlour.

Simon sprang from his chair as if he had been shot out of it by a bomb underneath,—Mary Falconer gave a scream,—Mrs. Dagleish cried, "Lord! what is it?"—Hugh Buckner felt a curious sensation run down his back, and out at his toes,—while Mr. Carliel ejaculated "Humph!" and deliberately finished the pinch of snuff he had just taken from his box; an act of calm self-possession for which he was solely indebted to the accidental circumstance of being seated opposite the door, where he saw at that instant the twinkling eye and good-humoured roguish face of Stephen Falconer, Mary's brother, who now burst into the room with an uproarious laugh at poor Simon.

"How can you make such a fool of yourself?" said Simon, nettled at having been frightened out of his valour before he had well put it on.

"Why, I never heard you come in," said his sister. "Who opened the door?"

"Jesse," replied Stephen, still laughing at his friend Simon, in which he was now joined by the whole party, each having by this time discovered that nobody was afraid but Simon, because he hap-

pened to be the only one who had given proof of the agility which fear sometimes produces.

Presently they were once more seated round the fire, with the addition of Stephen Falconer, when the church bell began to toll the midnight hour.

"Now for your story, Mr. Carliel," said Hugh Buckner, "and then we will go to bed. Tell us what happened to your uncle."

"Well," replied Mr. Carliel, "if Mrs. Dagleish will suffer such late hours in her house—"

"Oh!" interrupted Mrs. Dagleish, "it's Christmas time, so we may stretch a point;" and the cups were forthwith replenished with elder wine from a capacious jug which stood upon the hob. Mr. Carliel then began:

"My uncle, Dr. de Burgh, was a great reader, you must know, and very fond of poring over his books when all the rest of the family were in bed. One December night, as he was thus sitting alone in his study, the door of which was carefully locked (for he was terribly afraid of thieves, and always had a pair of loaded pistols on the table at such times), he had laid down his book to snuff the candles, when he saw sitting in an elbow-chair on the other side of the fire-place an elderly gentleman in a black velvet gown. His face was exceedingly thin and pale, shaded by long grey hair, which descended to his shoulders, and in his hand he held a small branch of rosemary. His eyes were fixed upon my uncle with a mild, benignant expression; and a smile of the same character gently spread itself over his countenance, when he perceived the alarm which his presence created.

"'Who are you?' said the Doctor, looking towards the door to see whether by any chance he had that night forgotten to fasten it; but it was closed, and the key turned in it as usual.

"'I am come,' said the mysterious visitor, 'to do an act of charity and justice through your means; and I have selected you for the office, because I know your integrity.'

"The voice of the speaker was low and solemn, but nothing ghost-like. The Doctor repeated his question, however, as to who he was, with the additional inquiry of whence he came, and how he got into the room; for he did not then suppose it to be a spectre. The old gentleman remained silent, but looked displeased; and my uncle, resolving to clear up the mystery, thought he would ring for the servants, who had not long gone to bed. He found, however, that he had no power to move from his chair."

"Rather unpleasant," observed Simon Barnardiston.

"Particularly to persons who like to spring out of their chairs," remarked Hugh Buckner, significantly.

"There, hold your tongue," said Mary Falconer, impatiently, "and let Mr. Carliel go on."

"When the apparition perceived the Doctor's agitation, it addressed him in a tone of great gentleness, and begged he would not be alarmed, as it had no intention to do him the least injury.

"'In the name of God *who are you?*' said the Doctor.

"'Were I to tell you,' replied the apparition, 'it would be of no use, for you do not know me. Listen to my errand. When I was of this world, I lived in the county of —, where I died possessed of large estates. These now belong to my grandson; but a suit has

been commenced by my two nephews, the sons of my younger brother, to wrest them from him. You must prevent it.'

" 'I!' exclaimed my uncle.

" 'You. It is for that purpose I am here. My words surprise you, and you are incredulous. Attend to what I am now going to say. The grand deed of settlement, the conveyance of the inheritance, is lost, and, for want of this deed, my grandson cannot maintain his right.'

" 'Well,' said my uncle, 'and what can I do?'

" 'This,' rejoined the spectre: 'go down to my grandson's house, and I will give you such instructions as shall enable you to find it for him.'

" 'Why not give those instructions to your grandson himself?' said the Doctor, becoming a little more at his ease with his unknown guest.

" 'Ask me not about that: there are divers reasons (some of which you may know hereafter) why I have preferred to do it through you. Your answer, therefore — will you undertake the office?'

" After some further discourse, my uncle consented, and then the spectre disclosed his name, the residence of his grandson, and such other particulars as were necessary to enable him to fulfil his mission.

" 'When you arrive,' continued the old gentleman, 'you can say you have seen me, but without mentioning where, or under what circumstances. I will prepare him for your visit. Ask to see the house, and in going over it you will come to an upper room or loft, filled with lumber. In one corner of this room there is an old chest with a broken lock, and a key in it, which can neither be turned in the lock nor pulled out of it. In that chest lies the grand deed which conveys the inheritance, and without the production of which my grandson and his family will be ruined. One thing more I would mention, which I wish you to take down in writing.'

" My uncle drew to the table, and spreading a sheet of paper before him, sat with his pen ready to write whatever the spectre might dictate. Several minutes elapsed, during which not a word was spoken, when raising his eyes, he perceived the chair empty! The vision had disappeared. He looked around the room, examined the door and windows, but could discover nothing which indicated how it had made its exit."

" I suppose the candles burned tolerably blue," remarked Simon Barnardiston.

" Of course," responded Hugh Buckner.

" And what did your uncle do?" inquired Mary Falconer.

" Why, he went down to the old gentleman's grandson, by whom he was received with unexpected civility, though a perfect stranger to him. In the course of conversation, he mentioned that he knew his grandfather, and that he was aware of the circumstances under which it was likely he would be troubled in his possession of the estates.

" 'Ay,' observed the gentleman, shaking his head; 'my father died so young, and my grandfather left his affairs so confused, that, for want of one principal writing, I am in danger of being dispossessed of this fine property by my cousins.'

“‘It is to be hoped you will be able to find it,’ said my uncle.

“‘I think I shall,’ replied the gentleman, looking significantly at the Doctor, ‘now you are come.’

“‘I!’ exclaimed my uncle, in great astonishment.

“‘Yes, you. I had a dream last night, in which I saw a stranger resembling yourself, who said he had come to assist me in the search.’

“‘Very odd,’ said the Doctor, ‘that you should have had such a dream. But I suppose you have already examined every place where it was at all likely the writing could have been deposited?’

“‘Every drawer, every box, every cupboard, every chest, every nook and corner in the house, from top to bottom,’ replied the gentleman.

“‘And what did you do with the boxes and chests after you had thus ransacked them?’

“‘I piled them up in an old loft full of rubbish, which leads out upon the clock turret.’

“‘I should like to see that old loft,’ said the Doctor.

“‘That you may; but it is not there you’ll find the deed of settlement, I promise you.’

“‘Perhaps not,’ rejoined my uncle, musing.

“‘Certainly not,’ answered the gentleman. ‘However, if you’ll follow me, I’ll show you the place.’

“So away they went, and when they entered the room, my uncle found everything just as the old gentleman had described, including the old chest with the rusty lock upon it, and the key—which would neither turn round nor come out.”

“How wonderful!” exclaimed Mrs. Dagleish.

“Yes,” continued Mr. Carliel; “and, what was yet more wonderful, my uncle saw the old gentleman himself seated near the window, smiling at him, and silently encouraging him by his gestures to proceed with his task; but he had sufficient self-command to suppress every expression of astonishment. He glanced at his companion to observe whether he was aware of his grandfather’s presence, and perceiving him quite unmoved, he was satisfied the spectre was visible only to himself.

“‘And you say you have ransacked every trunk and chest in this room?’ said the Doctor.

“‘Every one.’

“‘That’s a queer-looking old box, with the key sticking out,’ he continued.

“‘Ah!’ replied the gentleman, ‘that disappointed me the most of all. It was full of dusty parchments, and I made sure I should find the one I wanted; but it was not there.’

“‘I have a strange fancy come into my head,’ said the Doctor, ‘and I wish you would gratify it.’

“‘What is it?’

“‘I should like to examine that box myself.’

“‘There’s nothing to examine; it’s empty.’

“‘Never mind; just indulge me,’ rejoined my uncle.

“‘Certainly,’ said the gentleman; and calling a servant, he bade him drag it out from the heap of chests beneath which it lay. While thus employed, his master addressed him, ‘Don’t you remember that box, Will?’

" 'Yes, sir,' says Will, 'that I do. I remember you were so weary with taking out all the old parchments and examining them, that when you had done you were ready to faint.' "

" By this time Will had lugged the box out, and it now stood before the Doctor on the middle of the floor, with the lid up, and perfectly empty.

" 'I told you there was nothing in it,' said the gentleman.

" 'You were right,' replied my uncle, chopping his cane to the bottom of the box, and then leaning upon it, as if to support himself. 'Have you got a hammer and chisel handy?' he asked.

" 'Go and fetch one, Will,' said the gentleman.

" In a few minutes Will returned with a hammer and chisel, which he gave the Doctor, who immediately began to knock upon the flat of the bottom.

" 'Do you hear that?' said he, addressing the gentleman eagerly.

" 'Hear what? I don't understand you.'

" 'Why, the chest has a double bottom, sir—a false bottom. Don't you hear how hollow it sounds?'

" They immediately split the inner bottom open, and there lay the long-sought and much-desired parchment spread flat along the whole breadth of the chest."

" Well, only think!" exclaimed Mrs. Dagleish, lifting up her hands with astonishment. "No wonder, Mr. Carliel, you didn't know what to say about there being such things as ghosts, after this wonderful appearance of one to your own uncle."

" It doesn't appear, though," said Simon Barnardiston, "that the ghost told him anything about the double bottom. He found that out himself, and that was the principal thing, after all."

" Not exactly so," replied Mr. Carliel; "for whenever my uncle told the story,—and he was frequently asked to do so,—he always added, 'I should never have thought of the double bottom; but the fact is, while I stood looking into the empty box, and thinking I had been made a fool of by the old gentleman, I saw him rise from his seat near the window, and advance towards me. I had much ado to prevent myself from showing a little uneasiness; for I was convinced I had to do with a being of another world, whatever might be the reason of it; and there is a sort of shrinking from such visitors, in spite of ourselves. He stood on the opposite side of the box, close to his grandson, upon whom he looked with an expression of countenance that was quite heavenly in its benevolent and affectionate character, as if rejoicing in the approaching disclosure, that was to relieve him from all further anxiety and danger. My own eyes were fixed steadily upon him, which he perceiving, his countenance immediately changed to an expression of intense satisfaction with me; and motioning me to look into the box, he gently waved his rosemary branch to and fro, when the bottom of it seemed to grow transparent: for I saw, as plainly as it appeared after the false bottom was removed, the parchment lying in the way I have described. The whole of this passed in less than a minute; and when I again directed my look towards him he had vanished, the same as on his first visit.' "

" Well, I suppose it's all true," remarked Simon Barnardiston, "because your uncle said so; but it was a deuced roundabout way of doing the thing. Had I been the ghost, I would just have gone

into the loft myself, took out the parchment, and placed it on my grandson's breakfast table some fine morning, instead of troubling the Doctor. I dare say he never gave any of the reasons he promised for sending him on the errand."

"I believe not," replied Mr. Carliel. "But my uncle had some very good reason, nevertheless, for being satisfied; for the gentleman insisted upon his accepting a thousand-pound bank-note, as a slight acknowledgment of the great and signal service he had rendered him."

"And depend upon it *that* was the reason why the old gentleman sent him; that was what he meant when he said there were divers reasons why he preferred doing it through him," observed Stephen Falconer.

"How that may be, I cannot tell," said Mr. Carliel; "but the fact of the thousand pounds I do know, for I was with the Doctor when he received the letter containing it."

"You'll think what I'm going to say very foolish," said Mrs. Dagleish, "but if that note had come to me, I wouldn't have touched it for all the world. Anything I bought with it I should have expected would do me no good."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Simon Barnardiston, laughing; "it was not the ghost of a bank-note, I dare say."

"Very likely not," replied Mrs. Dagleish, with increased gravity; "but I could never have looked upon it like other money."

"And, strange to say," added Mr. Carliel, "it never did my uncle any good; though, for my part, I see no reason why it should have happened so."

"There now!" exclaimed Mrs. Dagleish, casting a look of triumph at Simon.

"He bought a field with it," continued Mr. Carliel, "and built a house there; but before the house was finished, the field was the scene of an awful murder; and after it was finished, it was struck by lightning, and burned down. He re-built it, and planted the field with trees, which all withered away, and nobody would live in the house, because it was said to be haunted; and there it stands to this day, empty and falling to pieces."

"And *was* the house haunted?" inquired Mary Falconer.

"Don't ask me," replied Mr. Carliel, shuddering as he spoke. "I was one of those who used to ridicule the idea of haunted houses; but I lived to change my opinion."

"In what way?" asked Hugh Buckner.

"A terrible way: too terrible to tell."

"If Mr. Carliel really did not want to tell how he became a convert to the belief that houses may be haunted, he adopted the worst possible method of seeking his end: for his mysterious words and disturbed manner excited the most lively curiosity in his auditors, one and all of whom beset him with entreaties to go on. These he resisted as long as he could; but a taunt from Simon Barnardiston, insinuating that he had nothing to tell, made him resolve to relate his adventure with the SCREAMING WOMAN: and so eager was the little circle to have it, that nobody thought this time of asking about the hour; the only preparation for the story being a little closer drawing together of chairs, a glance or two at the door by Mary Falconer, her brother, and Hugh Buckner, and an adroit turning

over of the log on the fire, edgeways, by Mrs. Dagleish, so as to make it blaze up bonnily.

"The field which my uncle bought," said Mr. Carliel, commencing his story with evident reluctance, and in a tone of voice which betrayed strong emotion, "was about seven miles from —, the county-town of —shire. In this town, or rather in the outskirts of it, was a private madhouse, kept by the celebrated Dr. —, who was reputed eminently skilful in the treatment of insanity, but withal had the reputation of using great severity, not to say cruelty, and was moreover accused of receiving patients whom friends or relations might wish to put out of the way; and who, it was said, once committed to his care, never troubled them afterwards. The house was a large, gloomy-looking place, surrounded by a high wall, and all the windows grated with iron bars, like a prison. The noises issuing from this place, especially during the night, were so frightful and appalling that few persons liked to pass it after dark, and those who were compelled to do so, hurried along, as if they expected to see at their heels some of the poor wretches who were howling, cursing, and blaspheming within.

"Among the stories current in the neighbourhood was one relating to a female lunatic, whom they called MARTHA. It was said that about twenty years before, a stranger, who stated himself to be her husband, arrived with her in a carriage one night. He informed Dr. —, apparently with the greatest affliction, that she was labouring under frenzy of so violent and outrageous a character, that nothing but the severe discipline which was understood to be part of his system of treatment, could have any effect upon her. He advanced a large sum of money; saw her lodged in one of the strongest cells of the establishment; and renewing his assurances that the unsparing application of the scourge was absolutely necessary, departed. His meaning was not misunderstood. So, at least, ran the story—for the shrieks of poor Martha were heard day and night, as if the lash were indeed not spared.

"This at length attracted so much notice, and there were so many strange rumours circulating, that it was determined by the magistrates to make some inquiry into the business, which, reaching the ears of Dr. —, he himself voluntarily fixed a day for receiving them. In the interim, however, Martha was found dead in the very field I have mentioned."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Dagleish, "how shocking!"

"Poor creature!" said Mary Falconer, with a sigh, "how did she get there, and who killed her?"

"I cannot answer either of your questions," replied Mr. Carliel, "and those who can, hold their tongues. It was given out that she had made her escape from the asylum, and destroyed herself; but though nobody could say she did not do so, nobody believed she did. Suppose the first improbability, that she could break out of her cell, and snap the heavy iron chain by which she was fastened to the wall, and elude the vigilance of all the keepers stationed in different parts of the asylum, was it likely she could have traversed the frequented road leading to the spot where she was found, without meeting some person whose notice she would have excited by her wild appearance, and half-clad form? Besides, what were her means of self-destruction? Nothing was found near the body, or in

any part of the field. In her clenched hand, indeed, she grasped a piece of ragged iron, and with that, it was pretended, she had so mangled her throat as to cause death. No—no; depend upon it the wretched woman never left the asylum alive. Marks of the chain and the whip were conspicuous on every part of her emaciated body, and long tufts of her thin grey hair were matted together with the blood which had issued from a deep gash on the back of her head. A lone cottager, too, whose hut stood in a lane adjoining the field, was awoke in the middle of the night by the sound of men's voices, and when they were heard no more, such terrific screams rang through the air every five minutes that the affrighted woman buried her face beneath the bedclothes in an agony of terror."

"How does that agree with what you have just said, that she did not leave the asylum alive?" said Simon Barnardiston.

"How did it happen," replied Mr. Carliel, "that the same screams were heard night after night, and every night on the same spot? How did it happen that scores of persons testified to this fact, until at last no one would come within a mile of the field after dark? How did it happen that those same persons who heard the screaming, saw also the dim shadowy form of a female flying round and round the field, as if pursued, and then suddenly disappearing in the very place where the body was found? How did it happen that a pale, bloodless face was seen pressing against the bedroom windows of the house which stood in that field, and this so constantly just after midnight, that the family were forced to quit it, and no one since has ever ventured to live in it? How did all these things happen?"

"Nay, I know not," replied Simon Barnardiston; "besides, I don't know that they *did* happen."

"Well, then, listen to what I know," said Mr. Carliel, somewhat nettled at Simon's incredulity, which in this case implied a sort of reproach upon what would seem to be his own credulity.

There was something rather startling in his solemn invitation to *listen*, after the glimpse he had given of what might be expected; especially as the candles had been neglected, till their snuffs were become dismally long, and the log of wood had been suffered gradually to flicker down to a red heat, without any blaze.

"Snuff the candles, Stephen," said Mary Falconer to her brother in a whisper.

"And give that wood a poke," said Hugh Buckner, addressing Simon, who sat next the fire.

The candles were certainly all the better for being snuffed: but the log was poked in vain. It merely splintered into red-hot ashes, without emitting as much flame as lights up a glow-worm's tail.

"My uncle," resumed Mr. Carliel when the little group had again settled down into silence, "told me all these circumstances with much chagrin, observing that the foolish notions which had thus got abroad would have the effect, he feared, of ruining his property in that quarter. I joined with him in ridiculing the whole thing, and proposed that he should go down, and by sleeping in the house himself, put an end to the delusion. I found, however, that, much as he laughed at the idea of the '*SCREAMING WOMAN*,' and the pale, bloodless face that was seen pressing against the windows, he had no fancy for undertaking the task I had assigned him; but he

jumped at my proposal to undertake it myself. I accordingly went down, and was most cordially received by the family, who seemed half to believe, and quite to wish, that my presence might dissolve the spell. I inquired, as you may be sure, very minutely into all the particulars, and asked whether there was any one room in the house which the lady fancied more than another, because if there was, I should prefer that one for my bed-chamber. I was promised the room at the window of which she had appeared three several times the preceding night; an occurrence, it seemed, which had never happened before. With this I declared myself satisfied; and supper being announced, we were just about to go into the apartment where it was laid, when I saw the gentleman's eldest daughter, a young lady about twenty, turn suddenly pale.

"'Now it's coming!'" said she. 'I know by that low moaning sound which the wind seems to make. O God! what shall I do while it lasts?' and covering her ears with her hands, she crouched down upon a chair in one corner of the room.

"She had scarcely done so before the very apartment in which we were all standing appeared to vibrate with a prolonged piercing scream, which made my blood run cold. It died away, and again it came, still louder, and still more piercing; so as to give one the notion of some poor wretch upon whom the most exquisite torments were being inflicted. A third time it came; but now it was faint, and tremulous, and broken by languid sobs, as if life were ebbing fast under the torture. Never while I live shall I forget the terrible sound of those screams, or of that agonising one which seemed to denote exhausted suffering yielding up its worn-out spirit!

"'Let us go to the door,' said I, wishing to ascertain whether the other part of the story was true, that the dim shadowy form of a female might be seen flying round and round the field. I did so. The master of the house accompanied me. The night was very dark, and not an object of any kind was visible. I strained my sight into the darkness in every direction, but could see nothing. This was a sort of relief to me; the screaming had a little staggered my resolution; but I now began to think that possibly it was either delusion, or some trick, being unaccompanied by that which it would have been more difficult to contrive, if there *were* any artifice at the bottom. But the relief, such it was, soon vanished. 'There!' said my companion, suddenly grasping my arm, and whispering in my ear, 'there! there! do you see? there she goes! round and round, like lightning!'

"I looked in the direction he pointed, and as plainly as I now see you," said Mr. Carliel, addressing himself to Mary Falconer.

"Lord! don't look at me," exclaimed the affrighted girl, who had been listening with breathless attention, and whom this appeal startled. "I shall fancy you see the SCREAMING WOMAN here."

"As plainly as I now see you," repeated Mr. Carliel, "I saw, whirling round the field, but not touching the ground, the form of a tall, thin woman, with outstretched arms, and her long white dress streaming behind her. Nay, as the spectral shadow seemed to pass within a few feet of where we were standing in its rapid flight, I could distinctly hear the rushing sound of a body passing through the air with great velocity. This continued for two or three mi-

notes, when the phantom suddenly darted towards the middle of the field, sunk down, and disappeared.

"That's the exact spot where the body was found," observed my companion. "Now are you satisfied? We may go in; she will appear no more till after midnight."

"I was indeed satisfied: more than satisfied—I was convinced. I had had ocular demonstration of a thing which could not be the effect either of imagination or contrivance; and to tell you the plain truth, if shame would have let me, I should have dispensed with the remaining part of my task. However, I kept my fears to myself, put a bold face upon the matter, admitted it was very strange; but, like our friend Simon there in the corner, affected to believe that, whatever it might be, it could be nothing supernatural; and thus trying to 'screw my courage to the sticking-place,' I took possession of my bedchamber, gaily promising to give a good account of the ghost next morning at breakfast.

"That was very venturesome, I think," observed Mrs. Dagleish. "I hope you said your prayers as soon as you were alone."

"I said them before I went to bed, as I always do," replied Mr. Carliel, "but I do not remember that I put up any special one for the occasion."

"What! did you go to bed?" inquired Mary Falconer, "and put out the candle!"

"I went to bed; but, to confess the truth, I did *not* put out the candle."

"I would have had half-a-dozen candles had I been you," observed Hugh Buckner. "I always think one doesn't feel so afraid of *anything* when there's plenty of light. It wasn't a rushlight, I hope? Rushlights are nasty things—they burn so dim, and are so apt to gutter and go out."

"Did you go to sleep?" asked Mrs. Dagleish.

"Oh yes; for I did not want to lie awake: but may the next slumber (if ever I am doomed to have such another,) that is to end in so horrible a way, never—never be broken! A dream was upon me full of blood and death. The shrieking maniac flitted through my brain in a thousand shapes. At one moment she seemed to be standing over me, brandishing a sword of fire. The next, she advanced from a dark corner of the room, bearing in her right hand a skull filled with some loathsome fluid. Lord! how she glared upon me as she presented this draught to my lips, and with her long bony fingers thrust into my mouth, forced me to swallow it. I felt it trickle down to my very heart in slow, cold drops,—and when there, methought it burned like a raging fire. The torment maddened me; I attempted to spring upon the hag by whom it was inflicted; but a long, sallow arm held me down. I struggled with her; and in the struggle I awoke. The first sound that struck my ears was that unearthly scream, which I had heard a few hours before. It was repeated: it came from the window: the casement flapped as if shaken by a strong wind: and though my very sinews seemed shrunk and withered by the sound, I threw myself out of bed, and staggered towards the window. I tore the curtains asunder, and there, *pressed close against the glass, I saw a pale, bloodless visage, the glare of whose red eyes seemed to scorch my own.* I well remember what followed—the impulse, which I could not resist, to

dash my hand through the panes. As I did so, the lips of the phantom quivered, the scream rang again through the apartment, and I fell senseless on the floor. The noise of the broken glass awakened the master of the house, who hastened into my room, and found me in a swoon, with my hand dreadfully cut and bleeding. Here are the scars still remaining," continued Mr. Carliel, showing the back and wrist of his right hand, "and I never look at them without a shuddering recollection of how they came there."

"And was it never known," said Mrs. Dagleish, "how that poor creature came by her death?"

"Never. The matter was hushed up; no inquiries were made by any of her family, and strangers, whatever they might think, did not care to come forward. I believe, indeed, not even Dr. — himself was acquainted with her name or history."

"Poor soul!" ejaculated Mary Falconer, yawning as she spoke.

This set them all yawning, which produced a general declaration that it was very late, and time to go to bed. But nobody moved.

"And you saw the face quite plain through the glass, did you?" asked Hugh Buckner, addressing Mr. Carliel, at the same time directing his looks towards the window of the room in which they were sitting.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Carliel; "there was no mistake about the matter; and I have seen it many a time since."

"Good gracious! where?" said Mrs. Dagleish.

"I see it now," he continued calmly, turning his eyes upwards to the ceiling. Immediately *all* their eyes were hurried upwards to the ceiling. "And I can bring the hideous image before me at any time, so strong was the impression it produced. In like manner I often hear the scream ringing in my ears."

He had scarcely uttered the words when a terrific screaming was heard, which appeared to come from below stairs. Mrs. Dagleish and Mary Falconer screamed in chorus; Mr. Carliel grew pale; Stephen Falconer caught up the poker; Hugh Buckner held fast by his chair; and Simon Barnardiston made for an old-fashioned cupboard in one corner of the room, into which he vanished in the twinkling of an eye.

The screaming continued, — footsteps were heard hurrying along the passage, — the door flew open, — and Jesse, the servant wench, rushed in.

"Oh, ma'am!" said she, addressing her mistress, "I have been so frightened!"

"Frightened!" cried Simon, issuing from his hiding-place the moment he heard her voice, "what the devil was there to frighten you, you foolish girl?"

"Oh, so frightened!" continued Jesse, dropping into a chair, and beginning to cry most lustily, holding her apron to her eyes with both hands.

"She ought to be ashamed of herself," quoth Hugh Buckner, his teeth chattering as he spoke.

Stephen Falconer gently restored the poker to its place, advanced towards his sister, who seemed very much inclined to go into hysterics, called it "a capital joke," and tried to laugh.

"I don't know what it all means," said Mrs. Dagleish, recovering from her alarm, "but it is very trying to one's nerves to have such

a scream in the house, just as we were all thinking about the poor screaming woman."

"The coincidence is certainly curious," remarked Mr. Carliel; "but, though startled at first, hang me if I can help laughing at it now;" and forthwith they all began laughing at each other, which put a stop to Jesse's crying: she thought they were laughing at her, but wondered why. At last she laughed too, partly from the infectious nature of that "inarticulate expression of sudden merriment," (as Johnson defines it,) and partly from the recollection of what had caused her own fright.

"It *was* certainly very ridiculous!" exclaimed Mary Falconer, the tears running down her cheeks.

"Very," added Mrs. Dagleish.

"Plenty of screaming, down stairs and up," said Stephen.

"I sha'n't forget how you looked when you laid hold of the poker," quoth Simon Barnardiston.

"Nor I how *you* looked, when you bolted into the cupboard in double-quick time," retorted Stephen.

"Nor I, how we all looked," observed Mr. Carliel; at which the laugh began again, and continued till their very sides ached, and their temples throbbed.

Jesse, meanwhile, who knew nothing of how the family had been amusing themselves since supper, could not for the soul of her understand why her screaming should be the cause of such excessive merriment.

At last they ceased laughing, and then she was called upon to explain what had happened to her, which she did in few words. Waiting to go to bed, she had fallen asleep by the kitchen fire; but was awakened by something tickling her left ear. "Putting up my hand," she continued, "to scratch my ear, I laid hold of I did not know what; it was soft and warm, like a mouse; but how a mouse could get behind my ear I could not think. However, it jumped out of my hand, and came with such a bounce upon the floor that I thought it would run up my petticoats perhaps; so I set up a skreek, (I couldn't help it,) and ran out of the kitchen."

The mystery thus solved, the Christmas gossipers soon after separated for the night, but not before it was settled that Mrs. Dagleish should tell her story of "THE BLACK RIBAND" next morning at breakfast.

TO MYRTHA.

BY GEORGE RUDOLPH WECKHERLIN.*

FAITHLESS am I, and false to thee?
Repent thee of thy charge severe.
Love honours my fidelity,
E'en as he holds thy beauty dear.

I promised to exist for thee,
Nor did a thought remain untold;
And yet thou hast a doubt of me,
Already hath thy faith grown cold.

Who could another's charms compare,
Bright model of all grace! to thine?
Search 'mid the shepherds roving there,
Whose constancy can equal mine?

In thee my heart and spirit dwell,
I live to love and sigh for thee;
If thine I am not, Myrtha, tell
To whom hast thou surrendered me?

* Born at Stuttgart, in 1584; died in London.

PLAIN ADVICE TO MR. GABRIEL BLACKADDER,
A YOUNG COUNTRY ATTORNEY,
ON WILL-MAKING, AND ON THE EXECUTORSHIP AND TRUSTEESHIP.

“I said, there was a society of men among us, bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid. To this society all the rest of the people are slaves.”—SWIFT.

THE recent irregularities of the Post Office deliveries have caused the following letter of advice to get into a wrong attorney's hands, and he has, as matter of course, opened it, and retained it. Intended, as it appears to be, for the instruction and guidance of an individual only, still the matter is of such general interest that its publication and dissemination would appear to promise good in various quarters. There are more “Mr. Blackadders” than one in the Law List; and those victims of the fang, styled in the pleasing language of France, “Cestuique trusts,” may like to know how they are bitten!

TO GABRIEL BLACKADDER, ESQ.

Little Graspington, 19th August, 1840.

MY DEAR GABRIEL,

OUT of the great regard I bore to your dear father, Mr. Aspley Blackadder, — who might have turned his many professional opportunities to vast account, if he had not unfortunately been counteracted by a softness of heart and disposition quite inimical to the progress and success of a country attorney, — I am anxious to put you in possession of a few hints as to arrangement, conduct, and prudence as a professional man, which I think will not be thrown away upon you. Your probationary time with the respectable firm of Messrs. Pike, Row, Badgery, and Cramp, (Lincoln's Inn attorneys,) is now over; and from finding you at your office at least once out of every twenty times I called upon you, I am satisfied that you have applied yourself to your avocations with more diligence and zeal than is to be found in any one young gentleman from the districts, out of fifty. And I must say that when I *have* found you at your post, you have not been idling your time as others of your kind are in the habit of doing, — for I have invariably detected you reading the morning paper, or mending a pen, or engaged in some way cultivating your knowledge of men and things. Your valuable life, Gabriel, is now to commence. As with Mr. Milton's Adam,* your “world is all before you where to choose” your

* The moment Eve was created — that is, the moment there were *two* on the earth, brawling and bickering commenced, — and a *separating mediator* (the true character of the attorney) immediately stepped in, and taught the pair to “sever.” I believe the devil is the first solicitor on record. He has, however, left a large professional family!

place for practice and emolument ; and it will not be my fault if the son of my departed friend do not turn out an eminent attorney as well as a right prosperous man. The name of Blackadder will, I trust, be for ever associated with that of a country attorney !

The inability of your father (who resided near Lancaster), my good young friend, to co-operate cordially and effectively with that ingenious but unfortunate practitioner, Mr. Wrong, who made himself a beacon to all country professors in litigation—not only to guide but to warn — is fresh in my memory. Mr. Wrong practised, I understand, on a great and commanding scale, and but for meeting an obstinate old sea-officer, who had rugged and antiquated notions of rights and property, I have no doubt he would have been an opulent example to sequent trustees, and all rural advisers and followers ; and would have distinguished himself extensively as “a next friend” to persons of landed property. Your father—forgive me, Gabriel, for alluding to his frailties and imperfections,—was a far too yielding, good, easy, conscientious man ; and there cannot be a doubt but that he affected, with some taint of a timorous, enfeebling consideration, several parts of the great but unhappy will cause in his neighbourhood. It is a pity he interfered. You must endeavour, if you cannot forget, to avoid this undermining weakness ; and let me assure you that it will require all your care (as you mean to settle somewhere in Yorkshire, Lancashire, or Westmoreland,) to overcome the prejudice which exists (owing to this improvident dispute) against legal persons as executors, guardians, trustees, and next friends. However, I never yet knew a comely, well-fed blue-bottle object to fly into *the web*, though he did see sundry little, dried, brown skeletons, of his fellow-creatures gibbeted in film, as it would appear, for the sake of example : and, in angling in the Greta or the Lune (your favourite rivers) you must have observed that you never in the spring saw a par object to rise because he had just seen one of his barred companions estranged by your means from his society.

Before you can possibly (unless you have some lucky parochial turmoil, or professional death in the village)—I say, my dear Gabriel, before you can possibly become fairly *embedded*, as it were, in a solid practice, you will have to watch the querulous on fair-days, provoke little disputes at the farmers’ ordinaries, bestir yourself in bastardy cases (of course I need not caution you to be invariably concerned for the father,—a mother never pays!) and prosecute or defend poachers, as the case may be ; I have known poachers as worthy men in the way of paying a lawyer, as the squire that persecutes them, or the justice that commits them. Besides,—as you are probably better paid by the victim of the game-laws, — your zeal in the cause of a poor oppressed man gets you a good name in the neighbourhood ; and as there is a free and rapid communication passed between the followers of similar pursuits, you are likely to have professional calls from the surprised hawker without a licence,—the maimed sufferer snatched out from under the wheels of that great political Jaggernaut “the Customs,” and from the twilight prey of the Excise. These will make your first clients, and much depends upon your own effrontery before a bench of magistrates for a triumphant career in this particular line. Be not abashed. Never attend without three or four volumes of Bacon’s Abridgment, or a bunch or so of Reports, or Jacob’s Law Dictionary, or any light calf-bound book, — if in folio the more imposing. You

cannot be too loud against the bench,—too brow-beating towards witnesses,—or too unflinching in the *assertion* of cases and precedents. Never mind your grammar—be garrulous. Fat, aged, vain old gentlemen, in powder, and the commission of the peace, like to have law supplied to them by the ton, like coal, from *your* wharf, and are not particular as to the slatishness in quality, provided you deliver them as *law coal*. I cannot too strongly impress it upon you that you must take it for granted when you enter the justice-room that the only law then present is under your own arm, and that the only instrument for calling it into use is in your own mouth. I remember once attending on behalf of a man who was discovered working an illicit still, and having no book about me but an odd volume of Cooke's Bankrupt Law, I read an extract from the act on the subject of "beginning to keep house, &c." and worked it up with reference to a case or two on the subject of the petitioning creditor's debt, and I brought my man off on the bare ground of the extreme difficulty of the law on the matter! From this you may safely set it down as an unalterable rule, that you may quote *any* law upon *any* occasion, provided you confound it with the subject in hand, and well knead it up with impenetrable cases and imaginary precedents. However, I shall take it for granted that a young man of your talent and intentions, will not long remain without an imbecile landowner, a sick farmer, or a distressed widow, to open to you the field of power, wealth, and fame; over which it will be my earnest endeavour to direct you properly and triumphantly to tread!

And here let me tell you, *ex cathedra*, that you must yourself have no *granite* of passion or humanity within your breast, my dear Gabriel, of which to make your highway of life. Your feelings, your very heart, must be *macadamized*; so that while all may appear smooth to others, you yourself may repose in that confidence which arises from the knowledge that even all the ground and small particles of your nature are but dissevered, multiplied, and individual flints! Harden yourself into a practice of being severe and rigid in all your actions, and then you shall never fail. Pope, acknowledged to be one of our best moral writers, remarks, "The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world!" Let wealth be your first great aim and end: "Put money in your purse," and the world is your very obedient humble servant. What says Swift,—"Grow rich, and you will have no enemies!"—Of this, however, I have my doubts, if you have a friend.

You are an only son. It is a misfortune. I wish you could have had one brother in the church, and another in the medical line. You then would, bating the linendraper, the grocer, and the banker, (which probably, however, would be one and the same,) be in possession of the whole village and its neighbourhood. It would be hard indeed if any given ailing man could escape the whole of you; and of a truth the leech and the spiritual adviser must work indolently indeed if they do not by the usual means reduce the poor man into a state fit for the making, in a reasonable time, a will. Physicking, sound unremitting physicking, and an uninterrupted course of spiritual admonishing, cannot fail to bring down the burliest of minds to the required lowness: and then you come in upon the troubled waters of his mind, like oil, to smooth his worldly affairs, and provide for the trusteeship hereafter.

The common interchange of thoughts and converse with those who

will indisputably become your first clients, will very much tend to qualify you for a strict application and adherence to your duties. Do not be very squeamish about your night-times; because I have known much early business spring out of the little hours. But permit yourself rest enough to ensure your leaving your bed early in the morning. It is then that the corns of the conscience get sore and painful. Rise before you have time to air your thoughts on the pillow: the peace of mind of an attorney, like eloquence, consists in action, action, action! Demosthenes was no simpleton. I read lately, to show the weakness to which the human mind of a man not crystallized by the law, may be subdued, a maudlin sentiment of one Dr. Arbuthnot, painful indeed to contemplate in one of his years, piety, and practice: "I have not seen anything as yet to make me recant a certain inconvenient opinion I have, that one cannot pay too dear for peace of mind!" One rejoices to see that the *inconvenience* is admitted. And what, let me ask, is anything in this life, apart from convenience?

You will find, my dear Gabriel, that the fundamental principles on which our laws are based have been referred to and acknowledged by our best writers time out of mind. And surely nothing could be more unwise in a follower of the law, as far as his own interests are concerned, or more discourteous on his part to the admitted sovereignty of custom, than to break in upon the delicacies, and to disturb the mazes in which the all-abundant law is rich. I have known a very simple gentleman, who hath been lately labouring very lustily in the idle and futile endeavour to bring about a new and plain phraseology in our acts of Parliament; but I have such confidence in the wisdom and constancy of our legislators, and in their devoted attachment to precedent, that I shall be very much surprised if they can be brought to consent to an abandonment of the good old English artistical, mystical, parliamentary language. Surely if the laws were comprehensible by magistrates and unprofessional every-day men, they would lose half their dignity and effect upon the people in general; for, depend upon it, Gabriel, the difficulty in arriving at a meaning at all, even by experienced lawyers, is one of the grand sources of moral effect in an act of parliament. Swift (the literary gentleman I have already referred to) in the following passage sketches a likeness of the law, with perhaps a bitter expression, but still certainly with something like fidelity.

"It is a maxim among these lawyers, that whatever hath been done before may legally be done again: and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made against common justice, and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of *precedents*, they produce as authorities to justify the most iniquitous opinions; and the judges never fail of directing accordingly.

"In pleading they studiously avoid entering into the *merits* of the case; but are loud, violent, and tedious, in dwelling upon all *circumstances* which are not to the purpose. For instance, in the case already mentioned, they never desire to know what claim or title my adversary hath to my *cow*, but whether the said *cow* were red or black, her horns long or short; whether the field I graze her in be round or square; whether she were milked at home or abroad; what diseases she is subject to, and the like. After which they consult *precedents*, adjourn the cause from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years come to an issue.

"It is likewise to be observed, that this society hath a peculiar cant and jargon of their own, that no other mortal can understand, and wherein all their laws are written, which they take special care to multiply; whereby they have wholly confounded the very essence of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong, so that it will take thirty years to decide whether the field, left me by my ancestors for six generations, belong to me, or to a stranger three hundred miles off."

Having offered these general observations for your consideration, I shall now conclude that through the death or defalcation of a previous agent, or in consequence of sudden illness in a country gentleman, or through the benevolent selection on the part of some well-fortuned widow, you are called upon to exercise those great powers and functions with which you are endued; and that estates and families are about to become dependent upon your legal husbandry. You are sent for to a languishing or an agitated bedside,—and now, my dear Gabriel, throw your whole professional soul into a passage which ought to be printed in letters of gold in the Law List, and in your Lett's Diary,

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Neglected,—all the voyage of men's lives
Is bound up in shallows and in miseries!"

Your fortune is at the flood in the dying man's room. And now are you called to act with firmness, oneness, and discretion. The will is to be made! The property ascertained, it is for you to suggest the mode of its appropriation; for I never yet saw the man who was competent to undertake himself this difficult part of the task.

You will, Gabriel, have been an ill manager if you have not in some cases wormed yourself into the stewardship, or accomplished the possession of leases and title-deeds, and in fact been the active manager or agent of the testator some time before he dies. Get a farm into your own tenancy as soon as may be, and never mind the rent being a little large at the outset. You will see anon the value of this course of conduct. Confirm firstly in the will the appointment of yourself as steward. Allow all reasonable travelling expenses; costs as between client and solicitor, and give yourself a life-interest in the farm at a nominal rent. Make yourself trustee and executor, with enunciating powers to all around you. You are to pay the annuity to the widow during her widowhood (according to your approval of her conduct). You are to be guardian to the son or daughter, with a prohibitory power over marrying. You are to have a discretionary right to cut timber; sell, buy, or exchange lands; keep, hire, or discharge servants; and to repair buildings and let farms or houses. You will take care that a large surplus is to be at your disposal,—either to be invested or divided (as you please), or expended in improvements, or consumed in costs; for on this surplus the great command over an excited family is to depend. Let "a one of them" talk of chancery, and you cut off the supplies. You act as a conscientious trustee against the rebellious, to protect the submissive; and can have apparently no personal motives to act otherwise than for the benefit of the estate. Invest yourself with liberty to raise monies by way of mortgage, and to pay them off again; because you can always get up an

arrears of rents, and mortgages and discharges are, as Marall (a fine old model for you, by the way,) says, "very costly." You will act wisely to oppose all this armour, in which you are arrayed against the family, with apparent shields against yourself. Leave yourself a mourning ring, or a few guineas, and appoint an arbitrator from some of the old barristers in London, or at a great distance, who will of course, for a proper fee, pass your accounts in ignorance and generosity. Lastly, get some other attorney to be a witness to the will, and pay him for his trouble; it would be hard indeed if such a service should be denied, and it does wonders as to your own open conduct.

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

I believe I have given you such directions as to the framing the will as cannot fail to place you in gigantic power; and now, presuming the testator to have afforded you, by a timely retirement from life, a fair opportunity of exercising your manifold rights, I will proceed to give you a few hints as to your conduct as executor and trustee.

"The *will*—where Death has set his seal,
Nor Age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor Falsehood disavow!"

Remember, my dear Gabriel, you must never write a letter, converse with tenant, legatee, or annuitant, but you must lug in the words, "consistently with your duty as trustee!" or, "ready as yourself individually to," &c.; "but as a conscientious trustee," &c.; or, "confidence reposed in you by testator," or "unceasing regard and respect for the wishes of the deceased;" or "consideration for the interests of those intrusted," &c.; or "due regard for your own [character as executor;" or "unflinching observance of your actions as trustee." You will soon drop into a proper style of phraseology, and adapt your language to the decorum of your situation, and the necessities arising out of your actions.

The will proved, you commence your reign: and it is your own error if you are deposed or involved in war. Commence the tyrant at once. All the members of the family should act the *fies* to your *Domitian*. Throw off all the previous fawning and servility, and plunge into the full tide of power. Ask for the money in the house; seize all maps, deeds, account-books, banker's book, inventories, &c. and commence the subduing of the widow by severities of manner, and insinuations against conduct and character. Express disgust at your own labours and responsibilities to come, and complain of your large claims unsettled. Use a little new language, and threaten chancery for your own protection.

It were to be wished that, to the utter exclusion of all relations and friends, you could have left all to yourself; but this is a dangerous and impolitic course, and leads to litigation against yourself. Give small annuities to sons or nephews,—bestow trifling legacies on old bosom-friends,—nay, even permit a residue of a well-thinned personalty to descend to the widow or daughter. These little desertions of self tell importantly with the world, and in the Court of Chancery. You can also then make the suspension or death of the annuity, or benefit, a

penalty imposed on any questioning of the will. You may even allow an estate to go to the legal heirs of a son, or grandson, or nephew,—if you accompany the same with a restriction from marriage without your own consent in writing. Should the residue be left to the widow, you, as receiver, will be able to render it what you please; and be sure to make it out with a statement of shillings, pence, and halfpence,—(never mind how small the pounds,)—a halfpenny is invaluable, because it will savour of the reality. Be sure not to pay over the trifling amount, which you will be certain to find the residue to consist of, without taking a release. It is a virtuous act in you to save the estate as much as possible; and you will do yourself no ill turn in fortifying against all risk except an appeal to equity. Do not forget that you will be sure to find long bills of costs unsettled at the time of the testator's death, which must be defrayed out of the residue; and if you charge and retain * as you ought to do, there never can be a balance of more than a few pounds left for the residuary legatee.

You will remember, Gabriel, that I have already recommended you to give yourself the power of buying, selling, or exchanging lands; and, with reference to rendering this power of essential value, you must be very careful in purchasing a rood or two of land in the immediate neighbourhood of that belonging to the testator's estate, in order that you may confound boundaries, and improve your own property. You may be the intermediate purchaser of land with a bad or questionable title, and have clearly a right (see Will) to sell it for the benefit of the cestuique trust, and add to the value of your own freehold. Part with a good barren upland, or rude hill-plantation, explaining to the family that the beauty of the estate is increased. The inheritors of land have an eye to the picturesque; whilst you will remember Fielding's Peter Pounce:—"A fig for prospects," answered Pounce; "one acre here is worth ten there; and, for my own part, I have no delight in the prospect of any land but my own." Continual sales and exchanges, Gabriel, are not effected without deeds; and I think I need not hint to you how much, owing to the difficulty of the titles, you will gain in the *abstract*.

It is of vital importance that you should at the commencement of your trusteeship disclaim wealth in the strict discharge of your duties.

* No one will dispute the plain truths with which the following passage, from the pen of Anstey, opens and concludes; but the *impossibility* which the poet presses into his service as an illustration has recently given up the ghost!—and Old Neptune, under the professional care of Dr. Paisley, has had an emetic or two, cylindrically administered to him, which has made him "vomit up the Royal George," with a vengeance. This is the most extensive case of sea-sickness on record. It will, however, take a wilderness of Paisleys to administer an effective emetic to a lawyer's purse!

"Not one of all the trade that I know
E'er fails to take the ready rhino,
Which haply if his purse receive,
No human art can e'er retrieve;
Sooner the daring wights who go
Down to the watery world below
Shall force Old Neptune to diagorge
And vomit up the Royal George,
Than he who hath a bargain made,
And legally his cash convey'd,
Shall e'er his pocket reimburse
By diving in a lawyer's purse."

You have had no opportunities of attending to your own interests. To recur again to Peter Pounce, Fielding hath so well described the conduct as well as the language you should adopt, that I cannot do better than press him into my service.

“‘I fancy, Mr. Adams, you are one of those who imagine I am a lump of money; for there are many who, I fancy, believe that not only my pockets, but my whole clothes, are lined with bank-bills. But I assure you, you are all mistaken; I am not the man the world esteems me. If I can hold my head above water, it is all I can. *I have injured myself by purchasing.* I have been too liberal of my money. Indeed, I fear my heir will find my affairs in a worse situation than they are reputed to be. Ah! he will have reason to wish I had loved money more, and land less. Pray, my good neighbour, where should I have that quantity of riches the world is so liberal to bestow on me? *Where could I possibly, without I had stole it, acquire such a treasure?*’—‘Why, truly,’ says Adams, ‘I have been always of your opinion. I have wondered as well as yourself with what confidence they could report such things of you, which have to me appeared as mere impossibilities; for you know, sir, and I have often heard you say it, that your wealth is of your own acquisition. And can it be credible that in your short time you should have amassed such a heap of treasure as these people will have you worth? Indeed, had you inherited an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, which had descended in your family for many generations, they might have had a colour for their assertions.’—‘Why, what do they say I am worth?’ cries Peter, with a malicious sneer.—‘Sir,’ answered Adams, ‘I have heard some aver you are not worth less than twenty thousand pounds!’”—FIELDING.

Never allow a farmer to have an interest in the land he cultivates beyond that of a tenant at will; for unless he is dependent upon your bounty, he is a dangerous sort of vermin on the land he rents. You must be able to keep the terror of dismissal over him, or he will require the repairs charged in your accounts to be really done; and will cavil at the exchanges of fields, and the cheese-parings of land, which you will see fit to make; and will think rather of sound farming than submissive vassalage. On no account omit the variation of fences:—you thus *may* defeat surveys and maps as to the trust estate, and furnish *ground* for maps of your own. If there be rivers and mountain-streams careering about the property, they are invaluable; because the damage they do to stone walls at a distance, and worthless banks, form matchless foundations for charges in the accounts, and are incessant sources of imaginary waste and damage. A good mountain-stream ought to be worth a thousand a-year to you. Always object to repairs that *ought* to be made, on account of the great expense of the repairs that are *not* made; and because you may, in the character of trustee, be called upon to account by the next heir. Lug in the words tenants in tail-male; because they are very confusing to inexperienced ears, and sound legal.

You must never think of trees but as timber, as I have entreated you to consider rivers and streams but as means of devastation and sources of visions of repair. Avoid rhapsody and poetry as you would steel-traps and spring-guns. This seems a foolish warning to a country attorney; but I once read of a certificated gentleman who was betrayed in an inland county; and I hold it right to caution you against

even a remote danger. I remember your father read Pomfrett's Choice, and lost the drawing of Dr. Buggins's lease ; but then, it must be confessed, he (your father, not Buggins) was a man of extraordinary weakness. Facts, my dear Gabriel,—facts and absolute things are the matter for a lawyer's mind,—unless he is making his own representations,—and then he may, of course, divert facts into the smooth, tortuous, and agreeable current of his own views. Of trees, however, or rather timber,—for all leaves and branches are superfluities,—it is right you should take a just estimate.

Threaten to cut down ornamental timber, not as ornamental timber ; and cut it down whenever it improves your own prospects, or extends a proper system of espionage. Create an auctioneer, and nourish an exciseman : you will understand why. Sell sometimes openly, and sometimes by private contract ; thus inquiry *may* come to a check. Wood to an intelligent trustee is of incalculable importance. The felling, the peeling, the barking, the sawing, the carriage, are all unquestionable items of expense, and no one can unravel the results. You can make your own gates, perfect your own fences, and no one except yourself be the gainer.

Turn a deaf ear to all personal abuse, unless you are attacked as a professional man,—that is, called "lawyer ;" for you, like poor Betty, in Mrs. Tow-wouse's inn, ought as naturally to feel the word revolting as she did the one from her mistress, "so odious to female ears." "I can't bear that name," answered Betty. "If I have been wicked, I am to answer for it myself in another world ; but I have done nothing that's unnatural." If any timber should happen to be blown down by some fortuitous storm, cart it away, and confound it with timber cut down. The estate, or some one, will be benefited.

Having the power of hiring and discharging servants, you will be but the weed of a country attorney if you do not get all your own labouring work done at no cost. Indeed, but that I would not urge you to any overcharge unworthy the character of a professional trustee, I should advise you to charge something for the employment of the labourers' leisure time. Take care to have them illiterate :—educated servants are fatal to the well-ordered accounts of a trustee. An alternate course with them of bullying and treating is the surest one you can adopt. Take receipts for all payments made, as they will often serve for payments not made ; and mind, if possible, that your auditor never puts his initials to vouchers, because that will prevent their serving again in the musters of your accounts.

I would advise you (to use a mercantile phrase) to keep your books by double entry ; that is, keep two sets of books,—one of them to show receipts and payments, and quite correct, for the eye of a live client ; the other unsettled, unpaid, and unclosed, ready for immediate use after his death.

"Thus are you doubly arm'd,—your death and life,—
Your bane and antidote are both before you."

And before I conclude this long letter, allow me to draw your attention to the subject of game ; because, trifling as it may appear to you when compared with the more important matters of which I have treated, it is rightly regarded one of the most abundant sources of business to a country attorney that an estate can produce. I never see a

pleasant strut out upon the sunny greensward of an evening, and feed by a woodside, but a thousand tender images of action for trespass, examinations and indictment of poachers, neighbourly heartburnings and bickerings, manorial rights, interested justices, warnings off of friends, presents to testators (of their own property),—I say, thoughts innumerable spring up in my breast,—and I do not see in that gorgeous bird a *mere bird only*—(I am like Mr. Puff, and “am not too sure he is a beefeater!”)—an attractive object for health and hope to follow through thicket, copse, and plantation and wood;—I look upon him with the joy with which parents contemplate Mrs. Johnson’s soothing syrup, and see in him “a real blessing to *lawyers*!” When he “enters his appearance” before me, he comes in all the beauty of “a writ of summons;” and his crow is to my ear a perfect “declaration!” You have read, no doubt, my dear Gabriel, during your legal studies, many agreeable and instructive books,—or I am mistaken as to the hasty flap down of your desk when I have called at your office, or the uneasy motion of your pad;—you will, in such reading, have no doubt found that certain birds and beasts are peculiar to some particular patron or cause. The cock was dear to *Æsculapius*,—the rat is appropriated to the politician,—the wolf is sacred to Rome (though I confess I think Law could have made out a good title to this voracious animal),—and the owl may be seen to perch for ever on the brow of the goddess of Wisdom;—so I distinguish the pheasant to be *sacred to the country lawyer*. It is *his* bird!—it is one of his feathered penates!—Now, with a prudent and wary eye to the real properties of game, let me offer you a few observations on the mode in which you should regulate your conduct. Do not shoot yourself—(of course I do not here intend a caution as to your personal safety,—for it would be unwise in any perplexity rashly to snatch at deserts, however well merited)—I mean, do not yourself go, gaitered and gunned, over field and furrow, through beans and stubble, over turnips and clover, in search of idle game. The exercise in itself is too clearing of the mind to square with your professional labours. It takes the yellow out of the blood, clarifies the mind, breathes the heart, and unfits you for taking that jaundiced view of other men’s affairs, and preserving that dogged, persevering, cold-blooded attention to your own, without which testators will live and die for you in vain, and trusts will become valueless and poor. Remember *yours* is a higher and a more substantial sport. Man is *your* game (forget not that you take out your *certificate*),—or rather yours is an inverted mode of this kind of pursuit; for it is *your* business to pass over man as though he were common earth, and to *bag* as many fields, pastures, woodlands, and closes (your natural game) as you can manage. If the will be carefully drawn, and the estates will permit it, you will of course leave yourself a gamekeeper or two, with powers to find them in fustian jackets, gunpowder, double-barrelled guns, and wages. And should there happen to be deer and a park, you will not be the country practitioner and trustee I take you to be, if you cannot at once initiate him into the perfect mystery of the *rifle*. These keepers, appointed by yourself, and paid through your hands, (for I would recommend you to get rid of all old servants with the utmost despatch, and to appoint new ones from such as know nothing about those curses upon menials, reading and writing,) will soon know that all the game *must* go to your house or office, to be distributed, of

course, amongst the most respectable and deserving of the tenantry. You know well what all this means. You will thus be able not only to supply your own table with these delicate and reasonable substitutes for butcher's meat, but you will be enabled to let your servants dine upon these wholesome luxuries at least four or five days out of the seven; for a good master is never above permitting those who serve him assiduously to partake of the good things of this life! But—and here I entreat your undivided attention—you have here at your command the great means of obtaining or securing clients; you are empowered now to *lend* presents to the aged, the sick and wealthy,—or rather, to the aged wealthy and sick wealthy. A brace of partridges well bestowed is worth a codicil to you any day; and a couple of woodcocks, cunningly sent, not only take their own long bills with them, but herald faithfully *long bills* for the days to come! These little attentions are more than golden, from the tottering testator's faithful and unsleeping agent. And then the birds are not what schoolboys call “given out and out:” they but *roost* with the rich feeble and infirm, and fly back, after death, in a thousand pleasing and repaying shapes. You merely *invest* a cock-pheasant, *lend* a snipe on personal assurance, and *assist* in a moment of emergency a testator with a teal. I have known a barrel of oysters carefully laid out on *real* security, and paid off, after the borrower's breath is scant, with usurious interest, in the shape of a close or an upfield, or maybe a farm. On no account allow the cestuique trust, or any incumbrance in the way of legatee, annuitant, or next of kin, to be troubled with game. It only whets a false appetite, and holds out a seeming of allowing “a one of them” to interfere in the palpable benefits of the estate; which you know it will be your bounden duty, in essentials, radically to prohibit and prevent. Once or twice in a season you may get upon a very tall horse, and take a long-appointed day's coursing with the low tradesmen, poachers, underkeepers, and tag-rag-and-bobtail of the neighbourhood. This will be a distinguishing day for you, if properly managed; and on no account, Gabriel, allow any one else in the field to be on horseback. The trustee should be seen “himself—alone!” You can after a hard day (for you will of course give your troop all the severe exercise in your power) permit beer and bread and cheese at the near alehouse to the gang, and charge the expense very properly to the trust estate. It may easily and safely come under the head of “*allowance to tenants on outgoings*,” or “*expenses to labourers on such and such a farm*” (the fields, of course, over which you have *coursed*). Indeed, there are a thousand small ingenious incidentals ready, on a well-trusted estate, with open arms to receive these little hospitable and well-timed outlays. Should any interested creature (for all will unhappily furnish some such to tarnish the otherwise brilliant life of a professional executor and trustee) express any wish for a hare or a brace of birds, or presume to take a day's shooting, or ask one for a friend, you cannot be too angrily peremptory in a refusal, accompanying it with notices from the tenants. (You will of course take care to have all your tenants tenants-at-will,—that is, at *your will*, and ready to submit to any act you dictate or desire, and *to go* if necessary.) And the keeper must shoot every strange dog (and you know *that* must be indeed a *strange* dog that dare to hunt with a relation of the testator or his heir at law); and you must declare in a very solemn way, sealed

with many spontaneous imprecations, that you know nothing of game, —that you do not yourself shoot,—and that you believe there is not a head of game upon the estate. This will show that it is not your own personal interest or amusement you study, and will incontrovertibly prove that you are so taken up with the higher duties of your situation, that you cannot spare time to attend to matters of such trivial moment. Lastly, on this head, it will be very desirable if you can worm yourself into the supervision, care, and entire control of two estates that are contiguous; because you can then work your keepers double tides, and, by judicious interchange of men and posts, you can give both properties the benefit and protection of your well-chosen servants. And I am quite sure that as the two estates are thus *kept*, no one of ever so squeamish a nicety in the construction of agents' accounts can object to the wages, dress, guns, and ammunition of each keeper being charged separately to each trust. I should certainly advise you never to dispose of game for actual and immediate money, — that is, not to *sell* it. It may open the way to an account in the Master's Office, should you unhappily find any one wicked and weak enough to hunt you on to Chancery.

With a careful eye to the few hints I have, perhaps tediously, thrown out for your guidance, I have confident hopes that your own mind will fill up all the interstices. You cannot do better than regard with earnestness the lines of a poet, who perhaps intended not well to the craft, but who has properly described the thoroughbred, well-trained country attorney, and his place of all work.

“Lo! that small office! there the incautious guest
Goes blindfold in, and that maintains the rest;
There in his web th’ observant spider lies,
And peers about for fat intruding flies;
Doubtful at first, he hears the distant hum,
And feels them flutt’ring as they nearer come;
They buzz and blink, and doubtfully they tread
On the strong bird-lime of the utmost thread;
But when they’re once entangled by the gin,
With what an eager clasp he draws them in;
Nor shall they ’scape till after long delay,
And all that sweetens life is drawn away.”

All prosperity (I had almost said “good”) attend you!

Yours affectionately,

BUDGELL* JEFFRIES.

P. S.—Do not fail to reply to me as to your reception of my remarks; — and pray, Gabriel, put any queries to me on points which may call for your enlightenment. I am very anxious, as a friend to the race of Blackadders, to watch your progress; and if you do, as I must with confidence hope you will, practically carry out my advice
• forthwith, it will be most gratifying to me to give to the world of attorneys not only the few lines of advice I have addressed to you, but the results of them upon a thorough, hard-bent, practising individual. They will come out usefully as a piece of legal autobiography.

* Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on his quill,
And write whate’er he please,—except my will.—POPE.

Merrie England in the olden Time;

OR, PEREGRINATIONS WITH UNCLE TIM AND MR. BOSKY, OF
LITTLE BRITAIN, DRYSALTER.

BY GEORGE DANIEL.

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"—SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNCLE TIMOTHY was a most excursive talker and walker. He had no set phrases; nothing ready cut and dried (which is often *very dry*) for formal intellectual displays. When he rose in the morning, unless bound by some engagement, he hardly knew whether his footsteps would tend. He was to be seen looking into curiosity shops; rummaging old book-stalls; turning over portfolios of curious prints; making gossiping calls among his good friends, the booksellers; stepping into a book-auction, a panorama, an exhibition of ancient pictures; sometimes rambling in the green fields, and not unfrequently making one of Punch's laughing audiences. The world would have called him idle—but

"How various his employments, whom the world
Calls idle, and who justly in return
Esteems the busy world an idler too!"

Though the world's pursuits brought more care to the heart and profit to the purse than his own, he wished they might only prove as innocent and as honest.

Uncle Timothy had just got scent of an ancient carved figure of Falstaff, that once adorned the overhanging doorway of the Boar's Head, in Eastcheap; not the original scene of revelry where Prince Hal and Sir John turned night into day. That merry hostelrie, where "lean Jack" slept on benches in the afternoon, and unbuttoned himself after supper, had been replaced by another, bearing the same immortal sign, which rose on its ruins immediately after the fire of London. The Boar's Head (which we well remember) was cut in stone, and let into the brick work under the centre window of the first floor. This house had been recently pulled down, in order to make room for the new London Bridge improvements; but Uncle Timothy heard that the figure had been carefully reserved by the proprietor, as a memorial of so celebrated a site. Thither he journeyed on a voyage of discovery. The owner of the Boar's Head had departed this life; but the neighbours referred him to a nephew, dwelling in an adjoining street, who had succeeded the old gentleman in business. The worthy tradesman received him with courtesy, and proceeded to narrate what had transpired since the demolition of the tavern. The story of the figure was strictly true. His late uncle regarded it as an interesting relic, and his widow, smitten with a kindred feeling, had retired into the country, carrying with her Sir John Falstaff; and it was not at all likely that she

would relinquish possession of the fat knight, until commanded by the inexorable separatist that parts the best friends. While Uncle Timothy, on his way homeward, was whistling, not for "want of thought," but the figure, he espied a new Boar's Head in the immediate vicinity of the old one; and, as the attraction was too powerful to be resisted, he walked in, and soon found himself in a spacious apartment, carved, fretted, and mullioned in the ancient style; the furniture was grotesquely ornamented and antique; the holly and miseltoe were disposed in various parts of the room; a huge fire blazed cheerfully; and round a massy oak table, black with age, sat Falstaff, Prince Henry, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Sir Hugh Evans, Justice Shallow, Pious, Peto, Touchstone, Corporal Nym, Ancient Pistol, and Lieutenant Bardolph! That "base-string of humility," Francis, waited upon the company; and the shrill tones of Hostess Quickly were heard in an angry colloquy with the "roaring girl," Doll Tearsheet. A boar's head with a lemon in his mouth adorned the centre of the table, and immediately before Sir John Falstaff was a magnificent bowl of sugared sack compounded by the dame in her very best humour, and not excelled by that memorable draught which the oily knight so cosily lapped down, when he swore to mine hostess, "upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in her Dolphin Chamber at the round-table, by a sea-coal fire," that he would marry her and make her "my lady." Every guest had a horn cup silver-mounted; and black jacks of sparkling ale, and cakes in abundance, strewed the festive board. Some racy joke on Bardolph's burning nose had just been fired off, and the company were in high merriment.

"Surely," said Uncle Timothy to himself, "this is a masquerade. I am an unbidden guest; but the Enchanter's wand is over me, and I cannot either advance or retire."

Sir Andrew thrummed his viol-de-gambo; and Sir Toby, having fortified himself with a long draught out of a black jack, with true heartiness of voice and gesture struck up a glee.

THE BOAR'S HEAD.

SIR TOBY. Because some folks are virtuous, Sir John, shall you and I
Forswear our wassail, cakes and ale, and sit us down and sigh?
The world is still a merry world, and this a merry time;
And sack is sack, Sir John, Sir Jack! though in it tastes the lime.

The watery eye of Sir John Falstaff twinkled with exquisite delight as he filled himself a cup of sack and responded,

There 's nothing extant, Sir Toby, but cant.
A plague of all cowards! Here, Bardolph, my Trigon!
You and I will repent,
And keep a lean Lent.
Presuming it long,
Let us first have a song,
And dismally troll
It over a bowl,

To honesty, manhood, good fellowship bygone.

Pistol, my Ancient!

PISTOL. I'll ne'er prove a stopper,

By my sword, that's true steel!

BARDOLPH. By nose, that's true copper!

The room now seemed to extend in width and in length; the sounds of revelry ceased, and other characters appeared upon the scene. Lady Macbeth, her eyes bending on vacancy, her lips moving convulsively, her voice audible, but in fearful whispers, slept her last sleep of darkness, guilt, and terror. The Weird Sisters danced round their magic cauldron, hideous, anomalous, and immortal! The noble Moor ended "life's fitful season," remorseful and heart-broken. The "Majesty of buried Denmark" revisited "the pale glimpses of the moon." Ariel, dismissed by Prospero, warbled his valedictory strain, and flew to his bright dwelling, "under the blossom that hangs on the bough." The chiefs and sages of imperial Rome swept along in silent majesty. Lear, on his knees, bare-headed, with heavenward eye, quivering lip, and hands clasped together in agony, pronounced the terrible curse, and in his death realised all that can be imagined of human woe. Shylock, the representative of a once-despised and persecuted race, pleaded his cause before the senate, and lost it by a quibble. Oberon, Puck, and the ethereal essences of a *Midsummer Night's Dream* flitted in the moonbeams. Benedick and Beatrice had their wars of wit and combats of the tongue. The Lady Constance, alternately reproachful, despairing, and frenzied, exhibited a matchless picture of maternal tenderness. Juliet breathed forth her sighs to the chaste stars. Isabella read a lesson to haughty authority, when she asks her brother's forfeited life at the hands of the Duke, that holy seer or sage has seldom equalled, and never surpassed; and Ophelia, in her distraction, was simple, touching, and sublime.

Though these soul-stirring scenes were perfectly familiar to Uncle Timothy, and from youth to age had been his morning study and his nightly dream, they had never been invested with such an absorbing reality before, and he stood transfixed, a wondering spectator of the glorious vision,—for such to his aching sight it seemed to be. At this moment, the embroidered arras that hung before the oriel window of the tapestried chamber was slowly drawn aside, and the figure of *Shakspeare*, his eyes beaming with immortality, and his lofty brow discoursing of all things past, present, and to come, stood revealed to view! "Flowers of all hues, and without thorn the rose," sprung up spontaneously beneath his feet.

And as he walk'd along th' enamell'd bed
Of flow'rs, disposed in many a fairy ring,
Celestial music answer'd to his tread,
As if his feet had touch'd some hidden spring
Of harmony—so soft the airs did breathe
In the charm'd ear—around—above—beneath!

¹ An eminent dignitary of the Church of England was once discoursing with the author on the morality of *Shakspeare*. He regretted that the Bard had not spoken on that most glorious of all subjects, *Man's Redemption*, beyond a few lines (exquisitely beautiful) in the first scene of *Hamlet*. The author immediately pointed out the following terse, but transcendent passage from "*Measure for Measure*."

"Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And HE that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy."

It would pass the bounds of the most exalted eulogy to record the prelate's answer, and how deeply affected he was whilst making it.

He spoke—But his voice was of “no sound that the earth knows.”

The sensations of Uncle Timothy grew intensely painful—amounting almost to agony. He made a sudden effort to rush forward,—and in making it, *awoke!* when he found himself seated snugly in an arm-chair before a bright “sea-coal fire,” at the Mother Red Cap, where he had fallen asleep after the exit of the Bartholomew Fair troop, in their progress to the “*Rounds.*”

And thus ended Uncle Timothy's *Vision of the Boar's Head!*

CHAPTER XIV.

“GENTLEMEN, on this anniversary of St. Bartholomew, let us not forget that we owe his fair to a priest and a jester.”

“A priest and a jester, Mr. Merripall?—ha! ha! ho!”

“In sooth, Brother Stifleigig,” replied the comical coffin-maker to his inquiring mute, whose hollow laugh sounded like a double knock, “and the devout monk is no more to be blamed for the disorders that, fungus-like, have grown out of it, than is Sir Christopher Wren for the cobwebs and dust that deface the dome of St. Paul's. Brush away the cobwebs and the dust, but spare the dome. Don't cut off a man's head to cure his toothache, or lop off his leg to banish his gout *in toto!*”

The latter clause of this remark was much applauded by a sensitive member, who had evinced great anxiety to protect his physiognomy from the cutting draught of the door; and by another, who was equally careful to keep his ten toes from being trod upon. But the sexton and the two mutes exchanged significant glances, that plainly hinted their non-approval of this anti-professional ultra-liberality on the part of the comical coffin-maker.

“Gentlemen,” resumed Mr. Merripall, rising—

“THE JOVIAL PRIOR OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW!

Sons of the fair, to Father Rahére
Chant a stave in a hollow mew;
Hosier Lane shout back the strain
Through the cloisters of holy Bartholomew.

Saunders, Gyngell, merrily mingle;
Richardson join in the choir:
Two-legg'd dancers, four-legg'd prancers,
You can't cry nay (neigh?) to the Prior.

Now fire away in full chorus!—

Peace to the soul of the bald-pated droll!
Sound him a larry-cum-twang!
Toss off a toast to his good-humour'd ghost,
And let it come off with a bang!”

We were passing by those ancient houses in Duke Street, Smithfield, undecided whether or not to drop in upon the little Drysalter, when our attention was arrested by this chorus of mirth proceeding from one of the many obscure hosteleries with which these ancient turnings and windings abound. We had stumbled on the Pig and Tinder-box, near Bartholomew Close. The chair was on his legs,—

an exceedingly long pair, in black stockings,—leading a loud cheer. Mr. Merripall, the comical coffin-maker, was president of the Antiqueruns. On each side of him sat his two mutes, Messrs. Hatband and Stiflegig; the sexton, Mr. Shovelton, by virtue of his office, was vice; the rest were tradesmen in the neighbourhood, to whom porter, pipes, punch, purl, pigtail, and politics were a pleasing solace after the business of the day; and a warlike character was given to the club by the infusion of some of the Honourable the Artillery Company, and the “angel visits” of a city-marshal. Its name, though implying the reverse of a jest, had its origin in a joke, arising from the ludicrous mispronunciation of a member, to whom a little learning had proved a dangerous thing. This intelligent brother, at the christening of the club, moved that it be called the “*Antiqueeruns*,” from the antiquity of their quarter and quality, which was carried, as he triumphantly announced, “*my ninny contra decency!*” (nemine contradicenti?) A palpable misnomer,—for the quorum consisted of the queerest fellows imaginable, and their president, Mr. Merripall, was a host in fun.

Our entrance had not been noticed during their upstanding jollity; but now, when every member was seated, we became “the observed of all observers.”

“Spies in the camp!” growled a priggish person of punchy proportions, with a little round dumpling head, and short legs, whose pompous peculiarities had been sorely quizzed by some prying penny-a-liner. “I move, Mr. Cheer, that our fifteenth rule be read by the vice.”

“Spies in the camp, Mr. Allgag!—pooh! Yet what signifies, if there’s no treason in it? The gentlemen have only mistaken a private room for a public one.”

“It’s all very well, Mr. President, for *you* to say there was no malice aforethought to broil us on their penny gridiron, when these people popped in upon us whipsy dicksy (ipse dixit?) and unawars. But” (rapping the table) “we live in an age of spies and spinnage!” (espionage?)

“Gammon and spinnage!” chuckled the comical coffin-maker.

“Order! order!” from several voices.

“The Cheer is out of order! A gentleman don’t oughtn’t to be interrupted will he nil he, vie et harness (vi et armis?). Who seconds my motion?”

“I,” winked the sexton.

“Then we’ll *put* it to the vote. As many of you as are of this opinion hold up your hands.”

Mr. Allgag, though an oyster in intellect, was the small oracle of an insignificant, captious, factious section of the Antiqueruns. A few hands were held up, and the fulminating fifteenth rule was read aloud, which imposed a fine of five shillings on each intruder, and a forcible ejection from the room.

“I really blush for these pitiful proceedings,” exclaimed the comical coffin-maker; “and rather than become a party to them, I will vacate the chair.”

“Well and good! I’ll be your locum trimmings,” (tenens?) rejoined the Holborn Hill Demosthenes; and he half strutted, half waddled from his seat, as if to take possession. The two mutes looked grave; even the rebellious vice was panic-struck at the pro-

digious boldness of Mr. Allgag. "I'll take the cheer. As for the turning out part of the story—"

"Who talks of turning out?" cried the Laureat of Little Britain, bursting suddenly into the room. "Is it *you*?" addressing the affrighted sexton, who shook his head ruefully in the negative; "or *you*?" advancing to the terrified mutes, who shook in their shoes. "Not you! good Master Merripall," giving the comical coffin-maker a hearty shake by the hand. "Or is it *you*, sir?" placing himself in a provokingly pugnacious attitude before the Holborn Hill Demosthenes. "What a bluster about an unintentional intrusion! If, gentlemen, my friends *must* be fined, *I* will be their guarantee."

So saying, he ejected us with gentle violence from the room, and in a few minutes after we found ourselves in his elegant little library, where everything was as neat and prim as himself, — not a bust, bijou, or book out of its place.

"A heavy retribution had well nigh fallen upon you, my good friends, for passing my door without looking in. It matters not what chance medley brought me to your rescue; but I'm a merciful man, and the only fine I impose is, that you sit down, be comfortable, and stay till I turn you out."

The fine seemed so very moderate, that we were glad to compromise.

"Everything around you,—books, plate, pictures, china,—ay, my old-fashioned housekeeper into the bargain,—are the selection of Uncle Tim."

"And by this beeswing, Mr. Bosky, we guess Uncle Timothy is *butler* too."

"Most profoundly opined! Yonder," pointing to an antique painted glass door, "is his cabinet—"

'There Caxton sleeps, with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasped in wood, and one in strong cow-hide.'

An odd thought strikes me. What say you to a seasonable dish of conjurors, with a garnish of monsters and mountebanks, served up by mine host of St. Bartlemy, Uncle Tim?" And Mr. Bosky disappeared through the glass door, but returned in an instant, bearing in his hand a smartly-bound volume. "Shall I unclasp the *Merry Mysteries of Bartlemy Fair*, the ancient Records of the Rounds? You may go farther and fare worse."

"We want no whetters or provocatives, Mr. Bosky."

"Well, seeing that, like Justice Greedy, you long to give thanks and fall to, my musical grace shall not be a tedious one.

"Our host, Uncle Tim, does the banquet prepare,
An Olla Podrida of *Bartlemy Fair*!
Ye lovers of mirth, eccentricity, whim,
Fill a glass to the health of our host, Uncle Tim.

And when you have fill'd, O! dismiss from your mind
Whatever is selfish, ungrateful, unkind;
Let gentle humanity rise to the brim,
And then, if you please, you may toast Uncle Tim!

You need not be told that the wine must be old,
As sparkling and bright as his wit and his whim;
Of clear rosy hue, and generous too,
Like the cheek and the heart of our friend, Uncle Tim!

So now stir the fire, let business retire,
 The door shut on Mammon, we'll have none of him!
 But tell the old fox, when he quietly knocks,
 We are only at home to thy *Tome*, Uncle Tim!

Mr. Bosky trimmed the lamp, drew the curtains, wheeled round the sofa, opened the morocco-bound manuscript, and began. But Mr. Bosky's beginning must stand at the head of our next chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

GARRICK never introduced a hero upon the scene without a flourish of trumpets,—nor shall we.

"Bid *Harlequino* decorate the stage
 With all magnificence of decoration—
Giants and giantesses, dwarfs and pigmies,
Songs, dances, music, in their amplest order,
Mimes, pantomimes, and all the *mimic motion*
 Of scene *deceptivissime* and sublime!"

For St. Bartholomew makes his first bow in *The Merrie Mysteries* of his Fair, or the Ancient Records of the Rounds.

The learned need not be told that a fair was originally a market for the purchase and sale of all sorts of commodities; and what care the unlearned for its derivation? For them it suffices that 'tis a market for fun, where laughter has its pennyworth. Our merry Prior of St. Bartholomew (rest his soul!) knowing the truth of the old proverb, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," mingled pastime with business, and put Momus into partnership with Mammon. For many years they jogged on together, somewhat doggedly, to be sure, for Momus was a fellow of uproarious merriment; and while Mammon, with furred gown and gold chain, was weighing atoms and splitting straws, Momus split the sides of his customers, and so entirely won them over to his jocular way of doing business, that Mammon was drummed out of the firm and the fair. But Mammon has had his revenge, by causing Momus to be confined to such narrow bounds, that his lions and tigers lack space to roar in, and his giants are pinched for elbow room.¹ Moreover, he and his sly bottle-holder, Mr. Cupidity Cant (who from the time of *Prynne* to the present has been a bitter foe to good fellowship), threaten to drive poor Momus out of house and home. Out upon the ungracious varlets! let them *sand* their *own* sugar,² not *ours*! and leave Punch alone. Let them be content to rant in their rostrums, and peep over their particular timber, lest we pillory the rogues, and make them peep *through* it!

Father Rahére founded the Priory, Hospital, and Church of St.

¹ The American giant refuses to come over to England this summer, because the *twenty-first of June* is not long enough for him to stand upright in! And the Kentucky dwarf is *so short*, that he has not paid his debts these five years!

² "Have you sanded the sugar, good Sandy,
 And water'd the treacle with care?
 Have you smuggled the element into the brandy?"—
 "Yes, master."—"Then come in to prayer!"

Bartholomew in Smithfield, at the instigation ('tis said) of the saint himself, who appeared to him in Rome, whither he had repaired on a pilgrimage. We learn from the Cottonian MS. that he "ofte hawnted the Kyng's palice, and amo'ge the noysefull presse of that tumultuous courte, enforced hymselfe with jolite and carnal suavite: ther yn spectaclis, yn metys, yn playes, and other courtely mokyys and trifyllis, intruding he lede forth the besynesse of alle the daye." Doubtless he was a "pleasant witted gentleman," and an especial favourite; for he filled the post of minstrel to King Henry the First, which comprehended musician, improvisatore, jester, &c.; and Henry the Second granted to the monastery of St. Bartholomew (of which he was the first prior) the privilege of a three days' fair for the drapers and clothiers: hence Cloth Fair. The ashes of Rahére rest under a magnificent tomb in the church of St. Bartholomew the Great. This beautiful shrine is still most carefully preserved. How different has been the fate of the desecrated sepulchre of the "moral Gower," which the Bœtian Borough brawlers would have pounded, with their Ladye Chapel, to macadamise the road!

"It is worthy of observation," (says Paul Hentzer, 1598) "that every year when the *Fair* is held, it is usual for the Mayor to ride into Smithfield, dressed in his scarlet gown, and about his neck is a golden chain, besides that particular ornament that distinguishes the staple of the kingdom. He is followed by the Aldermen in scarlet gowns, and a mace and a cap are borne before him. Where the yearly fair is proclaimed a tent is placed, and after the ceremony is over the mob begin to *wrestle* before them, two at a time, and conquerors are rewarded by them by money thrown from the tent. After this, a parcel of *live rabbits* are turned loose among the crowd, and hunted by a number of boys, with great noise, &c. Before this time, also, there was an old custom for the *Scholars of London* to meet at this festival, at the *Priory of St. Bartholomew*, to dispute in logic and grammar, and upon a *bank, under a tree*, (!) the best of them were rewarded with *bows and silver arrows*." Bartholomew Fair, until about 1743, was held a fortnight; and the spacious area of Smithfield was entirely filled with booths for drolls and interludes, in which many of the most popular comedians of the time performed, from the short and merry reign of Mat Coppinger to the laughing days of Ned Shuter. Sir Samuel Fludyer, in 1762, and Mr. Alderman Bull, (*not John Bull!*) in 1774, enforced some very stringent regulations that amounted almost to an abolition.

And now, my merry masters! let us take a stroll into the *ancient* fair of St. Bartholomew, *vulgo* Bartlemy, with John Littlewit, the uxorious proctor; Win-the-fight Littlewit, his fanciful wife; Dame Purecraft, a painful sister: Zeal-of-the-land Busy, the puritan Banbury man; and our illustrious cicerone, rare Ben Jonson.

In the year 1614, and long before, one of the most delicious city dainties was a Bartholomew roast pig.¹ A cold turkey-pie and a

¹ "Now London's Mayor, on saddle new,
Rides to the *Fair of Bartlemew*;
He twirls his chain, and looketh big,
As if to fright the head of *pig*,
That gaping lies on every stall."—DAVENANT.

Shakspeare, in the First Part of King Henry the Fourth, speaks of an *ox* being roasted at Bartholomew Fair.

glass of rich malmsey were "creature comforts" not to be despised even by such devout sons of self-denial as Mr. Zeal-of-the-land Busy, who always popped in at pudding-time.¹ But Bartholomew pig, "a meat that is nourishing, and may be longed for," that may be eaten, "very exceeding well eaten," but not in *a fair*, was the *ne plus ultra* of savoury morsels: therefore Win-the-fight Littlewit," with a strawberry breath, cherry lips, and apricot cheeks, the better half (not in folly!) of one of "the pretty wits of Paul's," shams Abram, and pretends to long for it, in order to overcome the scruples and qualms of Dame Purecraft and the Banbury man, who, but for such longing, would have never consented to her visiting the fair. The rabbi being called upon by the dame to legalise roast pig, proposes that it shall be eaten with a reformed mouth, and not after the profane fashion of feeding; and, that the weak may be comforted, himself will accompany them to the fair, and eat exceedingly, and prophesy!

Among the minor delicacies of Ursula's² cuisine—Ursula, "uglye of cheare," the pig-woman and priestess of St. Bartle, "all fire and fat!"—are tobacco, colts'-foot, bottle-ale, and tripes; and a curious picture of Smithfield manners is given in her instructions to Moon-calf to froth the cans well, jog the bottles o' the buttock, shrink out the first glass ever, and drink with all companies. We have an irruption of other popular characters into the fair, all in high keeping with the time and place:—a costard-monger; a gilt gingerbread woman; a mountebank; a corn-cutter; wrestler; cut-purse (a babe of booty, or child of the horn-thumb!); a gamester; ballad-singer; an "ostler, trade-fallen;" a roarer (a swash-buckler, in later times a mohock); puppet-show keepers and watchmen; Bartholomew Cokes, a natural born fool and squire; Waspe, his shrewder serving-man; Overdo, a bacchanalian justice; a gang of gypsies, and their hedge-priest, patriarch of the cutpurses, or Patrico to the Abrammen and their prickers and prancers; and lastly, Mr. Lanthorn Leatherhead, a supposed caricature of Inigo Jones, with whom Ben Jonson was associated in some of his magnificent court masques. All these characters exhibit their humours, and present a living picture of what Bartholomew Fair was in 1614. We have the exact dress of the flaunting City Madam—a huge velvet custard, or three-cornered bonnet; for these pretenders to sanctity not only adorned their outward woman with the garments of vanity, but were the principal dealers in feathers (another fashionable part of female dress in the days of Elizabeth and James I.) in the Blackfriars. All the merchandise of Babylon (*i. e.* the fair!) is spread out to our view;

¹ "I ne'er saw a parson without a good nose,—
But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes."—SWIFT.

² "Her face all bowsey,
Comelye crinkled,
Wonderously wrinkled
Like a roste pigges eare,
Brystled with here.
Her nose some dele hoked,
And camouslye croked,
Her skin lobe and slacke,
Grained like a sacke
With a croked backe."—SKELTON.

Jews'-trumps, rattles, mousetraps, penny ballads,¹ purses, pin-cases, Tobie's dogs, "comfortable bread," (spiced gingerbread,) hobby-horses, drums, lions, bears, Bartholomew whistling birds, (wooden toys,) dolls,² and Orpheus and his fiddle in gin-work! We have its cant phrases, mendacious tricks, and practical jokes; and are invited into "a sweet delicate booth," with boughs, to eat roast pig with the fire o' juniper and rosemary branches; and "it were great obstinacy, high and horrible obstinacy, to decline or resist the good titillation of the famelic sense," and not enter the gates of the unclean for once, with the liquorish Rabbi. The sound beating of Justice Overdo, Waspe's elevation of Cokes on pick-back, and the final confutation of Zeal-of-the-land Busy, complete the humours of, and give the last rampant finishing-touches to this unique, authentic, and curious picture of ancient Bartholomew Fair.

Bravo, Ben Jonson! Not the surly, envious, malignant old Ben, but the rare, *chère* Bartlemy Fair Ben! the prince of poets! the king of good fellows! the learned oracle of the Falcon and the Devil; the chosen companion of the gallant Raleigh; the poetical father of many worthy adopted sons; and, to sum up emphatically thy various excellencies, the friend, "fellow," and elegiast of Shakspeare! Yes, thou didst behold him face to face! Great and glorious privilege! *Thou* his detracter! What a beauteous garland hast thou thrown upon his tomb! O for the solemn spirit of thy majestic monody, ("*Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,*") the imagination of thy green "Underwoods," to sing of *thee*, as thou hast sung of *him*!

The death of James I. (for Jamie was much addicted to sports, and loved the Puritans, as the Puritans and Lucifer love holy-water!) was "a heavy blow, and a great discouragement" to the nation's jollity: and the troubles and treasons of the succeeding unhappy reign indisposed men's hearts to merriment, and turned fair England into a howling wilderness. Bartholomew Fair in 1641³ exhibits a sick and sorry shadow of its joyous predecessor—"Tis Fat Jack, mountain of mirth! dwindled into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon! Zeal-of-the-land Busy had become rampant; and Dame Ursula, if the old lady yet lived, was most probably a reformed sister, and

¹ Gifford says, "In Jonson's time, scarcely any ballad was printed without a woodcut illustrative of its subject. If it was a ballad of 'pure love,' or of 'good life,' which afforded no scope for the graphic talents of the Grub Street Apelles, the portrait of 'good Queen Elizabeth,' magnificently adorned, with the globe and sceptre, formed no unwelcome substitute for her loving subjects."

² The following was the costume of a *Bartlemy Fair* doll, or baby:—

"Her petticoat of sattin,
Her gown of crimson tabby,
Laced up before, and spangled o'er,
Just like a *Bartholmew Baby*."

The Comedian's Tales; or, Jests, Songs, and Pleasant Adventures of several Famous Players. 1729.

³ "Bartholomew Faire;

Or,
Variety of fancies, where you may find
A faire of wares, and all to please your mind.

With the severall enormities and misdemeanours which are there scene and acted.
London: Printed for Richard Harper, at the Bible and Harpe, in Smithfield. 1641.

purveyor of roast pig to the Rabbi at home! As a picture, it wants the vivid colouring of the former great painter. It seems to have been limned by a wet, or parcel puritan, a dead wall between pan-tile and puppet-show! Our first move is into Christ Church cloisters, "which are hung so full of pictures, that you would take that place, or rather mistake it, for St. Peter's in Rome. And now, being arrived through the long walke, to Saint Bartholomew's hospital," he draws a ludicrous picture of a "handsome wench" bartering her good name for "a moiety of bone-lace; a slight silver bod-kin; a hoop-ring, or the like toye." Proceeding into the heart of the fair, it becomes necessary that while one eye is watching the motion of the puppets, the other should look sharp to the pockets. "Here's a knave in a foole's coat, with a trumpet sounding, or on a drumme beating, invites you, and would faine persuade you to see his puppets; there is a rogue like a wild woodman, or in an antick-ship, like an incubus, desires your company to view his motion. On the other side, Hocus Pocus, with three yards of tape, or ribbon in 's hand, shewing his legerdemaine¹ to the admiration and astonishment of a company of cockoloaches. Amongst these you shall see a grey goose-cap (as wise as the rest) with a 'what do ye lacke?' in his mouth, stand in his booth, shaking a rattle, or scraping on a fiddle, with which children are so taken that they presently cry out for these fopperies. And all these together make such a distracted noise that you would think Babel was not comparable to it. Here there are also your gamesters in action; some turning off a whimsey, others throwing for pewter, who can quickly dissolve a round shilling into a three-halfpenny saucer. Long Lane at this time looks very faire, and puts on her best cloaths with the wrong side outward, so turn'd for their better turning off; and Cloth Faire is now in great request: well fare the ale-houses therein; yet better may a man fare (but at a dearer rate) in the Pig-market, *alias* Pasty-nooke, or Pye-corner, where pigges are al houres of the day on the stalls, piping hot, and would cry (if they could speak) 'come eat me.'" The chronicler calls over the coals a "fat greasie hostesse" for demanding an additional shilling for a pig's head when a lady's longing is in the case; inveighs against the unconscionable exactions, and excessive inflammations of reckonings, and concludes with a reiterated and rhyming caution:—

"Now farewell to the Faire; you who are wise,
Preserve your purses, whilst you please your eyes."²

¹ "Legerdemain is an art whereby one may seem to work wonderful, impossible, and incredible things, by agility, nimbleness, and slight of hand.

"An adept must be one of an audacious spirit, with a nimble conveyance, and a vocabulary of cabalistic phraes to astonish the beholder,—as *Hey! Fortuna! Furia! Nunquam credo! Saturnus, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, &c. &c.*

"He must throw himself into such odd gestures as may divert the eyes of the spectators from a too strict observation of his manner of conveyance."

Then follow certain rules for concealing balls and money in the hand, and other secrets worth knowing to students in the art and mystery of conjuration. From "The Merry Companion; or, Delights for the Ingenious. By Richard Neve" (whose jocular physiognomy, with the exhibition of one of his hocus pocus tricks, graces the title). 1721.

² The historian has forgot to describe the wonderful performances of Francis Battalia, the Stone-Eater.

The restoration of King Charles II. threw England into a transport of joy. Falstaff had not more his bellyfull of Ford, than had the nation of Jack Presbyter.¹ Merry bells, roasted rumps, the roar of cannon, the crackling of bonfires, and the long-continued shouts of popular ecstasy proclaimed his downfall; the Maypole was crowned with the garlands of spring; in the temples devoted to Thalia and Melpomene² were again heard the divine inspirations of the dramatic muse; the light fantastic toe tripped it nimbly to the sound of the pipe and tabor, and St. Bartholomew, his rope-dancers, and trumpeters,³ were all alive and merry at the fair.

The austere reign of the cold and selfish William of Nassau diminished nothing of its jollity. Thomas Cotterell "from the King's Arms Tavern, Little Lincoln's Fields," kept the King's Arms Musick Booth, in Smithfield; and one Martin transferred his sign of "The Star" from *Moorfields* to the *Rounds*. At this time flourished a triumvirate of Bartlemy heroes too remarkable to be passed lightly over, *Mat Coppinger*, *Joe Haynes*, and *Thomas Dogget*.

The ludicrous pranks, cheats, merry conceits, and disguises of Coppinger, are recorded in an unique tract⁴ of considerable freedom and fun. His famous part was the cookmaid in "*Whittington*," a Bartholomew Fair droll. The last September of his life he acted a *Judge* there, little dreaming that in the ensuing February he should be brought before one, (for stealing a watch and seven pounds in money,) and sent on a pilgrimage to Tyburn-tree! He was a poet, and wrote a volume⁵ of adulatory verses, calculated for the meridian of the times in which he lived. The following is the conical trick he put upon a countryman in Bartholomew Fair.

The company, (i. e. strolling players) finding the country too warm for them, came with our spark to town, in expectation of recruiting their finances by the folly of such as should resort to Bar-

¹ "Presbyter is but Jack Priest writ large."—MILTON.

In "The Lord Henry Cromwell's speech to the House, 1658," he is made to say: "Methinks I hear 'em (the Players) already crying, thirty years hence at *Bartholomew Fair*, 'Step in, and see the Life and Death of brave *Cromwell*. Methinks I see him with a velvet cragg about his shoulders, and a little pasteboard hat on his head, riding a tittup, a tittup to his Parliament House, and a man with a bay leaf in his mouth, crying in his behalf, '*By the living G— I will dissolve you!*' which makes the porters cry, '*O, brave Englishman!*' Then the devil carries him away in a tempest, which makes the nurses squeak, and the children cry."

² The *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and Sir John Falstaff of *Betterton*.

³ In the *Loyal Protestant*, Sept. 8, 1682, is an advertisement forbidding all keepers of shows, &c. to make use of *drums*, *trumpets*, &c. without license from the Serjeant and Comptroller of His Majesty's trumpets. And there is a notice in the *London Gazette*, Dec. 7, 1685, commanding all "Rope Dancers, Prize Players, Strollers, and other persons shewing motions and other sights," to have licences from Charles Killigrew, Esq. Master of the Revels.

⁴ "An Account of the Life, Conversation, Birth, Education, Pranks, Projects, Exploits, and Merry Conceits of the Famously Notorious Mat. Coppinger, once a Player in *Bartholomew Fair*, and since turned bully of the town; who, receiving sentence of death at the Old Bailey on the 23rd of February, was executed at Tyburn on the 27th, 1695. London, Printed for T. Hobs, 1695."

⁵ Poems, Songs, and Love-Verses upon several subjects. By Matthew Coppinger, Gent. 1682. Dedicated to the Duchess Portsmouth; of whom, amongst an hundred extravagant things, he says,

"You are the darling of my King, his pleasure,
His Indies of incomparable treasure!"

tholomew Fair. Upon the credit of which they took a lodging in Smithfield, and made shift to get up a small booth to shew juggling tricks in, the art of hocus-pocus, and powder-le-pimp. The score being deep on all hands, the people clamouring for money, and customers coming but slowly in, they consulted how to rub off, and give their creditors the bag to hold. To this Coppinger dissented, saying he would find out the way to mend this dulness of trading; and he soon effected it by a lucky chance. A country fellow, on his return from Newgate-market on horseback, resolving to have a gape at Jack Pudding, sat gazing, with his mouth at half-cock; and, so intent was he, that his senses seemed to be gone wool-gathering. Coppinger, whispering some of his companions, they stept to "Tom Noddie's" horse, one of them ungirthing him, and taking off the bridle, the reins of which the fellow held in his hand, they bore him on the pack-saddle on each side, and led the horse sheer from under him; whilst another with counterfeit horns, and a vizard, put his head out of the head-stall and kept nodding forwards, so that "Ninny" verily supposed, by the tugging of the reins, that he was still on "cock-horse!" The signal being given, they let him squash to the ground, pack-saddle and all; when, terrified at the sight of the supposed devil he had got in a string, and concluding Hocus Pocus had conjured his horse into that antic figure, he scrambled up, and betaking him to his heels back into the country, frightened his neighbours with dismal stories that Dr. Faustus and Friar Bacon were alive again, and transforming horses into devils in Bartholomew Fair! The tale, gathering as it spread, into many monstrous things, caused the booth to be thronged during the fair; which piece of good-luck was solely attributable to Coppinger's ingenuity.

Plain Joe Haynes,¹ the learned Doctor Haynes, or the dignified Count Haynes,—for by these several titles he was honourably distinguished,—was the hero of a variety of vagabondical adventures both at home and abroad. He is the first comedian who rode an ass upon

¹ Wood's *Athena*, Oxon, ii. p. 976. "Joseph Haynes, or Heynes, matriculated as a servitor of Queen's College, 3d May, 1689. Mr. Ja. Tirrel saith he is a great actor and maker of plays; but I find him not either in Langbaine or Term Cat." Old Anthony, like "good old Homer," sometimes nods. Haynes had been upon the stage many years before, and was too profligate to be admitted of the university at that period.

In the memoir of Joe Haynes, in the *Lives of the Gamblers*, he is said to have died in the beginning of the year 1700, aged 53. This is a mistake.

He was married, as appears from the following lines in the Prologue to "The Injured Lovers."

"Joe Haynes's fate is now become my share,
For I'm a poet, marry'd, and a player."

Downes says he was one of those "who came not into the company untill after they had begun in Drury Lane." Drury Lane first opened on 8th April, 1663.

He wrote and spoke a variety of prologues and epilogues, particularly the epilogue to the "Unhappy Kindness, or Fruitless Revenge," in the habit of a horse-officer, mounted on an ass, in 1697. In after times his example was imitated by Shuter, Liston, and Wilkinson.

His principal characters were, Syringe, in the *Relapse*; Roger, in *Æsop*; Sparkish, in the *Country Wife*; Lord Plausible, in the *Plain Dealer*; Pamphlet and Rigadoon, in *Love and a Bottle*; Tom Errand, in the *Constant Couple*; Mad Parson, in the *Pilgrim*; Benito, in the *Assignation*; Noll Bluff, in the *Old Bachelor*; Rumour, in *A Plot and No Plot*, (to which, in 1697, he spoke the prologue); and Jamy, in *Sawney the Scot*.

the stage. He acted the mountebank, Waltho Van Clatterbank, High German, chemical, wonder-working doctor and dentifricator, and spoke his famous "*Horse-doctor's harangue*" to the mob. He challenged a celebrated quack called "*The Unborn Doctor*," at the town of Hertford, on a market-day, to have a trial of skill with him. Being both mounted on the public stage, and surrounded on all sides by a numerous auditory eager to hear this learned dispute, Joe desired that each might stand upon a joint stool. "Gentlemen," said Joe, "I thank you for your good company, and hope soon to prove how grossly you have been deceived by this arch-impostor. I come hither neither to get a name, nor an estate: the first, by many miraculous cures performed in Italy, Spain, Holland, France, and England; *per totum terrarum orbem* has long been established. As to the latter, those Emperors, Kings, and foreign potentates, whom I have snatched from the gaping jaws of death, whose image I have the honour to wear (showing several medales), have sufficiently rewarded me. Besides, I am the seventh son of a seventh son; so were my father and grandfather. To convince you, therefore, that what I affirm is truth, I prognosticate some heavy judgment will fall on the head of that impudent quack. May the charlatan tumble ingloriously, while the true doctor remains unhurt!" At which words, Haynes's Merry-Andrew, who was underneath the stage, with a cord fast to B——'s stool, just as B—— was going to stutter out a reply, pulled the stool from under him, and down he came; which, passing for a miracle, Joe was borne home to his lodging in triumph, and B—— hooted out of the town.¹

Some of *Doctor Haynes's* miraculous mock cures were the Duchess of Boromolpho of a cramp in her tongue; the Count de Rodomontado of a bilious passion, after a surfeit of buttered parsnips; and Duke Philorix of a dropsy — *of which he died!* He invites his patients to the "Sign of the Francers, in vico vulgo dicto, Rattle-cliffero, something south-east of Templum Danicum in the Square of Profound-Close, not far from Titter-Tatter-Fair!"

He was a good-looking fellow, of singular accomplishments, and in great request among the ladies. "With the agreeableness of my mien,² the gaiety of my conversation, and the gallantry of my dancing, I charmed the fair sex wherever I came. 'Signor Giusippe,' (he was now *Count Haynes!*) "says one, 'when will you help me to string my lute?' 'Signor Giusippe, says another, 'shall we see you at night in the grotto behind the Duke's palace?' 'Signor Giu-

¹ "The Life of the late Famous Comedian, Jo. Hayns. Containing his comical exploits and adventures, both at home and abroad. London. Printed for J. Nutt, near Stationer's-Hall, 1701."

² "The Reasons of Mr. Joseph Hains, the Player's, Conversion and Reconversion. Being the Third and Last Part to the Dialogue of Mr. Bays. London: Printed for Richard Baldwin, near the Black Bull in the Old-Baily, 1690." This tract is intended as a skit upon Dryden, whose easy "conversion and re-conversion" are satirised in a very laughable manner. In 1689, Haynes spoke his "Recantation Prologue upon his first appearance on the stage after his return from Rome," in the character of a theatrical penitent!

John Davies ridicules the coxcombs of his day, that it engrossed the whole of their meal-times in talk of *plays*, and censuring of *players*.

"As good play as work for nought, some say,
But *players* get much good by nought but play."

sippe,' says a third, 'when will you teach me the last new song you made for the Prince of Tuscany? and so, i'faith they *Giusipped* me, till I had sworn at least to a dozen assignations."

His waggery was amusing to all who were not the butts of it. He once kept a merchant that had a laced-band which reached from shoulder to shoulder, two good hours in a coffee-house near the Exchange, while he explained the meaning of *chevaux de frize*. The wide-gaping citizen telling him there were horses in *Frize-land* that were bullet-proof! At another time he parleyed with a grocer a full quarter of an hour in the street, inquiring which was the nearest way from Fleet Street to the Sun Tavern in Piccadilly; whether down the Strand, and so by Charing Cross; or through Lincoln's Inn Fields and Covent-Garden? though the simpleton declared his spouse sent him post-haste for a doctor, and—for all that Joe knew, —made him lose an heir-apparent to "some dozen pounds of raisins, as many silver apostle spoons, Stow's London, and Speed's Chronicle."

His astonished father-confessor, while listening to his sham catalogue of frightful enormities, looked as death-like as a frolicsome party of indigo porters in a dark cellar, by the melancholy light of burnt brandy! "For," said the penitent wag, "last Wednesday I stole a consecrated bell from one of St. Anthony's holy pigs, and coined it into copper farthings! Such a day I pinned a fox's tail on a monk's cowl; and passing by an old gentlewoman sitting in her elbow-chair by the door, reading "*The Spiritual Carduus-posset for a Sinner's Belly-Ache*," (this, saving our noble comedian's presence, is more after the fashion of *Rabbi Busy*, than *Friar Peter*!) "I abstracted her spectacles from off her venerable purple nose, and converted them to the profane use of lighting my tobacco by the sunshine."

"Hark!" said Mr. Bosky, as a voice of cock-crowing cacchination sounded merrily under his window, "there is my St. Bartlemy-tide chorister. For twenty years and more has Nestor Nightingale proclaimed the joyous anniversary with a new song." And having thrown up the sash, he threw down his accustomed gratuity, and was rewarded with

THE INQUISITIVE FARMER, OR HARLEQUIN HANGMAN.

Harlequin, taking a journey to Bath,
Put up at an inn with his dagger of lath.
He supp'd like a lord,—on a pillow of down
He slept like a king, and he snored like a clown.

Boniface said, as he popp'd in his head,
"In that little crib by the side of your bed,
As honest a farmer as e'er stood in shoes,
(My chambers are full) would be glad of a snooze."

The farmer began, as in clover he lay,
To talk of his clover, his corn-rigs, and hay,
His bullocks, his heifers, his pigs, and his wife;
Not a wink could our Harlequin get for his life.

He reckon'd his herds, and his flocks, and his fleece,
And drove twice to market his ducks and his geese;
He babbled of training, and draining, and scythes,
And hoeing, and sowing, and taxes, and tithes.

"To the fair do you carry a pack, or a hunch?
Are you mountebank doctor, or pedlar, or Punch?
What is your calling? and what is your name?
Are you single, or married,—or coward, or game?"

Poor Harlequin, fretting, lay silent and still,
While the farmer's glib tongue went as fast as a mill.
"Where are you going? and whence do you come?
How long do you tarry?—The deuce! are you dumb?"

"I'm the *hangman*," said Harlequin, "sir, of the town;
I cut in the morning a highwayman down;
And fix in the market-place up, for a flag,
To-morrow his *head*, which *I bear in my bag*!"

The talkative farmer jump'd up in a fright—
("If you look for the *bag*, friend, it lies on your right!")
Ran out of the chamber, and roar'd for the host,
Shrieking, and shaking, and pale as a ghost!

Boniface listen'd, bolt upright in bed,
To the cock-and-bull story of hangman and head;
And then caught the mountebank, snug on his back,
Holding his sides, which were ready to crack!

Loud laugh'd the landlord at Harlequin's trick.
"As soon," cry'd the farmer, "I'd sup with Old Nick,
As sleep in this room with that gibbetting wag,
With a head on his shoulders, and *one in his bag*!"

"Bravo, Nestor!" said the Laureat of Little Britain; "Norah Noclack (as the taciturn old lady has grown musical), will draw thee a cup of ale for thy ditty, and make thee free of the buttery."

WISHES.

BY PAUL FLEMMING.

SWEET May is come once more
With rich and plenteous store,
To deck the meadows gay,
Cold frost, and ice, and snow,
Shun where the west winds blow,
And slowly melt away.

Oh! may no grief annoy
The lover's dream of joy,
Let all be happy now,
May what ye ask be given,
A pledge from bounteous Heaven
To bless your nuptial vow.

Therefore 'tis right that I,
A faithful friend, should try
One simple heartfelt prayer;
Oh! may my wishes prove
Propitious to your love,
And shield you both from care.

May God on you each hour
As many blessings shower
As leaves are on the tree:
As twinkling stars on high
That glitter in the sky,
As fishes in the sea.

MARINE MEMORANDA. No. III.

BY A SUBMARINE.

THE sameness of a voyage while out of sight of land has been much spoken of by travellers, and, we think, unfairly abused. Now, commend me to a sameness of fair weather and fair winds; even the sameness of a good mess is not to be despised. Let those who want a change have the *agréments* of their voyages interspersed with storm, and blast, and salt junk to their hearts' content: a taste of a gale of wind in the Bay of Biscay, and five days of contrary winds off Cape St. Vincent, have afforded me more than enough of change during the last three weeks. Now the far-famed Pillars of Hercules are before us, and with a favouring and gentle breeze we are entering the Mediterranean. Cape Trafalgar is on our larboard, Tangier on our starboard bow: we look back on the Barbary coast, stretching away to the south-west, in ever-changing undulation as our ship proceeds on her course, until mountain appears rising over mountain, the whole terminating in a branch of the Atlas range, far far away, where the clouds of heaven bend down to greet the giants of the earth. The moon rises over the rocky fastnesses of Gibraltar, but dimmed by distance, and lost in the deep shadows of its mighty crags, we gaze on the wondrous pile as on a mystery we are as yet forbidden to penetrate. The breeze freshens,—we hug the African coast,—the noble ship feels the strong current. Ceuta is neared—is passed—and we are in the Mediterranean. There was a report in the cockpit that we were to touch at Ape's Hill (Ceuta) for "powder-monkeys." This rumour has proved incorrect, and the sagacious inhabitants of that rock are not to be pressed into the service, but to be left to the prosecution of their civil engineering, in tunnelling from the shores of Africa to those of Europe.

Being now fairly launched in the Mediterranean, it is much to be regretted that the prosecution of our voyage to the shores of Syria, touching only at Malta, prevents our looking in upon the French at Algiers. Great guns and small arms! what preparations we are making to do credit to any experimental war it may please the kings of the earth to get up for the trial of sundry new inventions, calculated to make fighting a pastime not lightly to be provoked, and to prove protocols to be the most expedient of projectiles. The shores of Sardinia are before us; a fertile land, inhabited by a race unworthy of the rich soil that bears them, half cultivated as it is by a people more than half savages. Already we see the shores of Sicily lying, as every schoolboy knows, at the foot of Europe, and rarely have its destinies been kicked about. Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Saracens, Normans, French, Germans, and Spaniards, have all had a slap at it; but we do not pretend to be historians, except of our own voyage, and even of that in mere "memoranda."

We are now fast approaching the "Skerki rocks," or, as sailors call them, "the Squirks." On this dangerous reef the Athenian frigate was lost in the early part of the present century, and but few of her crew were saved to tell the story of her captain's rashness, redeemed—if a fault involving the lives of hundreds could be redeemed—by the firmness with which he determined on sharing the fate he had brought on others. The moon is rising over the waters, and the decks of the Howe lie bleaching in her rays, emulating the spreading sails in white-

ness as they swell to the gentle breeze. The watch collect in groups to sleep, or while away the time with merry jests, or steadier talk, in which Jack fights or sails his favourite ship, as no other ship was ever sailed or fought before. Let us leave the officer of the watch, treading the weather-side of the quarter-deck in solitary state; the mate and middies in their hurried walk and busy chat to leeward; the careful quarter-master conning the ship; the strong helmsmen at the wheel; and, directed by a low murmuring hum of voices, subdued out of respect to their close neighbourhood to the quarter-deck, go in search of "a yarn."

"Why, d'y'e see," says Tom Moody, an old quartermaster, to a knot of listeners lying on the starboard grating, just before the main-mast, "the reason why we hauled up for Maritimo, to my mind is, that the admiral don't like to take these here large barkies inside the Squirks. They're a nasty reef of rocks them Squirks; they're like a skipper who's got a spice of the devil in him, that he doesn't always show; so the sea don't always break over the Squirks, but there they *are*. And stand clear, my hearties!—that's all. Mayhap you don't know the Squirks, mayhap you may; but that argues nothing. We arn't all on us bound to pass the Trinity Board for North-sea pilots; and, for the matter of that, little help 'twould be, for the bearings and distance of the Squirks lying here on our starboard bow. But, as I was saying, — for I seem to be in for a yarn, — the Squirks arn't no soft tack to grind your keel upon, with the wind blowing hard from the nor'-west, as Captain Rainsford found to his cost, in the *A-thin-un* (Athenian) frigate, some five-and-thirty years back. Now why they called her the *A-thin-un* I never could well make out; for she had as broad a beam and as full a quarter as *Sal Slum's*, and no one ever called her a *thin un*. Well, d'y'e see, the frigate had been sent to discover them rocks, which had been reported to be somewhere between the coasts of Sardinia and Africa; and the skipper, somehow, he never could have took his soundings in the right place,—like our black cook, when he bobbed in the coppers for the dog's-body (peas-pudding), which Barney the marine had stolen: and the signification of this was, that he made up his mind that there warn't no squirk rocks at all. Well, Captain Rainsford reports to the Admiral on the station what 's what, according to his notion; and arter a bit, the *A-thin-un* she goes home, and is ordered out again with some sogers to Malta: they makes a troop-ship of her, just the same as they does with the men-a-war now, though it warn't the custom of the service then, and I'll be blessed if I know why it should be ever, making a lobster-smack of a man-a-war! but that has nothing to do with my story, 'cept that if the sogers hadn't been aboard in that unregular manner—they are all well enough in their transports—why then we might have had better luck. Well, arter we left Gib. on our way out, the skipper, he makes up his mind to steer right for the Squirks, spite of what the master says; 'For,' says he, 'there arn't no squirks at all;' and such a quick passage as we had never was made afore or since. On the third night, in the first watch, just about where them rocks lies, as the skipper was taking a glass of grog with the Gin'ral of the sogers—it warn't a kurnel, nor a major, but a gin'ral they'd got to command 'em, somehow; 'Well,' says the skipper, 'Gin'ral,' says he, laughing as he put his hand on the chart, 'if there be the Squirks anywhere, which I deny, we are at this moment close aboard of them.'

"The Captain's steward told me the story, as I tell you. I was but a youngster at the time in the ship, and sarved in the mizentop. Well, he said, that just at this moment the ship struck; she was then going a matter of eleven knots off the reel; but it was no touch and go, which is very good steering. Then she rose on the wave, and once more she struck; but before this the Cap'en was on deck, looking pale in the light of the moon, as thof he'd seed his own ghost; but giving his orders, like a brave man, and a good officer, as he was, though a little obstinate about them 'ere Squirks. It was six feet water in the hold, slap oh! 'Man the pumps, and hoist out the boats:' but, somehow, all on us warn't so cool as the skipper, who gave his orders to men who wouldn't mind them, for fear had mastered all hands, though they loved the skipper, and not a man but what would have risked his life for him, as you shall see. Well, we felt the ship was settling fast, while the sea was making a clear breach over her, and I, as well as others, was a-overhauling my account aloft, and seeing what a settling I had *there* to pay; and many a man prayed then, even while his hand was of the smartest to save the ship, that never prayed before, and mayhap, for the matter of that, never prayed since, more's the pity; but I arn't no Methody parson, so let that go. Well, before we could get out a boat, the sea did it for us, so far as consarns the launch; the rest went to pieces where they were; she saved my life; but that's neither here nor there, thof I'm glad it's here, for it's as well to live as long as one can, till our time comes. In a few minutes there was a matter of more than sixty souls, blue-jackets, and sogers, who had managed to get into the launch, knocking about under the stern; and the cry was, among the frigate's men, that they wouldn't shove off till they'd got the Cap'en among them; and this was while we were loosing the hold of scores from the boat's gunnel,—messmates and shipmates, 'twas no odds now,—the launch would take no more, and every moment we thought the ship would go down. Well, there was a singing out for the Cap'en, and he came and looked over the taffrail, and waving his hand to us, made us understand more by his action than what we heard—for there was a yell, fore and aft, from the despairing and the drowning, enough to shake a man's hope, and to wake the dead,—that he was a-bidding us good-b'ye, and that like a brave man, and a prime seaman as he was, though wrong consarning the Squirks, he'd go down with the ship. Well, messmates, the Cap'en's steward,—who stood by him to the last, trying to over-persuade him to take his luck with us in the launch,—he's told me many a time, for arterwards he jumped out of the cabin window, and got into the launch, unbeknownst to us all. Well, he says, that when the skipper had took his leave of the men, he turns to the Gin'ral, who was by, and says he, 'Gin'ral, you must save your life.' The men won't take any other in the launch but me, for she's almost swamped now, and we can't expect it; but you must put on my coat, and mayhap you may pass for a sailor for once; and the skipper smiled as well as he could, to get his way with the Gin'ral; but the old soger, he was a prime 'un too. 'Captain Rainsford,' says he, 'you consider it your duty to die with your men, and I feels obligated to do the like; them's my sentiments, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking,' or something of that sort, for he spoke fine, as gentlemen landmen does, and neither the steward nor I, d'ye see, could give his lingo rightly.—'I sink with my ship, sir,' said Cap'en Rainsford sternly, 'as the un-

fortunate cause of all this here night's mischief; as the destroyer of as fine a ship and ship's company as ever went into action. You have had no hand in this here matter, and it consarns me, as a part of my duty, to try and do everything to save you. Many of your men are in the launch, and, as far as I can see, without an officer. A high situation waits for you at Malta. Go, Gin'ral,' says he, 'and when you hear any one go for to say, that Cap'en Rainsford lost his ship through his own folly, speak this good word for him, that he *could* have saved his life, but he *wouldn't*; he sank with the A-thin-un!'

"Well, to make short of a long yarn, the Gin'ral did as he was told; he put on the skipper's coat, and lowered hisself into the launch. 'Shove off!' was the word, before we seed who we'd got: arterwards there was a talk of heaving the soger overboard, the men were so mad that they had lost the Cap'en; but marcy perwailed, as the chaplain says, and we made for Malta. I won't tell you of the screeching there was, or, to say rightly, one long screech aboard the ship when we left her, for every one thought, somehow, that he might get in the launch, though fight hard we did against all hands. Then came another screech, louder than that 'ere,—it was when the old barky heeled over, and went down, Cap'en and crew, sogers and all. Well, mess-mates, my yarn is spun out; we got safe to Malta with the launch, and sorry was everybody that heard as how that the skipper warn't among us, for every one loved him. A sailor's friend was Cap'en Rainsford, and as good a seaman as ever stepped in shoe-leather, though certainly it was unfortunate that he was so plaguy obstinate consarning them ere Squirks."

RICHARD JOHNS.

SONG.—THE WANDERER.

Air—"The girl I left behind me."

My bonny bark's my boast and pride,
 So well she does her duty,
 As swiftly o'er the rippling tide
 She walks like any beauty,
 That all the world—though not, alas!
 Of praise deserved a squand'rer—
 Declares no vessel can surpass
 The trim-built little Wand'rer.

In vain each craft, with press of sail,
 Tries in her wake to follow;
 She'll shoot a-head, and never fail
 To beat the fastest hollow.
 So all the world, though not, alas!
 Of praise deserved a squand'rer,
 Confesses nothing can surpass
 The trim-built little Wand'rer.

As through the wave she skims, awhile
 The silver spray besprinkles
 Her lovely bows, she seems a smile
 To cast on Neptune's wrinkles!
 And though the world is not, alas!
 Of praise deserved a squand'rer,
 E'en Envy cries, nought can surpass
 The trim-built little Wand'rer.

The Old Ledger.

No. IV.

EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.



THE GIRL AT NO. 7.



OR twenty years I have lodged with my present landlady, Mrs. Williams, and it is very likely that I shall spend the rest of my days beneath her roof, for she is a very honest and respectable widow, and, what is more to the purpose, she understands me.

Everything goes on smoothly in consequence, and I have no care. I am really at home. Now, without assuming too much, I feel confident that this arises, in a great measure, from my own philosophy, for although an old bachelor, I am not easily "put out" about trifles. Nay, even should a clumsy, slippery-fingered maid of all-

work let my best tumbler slide from the waiter to the floor, I am unmoved—I feel for the confusion of the wench, and not only think that *she* is the real sufferer, but exert my eloquence to cool the rising wrath of my excellent landlady, who "cannot abide waste," and is ready "to rate the girl for her stupidity."

"My dear madam," said I, on an occurrence of this kind, "if I could not afford these luxuries of life I would not purchase them. If the destruction of these fragile things cost me a moment's uneasiness, believe me I would at once dispense with them, and remove the cause."

"Ah! Mr. Thorley, that is so like you!" said Mrs. Williams, smiling, but evidently not convinced. "You are so easy. But servants are really a plague, and for my part I heartily wish one could do without them."

"As I am convinced that we cannot do so, my dear madam, without likewise losing many of our comforts," I replied, "I am quite satisfied to endure the evil for the sake of the good. And——"

My argument was here suddenly cut short by the entrance of the maid.

"Well, Mary?" said Mrs. Williams, in a short tetchy tone of rebuke.

"Oh, mum!" cried she, "if you please, the girl at No. 7, is bin doin' o' something, and there's sich a to-do!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Williams, "such a nice, genteel-looking girl, too! Well, to be sure, there's no knowing anybody!" and here, her curiosity getting the better of her sympathy, she added, "Have you heard what's the matter, Mary?"

"No, mum," replied Mary; "but I jist axed the butter-boy as he was passing (Simkins's boy, mum), and he said as how he b'lieved as she'd p'isoned her missus."

"Poor Miss Singleton!" sighed my worthy landlady. "P'isoned her! so much as she made of that girl. It's really shocking."

"I al'ays said as she was a stuck-up thing, mum," said Mary, tossing her head disdainfully; "and thof she did look so mimmy, as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, I never thought she was no good."

Now I confess I felt a particular interest in the girl at No. 7, having closely observed her for the last five years. When she first entered the service of our neighbour, she was a slight, delicate girl of fourteen, just emancipated from the poor-house. I watched her progress, and had the pleasure of seeing her in the course of time exalted to the situation of companion of her mistress, and she was truly the genteelest, neatest little body in the whole parish.

Miss Singleton, her mistress, was a maiden lady, who lived in a handsomely-furnished house, and apparently in the enjoyment of a good income; for everything in the establishment was conducted in a liberal manner. Although between forty and fifty years of age, there were still the remains of a personal beauty which in her youth must have been very attractive. There was a peculiar grace, too, in her manner and deportment, that bespoke the gentlewoman.

Seeing a mob about her door, however, and believing her to be a lone woman, I thought I might be allowed to offer my humble services without presumption, especially when our breathless and excited handmaid (despatched by Mrs. Williams) returned with the encouraging "further particulars" that "Miss Singleton was not p'isoned, but on'y robbed!" So, having quickly put myself in trim, I sallied forth. I was immediately admitted, and found Miss Singleton alone, and overwhelmed with grief. I made my compliments and apologies, but she

thanked me with a sincerity that at once composed the nervous flutterings of my *mauvaise honte*.

I learned from her that the whole stock of her plate, worth about seventy or eighty pounds, was missing. Susan, the girl, had been already given in charge to a constable, and her box, after being searched, also taken away in the custody of the official, although there was nothing discovered that in any way tended to implicate her.

I evinced some surprise at the promptness of all these proceedings, when Miss Singleton informed me that she was so dismayed at the first discovery of the theft, and the hesitation of the girl, that she had given the alarm to her neighbour, Mr. Riggors, a churchwarden of the parish, who had taken upon himself to manage the whole proceedings, and almost before she had recovered from the first effects of her terror the girl was gone. In the excitement of the moment I proffered my services to attend her to the police-office on the following morning, which she said she most gratefully accepted.

I must candidly confess, however, that to one of my retiring disposition there was scarcely anything in the world more distasteful than an appearance in a justice-room. I barely slept a wink all night for thinking of it; but the die was cast; it was the natural and unavoidable sequence of my polite attention, and I wound myself up to see the adventure in which I had embarked brought to a conclusion.

Taking time by the forelock, I was early abroad; and having put everything in train at the office, to the utter surprise of the whole establishment informed them that I was going out, and should probably be detained till a late hour of the afternoon.

Returning immediately, I conveyed my distressed neighbour to the justice-room, and forgot my own feelings in endeavouring to calm and repress hers. The room was nearly empty when we arrived, but the bustle soon began. The clerks at the table commenced spreading out their papers, and scribbling away in important silence; the consequential officers talked a great deal, and spoke sharply, and with great authority, in answer to the whispered questions of the paupers and rabble, who formed the staple commodity of the "charges."

Presently there was a startling cry of "silence!"—"make room!"—"stand back!" and a consequent shuffling of feet, and a compression of the human mass, when the magistrate appeared, and took his seat. There was certainly nothing in his bland, handsome countenance to inspire terror in the hearts of the trembling delinquents who were ushered before him. His eyes were full of pleasantry and good humour; nor did his speech (more especially in private) fall short of their agreeable promise, for Sir Andrew Moreton was very intimate with our firm, and I had the honour of being frequently present when he visited them. He instantly recognised me, and politely answered my salute.

After several cases of little interest had been disposed of (and to which I was an inattentive auditor, devoting myself entirely to Miss Singleton,) the unfortunate Susan was placed at the bar.

In an instant not only the eyes of the worthy magistrate, but those of all the court were directed in sympathy towards her. Pale as marble, and apparently as cold, her feelings seemed too overwhelming to admit of any expression, and she stood like one in a trance, insensible to all around.

Miss Singleton, at the officer's bidding, drew her trembling hand from her glove, and was sworn. The suavity and gentleness of the magistrate, however, presently gave her courage to proceed.

She expressed her unfeigned sorrow at being compelled by circumstances to appear as the accuser of the prisoner, who had always conducted herself towards her with the strictest propriety; and that until the present occasion she had not the slightest cause of complaint, ever reposing the most unbounded confidence in her honesty.

She then circumstantially detailed the discovery of her loss, the consequent confusion of the girl, and her inability or disinclination to give the least clue or explanation by which the property might be traced.

"Has her box been searched?" demanded the magistrate.

"It has, your worship," replied the constable, "but there ain't no duplicates, nor nothing; but I desay as she has had cunning enough to destroy them 'ere."

"That's enough, sir," interrupted Sir Andrew. "We do not require your comments or opinion on the case. Prisoner, what have you to say in answer to this serious charge?"

"I am innocent," murmured Susan in a voice that was scarcely audible.

"That is the only answer I have been able to obtain from her," said Miss Singleton, "and willingly would I sacrifice the property could she prove the truth of it."

"Pray, Miss Singleton," asked the magistrate, "has the girl any followers, as it is termed?"

"None, sir," replied Miss Singleton, "except her father, and he is never permitted to see her but in my presence."

"What is her father?"

"I believe him to be an honest man; he has lately returned from abroad," said Miss Singleton, "and I think he is a seafaring man."

"You say you believe and you think; excuse me, madam, for repeating your words, but from whom have you learned all these particulars?"

"From his own lips," replied Miss Singleton.

"Have you known him long?"

"Only three weeks."

"Indeed," said the magistrate, and he pondered for awhile. "From whom, pray, did you receive her character?"

"I took her from the workhouse, sir; whence I selected her for her superior intelligence," replied Miss Singleton. "The fact is, sir, I was informed that she was an illegitimate child," and she blushed as she uttered the words, "and it was not till the appearance of this man, who came to claim her as his daughter, (and indeed he offered me such proofs that I could not doubt his relationship,) that there was a soul in the world, besides myself, who took any interest in her."

"Do you know his address? for I think it will be no more than our duty to inform him of the situation in which his daughter is unfortunately placed."

Miss Singleton gave the father's address, which the magistrate handed to an officer, and bade him seek him immediately.

"It will also be necessary to advertise a description of the lost property, and offer a reward," continued he. "At present there is not sufficient evidence to justify a committal, I will therefore remand the

prisoner until Friday next, and in the mean time I will instruct the officers to use their best endeavours to trace the property."

Miss Singleton, with tears in her eyes, begged that Susan might be placed apart from the prisoners, at least until there appeared stronger proofs than at present of her culpability.

"Your feelings do honour to your heart, madam," said Sir Andrew, courteously, "and depend on it your wishes shall be attended to."

Here the case having concluded, Susan was removed from the bar, and I departed with my charge, weary and dissatisfied with the result.

Two days—two interminable days of suspense at length elapsed, and I again attended at the office with my kind and benevolent neighbour.

The newspapers had, as usual, reported the case, and lauded the interesting female in such set terms as excited the minds of their readers, and we consequently found the court crowded by the curious. It was with some difficulty that I succeeded in obtaining a seat for Miss Singleton.

On the bench sat the worthy magistrate, and on his right hand a tall, handsome military man in undress, with hair as white as silver, and such a complexion that an eastern sun alone can bestow.

The prisoner being brought to the bar, the clerk read over the evidence, and she was again asked if she had anything to say, but she only replied, as before, that she was innocent, and knew nothing of the stolen property.

Her little box was produced, and the constable being questioned as to the contents, said,

"Here's only this 'ere pocket-book, which seems, to my thinking, to belong to the missus."

The book was handed to the magistrate. In a moment the dark eyes of the gentleman on the bench were fixed upon it. They examined it, and whispered earnestly together.

"That book is Susan's," said Miss Singleton, eagerly, apparently alarmed lest they should have discovered something from its inspection that might tend to criminate the girl; for she now heartily wished that she might be acquitted, so reluctant was she to punish one whom she had every reason to believe had deeply wronged her.

"Answer me, prisoner,—where did you get this book?" demanded Sir Andrew.

"It was my mother's, sir," replied Susan.

"And this was your mother's name as well as yours,—Susan Wilman?"

"Yes, sir," answered the prisoner.

There was another pause of several minutes, during which the gentleman on the bench conversed with the magistrate, and it appeared from the direction of his eyes that he was interesting himself in her behalf, and suggesting some queries, when their conversation was abruptly interrupted by a squabbling noise in the court.

"Officer, keep silence!" said the magistrate, sternly.

I turned to the quarter whence the noise proceeded, and saw a little bald-headed choleric officer poking his staff authoritatively into the ribs of a most curious individual, who seemed by no means inclined to be repulsed.

He was a stout, ragged-headed fellow, about sixteen or eighteen, pitted deeply with the small-pox, with a pair of large grey rolling

eyes that projected most disagreeably, and a mouth literally extending from ear to ear. His right hand was applied to one of them in the form of a trumpet, and he still talked, and in rather a loud key.

"What *is* that noise?" demanded the magistrate, really angry at the interruption.

"Please your worship," said the officer, "this man will come in, and I can't make out what he wants."

"Oh! indeed," replied the magistrate. "Well, let him pass, and we'll endeavour to ascertain his business, which seems of so much importance, that we are compelled to set aside our own."

The young man walked awkwardly but quietly forward, holding a ragged leathern cap in his hand.

"Well, what's your business?" demanded Sir Andrew.

The youth seeing him speak, placed his hand to his ear, and the question being repeated, calmly replied,

"Oh!—please your worship, I come to speak about this 'ere young ooman as is had up afore you."

"Indeed!" said he, resuming his equanimity, and turning to the officer. "Put him into the box and swear him."

Having gone through this, apparently to him, unusual and inexplicable ceremony, he was about to speak, when he was stopped short, and his name demanded.

"Bill Wattles, your worship."

"William Wattles, I suppose you mean?"

"It's all as one," replied Wattles; "thof I never knowed nobody to call me Villiam as long as I can remember; it's al'ays Bill, or Billy at the most."

"What are you?"

"I'm pot-boy at the George, vere I've bin a matter o' five year, come next Michaelmas."

"Well, but state what you know about the prisoner at the bar."

"Nothin' but vot's good, your worship, and I'm sartain sure as she's as innocent as the babe unborn."

Sir Andrew smiled, and shrugged up his shoulders. "What with his deafness and the style of his rhetoric, I am afraid we shall only lengthen the proceedings by our interrogations. We must patiently allow him, I suppose, to bestow all his tediousness upon us, and let him tell his story in his own way. By the earnestness of his manner, I think he has something to communicate, which, in the absence of all other evidence, may throw some light upon the mystery in which the case is at present involved."

Having obtained permission, the pot-boy proceeded to amuse the whole court with the following oratorical display:—

"T'other evenin', your vorship, I vos in the tap a-doin' o' nothin', and Jim Slabbers, vot's a reglar customer at the George, vos a-readin' the purlice, and lo! and behold you! he lights upon the robbery done by this 'ere young ooman. 'My eyes!' says I, 'if it ain't that 'ere werry pooty gal as lives at No. 7.' I felt werry uncomferrable, and I says, says I, 'Jim, I'll bet a kevorten and three outs,' says I, 'it's all a flam!' Vith that they all bustes out a-larfing, and begins a-poking their fun at un like mad. Vell, I thought and I thought about it the whole o' that blessed night. Nex' mornin' I says to the missis, 'Please, marm,' says I, 'the gal as is had up 'bout the robbery is going to go afore the justice on Friday, and I'm thinkin' as how I've a bit o' bevi-



dence to hoffer as vill give her a lift in this werry onpleasant sitiuation.—‘Do you know vot you’re about, you fool!’ says she. ‘Vy, they’ll be bindin’ you hover to keep the peace,’ says she, ‘and you’ll be had up at the Bailey. I can’t allow of no sich doin’s.’—‘I hope no offence, missus,’ says I; ‘but it’s my dooty, and go I must!’ So she turns purtiklar red in the face, (for she wa’n’t put out a leetle, that’s all!) and I werrily believe as how I should ha’ got the sack, on’y I know’d, and she know’d too, she couldn’t get sich another boy as me every day in the week, thof I say it as shouldn’t say it! Vell, your vorship, as I vos a-saying, on Toosday night last I vos a-going round with the ‘eight o’clock,’ ven, jist as I turns the corner, vot should I see but a great hulking chap a-sneaking away from Miss Singleton’s doorway, with a blue bag in his fist, and at the werry door itself, vich vos hopen, I spies another phiz,—not this ’ere young ooman’s, nor Miss Singleton’s neither, but a ill-looking cove with black viskers. Now I had never in my born days seed a man there afore; but still I didn’t think so much on it at the time; but ven I hears o’ the robbery, and as this ’ere young ooman vos in prison for it, I jist set my fool’s head to vork, and putting this and that together, I says to myself, ‘As for that nice young ooman being guilty,’ says I, ‘it’s werry like a whale!’ And vot’s more, I’m conwincen on it too!”

“You’re an honest fellow, and deserve commendation for your good feeling,” said Sir Andrew. “Stand down, but do not quit the court.”

The officer plucked the pot-boy by the sleeve, and removed him from the box.

Miss Singleton was much excited, and I felt an indefinable sort of hope that the girl’s innocence might be proved, when the officer who had been commissioned to trace the stolen property hastily entered the court, bringing with him a pawnbroker, who produced a large silver milk-ewer (at once identified as part of the missing plate), and which he declared had been pledged at his shop by a young woman; and when the unfortunate girl at the bar was pointed out to him, and he was interrogated upon her identity, he said he could not positively swear, but

he was almost certain that she was the person! Susan immediately fainted, and was borne out of the court.

The magistrate appeared much disappointed, and conversed with the gentleman beside him, who appeared by his excited manner to have been deeply interested in the case. Their conference, however, was abruptly interrupted by the pot-boy.

"Stop that 'ere fellow vith the vite top-coat and the yellow vipe round his neck!" exclaimed he, pointing eagerly to a man in the crowd, who was just on the point of leaving the court.

"This is a strange proceeding," said the man, advancing with the officer who had arrested him. "What warrant—"

"I say, old fellow, draw it a little milder, vill you," said the pot-boy, in a cool and rather sneering tone. "Please your vorship, tell him to draw his mug out o' that 'ere handkercher."

The man untied the handkerchief and Miss Singleton almost involuntarily exclaimed, "It is Susan's father!" while the pot-boy exultingly cried,

"The werry vagabone, your vorship, as I seed at the door. I'll take my davy on it, I vill!"

Susan having recovered, was again placed at the bar, and I augured no good result from the furtive but expressive looks which passed between them.

"Appearances, your vorship," said the father, with calm assurance, "are certainly against me. A father's anxiety for the fate even of an unworthy daughter, I hope, will plead a sufficient excuse for my presence here. A feeling of shame for her guilt caused me to have recourse to concealment."

"But why were you about to quit the court so hastily?" asked Sir Andrew.

"I had heard sufficient to satisfy me that my unfortunate child was guilty. The recognition by the pawnbroker convinced me that she was lost to me for ever."

"But what have you to say to the allegation of the witness?"

"That I can bring twenty credible witnesses, if necessary, to prove that I was not within twelve miles of Miss Singleton's on the night in question. He is labouring under a mistake; but still I thank him heartily for the interest he has taken in behalf of this poor deluded girl."

"Don't palaver me," cried the pot-boy, frowning, "for that cock von't fight! He's the werry man, your vorship, and no mistake,—and pray don't let him go."

The magistrate again turned towards the gentleman, who appeared prompting some query.

"What is your name?" demanded Sir Andrew.

"James Davis, your vorship," replied the man.

"But this poor girl's name is Susan Wilman."

"She bears her mother's name," answered the man. "The fact is, your vorship, she is a natural child."

An old officer now crossed over, and stepped close up to the father, and after a minute scrutiny exclaimed, "Hollo! Slippery Thorn, is that you?" Mr. James Davis made no answer to this impertinent interrogation, but, at once losing all his former coolness and possession, turned deadly pale. "Please your vorship," continued the officer, "this is a return convict. Four years ago he was sent to Botany Bay

for fourteen. I went down to Portsmouth with him myself, and know him well."

"Floored, by ——!" exclaimed the man, and immediately appeared to resign himself to his fate.

"And is he not my father?" demanded Susan.

"No!" loudly exclaimed the gentleman on the bench, rising, "he is not your father. You have been imposed upon, and——"

"Thank heaven!" fervently exclaimed Susan, while the blood mantled in her colourless cheeks, and she appeared for a few brief moments supported by a wild delirium of excitement. "I have no longer any cause for silence. He did visit me on the day of the robbery, in the absence of Miss Singleton, contrary to her strict injunctions, and against my inclination too, — for I was accustomed to obey her. He sent me out of the way to purchase something for him in the neighbourhood, and I have no doubt robbed the house in my absence."

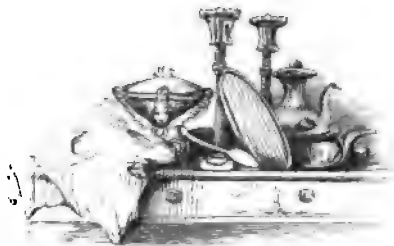
"Say no more," said Slippery Thorn. "I suppose they can do no more than send me across the herring-pond again. I confess the robbery. I have one consolation, however; there's as great rogues among my betters, and I'll be —— if they go scot free. This girl, your worship, is the natural daughter of a wealthy man. His nephew, who is a gambler and a scamp, employed me to entrap her, and carry her out of the country, knowing that it was the only chance he had of inheriting his uncle's property, as the old gentleman was using every means to discover his child; but I was tempted, and I've spoiled my market. Five hundred pounds lost at one throw, and nabbed into the bargain."

"Could Arthur Selwyn do this?" cried Sir Andrew's friend.

"Sir?" said the convict, staring at him with unfeigned wonderment. "Why, yes, that's the man, sure enough."

"The prisoner is acquitted," said Sir Andrew, with evident emotion. "Clear the court."

"Hooray!" exclaimed the pot-boy, throwing down his cap, and rushing towards Susan, seized her hands in his ecstasy, and kissed them.



NOTE.—We do not know whether it was the intention of our worthy friend, Josiah Thorley, to terminate his narrative at this interesting point; but true it is the Old Ledger contains no more than this fragment.

Our curiosity, we must confess, would have been gratified by learning the name of Susan's father, although we can certainly make a shrewd guess.

THE EDITOR.

THE GERMAN STUDENT'S TALE.

THERE is hardly a district in Germany that is not under the influence of some Spirit or Demon, Gnome or Kobold; but there is not one at all resembling the *Herr der Berge*, who presides over the mining district of the Riesengebirge. He is a strange character, and very difficult to define, being just as the whim of the moment makes him; kind one moment, cross the next, a warm friend or a bitter enemy, mild and courteous, irritable and churlish, condescending, haughty, a liberal, or a tyrant. As to his external appearance, he is, if possible, still more inexplicable. Here, he is a very Adonis, there, a hideous hobgoblin with tail and ears of surpassing size; his favourite disguise is perhaps that of a charcoal-burner, in which shape he may have passed us to-day—who knows? He is peculiarly touchy and sensitive on several points; for instance, he abominates the name of Rübzahl, which, by the by, is only a nickname. His police is quite equal to Napoleon's, if not better. He will allow no oppression in his dominions, except his own: and having an insight at once into men's characters, he will permit no one to settle in the Gebirge, whose reputation has a shady side to it.

Three cottages are all that remain of a thriving village called Gooseback (Gansbach in German). The name, I believe, like other names of remote antiquity, was derived from some local circumstances. It was famous for the number of geese that inhabited the spot. Its patron saint was St. Michael: and the only house of entertainment in the village was known by the sign of the Golden Goose. So everything was in perfect keeping, the name of the place, the sign of the inn, and the character of its inhabitants.

What rare doings there used to be at the Golden Goose! but of all the days in the week, Sunday was the one when the most fun was going on. Somehow or other, it always happened that an itinerant band of Bohemian musicians arrived there on Saturday night, to be ready for the morrow—a capital harvest it was for them. The choice spirits of the neighbourhood generally mustered about church-time, and the sound of the church-bells was often drowned in the roar of the chorus, or the tramp of the dance. There was one song which was regularly sung as a sort of prologue to the revels, and as it is not unconnected with our plot, I must endeavour to render it in translation.

To-day it is Sunday—'tis Monday to-morrow!
To-day give to play—give to-morrow to sorrow!
Let us dance, let us sing, that we may not repent
On a Monday, the hours of a Sunday mis-spent.

My merry boys all! let us each choose his mate!
There's Lizzy for thee, boy! for me pretty Kate!
Each fair one will give without coyness on Sunday
The kiss that her lover must steal on the Monday.

"Here's a health to ourselves! hob or nob, boys, all round,
"Till the echoes shall dance to our glasses' shrill sound.
"Let us drink! let us drink, boys! we'll never repent
"On a Monday, the hours of a Sunday mis-spent.

It was Sunday—The song and the dance were in high train as usual, save that perhaps the orgies were even more uproarious than they were wont to be, the very walls of the house were shaking with the boisterous peals of laughter, and Frau Wihkelhaus, the Burgomaster's wife, had declared she could not hear the organ in church for the hideous shouts of the chorus at the public-house, (to be sure, she was rather hard of hearing,) when a young lad, to all appearance a travelling student, entered the village, and, attracted by the joyous sounds he heard, stopped short in front of the Golden Goose.

After hesitating a moment or two, as if to come to terms with his conscience for joining such a heathenish set, he stepped into the house. His appearance in the public room seemed to make some sensation, for our youth was handsomely dressed, and a blush which mantled his fair cheek told that he was unused to such scenes. The noise was hushed, however; a rude stare was all the acknowledgment he got for a graceful bow to the company, so he modestly retired to a corner of the table, and ordering a jug of beer, it was immediately brought him by a smart serving wench, from whom his large blue eyes and beautiful glossy ringlets drew forth a patronising smile.

Certain it is that his gentlemanly address and innocent look had a wonderful effect on the landlord of the Golden Goose. He was an arrant rogue—it was a rare occurrence for him to see any thing like a respectable customer; in fact, his dealings were almost exclusively confined to the vagabond loose set of the neighbourhood; for the house had a bad name, and the wayfarer, unless of the same stamp, seldom made it a halting place. It occurred to him that he might make something out of the youth, nor was he long in settling his plans for the purpose.

The student was evidently shy and modest, so our host tutors the laughter-loving Hebe, above mentioned, to get into conversation with the lad. She is to stick at no kind of nonsense, to interlard her language with the most extravagant bombast, in short, she is to quiz him cruelly; and right well did she acquit herself. The poor youth was soon ready to sink into the floor with shame and embarrassment; he knew not where to turn to rid himself of his malicious tormentor.

The coarse, loud laugh of the landlord at the success of his scheme soon brought all the party crowding round: they too joined in the fun, and the more absurdly and impudently the she-devil conducted herself the more was the misery of her victim increased, and louder grew the demonstrations of delight from the pitiless crew around.

For a time the young lad bore his persecution meekly enough; at length, however, he seemed to pluck up spirit. Rising hastily from the table, he said in a determined tone: "It is too bad, mine host, to permit such an idle, profligate set of scamps to frequent your house on the Lord's day. To say nothing of the treatment I have received at your hands, I tell you such unholy doings will have their reward."

With these words he threw on the table a piece of coin double the amount of his reckoning, and was moving towards the door, when the landlord seized him roughly by the arm and pulled him back into the room. "Ho, ho! my pretty little moralist in plain clothes," cried he, with a fiendish grin; "So you're coming the parson over us—eh? By my troth, worthy sirs," (addressing the company,) "we must mend our manners in such a presence. Our old grumbler of a vicar is not fit to hold the candle to this piece of innocence. But what I say is this;

here we are now within the precincts of the Golden Goose, our business is to be merry, and I hold it my duty, as a conscientious and up-right landlord, to see that all goes on smoothly under my roof. Let us, my worthy guests, make this youngster atone for that unsavoury speech of his about—what was it?—profligate scamps? We will keep him here to do as we do, and, I warrant ye, we'll soon wash his sanctity out of him."

A wild brutal burst of laughter followed this harangue of the landlord's, and the poor lad, in spite of all his remonstrances and entreaties, was forced to seat himself at the table with the rest of the party, and, as a matter of course, to pledge them all round in bumpers.

The wine was not slow in taking effect. By degrees the sober, serious demeanour of the stranger youth wore off: he became gayer and gayer, till at last he entered warmly into the spirit of all that was going forward, and his laugh might have been heard above all the others.

"Mine host is a jolly dog!" cried he. "He was in the right of it, —the devil take all sanctity, say I—Ho! there! more wine"—and he dashed down on the table a handful of gold coin.

"Ei der tausend!"—"Gold!"—"real sterling gold!" every exclamation that the utmost astonishment could call forth, burst from each one as he glared upon the shining metal; but, before they could recover from their stupor, the greedy clutch of the landlord had secured every piece, and it was already locked up in his strong box. He speedily appeared with a fresh supply of wine.

And now began the wildest orgies that can be conceived. The music struck up with mad vigour; some danced to it with frantic gestures, others sang or shouted, each his own scrap of a chorus; two or three were nearly convulsed with idiot-like laughter, while their neighbours were vying one with another in giving utterance to the most horrible blasphemies. One object, however, seemed common to all; viz. that of making each his own voice rise above the rest. In the mean time the cunning host was feeding the flame by cheering them on. He and the stranger seemed to be those of the party on whom the wine had had least effect, but the latter was evidently enjoying the scene beyond measure.

At last there was a pause—perhaps they were all exhausted.

The silence was broken by old Kunze, the Collector of the Revenue, who reeling up to the youth, and embracing him with affectionate fervour, stammered out, "Brother mine, they're all—drunk—ev-e-ry soul of 'em—cept us two—thou suck—kest it in like a fis—fish; and art as sober—s—a judge.—Canst tea—teach me—the tr—tri—trick—eh?"

The stranger replied by singing as follows:

"In riot and pleasures
 "No puling half measures!
 "But fill the deep bowl to the brim! ha! ha!
 "Then up to the chin
 "Let us boldly plunge in
 "He will drown in delight, that can't swim! ha! ha!

"Brother mine!" cried old Kunze, hugging him again, "Brother mine—speak the tr—truth—and—dont t—tell a lie—hast got more gold,—eh?"

Pulling out another handful of gold, the youth dashed it down on the table, and sang :

" Gold, gold is the essence of life and of love,
 " And wine is the spirit to make us enjoy it.
 " 'Tis gold makes our joys rival those of above,
 " When wine has inspired the right way to employ it.
 " Then fill ! — here 's a toast !
 " To the lovely Gold coast !
 " To gold, with its sweets and its bitters !
 " But with pure or alloyed
 " May we never be cloyed,
 " For on earth, 'tis not all gold that glitters !"

There was an expression thrown into the last words of the song, which, if it was not sarcastic, sounded uncommonly like it, and perhaps if the listeners had not well drunk they might have observed a most meaning smile playing on the countenance of the singer as he gave that peculiar emphasis to the toast he proposed. They, however, had eyes only for the gold.

" Ho ! there !" bawled the individual who seemed to be leader of the revels : " bring the dice.—Wilt make a cast, comrade ?"

They played, but the run of luck seemed to be against the stranger, and although the dice had the appearance of being fair, he was soon cleaned out effectually. The sum he lost was very large, and the whole of it was in gold specie. Fortune evidently favoured the landlord, who came in for the lion's share of the spoil.

And now the old Revenue Collector bethought him of a project, " Brother mine ! the dev—il 's in the dice," said he to the youth ; " if thou hast more gold—shalt be my son-in-law—what sayst ?—my Chri—Christel 's a tempting br—bride."

Such an arrangement, however, did not altogether meet the views of our host : such rare pickings were too good to be lost ; the alliance must be prevented.

" Strike up there !" he shouted out to the musicians ; " blow away ! strain your lungs till the very chimneys dance on the housetop ! my honoured guests will have another dance ;" so saying, he himself led out one of the serving maids, and began spinning round the room with her.

" Wilt not dance ?" croaked old Kunze, who saw the stranger standing alone, and looking on at the dancers. " Have a turn with thy—bride—eh ? I 'll straight fet—ch—my Chr—ristel—and my tiresome—old rib—too—They must—all dance Ev—ever—y—body—must dance—t—day—Rum—ti—id—ity—round we go !"—so he begun capering round the room, till one leg interfering with the other, he rolled over, and was soon snoring under the table like a watch-dog in the sunshine.

They kept it up thus till daybreak, when all those who had not joined the old taxgatherer under the table, reeled off to their dwellings, where their first care was to lock up carefully (as the host had done) the winnings of the night before, and then they betook themselves to bed just at the hour when all sober, well-regulated folks were getting up to begin the ordinary business of the day.

The stranger and the landlord alone remained, neither apparently much the worse for the debauch. " Well, fair sir," quoth the latter, " how like you your treatment ? You will do well now to lie down a little to rest yourself ; and, if you've any more of those same gold

pieces, we 'll have a jolly bout of it to-night, ay, and again to-morrow too!"

His guest had now established himself very comfortably in a great arm-chair behind the stove. After a yawn or two he replied, "Give yourself no trouble about the reckoning, my fine fellow, I'll take care of that;—here," continued he, stretching out one of his legs, "just pull off my boots, will you?"

In a moment the officious host had hold of the boot; he pulled and hauled, and hauled and pulled again with all his might; the boot seemed glued to the foot. Now it gives a little—another tug—it's coming—tug—tug—now then.

"Donner und blitzen!" roared the student—no, not the student, but a gigantic, black-charcoalman who was now sitting in the armchair.

"Accursed hell-hound! what the devil are you going to do with my leg?" for the boot *had* come off, and the leg with it: the horror-stricken landlord was standing aghast with the limb in his hand.

"God be merciful to me!" he contrived to stammer out at length, "'tis Rubezahl!"

"Rubezahl!" thundered the Herr der Berge, for it was indeed he. "Rogue! thief! tatterdemalion that thou art, I'll Rubezahl thee!" (be it remembered he was very touchy about that name) "I owe thee a heavy reckoning, and now I'm going to pay thee!"

With these words he jumped up on his one leg, and snatching its fellow, boot and all, out of the quaking landlord's hands, he belaboured the poor devil with it till he was nearly beaten to a jelly, and then, by way of finale, threw it at his head with such terrible correctness of aim that it knocked all his front teeth out. This done, the Spirit hopped off on his one leg, and was out of sight in an instant.

The drunken guests, under the table, had been awakened in the mean time by the piercing outcries of their host. Quiet as mice, though sweating at every pore with apprehension, they lay there, each one hugging himself, amidst his terror, on the assurance of having his ducats snug in his pocket, without getting a drubbing for it. The coast was no sooner clear, than there was a general move of the hand to the pocket to feel the darling coin.

A horrible yell burst from every mouth at the same instant. Mad-dened and howling with pain, they all rushed, helter-skelter, down to the goose-pond in the village—plunged in—there was a hissing and steaming of the water—the vapour cleared away—they were not to be seen.

At this juncture a fire broke out in the inn, as well as in all the other houses in the place, whose inmates had won any of Rubezahl's gold pieces. Short-sighted wretches! the metal they prized so much was nothing now but so much red-hot coal! A violent storm of wind from the mountains augmented the impetuosity of the flames to such a degree, that, in less than an hour, nothing remained of Goosebach but three cottages and a heap of smoking ruins.

The neighbouring villages did not fail to take warning from the fate of Goosebach; and, from that time to this, there have been no such heathenish doings in the public-houses either on Sunday or any other day of the week. The travelling student is now courteously and hospitably received everywhere in the Riesengebirge; for which he has no one to thank but honest Rubezahl, the Herr der Berge.





The Confession

COUNTY LEGENDS.

No. II.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

THE LAY

OF THE OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY.

ONCE there lived, as I've heard people say,
 An "Old Woman clothed in grey,"
 So furrow'd with care,
 So haggard her air,
 In her eye such a wild supernatural stare,
 That all who espied her
 Immediately shied her,
 And strove to get out of her way.

This fearsome Old Woman was taken ill :
 —She sent for the Doctor—he sent her a pill,
 And, by way of a trial,
 A two-shilling phial,
 Of green-looking fluid, like laver diluted,
 To which I profess an abhorrence most rooted.
 One of those draughts they so commonly send us,
 Labell'd "*Haustus catharticus, mane sumendus* ; —
 She made a wry face,
 But, without saying Grace,
 Toss'd it off like a dram—it improved not her case.
 —The Leech came again ;
 He now open'd a vein,
 Still the little Old Woman continued in pain.
 So her "Medical Man," although loth to distress her,
 Conceived it high time that her Father Confessor
 Should be sent for to shrive, and assoilize, and bless her,
 That she might not slip out of these troublesome scenes
 "Unanneal'd and Unhouseled,"—whatever that means.*

Growing afraid,
 He calls to his aid
 A bandy-legg'd neighbour, a "*Tailor by trade*,"†
 Tells him his fears,
 Bids him lay by his shears,

* Alack for poor William Linley to settle the point ! His elucidation of Macbeth's "Hurlyburley" casts a halo around his memory. In him the world lost one of its kindest Spirits, and the Garrick Club its acutest commentator.

† All who are familiar with the Police Reports, and other Records of our Courts of Justice, will recollect that every gentleman of this particular profession invariably thus describes himself, in contradistinction to the Bricklayer, whom he probably presumes to be indigenous, and the Shoemaker born a Snob.

His thimble, his goose, and his needle, and hie
 With all possible speed to the Convent hard by,
 Requests him to say,
 That he begs they 'll all pray,
 Viz. : The whole pious brotherhood, Cleric and Lay,
 For the soul of an Old Woman clothed in grey,
 Who was just at that time in a very bad way,
 And he really believed couldn't last out the day,—
 And to state his desire
 That some erudite Friar
 Would run over at once, and examine, and try her ;
 For he thought he would find
 There was " something behind,"
 A something that weigh'd on the Old Woman's mind,—
 " In fact he was sure, from what fell from her tongue,
 That this little Old Woman had done something wrong."
 —Then he wound up the whole with this hint to the man,
 " Mind and pick out as holy a Friar as you can !"

Now I 'd have you to know
 That this story of woe,
 Which I 'm telling you, happen'd a long time ago ;
 I can't say exactly *how* long, nor, I own,
 What particular monarch was then on the throne,
 But 'twas here in Old England : and that all one knows is,
 It must have preceded the Wars of the Roses.*
 Inasmuch as the times
 Described in these rhymes,
 Were as fruitful in virtues as ours are in crimes ;
 And if 'mongst the Laity
 Unseemly gaiety
 Sometimes betray'd an occasional taint or two,
 At once all the Clerics
 Went into hysterics,
 While scarcely a Convent but boasted its Saint or two :
 So it must have been long ere the line of the Tudors,
 As since then the breed
 Of Saints rarely indeed
 With their dignified presence have darken'd our pew doors.
 —Hence the late Mr. Froude, and the live Mr. Pusey
 We moderns consider as each worth a Jew's eye ;
 Though Wiseman and Dullman † combine against Newman,
 With Doctors and Proctors, and say he 's no true man.
 But this by the way.—The Convent I speak about
 Had them in scores—they said Mass week and week about ;

* " An antient and most pugnacious family," says a learned F. S. A. " One of their descendants, George Rose, Esq. late M.P. for Christchurch (an elderly gentleman now defunct), was equally celebrated for his vocal abilities and his wanton destruction of furniture when in a state of excitement. " Sing, old Rose, and burn the bellows ! " has grown into a proverb.

† The worthy Jesuit's polemical publisher.—I am not quite sure as to the orthography ;—it 's *idem sonans*, at all events.

And the two now on duty were each, for their piety,
 "Second to none" in that holy society,
 And well might have borne
 Those words which are worn
 By our "*Nulli Secundus*" Club—poor dear lost muttons
 Of Guardsmen—on Club days, inscribed on their buttons.—
 They would read, write, and speak
 Latin, Hebrew, and Greek,
 A radish-bunch munch for a lunch, or a leek ;
 Though scoffers and boobies
 Ascribed certain rubies
 That garnish'd the nose of the good Father Hilary
 To the overmuch use of Canary and Sillery,
 —Some said spirituous compounds of viler distillery—
 Ah ! little reck'd they
 That with Friars, who say
 Fifty Paters a night, and a hundred a day,
 A very slight sustenance goes a great way—
 Thus the consequence was that his colleague, Basilus,
 Won golden opinions, by looking more bilious,
 From all who conceived strict monastical duty
 By no means conducive to personal beauty,
 And being more meagre, and thinner, and paler,
 He was snap't up at once by the bandy-legg'd Tailor.

The latter's concern
 For a speedy return
 Scarce left the Monk time to put on stouter sandals,
 Or go round to his shrines, and snuff all his Saint's candles ;
 Still less had he leisure to change the hair-shirt he
 Had worn the last twenty years—probably thirty,
 Which, not being wash'd all that time, had grown dirty.
 —It seems there's a sin in
 The wearing clean linen,
 Which Friars must eschew at their very beginning,
 Though it makes them look frowsy, and drowsy, and blowsy,
 And—a rhyme modern etiquette never allows ye.—
 As for the rest,
 E'en if time had not prest,
 It didn't much matter how Basil was drest,
 Nor could there be any great need for adorning,
 The Night being almost at odds with the Morning.

Oh ! sweet and beautiful is Night when the silver Moon is high,
 And countless Stars, like clustering gems, hang sparkling in the sky,
 While the balmy breath of the summer breeze comes whispering
 down the glen,
 And one fond voice alone is heard—oh ! Night is lovely then !

But when that voice, in feeble moans of sickness and of pain,
 But mocks the anxious ear that strives to catch its sounds in vain,—
 When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's flickering light,
 Where all we love is fading fast—how terrible is Night ! !

More terrible yet,
 If you happen to get
 By an old woman's bedside, who, all her life long,
 Has been, what the vulgar call, "coming it strong"
 In all sorts of ways that are naughty and wrong.—

As Confessions are sacred, it's not very facile
 To ascertain what the old hag said to Basil;
 But whatever she said,
 It fill'd him with dread,
 And made all his hair stand on end on his head,—
 No great feat to perform, inasmuch as his hair
 Being clipp'd by the tonsure, his crown was left bare,
 So of course Father Basil had little to spare;

But the little he had
 Seem'd as though 't had gone mad,
 Each lock, as by action galvanic, uprears
 In the two little tufts on the tops of his ears.—

What the old woman said
 That so "fill'd him with dread,"
 We should never have known any more than the dead,
 If the bandy-legg'd Tailor, his errand thus sped,
 Had gone quietly back to his needle and thread,
 As he ought; but instead,
 Curiosity led,—

A feeling we all deem extremely ill-bred,—
 He contrived to secrete himself under the bed!

Not that he heard
 One-half, or a third
 Of what past as the Monk and the Patient conferred,
 But he here and there managed to pick up a word,
 Such as "Knife,"
 And "Life,"

And he thought she said "Wife,"
 And "Money" that source of all evil and strife*;
 Then he plainly distinguish'd the words "Gore," and "Gash,"
 Whence he deem'd—and I don't think his inference rash—
 She had cut some one's throat for the sake of his cash.

Intermix'd with her moans,
 And her sighs, and her groans,
 Enough to have melted the hearts of the stones,
 Came at intervals Basil's sweet, soft, silver tones,
 For somehow it happened—I can't tell you why—
 The good Friar's indignation,—at first rather high,
 To judge from the language he used in reply,—
 Ere the Old Woman ceased, had a good deal gone by;
 And he gently address her in accents of honey,
 "Daughter, don't you despair! — WHAT'S BECOME OF
 THE MONEY?"

* *Effodiuntur Opes Irritamenta Malorum.*

LILLY'S Grammar.

In one just at Death's door it was really absurd
 To see how her eye lighted up at that word—
 Indeed there's not one in the language that I know,
 (Save its synonyms "Spanish," "Blunt," "Stumpy," and
 "Rhino,")

Which acts so direct,
 And with so much effect
 On the human *sensorium*, or makes one erect
 One's ears so, as soon as the sound we detect—

It's a question with me
 Which of the three,
 Father Basil himself, though a grave S. T. P.
 (Such as he have, you see, the degree of D.D.)
 Or the eaves-dropping, bandy-legg'd Tailor,—or She
 Caught it quickest—however traditions agree
 That the Old Woman perked up as brisk as a bee,—

'Twas the last quivering flare of the taper,—the fire
 It so often emits when about to expire !
 Her excitement began the same instant to flag,
 She sank back, and whisper'd, " Safe !—Safe ! in the Bag ! ! "

Now I would not by any means have you suppose
 That the good Father Basil was just one of those
 Who entertain views

We're so apt to abuse,
 As neither befitting Turks, Christians, nor Jews,
 Who haunt death-bed scenes,
 By underhand means

To toady or teaze people out of a legacy,—
 For few folk, indeed, had such good right to beg as he,
 Since Rome, in her pure Apostolical beauty,
 Not only permits, but enjoins, as a duty,

Her sons to take care
 That, let who will be heir,
 St. Peter shall not be chous'd out of his share,
 Before any such mangling of chattels and goods
 As has just been the case with the late Jemmy Wood's ;
 Her Conclaves, and Councils, and Synods in short main-
 -tain principles adverse to statutes of *Mortmain* ;

Besides, you'll discern
 It, at once, when you learn
 That Basil had something to give in return,
 Since it rested with him to say how she should burn,
 Nay, as to her ill-gotten wealth, should she turn it all
 To uses he named, he could say, " You shan't burnt at all,

Or nothing to signify,
 Not what you'd dignify
 So much as even to call it a roast,
 But a mere little singeing, or scorching at most,—
 What many would think not unpleasantly warm,—
 Just to keep up appearance—mere matter of form."

All this in her ear
 He declared, but I fear
 That her senses were wand'ring—she seem'd not to hear,
 Or, at least understand,—for mere unmeaning talk her
 Parch'd lips babbled now,—such as “Hookey!”—and “Walker!”

—She expired, with her last breath expressing a doubt
 If “his Mother were fully aware he was out?”

(END OF CANTO I.)

NOTES ON SOME NEW NOVELS, BY DR. PANGLOSS.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN. A HISTORICAL ROMANCE, BY MISS MARTINEAU.
 — CECIL: OR THE ADVENTURES OF A COXCOMB. — SOME ACCOUNT OF MY
 COUSIN NICHOLAS. BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY.—COLIN CLINK. BY CHARLES
 HOOTON.

AMONG the crowd of great men who figure in the historical annals of the last century, few deserve to hold a more prominent station than the celebrated negro general and statesman, Toussaint L'Ouverture, the founder of the independence of St. Domingo, whose glorious task it was not only to rouse the dormant spirit of freedom in the breasts of the despised and trampled blacks, but to fit them for its rational enjoyment when achieved. And this he successfully accomplished, by a union of such qualities as rarely meet in one individual. To uncommon sagacity, and ready apprehension of character, he added an inflexible determination of purpose, a moral and physical courage that no difficulties or dangers could daunt, a coolness and self-possession that the most unexpected events had no power to disturb, and, above all, a heroism and disinterestedness of nature, that, in the prosecution of its grand designs, invariably omitted all mere considerations of self. This distinguished man has been sometimes compared to Napoleon, and at one period of his career he was proud of the comparison, holding the servant of the French Republic, and the Conqueror of Italy, in the greatest reverence, and styling him the “First of the Whites,” as he himself was generally styled the “First of the Blacks.” But the comparison does injustice to Toussaint, for in high moral qualities he was far superior to Bonaparte. His was not the vulgar ambition of universal conquest; he had no desire to dazzle mankind by the splendour of military renown; the throne of Hayti, twice offered him, he refused with lofty disdain; the immense wealth that he might have amassed, he set not the slightest store on; but throughout his whole public career was influenced solely by the desire of becoming the benefactor and redeemer of his sable brethren. He has been accused of treachery and worldly-mindedness, and even taunted with his signal cruelties towards the French inhabitants of St. Domingo. Never were accusations more false. He was frank and single-minded to a degree—indeed, it was his trusting simplicity of character that led to his ruin; and his humanity is incontestably demonstrated by the fact, that throughout his arduous struggle with the whites he adopted what he called the “no-retaliation” system of policy. Under his wise and beneficent administration the French and Spanish colonists—notwithstanding the galling state of subjection in which they had for years kept the negroes—lived in the most perfect security; the laws were enforced with rigid impartiality; schools were established in every district, where the distinctions of caste and colour were, as far as possible, set aside; the agricultural and commercial resources of the island, which had long been neglected, were brought into a healthy state of activity; and the intellectual energies of the blacks were developed to an extent of which no European would ever have supposed their nature capable. When it is borne in mind that all these vast changes were effected within the short space of ten years—that they were the work of one individual, who did not commence public life till nearly his fiftieth year, up

to which period he had toiled as a slave on the estates of a French planter ; that he was wholly self-taught, and had to mould and discipline the minds, not of intelligent whites, but of ignorant and demoralized blacks ; that, nevertheless, his chief weapons of authority were reason and clemency, and that he wielded them with an effect which even Napoleon, in the fulness of his supremacy, never produced—when these things are borne in mind, it will not, we conceive, be saying too much for Toussaint that he possessed moral and intellectual faculties of the loftiest order, and needed only a more extended and familiar sphere of action to have achieved the universal renown of a Washington, to whom in disinterestedness and magnanimity he bore a striking resemblance. The close of this great man's career was mournful, and cannot be thought of without emotion. His sun, that rose so brightly, set suddenly in storm and darkness. After achieving the independence of St. Domingo, he was kidnapped by the French authorities, in whose sense of honour he had rashly confided ; conveyed away to France ; imprisoned in an unwholesome Swiss fortress ; and there left to die, unpitied and unknown, of cold, disease, and starvation. This, and the subsequent murder of Hoffer, are the two great blots in the escutcheon of Napoleon ; and when we think of the wide-spread renown that this unscrupulous conqueror obtained during his life, and the general homage that has since been paid to his memory, and then recall the closing hours of the patriotic negro chief, we know not whether most to blame or pity the perverseness and infatuation of mankind.

In her historical tale of the "Hour and the Man," Miss Martineau has traced Toussaint L'Ouverture's extraordinary fortunes with singular minuteness and animation. Commencing with the period of the revolutionary war of St. Domingo, when he first began to distinguish himself, she has followed him step by step throughout his subsequent course of action ; portrayed him in all the various phases of his versatile character—now as the triumphant general, now as the sagacious statesman, and now as the gentle and considerate father and husband ; made us sharers of his inmost thoughts during his brief snatches of domestic felicity, and taught us, by his example, how to discriminate between true and false greatness—a useful lesson, and one which the world stands much in need of. As an outline, Miss Martineau's portrait of Toussaint is excellent, but she is not so happy in the filling-up. She refines overmuch, and in places her colouring is overcharged. Forgetting, apparently, the adverse circumstances of her hero's early life, and that his education, notwithstanding his innate vigour of mind, was at best but imperfect, she represents him as a man of the most polished tastes, and of such rare literary endowments as are seldom or never found without the pale of civilized society. When he reasons, he does so, not like a man of strong common sense, but like a subtle philosopher. In fact, the authoress reasons for him, and her logic has every recommendation but that of historical propriety. As a patriot, however, and a father, nothing can be truer or more beautiful than Miss Martineau's delineation of the negro chief. Here there is no *venering*—no undue varnishing of character. She represents him as he really was, and the very homeliness and simplicity of her details furnish us with a guarantee for their correctness. We cannot compliment our authoress on the tact or vigour with which she has wrought up her sterner and more tragic incidents. She seems wholly deficient in dramatic power, and aims at producing effect by impressive description, instead of by characteristic dialogue. The scene where Toussaint signs the death-warrant of his son-in-law, General Moyse, and visits him in prison the night previous to his execution, though meant to be profoundly impassioned, is read with comparative indifference, from its utter want of "mark and likelihood." It has eloquence enough ; but it is not the eloquence of the heart, but is the mere prompting of the fancy. In her scenic descriptions, which are numerous, Miss Martineau displays abilities not unworthy of Walter Scott. One would imagine that she had resided for years beneath the burning sun of the tropics, so graphic are her sketches, and so strong is the impress of reality that she has stamped on them.

WE commenced CECIL with a strong prejudice against it, occasioned partly by its title, and partly by the air of undue assumption that characterizes every page of its preface. The adventures of a coxcomb ! What interest can possibly attach to the adventures of such an insect—the mere butterfly of fashion ? Who can care to know how he dressed ; where he dined ; what he said ; with whom he flirted at Almacks' ; or betted at Crockford's ? Possibly he may have made the grand tour ; scaled half an Alp, or so ; peeped into the crater of Vesuvius ; and hob-a-nobbed with Metternich at Vienna ; but what then ? doubtless he returned home as wise as when he quitted it ; for your genuine Brummel-like

coxcomb—no matter what be his opportunities of improving himself—is very apt to continue a coxcomb to the end of the chapter. Such were the reflections that occurred to us as we commenced the autobiography of the Honourable Cecil Danby, in whom we fully expected to find another “Vivian Grey,” or “Young Duke,”—that is to say, a combination of littleness and self-sufficiency, “most tolerable, and not to be endured,” to quote honest Dogberry’s words. We had not proceeded far, however, before we discovered that we were wholly in error. Cecil Danby is *not* a coxcomb, and in so far, therefore, the title of the book is a misnomer. True, he is fond of show and dash; entertains a good opinion of himself; and even aspires to the enviable reputation of a lady-killer; but this is the mere outside coating—the superficies of his character; a warm, manly heart beats within his breast; he is shrewd, observant, and of an intellectual order of mind; generous himself, and able to appreciate generosity in others. He does not shudder at the idea of being brought too closely in contact with an ill-made coat. A loud hoarse laugh, or a grin from ear to ear, does not set his teeth on edge. He can see redeeming qualities in a fellow-creature, even though he may be acquainted with the geography of Russell Square, enjoy a pantomime, and eat fish with a steel-fork! Such a man is not—cannot be—a coxcomb; and we repudiate, therefore, Cecil Danby’s claim to the title. Indeed, he himself throws off the mask very early in his autobiography, and stands forth a clever, unaffected, spirited man of the world. His adventures abound in stirring incident, detailed in that arch, laughing, and occasionally satirical manner, which tells so well in light fiction. But his serious vein is his best, for it is evidently the most native to his mind. His episodical sketch of the poor Bohemian dancing-girl, whom he unexpectedly encountered at Venice, of her hapless love, and tragic end, seems written with a pen dipped in his own heart’s blood. Nor must we omit to notice the singular ease and vigour of his cursory descriptive touches. He never labours to produce striking picturesque effects;—a few rough, hasty dashes of the brush, and we have the picture complete. Cecil is one of the few novels likely to survive the season.

Who is not familiar with the poetical vagaries of THOMAS INGOLDSBY, the legitimate successor of the Younger Colman, whom in the rich and racy quality of his humour he resembles more than any other writer of the day, and whom he far surpasses in the brilliant, meteoric play of his fancy? We defy any one to read his rhymed “quips and quiddities” without conceiving a strong liking for the man, as well as the author. His drollery, like Falstaff’s chuckling laugh, breathes the very spirit of good fellowship. It has nothing waspish or satirical in its character. It leaves no sting behind it. It is full of the oil of gladness; is broad—subtle—fantastic—extravagant—as suits the caprice of the moment; but exhibits a strong catholic tendency even in its wildest freaks. In this respect it is thoroughly Rabelaisian, and would have been pronounced as such by the immortal author of the “Voyage to the Holy Bottle,” whose humour rose out of the exuberance of his good nature, and who revelled and grew fat upon laughter, as though it were meat and drink. When we read the droll conceits of Ingoldsby, we always imagine that they have been concocted in an easy arm-chair, without the slightest effort, and that their immediate prompter has been a bumper of fine old port. They smack, not of the lamp, but of the bee’s wing; and afford unequivocal proofs that their author has not yet taken Father Mathew’s Total-abstinence Pledge! Who that has once read can ever forget Ingoldsby’s unctuous, heartfelt description of the midnight carousals of the fat Abbot Nicholas, and of the ghostly man’s chagrin when he found that the plump, buxom wench at whom he had been casting many a sly sheep’s eye, was no other than Satan himself in petticoats? Who has not laughed till his sides ached at the convivial supper party of my Lord Tomnoddy; and Roger’s tipsy frolic with the witches in the Squire’s wine-cellar? Yet, when it suits his mood, Ingoldsby can lay aside the mad jester, doff his cap and bells, put on a serious face, and strike a deep chord of sentiment. His cursory sketch of the felon on his way to execution is full of the truest touches of pathos; and there is a ghastly horror in his “Legend of Hamilton Tighe,” which even Coleridge has scarcely surpassed. Not less successful is he in presenting objects to the reader, so as at once to rivet his attention. His pictures appeal to the eye, as well as to the imagination. In the grotesque lines, for instance,

“The Sacristan he says no word to indicate a doubt,
But he puts his thumb up to his nose, and he spreads his fingers out.”

In these lines we have, not merely a rhymed couplet, but a rich bit of painting, as

genuine as anything in Hogarth. Another of Ingoldsby's characteristic excellences is his versification. Nothing can be easier, gracefuller, or more varied than its flow. It abounds in musical cadences; is buoyant and flexible to a degree; and thickly bestrewn with the dazzling lights of a salient and teeming fancy. The lines, unlike many of Tom Hood's, never halt, or hobble feebly along on crutches, but trip briskly on, unimpeded by expletives. The only fault we find with Ingoldsby's humour is, that it sometimes overmasters him, and fairly runs his judgment off its legs. In his eagerness to make his good things tell, he is apt to overdo them. This, however, is a fault on the right side, and originates in the uncommon affluence of his genius.

Thinking thus highly of Thomas Ingoldsby as a humorist, we took up his "COUSIN NICHOLAS" with no slight curiosity, in the expectation that we should find him as irresistible in prose as he is in verse. And we have not altogether been disappointed, though we will confess that he exhibits to greater advantage as a poet than as a novelist. The necessity of adhering in some degree to real life, and maintaining the proprieties of character and incident, in a tale professing to depict the manners of the day, seems to have cramped his genius; and not unfrequently he moves on with difficulty, as if in fetters. This is more especially the case when he attempts set description of a serious cast, as in his episode of Major Fortescue, whose romantic adventures not only disturb the interest, and check the progress of the story, to which it is attached by the slenderest possible links, but savour throughout of the marvellous. To make amends for this drawback, we have, in Sir Oliver Bullwinkle and his hopeful son Nicholas, two as forcibly drawn and well-contrasted characters as could be desired. The latter, in particular, may lay claim to the praise of decided originality, which is saying a great deal for it, in this age of exhausted invention. Few scenes can be more humorous or spirited of their kind than those wherein Nicholas—who, it should be premised, has an ungovernable fancy for playing off practical jokes—passes off a hoax upon his father at Oxford; sets Dr. Drench's staid old mare frisking with unaccountable vivacity, by the application of a bunch of stinging nettles to her tail, just at the moment when the unsuspecting Doctor is setting himself in the saddle; and endeavours to persuade the crusty Baronet that he is an apparition, having previously given out that he was dead, by way of restoring the hopes of his own desponding creditors. In eccentric sketches like these, which, without being absolutely improbable, just hover on its confines, our author eminently excels, and flags only when he enters within the pale of every-day, commonplace existence. The *denouement* of the story is startling and unforeseen; and the half frantic attempt at parricide by Nicholas, when driven to desperation by the fierce threats of his creditors, comes on the reader like a thunder-clap. Indeed, a scene of more thrilling power than this last is hardly to be met with in modern fiction.

The description of the poor old Baronet, after the death of his idolized, but heartless, son Nicholas; of the gradual pressure of sorrow upon his stalwart frame; and of his final lapse into a state of idiotcy, is replete with sterling pathos. Here is a touch worthy of Sterne. Sir Oliver, we should observe, has been for months a silent, drivelling imbecile; but one morning, while seated at a window looking upon his park, he hears the report of a gun in the preserves, when "he sprang from his seat with a vigour which to his attendants seemed little less than miraculous, and with a shriek that long after rang in their ears, he exclaimed, 'Hold—hold your hand, I say!—don't fire—'tis my boy!—'tis Nicholas!'" This brief, simple allusion to the father's instincts surviving the wreck of his reason, is exquisitely true to nature. Of the second tale, entitled "The Rubber of Life," we have merely space to say, that it is by no means deficient in interest. The quizz on Fancy Fairs is admirable.

COLIN CLINK is a tale thoroughly English in its character, dealing for the most part with homely, every-day personages, and portraying them with a vigour and nicety of discrimination not often met with in the works of our modern novelists. Mr. Hooton has studied plebeian nature, as it shows itself in our more remote country districts, with evident care; and the result is, a series of pictures painted with the force and exactness of a Gainsborough. He might have been more humorous, had he been less rigidly adherent to truth in his details; but he has preferred in every instance to keep within the pale of probability, and deserves credit for the rare good sense that dictated such a determination. His Colin Clink will ere long, we predict, grow in high favour with the public, and be read and admired when many more noisy clap-trap fictions are forgotten. Though, generally speaking, it maintains a level tone,—reminding us in this respect of Miss Austen's un-

pretending tales,—yet it contains scenes of tragic power which lay a strong grasp on the memory. Of such a sort is the account of the midnight conflict in the poacher's hut ; and of the death of the mad doctor, which last graphic scene cannot be read without mingled emotions of awe and terror. The numerous clever illustrations by Leech interspersed throughout the volumes add considerably to their attraction.

BRIDAL HYMN.

BY ZACHARIAS LUNDT.*

JOYFUL Spring is here once more,
After Winter's chilly reign,
Meadows, rich in fertile store,
Don their verdant hues again :
The woods are budding forth, and see !
Fruit is on my little tree.

Heat can banish frost and cold,
Sunny rays melt ice and snow,
All is young that erst was old,
E'en the fishes younger grow.
Pan with new-born pomp is here,
Dryads hail the blooming year.

Venus comes, and with her, lo !
Love appears to welcome you ;
Arm'd with quiver, darts, and bow,
Fain would he the world subdue.
Both glad smiling hither stray,
Hailing this auspicious day.

Love your hearts, your souls hath moved,
He hath stirr'd the mutual flame,
Mortal weakness he hath proved,
He hath won an easy game :
Passion for a while may sleep,
But its slumber is not deep.

Ye have chosen prudently
This enchanting month of May.
He who lets the bright days flee
Must not hope that love will stay :
Lovers' heat and wintry weather
Never can agree together.

Youth is joy's befitting hour,—
Age brings on a world of care ;
So should Spring's fresh blooming flower,
Lovely May, your transports share.
Zephyr breathes a perfumed gale,
Flora's smiles your nuptials hail.

Oh ! then choose the joyous hour
Granted by all-bounteous heaven ;
Let it with its soothing power
Heal the smart young Love has given.
Hark ! the birds their welcome sing
To the happy bride of Spring.

* Born April 5, 1608 ; died January 8, 1667.

STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

CHAPTER XLII.

The Countess of Clarendale receives another lesson.

THE Earl did not return to the Countess that night; but on the following day about noon he went to the door of the "European," at which he thundered as well as he could, — the knocker being off, and the bell-wire broken,—until he became so enraged, that he sent his stick clean through the drawing-room window.

The Countess and her mamma were in the drawing-room at the time, and were dreadfully alarmed by the crash; but they knew the Earl's stick in an instant; and while Mrs. Gills rushed in a fright to the window, the Countess mechanically flew to the door.

"You have kept me here long enough, I hope," said the Earl, glancing fiercely at the Countess as he passed her. "Are you deaf?"

The Countess, being too much alarmed then to speak, tremblingly followed her noble lord in silence.

"Well," said he, on entering the drawing-room, and throwing himself carelessly upon a couch, "a pretty mess you have got me into!—don't you think you have?"

"I'm sorry we've offended you, my lord," replied the Countess.

"For my part," observed her mamma, who had by this time recovered all her faculties, "I don't see much to be sorry about! Other Countesses has jollifications, and why shouldn't you?"

"Jollifications!" echoed the noble Earl, sarcastically. "I'll have no jollifications. Look at the position in which you have placed me by making fools of all those people!"

"Well, you know, my lord, you know that was all your own fault, and nobody else's! Why disapp'int the company? Why didn't you let 'em come in? I'm sure there was everything nice pervided. It warn't as though we'd only a leg of mutton and trimmings!"

"Don't talk to me about legs of mutton and trimmings! Leave the room both of you. I want to be here alone."

"Please don't be angry, my lord," said the Countess. "Indeed we'll not do so again."

"No, I don't expect you will. I'll take care you do not."

"Upon my word and honour, my lord, I didn't know that we were doing any harm."

"Did I not tell you I wished to be alone? Don't stand there chattering—be off!"

The Countess as she left the room wept; but her mamma, whose bosom swelled with indignation, looked at him as she followed with an expression of contempt the most supreme, and, in order to convey to him an additional idea of what she felt, she slammed the door after her as if she meant to split it.

"He's a brute!—an exorbitant monster!" she exclaimed, on entering the chamber to which the Countess had retired. "But it serves you justly right for not having more sperit. I don't know who you take after, that's the real truth. You don't take after me! Do you 'magine if he was a husband of mine I'd put up with it? No: I'd see him blessed first! I wouldn't take it from the best man that ever stepped in shoe-leather. I told you how it would be. I told you from the first how he'd serve you, if you didn't stand up for your rights. I've no patience with you, I haven't. You pervoke me to such a degree, I don't know how to contain myself."

"What am I to do, ma?—what can I do?"

"What can you do? Why, up and tell him at once what you mean. Fly into a passion. The ideor! I only just wish he was a husband of mine, I'd let him know what's what, I'll warrant. Do you think that I'd fret, and stew, and go on so? No! nor you don't ought to do it."

"But how can I help it, ma?"

"How can you help it? Don't tell me! Presume a proper dignity and sperit. He'll tread upon you as if you was dirt, as they all will, if you let 'em; but you don't ought to suffer him to do it. And then the ideor!—did you ever in all your born days hear tell of such a thing as a husband being out all the whole blessed night, without even so much as mentioning on it! A pretty thing, indeed!—as if you had no right to know where he had been!—as if you didn't ought to insist upon knowing where he'd been! Do you think I'd let him have a minute's peace till he told me? How do you know where he was? And not a word of exclamation!—the ideor! But I see how it is: he don't think that we're good enough for him; but I'd have him to know that you're as good as him any hour in the day, if he comes to that. Aint you a Countess? In course; and you're consequentially bound to act as Countesses does. What does he mean? A very pretty thing! There! if I was you, I'll tell you what I'd go and do at once. I'd go to him, and I'd say, 'Now, I'll tell you what it is,—I'm not going to stand it, and so you needn't think it, and that's all about it. I'm 'solved to stand up for my dignity as a Countess; and if I can't live peaceable with you, I'll have a separate maintainance, and do what I like.' That's the way to bring him to his senses, my precious! Whenever a woman talks about a separate maintainance, a man thinks she's in earnest, and draws in his horns. It's the only way, to up and tell 'em what you mean at once. Now, you take my advice: you go down and look fierce, and tell him bold you won't have it."

"What, now, ma?"

"Yes, now. Make hay while the sun shines—strike while the iron is hot."

"I'm a good mind, but—"

"Do it! Men is cowards when a woman's blood's up. If you cringe to 'em, they trample upon you; but if you presume a proper dignity, they'll come down to you. Therefore do it, and make no bones about the matter."

"But I'm afeared, ma."

"Afeared! Don't tell me about being afeared. What have you to be afeared on? Give it him at once. Make believe to be in

a tremendous passion. Speak *loud*, my precious: there's nothing like that: they're sure to get over them as doesn't speak loud. When you speak loud, men is quite safe to speak soft; in fact, they seems then to be almost afeared to speak at all. Throughout life, my love, there's nothing like giving it to 'em loud."

"But what am I to say, ma?" whined the Countess.

"What are you to say!" echoed her anxious mamma in despair. "Why, aint I told you what to say! Give it to him well. Tell him you won't have it at no price, and so he needn't think it. As true as I'm alive, there aint a bit of the Countess in you."

"Well, ma, I can't help it."

"Can't help it? Rubbish! I've no patience with such ways. Don't tell me you can't help it!—it's enough to make one sick to see so much affectation. Go to him at once, and tell him flat that you're solved to stick up for your rights."

"Well, ma, I *will* go," said the Countess. "I'm determined I will. I'll tell him it's unbearable, I will; and he needn't think I'm going to put up with it."

"Do, my precious. Be a woman of sperit. It's the only way in the world to get over the men. And don't forget the *separate maintenance*."

"I won't, ma. I'll tell him plump; see if I don't."

"That's right, my darling—give it him home! And don't forget to give him an 'int about stopping out all the blessed night neither. Hit him hard upon that p'int; and if you don't frighten him out of his wits, it'll be very strange to me. Therefore don't forget that."

"I won't, ma. I'll tell him he treats me very cruel, and that I don't care a single bit about him."

"And very proper neither. I shall make a woman of dignity on you yet."

Thus encouraged, the Countess boldly descended; but on entering the drawing-room in which the Earl sat, she was seized with so violent a palpitation of the heart, that she was perfectly unable to give utterance to a word.

"Well!" said the Earl, frowning ferociously at her, "what do you want here?"

The Countess tried to say that she felt that she was treated very cruelly; but as she couldn't, she burst into tears and left the room.

"Why, what's the matter now?" cried her mamma, on her return. "Has the monster been at it again? What does he say for himself?"

"He asked me what I wanted there," replied the Countess, sobbing bitterly,—“what I wanted there!”

"Well, I never! And didn't you up and tell him?"

"I—couldn't—speak:—he looked—as if—he'd—eat me!"

"And what if he did? Why didn't you look as if you'd eat him, and then go ding dong at it with dignity? But I'll soon settle this—I'll soon let him know a piece of my mind, I'll warrant. He don't quite so easily get over me!"

"Oh! pray, ma, don't go: he looks, oh! so fierce!"

"Fierce!—the ideor! Do you think I'm afeared of a man! The ridiculousness of it pervokes me!"

Whereupon she bounced out of the chamber, and the next moment stood before the Earl.

"Now I tell you what it is now, plump, my lord," she observed, with a dignified air: "If this here 's the way you 're a-going to treat the Countess, my daughter, it won't do, my lord, *I* can tell you: we aint a-going to stand it."

"Am I to be under the necessity of turning you out of the house, Mrs. Gills?" said the Earl, with perfect calmness.

"Turn me out of the house! *Well*, I'm sure!"

"You will compel me to do so, if you do not conduct yourself with greater propriety."

"I'd have you to know that I'm not to be 'timidated, my lord. Where the Countess my daughter is, there will I be."

"You had better be silent. I believe that I contracted no marriage with you."

"No; I only just wish that you had!"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the Earl.

"You'd have had a very different person to deal with, I can tell you."

"I know it. I do not require to be told."

"I wouldn't have put up with one twentieth part of the treatment that she has put up with, poor thing."

"It is of no importance to me, Mrs. Gills, what proportion *you* would have put up with."

"But is it proper treatment? Let me ask you that."

"Will you do me the favour to leave the room, Mrs. Gills?"

"If she aint treated better, she shall sue for a separate maintenance."

"Leave the room, madam!" cried the Earl, starting up, and pointing fiercely to the door. "If I hear another word, I'll have you instantly turned out of the house!"

At this particular moment it struck Mrs. Gills with great force that, as she was not the absolute mistress of that house, he had the power to carry his threat into execution; and as she felt it to be therefore inexpedient to provoke the tyrannical exercise of that power, she most reluctantly held her peace, and left the room, as she subsequently expressed it, "fit to bust."

"Well, ma," cried the Countess, who was naturally anxious to know the result, "how *did* you get on? What on earth *did* he say?"

"He's a brute! I'm putrified, my precious! I *never* in all my days heared of such a monster! Would you believe it?—why, he threatened to turn me out of the house, he did!—actually neck and crop out of the house!"

"Lor, ma! you don't say so!"

"It's a fact! But I'd have him to know that I'm as good as him, if he comes to that, and aint a-going to tolerate such ways with impunity."

"But how did it come about, ma?"

"I'll tell you—but I feel so wild, I scarce know how to contain myself. Turn me out of the house, indeed!—a very fine ideor! 'In the first place,' says I, 'my lord, this is all about it: the Countess, my daughter,' says I, 'aint a-going to stand any more of your nonsense, and so,' says I, 'you needn't try it on.'"

"Lor, ma! reely you shouldn't have said that."

"Oh! there's nothing like giving 'em as good as they send. I

aint lived all these years without knowing what I'm about. Hows-
ever, says he, 'What do you mean?' says he. 'What do I mean!' says I, 'I'll tell you what I mean: I mean what I say,' says I, 'neither better nor worse.' 'Am I to kick you head first out of the house?' says he. 'Kick me out of the house!' says I. 'How many on you?' I should only like to see you,' says I, 'a-kicking me out of the house. I'd cure you of kicking for the rest of your days,' says I."

"Lor! you didn't ought to have gone on so."

"Oh! don't tell me. It showed him, at any rate, I wasn't afeared. 'Kick me out,' says I, 'will you? You're a nice man, I don't think, to talk about kicking.' 'I'll do it,' says he, 'if you don't hold your noise.' 'You will,' says I, 'will you? Do it—at your peril!' 'I didn't marry you,' says he. 'No,' says I; 'I only just wish,' says I, 'for your sake, you had. I'll warrant,' says I, 'I'd let you a-knowed the difference!' So with that we went right at it, hammer and tongs. But I soon cowed him down—I soon gave him to know that I warn't to be frightened."

"Oh dear! I'm very sorry you said anything to him."

"Oh! rubbish about being sorry. There's nothing like telling 'em plump what you mean. Is he to treat you in this here scandalous way without having a syllable said to him? His lawful wife too, and a Countess! *You* ought to go in. *I* don't ought to do it. You ought to up and tell him right flat you won't have it, and let him talk about turning you out if he dare. A pretty thing, indeed! Why, what did you marry him for?"

"I wish I never married him at all, ma, that I do. I'm very unhappy."

"And likely to remain unhappy, too, unless you show a proper sperit. Do you think, if I was a Countess, I wouldn't act different? I'd give him to know I'd do just what I liked, and give just what jollifications I liked. Does he 'magine that you're to be moped up here without displaying no dignity? Does he suppose that you're to have *no* company, no parties, no frolics? Why, had you married a common tradesman, you'd been better off. Stick up for your rights, my precious, and don't be imposed upon by nobody. That's the only way. It's out of all character that you should be muddled up here, and have no sort of pleasure, no sort of society, nor nothing of that. It's enough to drive any woman stark staring mad! What's the good of being a Countess, if you don't do as countesses does? What's the good of having a title, if you don't keep up your dignity? That's my sentiments. It astonishes my intellects to see you submit to be treated like the common scum of the earth. It's incredulous to me that you should suffer yourself to be put upon like that. Why, if I was you, I'd turn the house out of the windows. I'd see who was misses, I'll warrant. And depend upon it, that's the only way. You haven't half enough of sperit; you don't ought to let him keep you thus under his thumb. If you do it now, what'll it be by and by? That's the point: that's what you ought to consider. I never in all my days heared of such a thing as a Countess being treated like you. Where's your pride? You don't seem to have got a mite in you. I don't understand it. It gets over me altogether. I've no patience with you: I haven't, as true as I'm alive!"

While the Countess was being thus lectured by her mamma, who was earnestly anxious to inspire her soul with due dignity, the Earl and Captain Filcher—of whose arrival the ladies knew nothing—were dividing the profits of their late speculation, and arranging the preliminaries of a certain transfer, the character of which will be duly explained anon.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Stanley's pecuniary embarrassments commence.

THE two thousand pounds for which Stanley had mortgaged his estate being lost, his actual income was reduced to something less than two hundred a-year ; and as he continued to live at the rate of a thousand, he soon of course found himself involved.

Still the tradesmen whom he patronised did not for some time annoy him : they believed him to be rich, and were therefore with infinite pleasure prepared to give him credit to any amount, notwithstanding their regular bills were unpaid.

This did not, however, last long. In less than two months they began to be importunate. *One* had a very heavy bill to take up on a certain day ; another happened at the time to be dreadfully pressed ; a third remembered by a miracle that his commodities bore only a ready-money profit ; a fourth became suddenly so circumstanced, that he every day expected a man to be put in possession ; while a fifth had decidedly a couple of executions in his house at that particular crisis ; and thus they went on inventing fresh falsehoods daily, and making it appear that they were then in such terrible trouble, that their commercial salvation depended upon Stanley, inasmuch as that, unless these identical "little bills" were immediately settled, the Gazette would be the inevitable portion of them all.

To Stanley these annoyances were galling in the extreme. He felt deeply humiliated. His inability to pay sums so paltry mortified him more than if the total had been twenty times doubled in one amount. The thing was altogether new to him. He knew not how to act. Had he been, as many thousands are, accustomed to these petty perplexities, the necessity for either bearing up against them, or exerting himself with the view of getting rid of them at once, would have appeared to be absolute ; but as he had never been in any way pressed before, his spirit seemed broken, and he became irresolute and inactive.

Poor Amelia—from whom the widow's embarrassments had been so effectually concealed, that she knew only that the carriage had been dispensed with—could not understand this altered state of things at all. At that period she had had no money from Stanley for a month ; but having taken care of a small sum she possessed at the time of her marriage, she had been able to pay for those articles for which immediate payment was required, while perceiving how much the importunities of those tradesmen who had given them credit annoyed him, she endeavoured as much as possible to withhold from him all knowledge of the abrupt and threatening manner in which they made their demands. When, however, the whole of her money had been expended, and the creditors, who had previous-

ly displayed the most cringing servility, had become not only clamorous but insolent, she felt it to be her duty to mention the subject to him that she might know the real cause of their not being paid.

"Stanley," she observed, taking advantage of a moment in which he appeared to be somewhat more tranquil than usual, "those persons are beginning to get *very* impatient."

"What persons?" demanded Stanley.

"Those tradesmen, dear, who have sent in their bills. They called again this morning."

"Let them call. They must wait."

"But they say that they will *not* wait, my love!"

"But I say they *must*! What do they mean? Are they afraid of losing their money?"

"Why, it would seem that they were, for the tone they have assumed of late is really very harsh and insulting."

"Insulting!" echoed Stanley. "I'll kick them to the devil!"

"Do not be rash, dear Stanley. They are perhaps very poor. But why do you not pay them at once?"

"They shall wait now for their insolence."

"But were it not better, dear, to settle their accounts, and then to show them that you are displeased with their want of confidence in you by dealing with them no more?"

"I shall do so when I find it quite convenient, but certainly not until then."

"But the fact of its being at present inconvenient is a matter of the slightest possible importance! I can easily get sufficient money to pay them!"

"Of whom?"

"Oh! I can get it of mamma!"

"Have you ever," demanded Stanley, regarding her with sternness,—“have you ever named the subject to *her*?”

"Never, Stanley! No dear, never!" replied Amelia; "I would not do so for the world, my love, without your permission."

"Very well. In that quarter never let it be named."

"But what possible objection can you have, dear? I really can see none myself."

"I have an objection—a very great objection; one which is perfectly insurmountable."

"Of course, my love, you are the best judge; but do you know, my impression is that you are far too delicate, Stanley!"

"I would not have it known that I am short, down at Richmond, for ten thousand pounds!"

"Oh! you proud creature!" exclaimed Amelia, with a smile. "And yet are you proud, Stanley? Let me bring you to the test, that we may see if that really be pride which looks so very much like it. Stanley!" she continued, with much earnestness, "the servants—our servants! It cannot be kept from them."

"I'll discharge the first that dares to hold the slightest communication with these people."

"It cannot be prevented, my love. They will talk: they will canvass matters of this description; they will form their own conjectures; they will swell the lightest word into an affair of vast importance. Believe me, I tremble whenever I hear a single knock at

the door,—I do, indeed, my dear, and would answer all such knocks myself, were it not for very shame."

"I wish to heaven you would not trouble yourself about such things at all."

"I cannot help it: indeed I cannot help it. Did you but know what I suffer when I hear those persons in the hall asking the servants the most impertinent questions, and leaving messages of the most insolent and menacing character, you would pity me."

"Why did you not tell me of all this before?"

"Because I well knew, my love, that it would vex you; and, as I fully expected that you would very soon be able to meet their demands, I have concealed it from you, hoping that the annoyance would cease without causing you any additional mortification. But, be assured, dear Stanley, that I do not speak thus for myself. Although it afflicts me deeply to hear you spoken of by those persons in terms so unwarrantable and harsh, I am not anxious for the immediate discharge of these debts merely as a matter of comfort as far as I am concerned: my chief object in bringing the subject forward, is to put it to you whether it would not be in every point of view far better to allow me to get—say to borrow—a certain sum of money of mamma, than to promote the circulation of those rumours which absolutely strike at the purity of your motives?"

"Oh, let them circulate what rumours they please! they cannot injure me."

"But, Stanley dear, would it not be better to allow me to do at once that which I propose, than to suffer your importance to be diminished not only in the estimation of those tradesmen, but also in the eyes of our servants? Consider, my love. What if mamma should know that you are at present somewhat pressed? Nay, if even my father were informed of the fact, of what possible consequence could it be? But he need not know anything about it."

"It shall not be known to either."

"Well, then," continued Amelia, "let me suggest another course. But you will not be angry with me? Promise that you will not be angry if I offer another suggestion?"

"Well, I do promise: what is it?"

"Have you not heard, dear, of persons—persons, too, moving in high society, who, whenever they need temporary loans, can obtain them by depositing articles of value as security for repayment?"

"I have," replied Stanley.

"Well, dear, then why cannot we do the same? Those jewels of mine (you know I very seldom wear them); I have no idea how much they cost, but I should say that they are worth five times the sum we require to pay all these tiresome people. Why not deposit them?"

"You are a good girl," said Stanley; "but there will be no necessity for anything of the kind."

"Take them, dear Stanley!" continued Amelia. "Do let me prevail upon you to take them; or tell me where to go, and I will take them myself. I should not be ashamed, dear; indeed I should not be ashamed!" But, as she spoke, the tears trickled down her beautiful cheeks; which, however, she tried to conceal.

"Oh, that will not be required," replied Stanley.

"But Lady Dashwell *always* went herself. She took hers to a goldsmith in Oxford Street, I have heard. Come, dear, let me take mine, and then all these annoyances will be at an end."

"Why, Amelia, I am not a beggar! I'll go and get the money of my mother at once. I *can* do so; but the necessity for it never before appeared to be so pressing."

"Then you forgive me, dear Stanley?"

"*Forgive* you!"

He embraced her, and left her comparatively happy. She did not expect that he would have been so calm, although it was manifest even to her that his naturally impetuous spirit was being by some process gradually subdued.

On reaching the widow's residence, Stanley found her sitting in solitude at the drawing-room window, envying the owner of every carriage that passed, and conceiving it to be by far the greatest luxury under heaven. She had no carriage; and the thought of this formed her chief affliction. She felt that she could with fortitude have endured the loss of anything but that; which was certainly nothing but natural, seeing that the things which we have *will* appear very poor when compared with the things we have not.

"Mother," said Stanley as he took a seat beside her, "have you any money at your banker's?"

This question amazed the widow much. The tone was so excessively novel. It had theretofore been invariably, "Mother! I *want* some money, and *must* have it; and if you haven't got it, you must get it!" Her amazement may hence be understood.

"Why, my love," she replied, on recovering herself somewhat, "I have a little."

"I wish you'd lend me some for a short time," said Stanley. "You shall have it again."

"Certainly, my dear. How much do you want?"

"How much can you spare?"

"Why, I scarcely know, my love. Will twenty or thirty pounds be enough?"

"I wish you could let me have a hundred."

"A hundred pounds, my dear, is a large sum to me now!"

"I know it, mother: I know it. You need not remind me of that. The question is, *can* you let me have it? I am pestered to death by a parcel of petty people, whom I am anxious to pay."

"Well—well, you shall have it. But be cautious, my Stanley,—for Heaven's sake be cautious, there's a dear! I dare say, my love, that you do the best you can; and I know it to be very distressing to retrench; but the necessity for living within your income, limited as it is, dear, must not be overlooked."

"I know, mother—I know all about it. Just give me a cheque."

"I have been thinking, dear," continued the widow, as she very slowly opened her desk,—*"I have been thinking—and it's strange that it never struck me till this morning—that if we were to live together, dear, in one house, you know, so that we should have to support but one establishment, we should be able to live in better style, besides being——"*

"Yes—yes," interposed Stanley, with impatience. "We'll talk about that another time. I'll see about it. Let me have the cheque."

The cheque was accordingly drawn, and when he had taken leave hastily, although with somewhat more affection than usual, he proceeded to the banker's without delay.

CHAPTER XLIV.

In which the venerable gentleman appears just on the verge.

As Amelia had conjectured, the constant applications of the tradesmen for the settlement of their accounts formed the principal topic of conversation among the servants. They felt perfectly sure that the establishment was about to be broken up; and as the gentle Joanna conceived it to be her duty to relate all the particulars to her venerable friend, the day was named for the consummation of their bliss exactly three hours after Stanley had made the heart of poor Amelia glad by placing the entire hundred pounds in her hand to be appropriated to the purposes for which it was obtained.

It may also be stated as a remarkable coincidence, that Bob—whose spirits were governed by Amelia as absolutely as the thermometer is governed by the air, was on that very evening unusually gay. He had been to the banker's with his master; he had seen his mistress on his return; he had seen her twice, and well knew by the joyful expression of her countenance that a favourable change had taken place.

When, therefore, he entered the kitchen in which the blooming Joanna and her venerable friend were sitting *tête-à-tête* with very great affection, he exclaimed in the joy of his heart, "Now I don't care a dump! It's all right! I know it is by missis! Blest if I mind standing a couple of pots of arf-and-arf!"

"Vot! 'ave you got yer vages?" enquired the venerable gentleman.

"No; but I shall get 'em, safe. But that ain't what I look at. I warn't even thinking of them. I know it's all right now with master; that's all I care for. I know it by missis's looks. I'll bet ten to one on it, brandies and waters. She can't deceive me."

"Looks is werry deceptive," observed the venerable gentleman. "It's a werry old sayin', and a true un, that you mustn't take people by their looks."

"Oh, but missis is one which can't be mistaken. Let me look in her face, and I know what's o'clock. I can tell in an instant. There ain't a ha'p'orth of any mistake about *her*."

"But ain't you got nothink else in this case to go by?"

"Yes; but that, and nothing else, would be plenty for me. But there is something else. We went out about four o'clock all in a hurry, and drove to old missis's house. Well, master went in with his tail very low—I never see a man much more downer in the mouth; but he hadn't been there long before he came out, and pelted right down to the banker's. Well, I knew there was something rayther extra in the wind, so I watched him; and when he came out, *p'r'aps* he warn't a little altered! I never see such a change in a man in my life! Well, he got in, and cut back; and when he pulled up at the door missis was on the *quivy*, as the

French says, at the window ; and the minit she see him I knew how it was. I could tell, I'd oath it. And when I went up just now, the whole thing was as clear to me as chrystial."

"Well, I only hope your words may come true," said Joanna.

"I'm right for a million. I'll lay any odds. It's the Monument to a molehill."

"I knowed a young ooman," observed the venerable gentleman, assuming that profoundly philosophical expression which he invariably wore when about to illustrate any particular point by analogy,—"I knowed a young ooman—and a werry nice young ooman she vos—vich vos in a decline. Werry well. For a matter of more than three 'ear she vos a-goin', and a-goin', and a-goin' gradual; but she never for all that believed she vos a-goin', although she vos terrible thin, and looked as pale as any sheet of vite paper. She voodn't believe it, cos she always had a appetite, and vood always be a-eatin' from mornin' till night in the most onsatisfyin' manner you ever 'eared tell on. Werry well. Now, ven her flesh vos vasted nigh hall off her bones, and she looked like a skeleton kivered with kid, and hevery soul as looked at her thought that go she *must*, she all at vunce had the most beautifullest colour as ever vos seen upon a peach! She looked like a angel as she sit all in vite; and as her little tiny fingers vos a-playin' vith her curls, she vos a-smilin' as sweetly as if her little sisters in heaven vos a-visperin' to her softly, 'Hope—still hope!' And I remember," continued the venerable gentleman, as he wiped away a tear, which the vivid recollection of this scene had called forth,—“I remember one sanguine friend, vich loved her, exclaiming ven he seed this 'ere colour in her cheeks, '*Now* she's all right! vot a favourable change! Blessed be God, she'll get over it now!' But vot vos it? Natur' blushing to part so pure a soul from a body so fair: nothing else! In an hour after that exclamation vos uttered, she died. Werry well. Now this seems to me to be a case werry similar: the pockets of your master is got the same complaint; havin' overrun the constable, his means has been long in a decline; and although he may jist now be suddenly flush, and you may, in sconsequence, vishin' him vell, feel yourself justifiable in offerin' to bet any hods it's all right, it strikes me forcible that this here flush is on'y a sign that the whole 'stablishment's jist on the p'int of goin' to pot. That's my sentiments. I hope I may be wrong; but that's jist vot strikes me. I shall be werry sorry, mind yer, to 'ear it, cos I do think your master's a trump; vile your missis, accordin' to all accounts, is a werry good sort."

"She is a *regular* good 'un!" cried Bob. "A out-and-outer! I never see her feller yet; and nothing would hurt my sentiments so much as to see your blessed words come true; for I'm sure that if anything rotten was to go for to occur, she'd break her heart."

"Vell, I hope I may be wrong. But I 'spose you know Joanna's a-goin' to give vornin'?"

"Well, she may if she likes, in course; but I won't: I'd stop with 'em if it was on'y for my vittles."

"She is not," rejoined the venerable gentleman, "a-goin' to give vornin' cos she don't git her vages, but in sconsequence of other circumstantialtials!"

"Oh, that there's the day o' the month, is it?" cried Bob, who

saw Joanna blush at the moment, and look very archly, while the venerable gentleman chuckled, and drove his fingers into Bob's ribs, and rubbed his hands with great glee. "I see! Well, I wish you joy with all my heart. In course I stand godfather to the first?"

"Robert!" cried Joanna, with a most roguish look. "Lor! how can you go on so?"

"Oh! but I expect it; and if it's a heir, I'll make him a present of a new hat to begin life with. But when is it to be?"

"Vy, as a mutual friend to both," replied the venerable gentleman, "ve don't mind telling of you, cos ve vant you to give away the bride—hif you'll do us the honner?"

"In course! Oh, yes! You do me proud! Well?"

"Well, then, Joanna gives vornin' to-morrow; ve shall be arkst for the fust time in church next Sunday; and as she vill leave on the ninth of next month, the job's to be jobbed on the tenth."

"Bravo!" cried Bob. "The time's drawin' very near! How do you mean to pass the day?"

"Vy, ve don't think it's vuth vile to make much fuss: ve think that that, under all circumstantialts, may be dispensed vith; but ve mean to enjoy ourselves, you know. Ve mean to be jolly. No expense shall be spared. Ve'll 'ave everythink comfortable and reg'lar, you know."

"Well, all I can say is, I hope you'll be happy."

"Safe!" replied the venerable gentleman with much ardour; when, turning to his betrothed, he added, "Can there be hany doubt *about* it?"

"Not the least, dear," replied Joanna, with a most winning smile. "I am sure we shall be happy."

"I should think so!" cried the venerable gentleman. "Vot is there to perwent it? I don't mean to say I'm so young as I vos p'raps twenty 'ear ago, but vot o' that? The constitution's the p'int! If that's sound and reg'lar, vy vot's the hods?"

"But you don't look old in my eye, by no means," observed the affectionate Joanna.

"Don't I?" returned the venerable gentleman, with one of his most fascinating smiles. "You're a rogue!—I know you're a rogue, and there's no mistake of any sort about you. Howsever," he added, "looks isn't the p'int: the great and grand thing is the glorious constitution; and, as mine's as sound as a apple, it makes no hods about the hage."

Joanna agreed with him perfectly of course; and, as he shortly after this took leave of his beloved, Bob accompanied him to the nearest public house, with the view of talking matters over in private.

Here Stanley's affairs were again freely canvassed; but, although Bob endeavoured to make things appear as bright as possible, his venerable friend adhered still to the opinion he had expressed—an opinion, the perfect correctness of which was on the following morning, by an act of consummate villany, proved.

THE STAGE-COACHMAN ABROAD.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

THE winter of 1838, which visited England with such severity in the month of January, set in much earlier in the North of Germany; and the middle of December, 1837, found the waters of the Elbe encumbered with great quantities of floating ice, which threatened every day to close the navigation of the river. After a sojourn of some months in that part of Europe, I arrived at length at Hamburg during the week of public festivity which announces Christmas. The gaiety which pervaded this bustling city contrasting forcibly with the dulness of the German towns through which I had recently passed, was almost a sufficient inducement to devote a week to the amusements of Hamburg; but the state of the river, and the prospect of an overland journey to Amsterdam in the month of December, were considerations of greater weight, and, accordingly, I secured my berth in the John Bull steamer, which was to sail early the next morning, though, at the time I did so, I was in doubt whether my baggage—from which I was separated by the agreeable stage-coach regulations in this part of the world—would arrive in time to allow of my departure.

Although every minute usually appears an hour when we are in expectation, there was no tedium throughout that day; the Jungfernstieg, with its numerous cafés and crowds of people, the fairs in the streets, the attractive shops, where Persia and Russia combined to furnish Christmas comforts, and the novelty of a large city, all offered the means of making the time pass quickly. The *table-d'hôte* at the Hôtel de Bellevue (where, by the way, they pride themselves on their mock-turtle soup,) was very good, but very dull, there being only three persons at dinner in a salon capable of holding sixty; and I was glad to be released from it, especially as the arrival of my baggage was at length announced. To order a carriage to be ready at ten o'clock to convey me to the dock-yard, — to change some German coin for English, in which transaction (of course) the waiter cheated me, — and then to wander through the city as chance directed, were all that remained for me; and, having witnessed the humours of the "*Weihnachts Feste*" of Hamburg, I returned to the Bellevue in time for my drosky, and set out for the steam-boat. In about half an hour, after paying all the tolls,—which are numerous and heavy,—I found myself on the quay, bargaining with a boatman, who undertook to transport me on board for something more than the usual consideration. The augmented price was, however, well earned; for the quantity of ice in the stream rendered our voyage in search of the steamer something like (though at humble distance) an attempt to discover the north-west passage, so often were we compelled to try back in search of clear water, and so necessary was it to avoid collision with the miniature icebergs. At last we reached the John Bull; and I was not sorry to find myself in a warm cabin, with everything safely stowed away, and my meissen pipe diffusing its fragrance in a very satisfactory manner.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, I was not the last to get on board; but before midnight a large party had assembled. Of these

some disappeared to seek their berths, but one group of six or seven—who I afterwards found were pilots going down to Cuxhaven—seemed resolved to make a night of it; and, as they had no berths to go to, they resorted to cards, schiedam, and cigars, to kill the time in the most agreeable manner. At length, when they became too noisy to make it any longer pleasant to remain in their company, I too went below, and by the aid of the dim lamp swinging above the dressing-table in the lower cabin, succeeded at last in finding my roosting-place.

The cabin of a packet when its inmates have retired to bed, presents a singular aspect of confusion: portmanteaus, bags, and hat-boxes strew the floor; great-coats, dressing-cases, travelling-caps, and handkerchiefs, cover the tables and chairs; while here and there an upright boot appears to stand the only sentinel over the scattered property. Nor is the berth itself much more attractive: a hard, wiry bolster, that will not accommodate itself to one's head, a counterpane too short, very thin blankets, and a kind of odour that seems to hint that the last occupant was not a very good sailor,—these accompaniments do not make one's berth a bed of down, nor cause instantaneous forgetfulness. But even if the couch afforded all the necessary appliances—which it did not—sleep that night would have been a stranger to my eyes, for the individual in the next berth was one of those obnoxious sleepers who, themselves buried in temporary forgetfulness, have noses that make their hearers wish their rest eternal. I do not know whether I am particularly fastidious; most men have their peculiarities, not to say aversions; and mine—the chiefest—is a man who snores. There is no noise like it; a copper-smith, a caulker, a cooper, are loud in the exercise of their respective callings, but these subside into silence before the nose of the snorer; a knife-grinder's wheel, or a bagpipe, are bad enough, in all conscience, but they are melodious in comparison; in short, of all the distressing sounds invented since the world became "out of joint," snoring, in my opinion, is the worst.

My neighbour, whose head rested at my feet, was a proficient in the black art, as it deserves to be called. Long, loud, and deep were his intonations, and such, also, were my maledictions as the noises forced their way through the thin partition that divided us, galvanising me, as it were, from toe to top. In vain I plied my heels against the board behind which lay the offending organ; a momentary cessation was all that ensued,—a deceitful lull, to be followed by a tempest of snorting more raging than before. Once I succeeded in producing a calm by jerking into the berth a heavy pair of top-boots, which I grasped convulsively from the floor; at another, a vessel of Britannia-metal, despatched on the same errand, elicited a disturbed grunt, a pause, and then the noise broke forth again, so that at length I gave up the contest in despair, and resigned myself to my fate. To one whose nerves are at all irritable, there is no torment like the infliction of snoring. As the Marquis says, in the "*Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*," "*Je le trouve détestable, morbleu! détestable, du dernier détestable, ce qu'on appelle détestable!*" and there I lay heaping coals of imaginary fire on the head of the offender, not by any mental promise of forbearance, but by devising what bitter things I would say when confronted next day with the luckless snorer. In the midst of my direst thoughts I fell asleep.

The first thing when I awoke in the morning was to call to mind, though with subdued feeling, the annoyance to which I had been subjected the night before. The lamp still burnt in the cabin. But the daylight which struggled through the companion, or some other oblique entrance, diminished the general obscurity, and enabled me to distinguish objects with rather more facility than I had done before. As I drew back the curtain of my berth, my vision was greeted by the sight of a stout individual, in his shirt-sleeves, sitting at the table directly opposite, the upper half of whose face wore the rosy hue which nature had laid on, or brandy superinduced, while the lower expanse was covered with a sheet of foaming lather, the daily curse of manhood being then in its course of fulfilment. Disguised as the features were which I thus beheld, there was something familiar in their expression which seemed to remind me that I had seen them before; and an instinctive sense at the same time assured me that in the midst of that placid countenance I gazed upon the bulbous nose which had wrought me so much discomfort. I have said that sleep had turned away the sharp edge of my wrath, and Christianity coming to my aid, reminded me that, if I gave vent to invective against a shaving man, I might probably cause him to cut his throat; I therefore waited in a mood of grim complacency till the process was accomplished. In proportion as the flakes of soap disappeared before the razor, the features of the shaver became more familiar to me; and when the deed was done, I felt convinced that I saw an old acquaintance, though of what place or date I could not remember. Modifying my intentions in consequence, I addressed the unknown in a tone rather of sarcasm than positive offence.

"You sleep soundly, sir," said I,—"very soundly; I wonder you contrived to wake."

"For the matter o' that," replied the culprit, "I do sleep pretty sound when I goes off; it takes a deal to wake me."

"So I should imagine, for I tried hard enough last night."

"Wot did you want wi' me?" enquired my nocturnal aversion, rubbing his face down with a jack-towel, as if he was grooming a horse; "Wot might be your pleasure, sir, if I may make so bold?"

"Why, nothing at present," I answered, "unless you snore as loud when you are awake as you do when you're asleep. What I wanted with you last night was to stop the infernal noise you were making."

"I'm wery sorry, sir, to disoblige any one, let alone a gen'l'm'n in a forrin' land, tho' I believe we're pretty much the same now as if we was on British ground,—but snorin's an 'abit quite as much as fits is, and when it comes, why there's no stoppin' on it; one might just as well try to stop a runaway team by puttin' on the skid."

"I'm sorry to hear you say so," I replied, as a new light began to break in on me; "but I think you might prevent it by a little resolution."

"Wot's the use o' resolution if you're not a wolluntary hagent? As I said before, snorin's jist like fits, and I've seen enuff o' them. Wy, once wen I was a-drivin' over Nettlebed-Hill, a woman as sat behind me was took wi' fits, and werry bad 'uns they wos. Well, if it hadn't a-been for a gen'l'm'n 'at was on the box beside me, and held her tight by the knee to prevent her from rollin' off the cutch, wot would a' bin the consequence? Wot could I a' done, I ask you, if that 'ere woman had had them there fits, if I'd a' bin alone on that 'ere box,

with them there hosses? Why, she must have tumbled off in stirricks, and got killed? Do you think she 'd a' done that if resolution could have prevented it? And so I says o' snorin'."

"You speak of Nettlebed," I observed: "I think I must have seen you before somewhere in that part of the country."

"Werry likely you have, sir. There's a many as knows me wot I don't call to mind; but if so be as you have seen me—it ain't werry impossible but it wos atop of the Oxford Tellygraft, as I've a-driv now for the last nine year."

"Exactly!" I exclaimed; "that's the very place. I sat beside you once, two or three years ago, between Oxford and Henley, and you gave me an account of an expedition of yours to Antwerp."

"Ah! I've a-told that 'ere story to a good many gen'l'm'n; let me see, I think I do remember your face, too, sir, now your nightcap's off. Warn't I a-drivin' a grey team out o' Oxford? and warn't it werry wet weather about that time?"

"I know it rained very hard, but I forget the colour of the horses?"

"Well, now, do you know, sir, that's wot I never forgets,—leastways, I always remembers ewents by the team as I drives. Ah! that 'ere near leader wos a prime one. He came down one day though, on a heap of stones, and broke both his knees, and I was forced to part wi' him."

How far my friend's reminiscences would have extended I know not; but, being more curious to know what brought him aboard the John Bull at Hamburg than to learn the fate of his horses, I turned the current of his thoughts to the present.

"But," said I, "how comes it that I find you so far from home at this season of the year, and in such a country as the one we are leaving?"

"Why, sir," he answered, "that 'ere is the curoos part of the story. I've been on a sort of hembassy, as I may say; leastways, I was employed on a werry delicate undertaking, wot couldn't a' been confided to everybody. I've been hactin' as state-cutchman to the King of Hanover, and conducted his stud from England."

"How came that to pass?" I enquired.

"Why, sir, tho' I've a-bin drivin' most principally on the Oxford road, I warn't unbeknown about the Pallis, and down at Kew, and Booshy, and Windsor, and one of my arnts is married to the Dook's—that is, the King's head cutchman; so, as my principles was reg'lar conservative, and bisness was slack, I accepted the hoffer of bringin' over his Majesty's hosses to this here country, where I've been a-stayin' till sich time as I'd taught them Jarmans how to drive. They're good ones at breaking-in of ridin'-hosses, and sets capital; but, as to drivin', I'm blest if they can do that by no manner o' means. Why, if a hoss was to kick both legs over the pole, they'd go on a-drivin' as if nothin' had happened,—I've seen 'em do it; and, as to keepin' of a team well in hand, they doesn't know wot it means."

"Well, I hope they have profited by your example and experience. I should like to know how you got on while you were in Hanover; but it's time to dress, and after breakfast we'll talk it over. I am very glad to have met you again."

"The same by you, sir," rejoined my friend, who by this time was completely appparelled; "and with your leave, sir, I'll go up and see about that 'ere breakfast. Here, stooard! lend us a hand to get up

this here crooked staircase!" And with these words he effected a *sortie*.

In about half an hour I also ascended, and found that my stout friend had not been wasting his time. He was comfortably settled on a sofa before the breakfast-table, which was covered with viands of all sorts, to which he was doing ample justice. I drew a chair to the opposite side of the table, and prepared to follow his example.

"Well," said I, "we're not under weigh yet. I thought we should have been halfway to Cuxhaven."

"So we should, sir, the stooard tells *me*, if so be as we hadn't run right agin a sand-bank just at startin', by wich means we got into a fix till the tide ris."

"Are we off now, then?" I enquired.

"Just about it. You can hear 'em a-hollering at this werry moment. Them 'ere pilots as have bin a-drinkin' snaps all the mornin', they's the loudest o' the whole lot. Precious noisy chaps they is."

"I see you have been busy *here*."

"In coorse, sir. I makes it a rule always to perwide agin any countertongs, as the French calls 'em. I makes it an invariable practice to eat my meals wenever I can get 'em. I'm not one o' them as waits till five o'clock every day afore I finds out as I'm hungry. Wenever I sees grub, and has got the time to walk into it, why then I does it. I'm all right then, in case of an emergency."

"A good maxim," I observed, "the observance of which must have helped you in your travels."

"Why, sir, I always took pretty good care to help myself; wich I found was the best way, as I don't speak werry much of the langidge. Ten to one, while I was a-parleyvoing, if the most on it wouldn't a-bin gone; for them plaws is but little 'uns, you know, sir. Not but wot the Jarman is better nor the French;—they gives far more on it, and more time to do it in. I shouldn't so much object agin their manner of feedin', if it warn't for their beer, wich is all make-believe, and their music at dinner, wot goes right through one."

Being curious to hear the experiences of my travelling companion, I questioned him more directly about his late expedition.

"Well, sir, as I've a-done eatin', I don't mind torkin'; so, while you indulges in *your* breakfast, I'll tell you how I managed it all. Soon after the King had sot out for this 'ere new country of his, I receives a hintimation from a friend o' mine at Kew, a gen'l'm'n as keeps a public nigh hand to the stables, lettin' me know, if I was agreeable, that I might have the conveying of his Majesty's hosses over to Hanover. Now this 'ere happened to suit my book uncommon; for my cutch had jest been taken off the road, and I was out of employ. So I goes over to Kew, sees my friend, and has a tork with my arnt, and made it all right in less than no time. I don't valley myself much upon personal distinctions; but I must say, if I hadn't a-bin quollified, I shouldn't a-had the job."

And here my friend stretched out his leg, puckered up his mouth, and glanced over his shoulder at his near top-boot. Having made this acknowledgment to conscious worth, he resumed.

"I sharn't ockepy your valliable time, sir, as public speakers says wen they means to do nothin' else, by tellin' you how I got to this here port as we're a-cuttin' away from pretty fast at this moment. The hosses was shipped at the Tower, and all slung quite reg'lar, and a

werry fine passage we had ; none on us warn't sick, hosses nor nobody. We warn't more than forty-eight hours aboard wen we comes in sight of this 'ere citty, where they does speak a little English, or I 'm blest if I should a-known how to get on. Why, it's bad enough of the French and them Belgies to call a hoss a shovel,—that *has* some meanin' in it, anyhow ; but these Jarman's they takes and calls him a faird, — as if that meant anything. Why can't they call the same thing by the same name all the world over ? ”

It would have been rather a serious matter to have discussed the philosophy of language with this learned Theban ; so, without committing myself by any indiscreet observation on this head, I simply enquired how he made his way to the capital.

“ As these hosses wos the property of the King of Hanover, there warn't no call to land 'em out of his own do-minions, so they was got ashore at Harburg ; and glad enough they wos to stretch their legs agin. For the matter o' that, none on us warn't sorry to be once more on terry-firmy,—me and the three lads as I had for helpers. The first night as we landed, the skipper of our wessel helped us to find a stable for the hosses ; for, bless your heart ! they han't a-got no word for a stable,—they calls 'em all *stalls* ; and as soon as we'd groom'd 'em, and littered 'em, and given 'em their suppers, we went and got oura at a guest-house, as they calls their inns, where each man treats himself.”

“ On the same principle,” said I, “ as a pic-nic dinner, where every one is invited—to bring his own provisions.”

“ Just so, sir. Well, we wos interdooced into a long room, where ever so many gen'lm'n was a-sittin' a-smokin' of long pipes ; for the Jarman's, sir, always smokes before dinner to give themselves a appetite.”

“ And after dinner, I suppose, to help their digestion ? ”

“ Werry likely. And wen they goes to bed, they smokes to send 'em to sleep ; and wen they wants to get up, they smokes to make 'em wake agin. The fact is, sir, they 're always a-smokin', and no mistake. How they find time to eat a bit of vittles was a wonder to me afore I seed 'em.”

“ And what did you think when they amused themselves in that way ? ”

“ Amused 'emselves ? I 'm blest if ever I saw any set of men so much in earnest in my life. Why, now I 've got a pretty fairish appetite,”—(my friend had given me a tolerably convincing proof of the truth of his remark)—“ my appetite is rayther a goodish one, but it ain't worth speaking of alongside of a Jarman's. They 're always at it,—leastways, as I said, when they 're not smokin'. I 'll tell you wot they doos now, reg'lar. As soon as they gets out of their beds they takes and has a cup of coffee, and as large a piece of bread as they can lay hands on ; then about eight o'clock they has their *freestick*,*—that is, their breakfasties,—and eats all manner of flesh and heggs, and drinks maybe half a bottle of sour Rine-wine, so called 'cause it's made out of the shuck of the grape. Then at twelve o'clock they goes to their *mittags pison*,† and dines jest as if they'd never eat anything afore, and never meant to eat anything agin. Then they has coffee in the coorse of the afternoon ; and at eight o'clock they 're ready for their

* Frühstück.

† Mittag-speisen.

suppers, wich means their dinners over agin. After that they goes to a condyto-ri, (somethin' between a pastrycook's and a eatin'-house,) and there they drinks beer and punch, and passes their time werry agreeable, and eats a *butterbrot* made of 'calves' flesh,' or maybe a bit of raw ham, and then they smokes their way home to bed."

"A very intellectual life, truly; but I hope you were not prevented from enjoying yourselves."

"Why, for the matter o' that, we did contrive to do pretty well, wot with one thing and wot with another. The most curos part of the supper was their bringin' in a large plum-pudden with sweet sarse, afore we'd half done with the meat; and wether or no, you must have some, to please the gen'lm'n as hands it round, him as they calls the 'kellner.' We shouldn't have minded eatin' of the pudden; but we was rayther vexed when we see roasts and stoos a-comin' in arterwards, and we jest fit to bust our weakit-buttons off. It put me in mind of what they doos at schools, to take away the boys' appetites. Howsever, it made no difference to the Jarmans; first or last was all the same to them."

"And had you the benefit of the music you spoke of as not being much to your taste?"

"I b'lieve we had, sir. I was jest a askin' the captin of the wessel, as sot next to me, why they called their tatur 'cast-offal,* wen I heard sich a scream close at my back as made me think some of the Jarmans had made away with theirselves, wich you know, sir, they is a werry much in the habit of doing. I shies round, jest as one of my hosses might have done at the sight of a wheelbarrow, bottom upwards, and wot did I see but a gal a-playin' on the harp, and screechin' with all her might, and a old feller in a smock-frock a-workin' away at a base wial, as if he'd a sawed it in two. I assure you, sir, it gave me quite a turn. The captin larfed, and said it was quite reg'lar, and so we found it,—and werry reg'lar we found, as we was obligated to pay for it. I says to the young lady when she came round with the plate, —(will you believe it, they calls a plate a 'teller!')—'You don't make a noise, marm, for nothin'.' I think she understood me, seeing I spoke as loud as I could; for she drops me a curtesy, and says, 'Swy gooty groshen,' which means, 'I'll trouble you for threepence.' Them 'ere words is in everybody's mouth in Han-o-ver. You go into any shop in the town, and ask 'em any question, and see if they don't say, 'Swy gooty groshen.'—'How do you feel?' says one; 'Swy gooty groshen,' says the other; and it's the same with everything.† Well, sir, as soon as dinner *was* over, we shakes hands with the captin, fust of all gettin' him to arsk where our bed-rooms wos, and up stairs we toddles into two double-bedded rooms, with paper winder-curtins and sandy floors. You've heerd tell, maybe, of Jarman beds?"

"You forget that I must have slept in one as lately as yourself."

"Arsk your pardon, sir; but torkin' to you on board this 'ere British wessel, I quite forgot as you've bin in Jarmany. Well, then, I needn't to tell you wot they is. Blest if ever I had a night's rest all the time I was in the country, — not wot I calls a reg'lar good down-right anooze."

* Kartoffeln.

† Our friend must allude here to the frequent question, "Wie fiel?" — "How much?" and the answer, "Zwey gute groshen," — "Two good groshen (3d.)," the price of numerous small articles.

I thought of the unlucky "snooze" of the last night, but said nothing.

"Well, we turned in as well as we could atween the two feather-beds; and next mornin' wen we got up, we found 'at a gen'lm'n had been a-askin' for us, wot proved to be one of the King's Jarman grooms, sent up to Harburg to help us along the road, pay the bills, and sich like. As this 'ere gen'lm'n spoke our langidge, we hadn't any more trouble except wot we wos obliged to in lookin' arter our hosses; so we had our 'freestick,' got the hosses out, and was off for Hanover, wich we got to in three days, over a piece of road as flat as a skittle-ground, and that for a hundred mile. But I see, sir, you're like me, you've paid your devours to the brekfist, as the French say; so, with your leave, I'll tell you my adventures in Hanover by and by, if so be as you're inclined to hear more on 'em."

Assuring him how much it would gratify me to hear more of his observations on men and manners, I rose from the table, and we went on deck to see what progress the vessel had made.

SONG.

BY PAUL FLEMMING.*

DEAR cheeks, ye inspire
My bosom with fire;
Your red and your white
Is a feast of delight.
And this is not all
That charming I call;
To view you, to press you,
To touch and caress you,
My bosom with fire,
Dear cheeks, ye inspire.

Oh! suns of delight,
Oh! stars ever bright,
Oh! love-breathing eyes,
No gem with you vies.
Your glance ever beaming,
Like Paradise gleaming,
Oh! creature divine,
Say, wilt thou be mine?
Oh! stars ever bright,
Oh! suns of delight!

Thou fairest of fair,
Oh! hither repair;
Come, hasten to me,
I languish for thee:
I perish, I die,
In anguish I sigh;
My sickness, I feel,
Thou only canst heal.
Oh! hither repair,
Thou fairest of fair!

* Born at Hartenstein, 1609; died at Hamburg, 1640.





The Execution of the Prisoner

GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER III.

HUDDINGTON.

ABOUT six o'clock in the morning the conspirators reached Leamington Priors, at that time an inconsiderable village, and having ridden nearly twenty miles over heavy and miry roads, for a good deal of rain had fallen in the night, they stood in need of some refreshment. Accordingly, they entered the first farm-yard they came to, and proceeding to the cow-houses and sheepfolds, turned out the animals within them, and fastening up their own steeds in their places, set before them whatever provender they could find. Those, and they were by far the greater number, who could not find better accommodation, fed their horses in the yard, which was strewn with trusses of hay, and great heaps of corn. The whole scene formed a curious picture. Here was one party driving away the sheep and cattle which were bleating and lowing — there, another rifling a hen-roost, and slaughtering its cackling inmates. On this hand, by the direction of Catesby, two stout horses were being harnessed with ropes to a cart, which he intended to use as a baggage-waggon: on that, Sir Everard Digby was interposing his authority to prevent the destruction of a fine porker.

Their horses fed, the next care of the conspirators was to obtain something for themselves, and, ordering the master of the house, who was terrified almost out of his senses, to open his doors, they entered the dwelling, and causing a fire to be lighted in the chief room, began to boil a large kettle of broth upon it, and to cook other provisions. Finding a good store of eatables in the larder, rations were served out to the band. Two casks of strong ale were likewise broached, and their contents distributed; and a small keg of strong waters being also discovered, it was disposed of in the same way.

This, however, was the extent of the mischief done. All the conspirators, but chiefly Catesby and Sir Everard Digby, dispersed themselves amongst the band, and checked any disposition to plunder. The only articles taken away from the house were a couple of old rusty swords and a caliver. Catesby proposed to the farmer to join their expedition. But having now regained his courage, the sturdy churl obstinately refused to

stir a foot with them, and even ventured to utter a wish that the enterprise might fail.

"I am a good Protestant, and a faithful subject of King James, and will never abet Popery and treason," he said.

This bold sally would have been answered by a bullet from one of the troopers if Catesby had not interfered.

"You shall do as you please, friend," he said, in a conciliatory tone. "We will not compel any man to act against his conscience, and we claim the same right ourselves. Will you join us, good fellows?" he added to two farming men, who were standing near their master.

"Must I confess to a priest?" asked one of them.

"Certainly not," replied Catesby. "You shall have no constraint whatever put upon you. All I require is obedience to my commands in the field."

"Then I am with you," replied the fellow.

"Thou'rt a traitor and rebel, Sam Morrell," cried the other hind, "and wilt come to a traitor's end. I will never fight against King James. And if I must take up arms, it shall be against his enemies, and in defence of our religion. No priests—no papistry for me."

"Well said, Hugh," cried his master; "we'll die in that cause, if need be."

Catesby turned angrily away, and giving the word to his men to prepare to set forth, in a few minutes all were in the saddle; but on inquiring for the new recruit, Sam Morrell, it was found he had disappeared. The cart was laden with arms, ammunition, and a few sacks of corn, and the line being formed, they commenced their march.

The morning was dark and misty, and all looked dull and dispiriting. The conspirators, however, were full of confidence, and their men, exhilarated and refreshed by their meal, appeared anxious for an opportunity of distinguishing themselves. Arrived within half a mile of Warwick, whence the lofty spire of the church of Saint Nicholas, the tower of Saint Mary's, and the ancient gates of this beautiful old town could just be discerned through the mist, a short consultation was held by the rebel leaders as to the expediency of attacking the castle, and carrying off the horses with which they had learnt its stables were filled.

Deciding upon making the attempt, their resolution was communicated to their followers, and received with loud acclamations. Catesby then put himself at the head of the band, and they all rode forward at a brisk pace. Crossing the bridge over the Avon, whence the castle burst upon them in all its grandeur and beauty, Catesby dashed forward to an embattled gate commanding the approach to the structure, and knocking furiously against it, a wicket was opened by an old porter, who started back on beholding the intruders. He would have closed the wicket, but Catesby was too quick for him, and springing from

his steed, dashed aside the feeble opposition of the old man, and unbarred the gate. Instantly mounting again, he galloped along a broad and winding path cut so deeply in the rock, that the mighty pile they were approaching was completely hidden from view. A few seconds, however, brought them to a point, from which its three towers reared themselves full before them. Another moment brought them to the edge of the moat, at this time crossed by a stone bridge, but then filled with water, and defended by a drawbridge.

As no attack like the present was apprehended, and as the owner of the castle, the celebrated Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, to whom it had been recently granted by the reigning monarch, was then in the capital, the drawbridge was down, and though several retainers rushed forth on hearing the approach of so many horsemen, they were too late to raise it. Threatening these persons with destruction if any resistance was offered, Catesby passed through the great entrance, and rode into the court, where he drew up his band.

By this time, the whole of the inmates of the castle had collected on the ramparts, armed with calivers and partisans, and whatever weapons they could find, and though their force was utterly disproportioned to that of their opponents, they seemed disposed to give them battle. Paying no attention to them, Catesby proceeded to the stables, where he found upwards of twenty horses, which he exchanged for the worst and most jaded of his own, and was about to enter the castle in search of arms, when he was startled by hearing the alarm-bell rung. This was succeeded by the discharge of a culverin on the summit of the tower, named after the redoubted Guy, Earl of Warwick; and though the bell was instantly silenced, Rookwood, who had dislodged the party from the ramparts, brought word that the inhabitants of Warwick were assembling, that drums were beating at the gates, and that an attack might be speedily expected. Not desiring to hazard an engagement at this juncture, Catesby gave up the idea of ransacking the castle, and ordered his men to their horses.

Some delay, however, occurred before they could all be got together, and, meanwhile, the ringing of bells and other alarming sounds continued. At one time, it occurred to Catesby to attempt to maintain possession of the castle; but this design was overruled by the other conspirators, who represented to him the impracticability of the design. At length, the whole troop being assembled, they crossed the drawbridge, and speeded along the rocky path. Before the outer gate they found a large body of men, some on horseback, and some on foot, drawn up. These persons, however, struck with terror at their appearance, retreated, and allowed them a free passage.

On turning to cross the bridge, they found it occupied by a strong and well-armed body of men, headed by the Sheriff of

Warwickshire, who showed no disposition to give way. While the rebel party were preparing to force a passage, a trumpet was sounded, and the Sheriff, riding towards them, commanded them in the King's name to yield themselves prisoners.

"We do not acknowledge the supremacy of James Stuart, whom you call king," rejoined Catesby, sternly. "We fight for our liberties, and for the restoration of the holy Catholic religion which we profess. Do not oppose us, or you will have cause to rue your temerity."

"Hear me," cried the Sheriff, turning from him to his men; "I promise you all a free pardon in the King's name, if you will throw down your arms, and deliver up your leaders. But, if after this warning, you continue in open rebellion against your sovereign, you will all suffer the vilest death."

"Rejoin your men, sir," said Catesby, in a significant tone, and drawing a petronel.

"A free pardon and a hundred pounds to him who will bring me the head of Robert Catesby," said the Sheriff, disregarding the menace.

"Your own is not worth half the sum," rejoined Catesby; and levelling the petronel, he shot him dead.

The Sheriff's fall was the signal for a general engagement. Exasperated by the death of their leader, the royalist party assailed the rebels with the greatest fury, and as the latter were attacked at the same time in the rear, their situation began to appear perilous. But nothing could withstand the vigour and determination of Catesby. Cheering on his men, he soon cut a way across the bridge, and would have made good his retreat, if he had not perceived, to his infinite dismay, that Percy and Rookwood had been captured.

Regardless of any risk he might run, he shouted to those near to follow him, and made such a desperate charge upon the royalists that in a few minutes he was by the side of his friends, and had liberated them. In trying, however, to follow up his advantage he got separated from his companions, and was so hotly pressed on all sides, that his destruction seemed inevitable. His petronels had both brought down their mark; and in striking a blow against a stalwart trooper his sword had shivered close to the handle. In this defenceless state his enemies made sure of him, but they miscalculated his resources.

He was then close to the side of the bridge, and before his purpose could be divined, struck spurs deeply into his horse, and cleared the parapet with a single bound. A shout of astonishment and admiration arose alike from friend and foe, and there was a general rush towards the side of the bridge. The noble animal that had borne him out of danger was seen swimming towards the bank, and, though several shots were fired at him, he reached it in safety. This gallant action so raised Catesby in the estimation of his followers, that they welcomed him

with the utmost enthusiasm, and rallying round him, fought with such vigour, that they drove their opponents over the bridge and compelled them to flee towards the town.

Catesby now mustered his men, and finding his loss slighter than he expected, though several were so severely wounded, that he was compelled to leave them behind, rode off at a quick pace. After proceeding for about four miles along the Stratford road, they turned off on the right into a narrow lane leading to Snitterfield, with the intention of visiting Norbrook, the family residence of John Grant. On arriving there, they put the house into a state of defence, and then assembled in the hall, while their followers recruited themselves in the court-yard.

"So far well," observed Catesby, flinging himself into a chair; "the first battle has been won."

"True," replied Grant; "but it will not do to tarry here long. This house cannot hold out against a prolonged attack."

"We will not remain here more than a couple of hours," replied Catesby: "but where shall we go next? I am for making some desperate attempt, which shall strike terror into our foes."

"Are we strong enough to march to the Earl of Harrington's mansion near Coventry, and carry off the Princess Elizabeth?" asked Percy.

"She were indeed a glorious prize," replied Catesby; "but I have no doubt on the first alarm of our rising she has been conveyed to a place of safety. And even if she were there, we should have the whole armed force of Coventry to contend with. No—no, it will not do to attempt that."

"Nothing venture, nothing have!" cried Sir Everard Digby. "We ought, in my opinion, to run any risk to secure her."

"You know me too well, Digby," rejoined Catesby, "to doubt my readiness to undertake any project, however hazardous, which would offer the remotest chance of success. But in this I see none, unless, indeed, it could be accomplished by stratagem. Let us first ascertain what support we can obtain, and then decide upon the measures to be adopted."

"I am content," returned Digby.

"Old Mr. Talbot of Grafton is a friend of yours, is he not?" continued Catesby addressing Thomas Winter. "Can you induce him to join us?"

"I will try," replied Thomas Winter; "but I have some misgivings."

"Be not faint-hearted," rejoined Catesby. "You and Stephen Littleton shall go to him at once, and join us at your own mansion of Huddington, whither we will proceed as soon as our men are thoroughly recruited. Use every argument you can devise with Talbot,—tell him that the welfare of the Catholic cause depends on our success,—and that neither his years nor infirmities can excuse his absence at this juncture. If he

will not, or cannot come himself, cause him to write letters to all his Catholic neighbours, urging them to join us, and bid him send all his retainers and servants to us."

"I will not neglect a single plea," replied Thomas Winter, "and I will further urge compliance by his long friendship towards myself. But, as I have just said, I despair of success."

Soon after this, he and Stephen Littleton, with two of the troopers well-mounted and well-armed, rode across the country through lanes and by-roads, with which they were well acquainted, to Grafton. At the same time, Catesby repaired to the court-yard, and assembling his men, found there were twenty-five missing. More than half of these it was known had been killed or wounded at Warwick; but the rest, it was suspected, had deserted.

Whatever effect this scrutiny might secretly have upon Catesby, he maintained a cheerful and confident demeanour, and mounting a flight of steps, harangued the band in energetic and exciting terms. Displaying a small image of the Virgin to them, he assured them they were under the special protection of heaven, whose cause they were fighting,—and concluded by reciting a prayer, in which the whole assemblage heartily joined. This done, they filled the baggage-cart with provisions and further ammunition, and forming themselves into good order, took the road to Alcester.

They had not gone far, when torrents of rain fell, and the roads being in a shocking condition, and ploughed up with ruts, they turned into the fields wherever it was practicable, and continued their march very slowly, and under excessively disheartening circumstances. On arriving at the ford across the Avon, near Bishopston, they found the stream so swollen that it was impossible to get across it. Sir Everard Digby, who made the attempt, was nearly carried off by the current. They were therefore compelled to proceed to Stratford, and cross the bridge.

"My friends," said Catesby, commanding a halt at a short distance of the town, "I know not what reception we may meet with here. Probably much the same as at Warwick. But I command you not to strike a blow, except in self-defence."

Those injunctions given, attended by the other conspirators, except Percy and Rookwood, who brought up the rear, he rode slowly into Stratford, and proceeding to the market-place, ordered a trumpet to be sounded. On the first appearance of the troop, most of the inhabitants fled to their houses, and fastened the doors, but some few courageous persons followed them at a wary distance. These were harangued at some length by Catesby, who called upon them to join the expedition, and held out promises, which only excited the derision of the hearers.

Indeed, the dejected looks of most of the band, and the drenched and muddy state of their apparel made them objects of pity and contempt, rather than of serious apprehension; and

nothing but their numbers prevented an attack being made upon them. Catesby's address concluded amid groans of dissatisfaction, and finding he was wasting time, and injuring his own cause, he gave the word to march, and moved slowly through the main street, but not a single recruit joined him.

Another unpropitious circumstance occurred just as they were leaving Stratford. Two or three of his followers tried to slink away, when Catesby riding after them, called to them to return, and no attention being paid to his orders, he shot the man nearest him, and compelled the others, by threats of the same punishment to return to their ranks. This occurrence, while it occasioned much discontent and ill-will among the band, gave great uneasiness to their leaders. Catesby and Percy now brought up the rear, and kept a sharp look-out to check any further attempt at desertion.

Digby and Winter, being well acquainted with all the Catholic gentry in the neighbourhood, they proceeded to their different residences, and were uniformly coldly received, and in some cases dismissed with reproaches and menaces. In spite of all their efforts, too, repeated desertions took place, and long before they reached Alcester, their force was diminished by a dozen men. Not thinking it prudent to pass through the town, they struck into a lane on the right, and fording the Arrow near Ragley, skirted that extensive park, and crossing the hills near Weethly and Stoney Moreton, arrived in about an hour and a half in a very jaded condition at Huddington, the seat of Robert Winter. Affairs seemed to wear so unpromising an aspect, that Catesby on entering the house immediately called a council of his friends, and asked them what they proposed to do.

"For my own part," he said, "I am resolved to fight it out. I will continue my march as long as I can get a man to follow me, and when they are all gone, will proceed alone. But I will never yield."

"We will all die together, if need be," said Sir Everard Digby. "Let us rest here to-night, and in the morning proceed to Lord Windsor's mansion, Hewel Grange, which I know to be well stocked with arms, and, after carrying off all we can, we will fortify Stephen Littleton's house at Holbeach, and maintain it for a few days against our enemies."

This proposal agreed to, they repaired to the court-yard, and busied themselves in seeing the wants of their followers attended to, and such a change was effected by good fare and a few hours' repose, that the spirits of the whole party revived, and confidence was once more restored. A slight damp, however, was again thrown upon the satisfaction of the leaders by the return of Thomas Winter and Stephen Littleton from Grafton. Their mission had proved wholly unsuccessful. Mr. Talbot had not merely refused to join them, but had threatened to detain them.

"He says we deserve the worst of deaths," observed Thomas

Winter, in conclusion, "and that we have irretrievably injured the Catholic cause."

"And I begin to fear he speaks the truth," rejoined Christopher Wright. "However, for us there is no retreat."

"None whatever," rejoined Catesby, in a sombre tone. "We must choose between death upon the battle-field, or on the scaffold."

"The former be my fate," cried Percy.

"And mine," added Catesby.

An anxious and perturbed night was passed by the conspirators, and many a plan was proposed and abandoned. It had been arranged among them that they should each in succession make the rounds of the place, to see that the sentinels were at their posts,—strict orders having been given to the latter to fire upon whomsoever might attempt to fly,—but as Catesby, despite his great previous fatigue, was unable to rest, he took this duty chiefly upon himself.

Returning at midnight from an examination of the court-yard, he was about to enter the house, when he perceived before him a tall figure with a cloak muffled about its face, standing in his path. It was perfectly motionless, and Catesby, who carried a lantern in his hand, threw the light upon it, but it neither moved forward, nor altered its position. Catesby would have challenged it, but an undefinable terror seized him, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. An idea rose to his mind that it was the spirit of Guy Fawkes, and by a powerful effort he compelled himself to address it.

"Are you come to warn me?" he demanded.

The figure moved in acquiescence, and withdrawing the cloak, revealed features of ghastly paleness, but resembling those of Fawkes.

"Have I long to live?" demanded Catesby.

The figure shook its head.

"Shall I fall to-morrow?" pursued Catesby.

The figure again made a gesture in the negative.

"The next day?"

Solemnly inclining its head, the figure once more muffled its ghastly visage in its cloak, and melted from his view.

For some time, Catesby remained in a state almost of stupefaction. He then summoned up all the resolution of his nature, and instead of returning to the house, continued to pace to and fro in the court, and at last walked forth into the garden. It was profoundly dark, and he had not advanced many steps when he suddenly encountered a man. Repressing the exclamation that rose to his lips, he drew a petronel from his belt, and waited till the person addressed him.

"Is it you, Sir John Foliot?" asked a voice, which he instantly recognised as that of Topcliffe.

"Ay," replied Catesby, in a low tone.

"Did you manage to get into the house?" pursued Topcliffe.

"I did," returned Catesby; "but speak lower. There is a sentinel within a few paces of us. Come this way."

And grasping the other's arm, he drew him further down the walk.

"Do you think we may venture to surprise them?" demanded Topcliffe.

"Hum!" exclaimed Catesby, hesitating, in the hope of inducing the other to betray his design.

"Or shall we wait the arrival of Sir Richard Walsh, the sheriff of Worcestershire, and the *posse comitatús*?" pursued Topcliffe.

"How soon do you think the Sheriff will arrive?" asked Catesby, scarcely able to disguise his anxiety.

"He cannot be here before daybreak—if so soon," returned Topcliffe, "and then we shall have to besiege the house, and though I have no fear of the result, yet some of the conspirators may fall in the skirmish; and my orders from the Earl of Salisbury, as I have already apprized you, are, to take them alive."

"True," replied Catesby.

"I would not for twice the reward I shall receive for the capture of the whole party that that desperate traitor, Catesby, should be slain," continued Topcliffe. "The plot was contrived by him, and the extent of its ramifications can alone be ascertained through him."

"I think I can contrive their capture," observed Catesby; "but the utmost caution must be used. I will return to the house, and find out where the chief conspirators are lodged. I will then throw open the door, and will return to this place, where you can have our men assembled. If we can seize and secure the leaders, the rest will be easy."

"You will run great risk, Sir John," said Topcliffe, with affected concern.

"Heed not that," replied Catesby. "You may expect me in a few minutes. Get together your men as noiselessly as you can."

With this, he hastily withdrew.

On returning to the house, he instantly roused his companions, and acquainted them with what had occurred.

"My object," he said, "is to make Topcliffe a prisoner. We may obtain much useful information from him. As to the others, if they offer resistance, we will put them to death."

"What force have they?" asked Sir Everard Digby, with some uneasiness.

"It is impossible to say precisely," replied Catesby; "but not more than a handful of men I should imagine, as they are waiting for Sir Richard Walsh."

"I know not what may be the issue of this matter," observed Robert Winter, whose looks were unusually haggard; "but I

have had a strange and ominous dream, which fills me with apprehension."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Catesby, upon whose mind the recollection of the apparition he had beheld, rushed.

"Catesby," pursued Robert Winter, taking him aside, "if you have any sin unrepented of, I counsel you to make your peace with Heaven, for I fear you are not long for this world."

"It may be so," rejoined Catesby firmly, "and I have many dark and damning sins upon my soul, but I will die as I have lived, firm and unshaken to the last. And now, let us prepare for our foes."

So saying, he proceeded to call up the trustiest of his men, and enjoining profound silence upon them, disposed them in various places that they might instantly appear at his signal. After giving them other directions, he returned to the garden, and coughed slightly. He was answered by a quickly-approaching footstep, and a voice demanded,

"Are you there, Sir John?"

Catesby answered in a low tone in the affirmative.

"Come forward, then," rejoined Topcliffe.

As he spoke, there was a rush of persons towards the spot, and seizing Catesby, he cried in a triumphant tone, while he unmasked a lantern, and threw its light full upon his face,

"You are caught in your own trap, Mr. Catesby. You are my prisoner."

"Not so, villain," cried Catesby, disengaging himself by a powerful effort.

Springing backwards, he drew his sword, and making the blade describe a circle round his body, effected his retreat in safety, though a dozen shots were fired at him. Leaping the garden wall, he was instantly surrounded by the other conspirators, and the greater part of the band, who, hearing the reports of the fire-arms, had hurried to the spot. Instantly putting himself at their head, Catesby returned to the garden; but Topcliffe and his party had taken the alarm, and fled. Torches were brought, and by Catesby's directions a large heap of dry stubble was set on fire. But, though the flames revealed every object for a considerable distance around them, no traces of the hostile party could be discerned.

After continuing their ineffectual search for some time, the conspirators returned to the house, and abandoning all idea of retiring to rest, kept strict watch during the remainder of the night. Little conversation took place. All were deeply depressed; and Catesby paced backwards and forwards within a passage leading from the hall to the dining-chamber. His thoughts were gloomy enough, and he retraced the whole of his wild and turbulent career, pondering upon its close, which he could not disguise from himself was at hand.

"It matters not," he mentally ejaculated; "I shall not die

ignominiously, and I would rather perish in the vigour of manhood, than linger out a miserable old age. I have striven hard to achieve a great enterprise, and having failed, have little else to live for. This band cannot hold together two days longer. Our men will desert us, or turn upon us to obtain the price set upon our heads. And were they true, I have little reliance upon my companions. They have no longer the confidence that can alone insure success, and I expect each moment some one will propose a surrender. Surrender! I will never do so with life. Something must be done—something worthy of me—and then let me perish. I have ever prayed to die a soldier's death."

As he uttered these words unconsciously aloud, he became aware of the presence of Robert Winter, who stood at the end of the passage, watching him.

"Your prayer will not be granted, Catesby," said the latter.

"Some dreadful doom, I fear, is reserved for you and all of us."

"What mean you?" demanded the other, uneasily.

"Listen to me," replied Robert Winter. "I told you I had a strange and appalling dream to-night, and I will now relate it. I thought I was in a boat upon the river Thames, when all at once the day, which had been bright and smiling, became dark and overcast,—not dark like the shades of night, but gloomy and ominous as when the sun is shrouded by an eclipse. I looked around, and every object was altered. The tower of Saint Paul's stood awry, and seemed ready to topple down,—so did the spires and towers of all the surrounding fanes. The houses on London Bridge leaned frightfully over the river, and the habitations lining its banks on either side, seemed shaken to their foundations. I fancied some terrible earthquake must have occurred, or that the end of the world was at hand."

"Go on," said Catesby, who had listened with profound attention to the relation.

"The stream, too, changed its colour," continued Robert Winter, "and became red as blood, and the man who rowed my boat was gone, and his place occupied by a figure masked and habited like an executioner. I commanded him to row me ashore, and in an instant the bark shot to land, and I sprang out, glad to be liberated from my mysterious conductor. My steps involuntarily led me toward the cathedral, and on entering it I found its pillars, shrines, monuments, and roof hung with black. The throng that ever haunt Paul's Walk had disappeared, and a few dismal figures alone traversed the aisles. On approaching them, I recognised in their swollen, death-like, and blackened lineaments some resemblance to you and our friends. I was about to interrogate them when I was awakened by yourself."

"A strange dream, truly," observed Catesby, musingly, "and, coupled with what I myself have seen to-night, would seem to bode evil."

And he then proceeded to describe the supernatural appearance he had beheld to his companion.

"All is over with us," rejoined Robert Winter. "We must prepare to meet our fate."

"We must meet it like men — like brave men, Robert," replied Catesby. "We must not disgrace ourselves and our cause."

"You are right," rejoined Robert Winter; "but these visions are more terrible than the contemplation of death itself."

"If you require further rest, take it," returned Catesby. "In an hour, I shall call up our men, and march to Hewel Grange."

"I am wearied enough," replied Robert Winter, "but I dare not close my eyes again."

"Then recommend your soul to Heaven," said Catesby. "I would be alone. Melancholy thoughts press upon me, and I desire to unburden my heart to God."

Robert Winter then left him, and he withdrew into a closet where there was an image of the Virgin, and kneeling before it, prayed long and fervently. Arising in a calmer frame of mind, he returned to the hall, and summoning his companions and followers, their horses were brought forth, and they commenced their march.

It was about four o'clock when they started, and so dark, that they had some difficulty in finding the road. They proceeded at a slow pace, and with the utmost caution; but notwithstanding this, and though the two Winters and Grant, who were well acquainted with the country, led the way, many trifling delays and disasters occurred. Their baggage-cart frequently stuck fast in the deep ruts, while the men missing their way, got into the trenches skirting the lane, and were not unfrequently thrown from their horses. More than once, too, the alarm was given that they were pursued, and a sudden halt ordered; but these apprehensions proved groundless, and, after a most fatiguing ride, they found themselves at Stoke Prior, and within two miles of Hewel Grange.

Originally built in the early part of the reign of Henry the Eighth, and granted by that monarch to an ancestor of its present possessor, Lord Windsor, this ancient mansion was quadrangular in form, and surrounded by a broad deep fosse. Situated in the heart of an extensive park, at the foot of a gentle hill, it was now approached from the brow of the latter beautiful eminence by the rebel party. But at this season, and at this hour, both park and mansion had a forlorn look. The weather still continued foggy, with drizzling showers, and though the trees were not yet entirely stripped of their foliage, their glories had altogether departed. The turf was damp and plashy, and in some places partook so much of the character of a swamp, that the horsemen were obliged to alter their course.

But all obstacles were eventually overcome, and in ten mi-

nutes after their entrance into the park, they were within gunshot of the mansion. There were no symptoms of defence apparent, but the drawbridge being raised, it was Catesby's opinion, notwithstanding appearances, that their arrival was expected. He was further confirmed in this idea when, sounding a trumpet, and calling to the porter to let down the drawbridge, no answer was returned.

The entrance to the mansion was through a lofty and machiolated gateway, strengthened at each side by an embattled turret. Perceiving a man at one of the loopholes, Catesby discharged his petronel at him, and it was evident from the cry that followed that the person was wounded. An instant afterwards, calivers were thrust through the other loopholes, and several shots fired upon the rebels, while some dozen armed men appeared upon the summit of the tower, and likewise commenced firing.

Perceiving Topcliffe among the latter, and enraged at the sight, Catesby discharged another petronel at him, but without effect. He then called to some of his men to break down the door of an adjoining barn, and to place it in the moat. The order was instantly obeyed, and the door afloat in the fosse, and springing upon it, he impelled himself with a pike towards the opposite bank. Several shots were fired at him, and though more than one struck the door, he crossed the moat uninjured. So suddenly was this daring passage effected, that before any of the defenders of the mansion could prevent him, Catesby had severed the links of the chain fastening the drawbridge, and it fell clattering down.

With a loud shout, his companions then crossed it. But they had still a difficulty to encounter. The gates, which were of great strength, and covered with plates of iron, were barred. But a ladder having been found in the barn, it was brought forward, and Catesby mounting it sword in hand, drove back all who opposed, and got upon the wall. He was followed by Sir Everard Digby, Percy, and several others, and driving the royalists before them, they made their way down a flight of stone steps, and proceeding to the gateway, threw it open, and admitted the others. All this was the work of a few minutes.

Committing the ransacking of the mansion to Digby and Percy, and commanding a dozen men to follow him, Catesby entered a small arched doorway, and ascended a winding stone staircase in search of Topcliffe. His progress was opposed by the soldiers, but beating aside all opposition, he gained the roof. Topcliffe, however, was gone. Anticipating the result of the attack, he had let himself drop from the summit of the tower to the walls, and descending by the ladder, had made good his retreat.

Disarming the soldiers, Catesby then descended to the courtyard, where in a short time a large store of arms, consisting of corslets, demi-lances, pikes, calivers, and two falconets, were

brought forth. These, together with a cask of powder, were placed in the baggage-waggon. Meanwhile, the larder and cellar had been explored, and provisions of all kinds, together with a barrel of mead, and another of strong ale, being found, they were distributed among the men.

While this took place, Catesby searched the mansion, and, partly by threats, partly by persuasion, induced about twenty persons to join them. This unlooked-for success so encouraged the conspirators that their drooping spirits began to revive. Catesby appeared as much elated as the others, but at heart he was full of misgiving.

Soon afterwards, the rebel party quitted Hewel Grange, taking with them every weapon they could find. The forced recruits were placed in the midst of the band, so that escape was impracticable.

CHAPTER IV.

HOLBEACH.

AVOIDING the high road, and traversing an unfrequented part of the country, the conspirators shaped their course towards Stourbridge. As they reached Forfield Green, they perceived a large party descending the hilly ground near Bromagrove, and evidently in pursuit of them. An immediate halt was ordered, and taking possession of a farm-house, they prepared themselves for defence.

Seeing these preparations, their pursuers, who proved to be Sir Richard Walsh, the Sheriff of Worcestershire, Sir John Foliot, three gentlemen named Ketelbye, Salwaye, and Conyers, attended by a large posse of men, all tolerably well armed, drew up at some distance from the farm, and appeared to be consulting on the prudence of making an attack. Topcliffe was with them; and Catesby, who reconnoitred their proceedings from a window of the dwelling, inferred from his gestures that he was against the assault. And so it proved. The royalist party remained where they were, and as one or two of their number were occasionally sent away, Catesby judged, and correctly, that they expected some reinforcement.

Not willing to wait for this, he determined to continue his march, and, accordingly forming his men into a close line, and bringing up the rear himself, they again set forward. Sir Richard Walsh and his party followed them, and whenever they were in a difficult part of the road, harassed them with a sudden attack. In this way several stragglers were cut off, and a few prisoners made. So exasperated did Catesby become by these annoyances that, though desirous to push forward as fast as possible, he halted at the entrance of a common, and prepared for an engagement. But his purpose was defeated, for the roy-

alist party took another course, nor did he see anything more of them for some time.

In about an hour the rebels arrived at the banks of the river Stour, not far from the little village of Churchill, and here just as they were preparing to ford the stream, the Sheriff and his followers again made their appearance. By this time, also, the forces of their opponents were considerably augmented, and as more than a third of their own party were engaged in crossing the stream, which was greatly swollen by the recent rains, and extremely dangerous, their position was one of no slight peril.

Nothing daunted, however, Catesby instantly drew up his men on the bank, and, after a short skirmish, drove away the enemy, and afterwards contrived to across the river without much loss. He found, however, that the baggage-cart had got immersed in the stream, and it was feared that the powder would be damaged. They remained on the opposite bank for some time; but, as their enemies did not attempt to follow them, they took the way to Holbeach, a large and strongly built mansion belonging, as has been already stated, to Stephen Littleton. Here they arrived without further molestation, and their first business was to put it into a complete state of defence.

After a long and anxious consultation, Sir Everard Digby quitted them, undertaking to return on the following day with succours. Stephen Littleton also disappeared on the same evening. His flight produced a strong impression on Catesby, and he besought the others not to abandon the good cause, but to stand by it, as he himself meant to do to the last. They all earnestly assured him that they would do so, except Robert Winter, who sat apart, and took no share in their discourse.

Catesby then examined the arms and powder that had been plunged in the water in crossing the Stour, and found that the latter had been so much wetted as to be nearly useless. A sufficient stock of powder being of the utmost consequence to them, he caused all the contents of the barrel not dissolved by the water to be poured into a large platter, and proceeded to dry it before a fire which had been kindled in the hall. A bag of powder, which had likewise been slightly wetted, was also placed at what was considered a safe distance from the fire.

"Heaven grant this may prove more destructive to our enemies than the combustibles we placed in the mine beneath the Parliament House," observed Percy.

"Heaven grant so, indeed!" rejoined Catesby, with a moody smile. "They would call it retribution, were we to perish by the same means which we designed for others."

"Jest not on so serious a matter, Catesby," observed Robert Winter. "For my own part, I dread the sight of powder, and shall walk forth till you have dried this, and put it away."

"You are not going to leave us like Stephen Littleton?" rejoined Catesby, suspiciously.

"I will go with him," said Christopher Wright; "so you need be under no apprehension."

Accordingly, he quitted the hall with Robert Winter, and they proceeded to the court-yard, and were conversing together on the dismal prospects of the party, when a tremendous explosion took place. The roof of the building seemed rent in twain, and amidst a shower of tiles, plaster, bricks, and broken wood falling around, the bag of powder dropped untouched at their feet.

"Mother of mercy!" exclaimed Christopher Wright, picking it up. "Here is a providential occurrence. Had this exploded, we must all have been destroyed."

"Let us see what has happened," cried Robert Winter.

And, followed by Christopher Wright, he rushed towards the hall, and bursting open the door, beheld Catesby enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and pressing his hand to his face, which was scorched and blackened by the explosion. Rookwood was stretched on the floor in a state of insensibility, and it at first appeared that life was extinct. Percy was extinguishing the flames, which had caught his dress, and John Grant was similarly occupied.

"Those are the very faces I beheld in my dream," cried Robert Winter, gazing at them with affright. "It was a true warning."

Rushing up to Catesby, Christopher Wright clasped him in his arms, and extinguishing his flaming apparel, cried, "Wretch that I am! that I should live to see this day!"

"Be not alarmed!" gasped Catesby. "It is nothing—it was a mere accident."

"It is no accident, Catesby," replied Robert Winter. "Heaven is against us and our design."

And he quitted the room, and left the house. Nor did he return to it.

"I will pray for forgiveness!" cried Percy, whose vision was so much injured by the explosion that he could as yet see nothing. And dragging himself before an image of the Virgin, he prayed aloud, acknowledging that the act he had designed was so bloody that it called for the vengeance of Heaven, and expressing his sincere repentance.

"No more of this," cried Catesby, staggering up to him, and snatching the image from him. "It was a mere accident, I tell you. We are all 've, and shall yet succeed."

On inquiry, Christopher Wright learnt that a blazing coal had shot out of the fire, and falling into the platter containing the powder, had occasioned the disastrous accident above described.

HOURS IN HINDOSTAN.

TABLE TALK.

Men will often, until rendered sager,
Back their own opinion by a wager.

EVERY one bets in India: betting is the life and soul of society. Ladies smoke rose-water hookahs, and bet gold mohurs; gentlemen puff strong chillums, and stake lacks of rupees: everything that comes on the table, everything that passes the window, becomes the subject of a wager; the number of almonds served up on a dessert plate, or the probable sex of the next passer-by, may cause the transfer of thousands,—nay, hundreds of thousands; for in a country where none wear purses, money becomes a mere nominal commodity, only to be spoken of, rarely to be seen; the consequence naturally results, that it being quite as easy to talk of thousands as hundreds, and far more imposing to do so, lacks of rupees are sported till the unfortunate sporter, if not exceedingly knowing, lacks everything, and the rich idler becomes the tool of the knowing sharper, who makes gambling his profession, and as such, studies it during those hours devoted by the less clever man to amassing riches to pay his debts.

Charles Macauley (this was not *bond fide* his name, but I will call him so) was one of the former,—that is to say, a good fellow, who would bet on certainties, drug your wine, or play with you for what you liked, whenever he was certain of having the best of it.

James Gordon had long been a flat. While up the country, he had lost large sums of money to Colonel Macauley, but finding it more convenient, had come down to Calcutta to fill a lucrative post; had been two years in the capital of Bengal, and was not quite so raw as he once had been. Charles was unaware of this little fact, or perhaps he would not have followed him down with the kind intent of fleecing him; however, these surmises have nothing to do with this sketch.

Colonel Charles Macauley had not arrived two hours in Tank Square, ere he heard that his old friend Gordon was making money fast, that he was to give a very grand dinner-party the next day, and that the said dinner was to be served on some splendid new dining-tables, imported from Europe by the luxurious civilian: this information seemed strangely to interest Charley. At eleven o'clock next morning, the gallant Colonel jumped into his palanquin, and away he jogged to Chowringee, to see his old friend.

"Sahib in Ghurmi hi?" The question replied to in the affirmative, Charley ascended the stairs amid the low salams of the linen-wrapped kidmigers who lolled about the piazzas and passages. At last the great hall or banqueting-room was gained, and a very fine room it was.

"Gordon Sahib—make shabe—come direct," said the confidential sedar of the great man.

"Bohut achar," responded the visiter.

"Walky in here?"

"Rather not. I'll wait here till your master has finished his toilette: you may go;" and the Colonel began to hum an air with a degree of carelessness peculiar to well-bred people, very different from the vulgarity of Mrs. Trollope's Americans. The black servant va-

nished ; so did Charley's indifference as he quitted the room, for in the middle of the hall stood the identical tables that had just arrived from England. The Colonel was a man who soon made up his mind ; he gave one glance around to ensure that he was unobserved, and in another instant had pulled out a yard measure, and ascertained the exact height of the said tables, which he as instantly set down in his pocket-book ; then lolling out of the windows, began to watch the hackeries, tom-johns, palanquins, and other detestable vehicles, which rapidly flitted through Chowringee.

The most knowing men are sometimes mistaken in their calculations ; for once even Macauley was deceived : he had thought himself unobserved ; but he was in error ; for as the sedar had truly said, his master was shaving in the next room ; his back was towards the door, his eyes on a little round looking-glass, which, unfortunately for Charley, reflected it. Now it so happened that the said door was slightly ajar when the measuring took place, so without turning round, or widening the aperture further, the owner of the tables saw the whole operation, and made up his mind to turn the tables on his friend ; but to do this it required gumption, as we shall see by the sequel.

"How are you, my dear fellow ? — I am delighted to see you !" cried the civilian, as he grasped the hand that had just been measuring. "Where have you been these thousand years ?"

"Up the country—could not get away—the instant I could, came down to see you. We've had sharp work : three general actions, and a sharp campaign. Our regiment alone lost a havildar and three sepoy, besides poor Jackson ; who, you may remember, played whist so well : he got an ugly wound in the hand in the taking of a mud fort,—where we had a drummer wounded,—would drink brandy pawny, and died of mortification. I lost ten thousand rupees on him ; I bet he would live three days ;—lost by two hours ;—devilish hard, wasn't it ? besides a thousand I should have won from him, if he had survived till next day ; he backed it not to rain, and it poured in torrents all the time we were burying him."

"Poor fellow !—he is a great loss !"

"Indeed he is. We cannot make up a rubber now ; so I got leave, and ran down to see you."

"When did you arrive ?"

"Only last night : put up at Taylor's—deuced good fellow—he won a lack of rupees by making six hundred dots in a minute."

"You'll dine with me to-day ?—seven o'clock ; got some famous 'loll shrob.'"

"I am engaged to Taylor's : but never mind that ; I'll get off, and come to you. I've some business in the fort ; so, till seven, good b'ye !" and away trotted the sporting Colonel.

James Gordon ordered his servant to say he was out ; he then busied himself about various affairs. Amongst others, one which he thought important : but more of that anon.

At seven o'clock the dinner was served up, and a more excellent one never was given in Calcutta ; but as every pleasure must come to an end, so this excellent dinner at last was finished ; the dessert was served up, and the hookahs began to emit their guttural notes.

Many were the subjects broached, and got rid of ; many the boasts which enlivened this fashionable feast.

At length, by the most skilful manœuvring, and with infinite tact, Macauley brought the beauty of the new tables on the tapis: every one admired them, and felt grateful to them for having so lately supported the rich dinner of their host.

"They are of the finest mahogany I ever saw," said Major Briscoe.

"They are perfect. I never saw any so well proportioned in my life; I must have some made like them," said a dinner-giving old civilian with half a liver.

"They are rather too high," chimed in Charles Macauley, with affected indifference; "just a *leettle* too high:—don't you think so, Gordon?"

"On the contrary," replied the host; "if anything, I consider them a shade too low."

"You are mistaken, my dear fellow; I have an excellent eye, and I am sure I am right; no table should exceed two feet six, and these are at least one inch higher."

"You are in error; they are not more than two feet and a half."

"Don't bet, James, don't bet, for I am sure of the fact; I tell you I cannot be deceived,—my eye is always correct."

"Not bet!—if it were not that the tables are my own, and, consequently, I should bet on a certainty, I'd lay you a lack of rupees they are not more than thirty inches in height."

"Oh! if you are willing, I'll make the bet: but remember, gentlemen, I tell you beforehand, I am *certain* of the fact; I say these tables are at least thirty-one inches from the ground."

"Done! for a lack of rupees!" cried Gordon.

"Done!" re-echoed Charley.

Their betting-books were brought out, and the wager duly registered. A servant was ordered to bring in a yard measure, when Macauley turned round with an air of triumph,—

"You may save yourselves the trouble of measuring,—ha! ha!" and he chuckled with delight. "I warned you fairly I bet on a certainty, so you can't be off, James."

"I stand to my bet," said Gordon.

"Well, then pay me my money. I measured the tables this morning while you were shaving, and here is a memorandum of their height, thirty-one inches exactly!" and the Colonel burst into a roaring fit of laughter as he produced his pocket-book.

"I know you did," said James; "I saw you do so in my looking-glass." The Colonel started. "So as soon as you had gone away, knowing well your intentions, I had an inch sawed off every leg; so for once, my knowing friend, *the tables are turned!*"

Charles Macauley left Calcutta next day 10,000*l.* poorer than the day he had arrived; and, what is still worse, the very youngest ensigns quiz him about the story to this very day.

A FIFTH AT WHIST.

We had been playing all the evening at whist. Our stake had been gold mohur points, and twenty on the rubber. Maxey, who is always lucky, had won five consecutive bumpers, which lent a self-satisfied smile to his countenance, and made us, the losers, look anything but pleased, when he suddenly changed countenance, and hesi-

tated to play : this the more surprised us, since he was one who seldom pondered, being so perfectly master of the game, that he deemed long consideration superfluous.

"Play away, Maxey ; what are you about ?" impatiently demanded Churchill, one of the most impetuous youths that ever wore the uniform of the body-guard.

"Hush !" responded Maxey, in a tone which thrilled through us, at the same time turning deadly pale.

"Are you unwell ?" said another, about to start up, for he believed our friend had suddenly been taken ill.

"For the love of God sit quiet !" rejoined the other, in a tone denoting extreme fear or pain, and he laid down his cards. "If you value my life, move not."

"What can he mean ?—has he taken leave of his senses ?" demanded Churchill, appealing to myself.

"Don't start!—don't move, I tell you!" in a sort of whisper I never can forget, uttered Maxey. "If you make any sudden motion I am a dead man!"

We exchanged looks. He continued,—

"Remain quiet, and all may yet be well. I have a Cobra Capella round my leg."

Our first impulse was to draw back our chairs ; but an appealing look from the victim induced us to remain, although we were aware that should the reptile transfer but one fold, and attach himself to any other of the party, that individual might already be counted as a dead man, so fatal is the bite of that dreaded monster.

Poor Maxey was dressed as many old residents still dress in India,—namely, in breeches and silk stockings ; he therefore the more plainly felt every movement of the snake. His countenance assumed a livid hue ; the words seemed to leave his mouth without that feature altering its position, so rigid was his look,—so fearful was he lest the slightest muscular movement should alarm the serpent, and hasten his fatal bite.

We were in agony little less than his own during the scene.

"He is coiling round !" murmured Maxey ; "I feel him cold—cold to my limb : and now he tightens!—for the love of Heaven call for some milk!—I dare not speak loud : let it be placed on the ground near me ; let some be spilt on the floor."

Churchill cautiously gave the order, and a servant slipped out of the room.

"Don't stir:—Northcote, you moved your head. By everything sacred, I conjure you do not do so again ! It cannot be long ere my fate is decided. I have a wife and two children in Europe ; tell them I died blessing them,—that my last prayers were for them:—the snake is winding itself round my calf ;—I leave them all I possess.—I can almost fancy I feel his breath : Great God ! to die in such a manner !"

The milk was brought, and carefully put down ; a few drops were sprinkled on the floor, and the affrighted servants drew back.

Again Maxey spoke :

"No—no ! it has no effect ! on the contrary, he has clasped himself tighter—he has uncurled his upper fold ! I dare not look down, but I am sure he is about to draw back, and give the bite of death with more fatal precision. Receive me, O Lord ! and pardon me ; my last hour is come !—Again he pauses. I die firm ; but this is past endur-

ance;—ah! no—he has undone another fold, and loosens himself. Can he be going to some one else?" We involuntarily started. "For the love of Heaven, stir not!—I am a dead man; but bear with me. He still loosens;—he is about to dart!—Move not, but beware! Churchill, he falls off that way. Oh! this agony is too hard to bear!—Another pressure, and I am dead. No!—he relaxes!" At that moment poor Maxey ventured to look down; the snake had unwound himself; the last coil *had* fallen, and the reptile was making for the milk.

"I am saved!—saved!" and Maxey bounded from his chair, and fell senseless into the arms of one of his servants. In another instant, need it be added, we were all dispersed: the snake was killed, and our poor friend carried more dead than alive to his room.

That scene I can never forget: it dwells on my memory still, strengthened by the fate of poor Maxey, who from that hour pined in hopeless imbecility, and sunk into an early grave.

THE MUSSULAH BOAT.

JUST as our vessel was about to anchor, two catamarans suddenly appeared on deck, to the great horror of those who had never seen such beings before, and the great delight of the old Madrassesees, who expected to receive letters by them. The two men before us were stark naked, with the exception of a very small rag, and a little cap, made of dried palm leaves, for the carriage of their despatches. They had paddled out at least six miles from shore, seated on a small log of wood, propelling themselves, each with a single oar, with which they kept time to a sort of chant, which they sang as they struck their paddles in the waves, and made their way through the terrific surf, which extends about two miles out from the shore of Madras. No wonder that the first ship which ever saw these strange creatures took them for demons, and entered in their log-book the following quaint notice:—"At one o'clock P.M. came in sight of the principal town on the Coromandel coast. Saw two devils playing at single-stick on the surface of the water. God grant it foretell no evil!" No wonder they could scarcely believe that human beings should thus float out on such a frail support, and encounter the waves which in this part of the globe run mountains high, and the deadly sharks which here abound, without defence or assistance. Often and often are they washed off, and as often regain their piece of timber, with a hardihood which seems to paralyse the monsters of the deep; for seldom or ever is a catamaran carried off by these ravenous animals, who, however, greedily devour the European who dares to encounter them.

The catamaran, pulling off his little leaf cap, delivered his letters; and having informed us that our arrival had been signalled at the fort, and, consequently, that a couple of mussulah boats were already on their way to carry over our passengers, plunged again into the water, seemingly delighted to get rid of our rude stare, and return to his quasi natural element. Our clothes for immediate wear were soon packed up, and before the boats touched the sides of the vessel, we were all ready on the quarter-deck watching their approach.

These peculiarly constructed boats, are the only ones that could live through such a sea: formed of bark, they float on the very tip of each wave, and bend as it strikes her sides, which are at least eight

feet high, with banks running across the top, on which some dozen or fourteen native rowers are perched. The European, together with his luggage, is coolly stowed at the bottom of the vessel, with a strict caution to be very quiet. In this leviathan canoe we seated ourselves, and started for Madras.

When we reached the first line of surf, no words can describe the terror we felt. Thrown in an instant to a dizzy height, then suddenly plunged down with a rapidity which for an instant checked the breath, while we looked up, and saw the towering waves ready to burst over our heads, occasionally dotted with a catamaran; each boat being attended by several of these worthies, who in case of accident instantly pick up the passengers, and for which they always receive a silver medal. The noise of the angry surf, which seemed intent on our destruction, completely paralysed the majority of us. Not so, however, a young and beautiful girl, who was about to join her parents in India. She seemed to exult in the danger which surrounded us. She appeared to court the awe-inspiring scene, and smiled with joy as we shrank appalled at the raging foam. A young officer, to whom she was betrothed, seemed delighted with these fresh proofs of her courage, and assisted her to mount the bench of the rowers, much against the advice of the natives, and was about to spring up after her in order to hold her, when a sudden lurch of the boat threw him to the bottom of the vessel, and the object of his love into the boiling waves. A general scream burst from all. No assistance could be given; no help afforded. We were in the very midst of the most dangerous line. Young Osborne sprang up. He looked around; but no sign of the poor girl could be seen; nothing could be perceived but the hissing, raging sea. A second glance to guide him equally futile,—an appealing look towards Heaven, and Osborne leaped into the waves. The stoical Indians still pulled on: they did not waver in their stroke, but continued in their steady exertions; and they were right in so doing; for I afterwards learnt that a single pause, even for an instant, and all would have been lost.

To describe the grief of the poor mother of Louisa Marchmont, would require an abler pen than mine, nor, had I the power, would I wish to harrow up the feelings of my reader by a sketch of her dreadful agony,—her torture, as she vainly attempted to clamber up to the fatal bank, from which she was forcibly held down. At length we felt a shock as if of an earthquake; the Indians jumped out, and in two minutes more we stood safely on the strand, enjoying the delight of the mother as she clasped her almost senseless daughter to her breast, crying with agonizing joy. A catamaran, already decorated with six silver medals, had caught her as she fell, and gained a seventh honour by bearing her safely to shore.

As Louisa recovered, and unlocked herself from her mother's embrace, she looked around, fondly expecting the congratulations of another loved being. But, alas! Osborne was not there. Again she gazed; and at length gained strength to ask for him. None answered. Again she repeated the question: the averted looks of all told her a tale of woe.

Another catamaran now landed, and approached the group. Unaware of the situation of the parties, he slowly pronounced in excellent English, "The young man has become the prey of sharks."

One harrowing screech—a shudder from all—closed this dreadful scene. Poor Louisa is now a religious, good, but melancholy woman.

SONNET

On presenting a young Lady with a locket of his hair interlaced with her own at a time when fate seemed to make it impossible for him to meet her again.

THE love thou gavest with my own is wreathed ;
 And as these locks though severed from the head
 Live not the less, so live our loves unbreathed,
 And still shall live e'en when this heart is dead !
 For 'twas not sought, but fix'd in heav'n above
 That we should meet for everlasting love.
 Thrice happy locks ! elect of Fate to wed
 The raven tresses of my queen, and sleep
 Upon her bosom pillowed ; see ye steep
 My thoughts in sympathy with hers ! 'Tis said
 Magnetic influence from your mazes flies ;
 Be grateful then, and see ye earn your prize,
 Whispering this breast whate'er she hopes or sighs ;—
 Ye reap who sowed not while this heart has bled.

J. C. BENTLEY.

SPECIMENS OF MODERN GERMAN POETS.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

HEINRICH HEINE.

WE sate by the fisher's dwelling,
 And looked upon the sea ;
 The evening mists were gathering,
 And rising up silently.
 Forth from the lofty lighthouse
 Streamed softly light by light,
 And in the farthest distance
 A ship hove into sight.
 We spoke of storm and shipwreck ;
 Of seamen, and how they lay
 Unsafe 'twixt heaven and water,
 'Twixt joy and fear each day.
 We spoke of lands far distant ;
 We took a world-wide range,
 We spoke of wondrous nations,
 And manners new and strange.
 Of the fragrant, glittering Ganges,
 Where giant trees uptower,
 And handsome, quiet people,
 Kneel to the lotus flower.
 Of Lapland's filthy people,
 Flat-headed, wide-mouthed, we spake ;
 How they squat round their fires and jabber,
 And shriek o'er the fish they bake.
 The maidens listened so gravely ;
 At length no more was said ;
 The ship was in sight no longer,
 And night over all was spread.

COUNTY LEGENDS.

No. III.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

THE LAY

OF THE OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY.

CANTO II.

Now it seems there's a place they call Purgat'ry—so
 I must write it, my verse not admitting the O—
 But as for the *venue*, I vow I'm perplext
 To say if it's in this world, or if in the next—
 Or whether in both—for 'tis very well known
 That St. Patrick, at least, has got one of his own
 In a "tight little Island" that stands in a Lake
 Call'd "Lough-dearg"—that's "The Red Lake," unless I mis-
 take,—

In Fermanagh—or Antrim—or Donegal—which

I declare I can't tell,

But I know very well

It's in latitude 54, nearly their pitch;

(At Tappington, now, I could look in the Gazetteer,

But I'm out on a visit, and nobody has it here).

There are some, I'm aware,

Who don't stick to declare

There's "no differ" at all 'twixt "this here" and "that there,"

That it's all the same place, but the Saint reserves his entry

For the separate use of the "finest of pisenry,"

And that his is no more

Than a mere private door

From the *rez-de-chaussée*,—as some call the ground floor,—

To the one which the Pope had found out just before.

But no matter—lay

The *locale* where you may;

—And where it is no one exactly can say—

There's one thing, at least, which is known very well,

That it acts as a Tap-room to Satan's Hotel.

"Entertainment" 's there worse

Both for "Man and for Horse;"—

For broiling the souls

They use Lord Mayor's coals;—

Then the sulphur's inferior, and boils up much slower

Than the fine fruity brimstone they give you down lower,

It's by no means so strong—

Mere sloe-leaves to Souchong;—

The "prokers" are not half so hot, or so long,

By an inch or two, either in handle or prong;

The Vipers and Snakes are less sharp in the tooth,
 And the Nondescript Monsters not near so uncouth ;—
 In short, it's a place the good Pope, its creator,
 Made for what's call'd by Cockneys a "Minor The-âtre."
 Better suited, of course, for a "minor performer,"
 Than the "House," that's so much better lighted and warmer,
 Below, in that queer place which nobody mentions,—
 —You understand where

I don't question—down there
 Where, in lieu of wood blocks, and such modern inventions,
 The Paving Commissioners use "Good Intentions,"
 Materials which here would be thought on by few men,
 With so many founts of Asphaltic bitumen
 At hand, at the same time to pave and illumine.

To go on with my story,
 This same Purga-tory,
 (There! I've got in the O, to my Muse's great glory,)
 Is close lock'd, and the Pope keeps the keys of it—that I can
 Boldly affirm—in his desk in the Vatican ;

—Not those of St. Peter—
 These, of which I now treat, are
 A bunch by themselves, and much smaller and neater—
 And so cleverly made, Mr. Chubb could not frame a
 Key better contrived for its purpose—nor Bramah.

Now it seems that by these
 Most miraculous keys
 Not only the Pope, but his "clergy," with ease
 Can let people in and out just as they please ;
 And,—provided you "make it all right" about fees,—
 There is not a friar, Dr. Wiseman will own, of them,
 But can always contrive to obtain a short loan of them ;
 And Basil, no doubt,
 Had brought matters about,
 If the little old woman would but have "spoke out,"
 So far as to get for her one of those tickets,
 Or passes, which clear both the great gates and wickets ;
 So that after a grill,
 Or short turn on the Mill,
 And with no worse a singeing, to purge her iniquity,
 Than a Freemason gets in "The Lodge of Antiquity,"
 She'd have rubb'd off old scores,
 Popped out of doors,
 And sheer'd off at once for a happier port,
 Like a white-wash'd Insolvent that's "gone through the Court."

But Basil was one
 Who was not to be done
 By any one, either in earnest or fun ;—
 The cunning old beads-telling son of a gun,
 In all bargains, unless he'd his *quid* for his *quo*,
 Would shake his bald pate, and pronounce it "No Go."

So, unless you're a dunce,
 You'll see clearly, at once,
 When you come to consider the facts of the case, he,
 Of course, never gave her his *Vade in pace* ;
 And the consequence was, when the last mortal throes
 Released her pale Ghost from these regions of woe,
 The little old Woman had no where to go !

For, what could she do ?

She very well knew

If she went to the gates I have mention'd to you,
 Without Basil's, or some other passport to shew,
 The Cheque-takers never would let her go through ;
 While, as to *the other place*, e'en had she tried it,
 And really had wished it as much as she shied it,
 (For no one who knows what it is can abide it,)
 Had she knock'd at the portal with ne'er so much din,
 Though she'd died in what folks at Rome call "Mortal sin,"
 Yet Old Nick, for the life of him, daren't take her in—
 As she'd not been turn'd formally out of "the pale,"
 So much the bare name of the Pope made him quail
 In the times that I speak of, his courage would fail
 Of Rome's vassals the lowest and worst to assail,
 Or e'en touch with so much as the end of his tail ;

Though, now he's grown older,

They say he's much bolder, ¶

And his Holiness not only gets the "cold shoulder,"
 But Nick rumps him completely, and don't seem to care a
Dump—that's the word—for his triple tiara.

Well—what shall she do ?—

What's the course to pursue ?—

"Try St. Peter?—the step is a bold one to take ;
 For the Saint is, there can't be a doubt, 'wide awake ;"

But then there's a quaint

Old Proverb says, 'Faint

Heart ne'er won fair Lady,' then how win a Saint ?—

I've a great mind to try—

One can but apply ;

If things come to the worst why he can but deny—

The sky

's rather high

To be sure—but, now I

That cumbersome carcass of clay have laid by,
 I am just in the "order" which some folks—though why
 I am sure I can't tell you—would call "Apple-pie."

Then 'never say die !'

It won't do to be shy,

So I'll tuck up my shroud, and—here goes for a fly !"—
 —So said and so done—she was off like a shot,
 And kept on the whole way at a pretty smart trot.

When she drew so near
 That St. Peter could see her,
 The Saint in a moment began to look queer,
 And ~~some~~ would allow her to make her case clear,
 Ere he pursed up his mouth 'twixt a sneer and a jeer,
 With "It's all very well,—but you do not lodge here!"—
 Then, calling her everything but "My dear!"
 He applied his great toe with some force *au derriere*,
 And dismissed her at once with a flea in her ear.

"Alas! poor Ghost!"
 It's a doubt which is most
 To be pitied—one doom'd to fry, broil, boil, and roast,—
 Or one banded about thus from pillar to post,—
 To be "all abroad"—to be "stump'd"—not to know where
 To go—so disgraced
 As not to be "placed,"
 Or, as Crocky would say to Jem Bland, "to be No-where."—
 However that be,
 The *affaire* was *finie*,
 And the poor wretch rejected by all, as you see!

Mr. Oliver Goldsmith observes—not the Jew—
 That the "Hare whom the hounds and the huntsmen pursue,"
 Having no other sort of asylum in view,
 "Returns back again to the place whence she flew,"
 A fact which experience has proved to be true.—
 Mr. Gray,—in opinion with whom Johnson clashes,—
 Declares that our "wonted fires live in our ashes." *
 These motives combined, perhaps, brought back the hag,
 The first to her mansion, the last to her bag,
 When only conceive her dismay and surprise,
 As a Ghost how she open'd her cold stoney eyes,
 When there,—on the spot where she'd hid her "supplies,"—
 In an underground cellar of very small size,
 Working hard with a spade,
 All at once she survey'd
 That confounded old bandy-legged "Tailor by trade."

Fancy the tone
 Of the half moan half groan
 Which burst from the breast of the Ghost of the crone!
 As she stood there,—a figure 'twixt moonshine and stone,—
 Only fancy the glare in her eyeballs that shone!
 Although, as Macbeth says, "they'd no speculation,"
 While she utter'd that word,
 Which American Bird,
 Or John Fenimore Cooper, would render "Tarnation!!"

* "E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires!"—GRAY.

"A position at which Experience revolts, Credulity hesitates, and even Fancy stares!"—JOHNSON.

At the noise which she made
 Down went the spade !—
 And up jump'd the bandy-legg'd "Tailor by trade,"
 (Who had shrewdly conjectured, from something that fell, her
 Deposit was somewhere conceal'd in the cellar;)—
 Turning round at a sound
 So extremely profound,
 The moment her shadowy form met his view
 He gave vent to a sort of a lengthen'd "Bo-o—ho-o!"—
 With a countenance Keeley alone could put on,
 Made one grasshopper spring to the door—and was gone !
Erupit ! Evasit !
 As at Rome they would phrase it—
 His flight was so swift, the eye scarcely could trace it,
 Though elderly, bandy-legg'd, meagre, and sickly,
 I doubt if the Ghost could have vanish'd more quickly ;—
 He reach'd his own shop, and then fell into fits,
 And it's said never rightly recover'd his wits,
 While the chuckling old Hag takes his place, and there sits !

I'll venture to say,
 She'd sat there to this day,
 Brooding over what Cobbett calls "vile yellow clay,"
 Like a Vulture, or other obscene bird of prey,
 O'er the nest-full of eggs she has managed to lay,
 If, as legends relate, and I think we may trust 'em, her
 Stars had not brought her another guess customer—
 'Twas Basil himself !—
 Come to look for her pelf ;
 But not, like the Tailor, to dig, delve, and grovel,
 And grub in the cellar with pickaxe and shovel ;—
 Full well he knew
 Such tools would not do,—
 Far other the weapons he brought into play,
 Viz. a Wax-taper "hallow'd on Candlemas-day,"
 To light to her ducats,—
 Holy Water, two buckets,
 (Made with salt—half a peck to four gallons—which brews a
 Strong triple X "strike,"—see Jacobus de Chusa.)
 With these, too, he took
 His bell and his book—
 Not a nerve ever trembled,—his hand never shook
 As he boldly marched up where she sat in her nook,
 Glow'ring round with that wild indescribable look,
 Which *some* may have read of, perchance, in "Nell Cooke,"*
All, in "Martha the Gipsy" by Theodore Hook.

And now, for the reason I gave you before,
 Of what pass'd then and there I can tell you no more,
 As no Tailor was near with his ear at the door ;

* See Miscellany, January, 1841.

But I've always been told,
 With respect to the gold,
 For which she her "jewel eternal" had sold,
 That the old Harridan,
 Who, no doubt, knew her man,
 Made some compromise—hit upon some sort of plan,
 By which Friar and Ghost were both equally pinn'd—
 Heaven only knows how the "Agreement" got wind ;—
 But its purport was this,
 That the things done amiss
 By the Hag should not hinder her ultimate bliss ;
 Provided—" *Imprimis*,
 The cash from this time is
 The Church's—impounded for good pious uses—
 —Father B. shall dispose of it just as he chooses,
 And act as trustee—
 In the meantime, that She,
 The said Ghostess,—or Ghost, as the matter may be,—
 From "impediment," "hindrance," and "let" shall be free,
 To sleep in her grave, or to wander, as he,
 The said Friar, with said Ghost may hereafter agree.—
 Moreover—The whole
 Of the said cash, or "cole,"
 Shall be spent for the good of said Old Woman's soul !

It is farther agreed—while said cash is so spending,
 Said Ghost shall be fully absolv'd from attending,
 And shall quiet remain
 In the grave, her domain,
 To have, and enjoy, and uphold, and maintain,
 Without molestation, or trouble, or pain,
 Hindrance, let, or impediment, (over again)
 From Old Nick, or from any one else of his train,
 Whether Pow'r,—Domination,—or Princedom,—or Throne,*
 Or by what name soever the same may be known,
 Howsoe'er called by Poets, or styled by Divines,—
 Himself,—his executors, heirs, and assigns.

Provided that, nevertheless, notwithstanding
 All herein contained,—if whoever's a hand in
 Dispensing said cash, or said "cole," shall dare venture
 To misapply money, note, bill, or debenture
 To uses not named in this present Indenture,
 Then that such sum or sums shall revert, and come home again
 Back to said Ghost, who thenceforward shall roam again,
 Until such time or times as the said Ghost produces
 Some good man and true, who no long refuses
 To put sum or sums aforesaid to said uses ;
 Which duly performed, the said Ghost shall have rest,
 The full term of her natural death, of the best,

* Thrones ! Dominations ! Princedoms ! Virtues ! Powers !
 MILTON.

In full consideration of this, her bequest,
 In manner and form aforesaid, as exprest :
 In witness whereof, we, the parties aforesaid,
 Hereunto set our hands and our seals—and no more said,
 Being all that these presents intend to express,
 Whereas—notwithstanding—and nevertheless.—
 Sign'd, sealed, and deliver'd this 20th of May,
Anno Domini blank, (though I've mentioned the day,)
 (Signed)

BASIL.

OLD WOMAN (late) CLOTHED IN GREY."

Basil now, I am told,
 Walking off with the gold,
 Went and straight got the document duly enroll'd,
 And left the testatrix to mildew and mould
 In her sepulchre, cosey, cool,—not to say cold.
 But somehow—though how I can hardly divine,—
 A runlet of fine
 Rich Malvoisie wine
 Found its way to the Convent that night before nine,
 With custards, and "flawns," and a "fayre florentine,"
 Peach, apricot, nectarine, melon, and pine ;
 And some half a score nuns of the rule Bridgetine,
 Abbess and all, were invited to dine
 At a very late hour, that is after Compline.
 Father Hilary's rubies began soon to shine
 With fresh lustre, as though newly dug from the mine ;
 Through all the next year,
 Indeed, 'twould appear
 That the Convent was much better off as to cheer.
 Even Basil himself, as I very much fear,
 No longer addicted himself to small beer ;
 His complexion grew clear,
 While in front and in rear
 He enlarged so, his shape seem'd approaching a sphere.
 No wonder at all, then, one cold winter's night,
 That a servant girl going down stairs with a light
 To the cellar we've spoken of, saw with affright
 An Old Woman, astride on a barrel, invite
 Her to take, in a manner extremely polite,
 With her left hand, a bag she had got in her right ;
 For tradition asserts that the Old Woman's purse
 Had come back to her scarcely one penny the worse !

The girl, as they say,
 Ran screaming away,
 Quite scared by the Old Woman clothed in grey ;
 But there came down a Knight at no distant a day,
 Sprightly and gay
 As the bird on the spray,
 One Sir Rufus Mountfardington, Lord of Foot's-cray,
 Whose estate, not unlike those of most of our "Swell" beaux,
 Was what 's, by a metaphor, term'd "out at elbows ;"

And the fact was, said Knight was now merely delay'd
 From crossing the water to join the Crusade
 For converting the Pagans with bill, bow, and blade,
 By the want of a little pecuniary aid
 To buy arms and horses, the tools of his trade,
 And enable his troop to appear on parade;

The unquiet Shade

Thought Sir Rufus, 'tis said,

Just the man for her money,—she readily paid
 For the articles named, and with pleasure convey'd
 To his hands every farthing she ever had made;

But alas! I'm afraid

Most unwisely she laid

Out her cash—the *beaux yeux* of a Saracen maid
 (Truth compels me to say a most pestilent jade)
 Converted the gallant converter—betray'd
 Him to do everything which a Knight could degrade,
 E'en to worship Mahound!—she required—he obey'd,—
 The consequence was, all the money was wasted
 On Infidel pleasures he should not have tasted;
 So that, after a very short respite, the Hag
 Was seen down in her cellar again with her bag.

Don't fancy, dear Reader, I mean to go on

Seriatim through so many ages by-gone,

And to bore you with names

Of the Squires and the Dames

Who have managed at times to get hold of the sack,

But spent the cash so that it always came back;

The list is too long

To be giv'n in my song,—

There are reasons beside would perhaps make it wrong;

I shall merely observe, in those orthodox days,

When Mary set Smithfield all o'er in a blaze,

And shew'd herself very se-

-vere against heresy,

While many a wretch scorned to flinch, or to scream, as he

Burnt for denying the Papal supremacy,

Bishop Bonner the bag got,

And all thought the hag got

Releas'd, as he spent all in fuel and faggot.

But somehow—though how

I can't tell you, I vow—

I suppose by mismanagement—ere the next reign

The Spectre had got all her money again.

The last time, I'm told,

That the Old Woman's gold

Was obtain'd,—as before, for the asking,—'twas had

By a Mr. O'Something from Ballinacfad;

And the whole of it, so 'tis reported, was sent

To John Wright's, in account for the Catholic Rent,

And so, like a great deal more money—"it went!"

So 'tis said at Maynooth,
 But I can't think it's truth ;
 Though I know it was boldly asserted last season,
 Still I can *not* believe it ; and that for this reason,
 It's certain *the cash has got back to its owner !*
 Now no part of the Rent to do so e'er was known, or
 In any shape ever come home to the donor.

GENTLE READER !—you must know the proverb, I think—
 “ To a blind horse a Nod is as good as a Wink ! ”

Which some learned chap,
 In a square College cap,
 Perhaps, would translate by the words “ *Verbum Sap !* ”
 Now should it so chance
 That you're going to France
 In the course of this Spring—we're already in May—
 Do pull up, and stay,
 Pray,

If but for a day,
 At Dover, through which you must pass on your way,
 At the York,—or the Ship,—where, as all people say,
 You'll get good wine yourself, and your horses good hay,
 Perhaps, my good friend, you may find it will *pay*,
 And you cannot lose much by so short a delay.

First DINE !—you can do
 That on joint or *ragout*—
 Then say to the waiter,—“ I'm just passing through,
 Pray, where can I find out the old *Maison Dieu* ? ”
 He'll shew you the street—(the French call it a *Rue*,
 But you won't have to give here a *petit ecu*).

Well,—when you've got there, never mind how you're taunted,
 Ask boldly, “ Pray, which is the house that is haunted ? ”
 —I'd tell you myself, but I can't recollect
 The proprietor's name ; but he's one of that sect
 Who call themselves “ Friends,” and whom others call “ Quakers,”—
 You'll be sure to find out if you ask at the baker's,—

Then go down with a light
 To the cellar at night !
 And as soon as you see her don't be in a fright,
 But ask the old Hag
 At once, for the bag !
 If you find that she's shy, or your senses would dazzle,
 Say, “ Ma'am, I insist !—in the name of St. Basil ! ”

If she gives it you, seize
 It, and—do as you please—
 But there is not a person I've ask'd but agrees,
 You should spend—part at least—for the Old Woman's ease.
 For the rest—if it *must* go back some day—why, let it !
 Meanwhile, if you're poor, and in love, or in debt, it
 May do you some good, and—

I WISH YOU MAY GET IT !!!

THOS. INGOLDSBY.

THE LONJA OF SEVILLE.

BY THE HON. R. DUNDAS MURRAY (RLIBANK).

THE Lonja, or Exchange of Seville, though boasting of no high antiquity, ranks not the least among the many relics of art to be met with in every quarter of that time-honoured city. Its site is but a few paces distant from the cathedral ; so close, indeed, that the lofty outlines of the latter overshadow its own severer proportions, and render them less striking than they really are. Still, in spite of this disadvantage, it tells, with an air of noble simplicity, of the far-reaching hopes of its founders. It was here that the discoveries of Columbus were to be turned to account ; here the wealth of the "Indies" was to be stored up, and to be parted among the merchants from strange lands who were to resort hither, and be witnesses to the fame and greatness of the Spanish Empire. Happily for such views, it was the fortune of Spain to possess an architect every way capable of doing justice to them. The Lonja is the work of Juan de Herrera, one of the most accomplished men of his times, and no mean proficient in his art, as the Escorial, and many other edifices, may testify. His favourite style, the Italian, which indeed he was the first to introduce into his native country, is that in which he has chosen to rear this building, unquestionably one of the best specimens of his genius. Its shape is that of a massive square, the design of which approaches almost to plainness, there being neither columns, nor other architectural details, to clothe or otherwise ornament the exterior. On each of its four sides a lower and upper tier of windows stretch away in long lines ; and, as if the light they admitted was alone worthy of the distinction, around these its channels are some ornaments gathered, though with a sparing hand. Scanty as they are, however, they serve to relieve the general air which everywhere else is that of quiet and solid strength.

Passing into the interior, we find ourselves in a spacious court, the solitary fountain in the centre of which yet murmurs as it used to do in the days of Philip the Second. Round the court runs an arcade, supported by square pillars, and especially devised as a shelter against inclement weather. Not that inclement weather includes only the severities of winter ; on the contrary, the dog-days in Seville are far more inclement, certainly far less tolerable than the heavy winter rains : and it seems, therefore, that to both of these evils the architect addressed himself when he constructed so choice a retreat as this, where hundreds might assemble without incommoding each other, and at the same time be secured from the extremes of either season.

From the basement story a wide staircase leads to a suite of apartments above. As we ascend we find ourselves in the midst of a wealth and luxury seen in no other part of the edifice. The broad steps underfoot, the heavy balustrades — which from the easiness of the ascent seldom feel the weight of a hand, are all of beautiful red marble, brought from the Sierra de Moron. Even the walls, to the height of some feet from the ground, are lined with the same pre-

cious material, not simply smooth, so as to form a glossy coating, but wrought into a variety of designs, having all the effect of richly embossed work. Few kingly residences can boast of an approach to the presence of royalty more imposing than this staircase, the services of which at no time aspired to an office more noble than that of conveying merchants and their clerks from one story to another.

To what purposes the upper story had been originally applied it is now difficult to say, for it is long since it has been converted into a repository of national archives. Those, however, who effected such a change appear to have owned the gift so rare in Spain of fashioning their work by the model of the parent design. Two long galleries embrace as many sides of the quadrangle, and with their variegated marble floors, their tall mahogany presses darkening the walls, and their doors and window-shutters of the same rich wood, form a gloomy, though fitting receptacle for the narratives of still gloomier deeds. What these unfold seldom sees the light,—for few Spaniards interest themselves in their country's history, and to a passing stranger they are inaccessible, except by a special order from Madrid. Still it is something, through the trellis-work which guards them, to look upon these manuscripts, and to know that upon them runs the handwriting of such men as Columbus, Pizarro, and Cortez. All that we have read regarding their trials and successes takes its source from the faded ink that scarcely blackens the paper before us. The hands that shed that ink are the hands of those who first shouted the Castilian war-cry on the shores of an unknown world, and won empires for their masters. Surely, then, as we touch the faint characters in which they are traced—the one his sufferings and glories, and the others their bloody triumphs,—surely there is no one who will not then feel as if he stood in the presence of the departed great. Possibly there may be folly in this feeling, but one is apt to fancy that where their achievements lie recorded, there would the mighty dead love to linger, and set their watch.

Of the high hopes which Seville in these days cherished, and of their transient fulfilment, this building is a faithful memorial. For some time it bore itself proudly, while the wealth of the west was gathered with pain and danger. No sooner, however, were whole nations toiling at the mines, than the carvels and pinnaces of the primitive adventurers rose into stately galleons, for whom the Guadalquivir became too shallow, then commenced the decay of Seville as sudden as its short-lived prosperity. The commerce with the colonies, and everything connected with it, moved down to Sanlúcar de Barrameda, at the mouth of the river; whence, by means of small craft, a communication was kept up with the interior. But that port had its perils in the shape of a treacherous bar, then and now the grave of many a vessel. The Spanish government was therefore induced by repeated losses to search for a safer harbour for its navies, and such a one was found under the walls of Cadiz, whose noble bay stood invitingly open to every sail. In spite of much opposition, the treasure-ships were ordered to bear away for that city,—a change that necessarily sealed the fate of Seville as a commercial town. In that fate its Lonja, of course, participated. It is now deserted by all who live by traffic; the steps that lead to its doors are broken and grass grown, and seldom are they touched by the feet of any but a few officials connected with the archives.

who slumber peacefully at their labours upstairs. If any other step resounds in its silent halls, it is that of the traveller, who wanders alone where once there were stirring scenes of life and business. Yet there are times when it awakes to a spectacle as foreign to its original and present character as night is to day. In place of stillness, all then is tumult and movement; everything that is strange and fantastic comes and departs unquestioned; and if all tales be true, the incidents that then occur bid fair to rival the most extraordinary chapters in the romance of real life. On one of these occasions not many years ago, a scene took place, so novel, and withal so singular, even amid scenes where every actor "puts on the trick of singularity," that no apology is necessary for giving it a place here.

It was at that giddy season when the carnival holds its sway over light hearts. Of such it is needless to say, that in this city of sunny skies there are thousands, the property of as many inhabitants, to whom the King of Terrors would be less formidable than the idea of not adding their week of madness to the follies of the year. As may be expected, they manage pretty well to turn the sober city into a kind of pantomime. During the hours of light, the streets swarm with gay-looking figures in every costume under the sun, besides many more upon whom that luminary never shone. Their vocation is to shout, laugh, and chatter, to their heart's content, and persecute in a small way every one who promises to make a good victim. Everywhere is heard their laughing *adios*: the pedestrians hurl it from the streets up to the windows, whose occupants are generally dark-eyed señoritas. These being of unforgiving tempers, send back the salutation, and thus is commenced a smart skirmish of jests, in which is expended a great quantity of smiles on both sides. As evening draws on, the streets return to their usual state of repose. As for the crowds that gave them life, they are retiring to their homes, not to terminate their sports there, but after the lapse of a few hours to re-appear within the walls of the Lonja.

Let us join, therefore, in the living stream that towards midnight rolls on in the direction of that edifice. Our way lies by the walls and buttresses of its giant neighbour, the cathedral; upon emerging from the holy precincts of which we stand upon the threshold of the once favoured hall of merchants. From its open door a flood of light is thrown upon the gloomy street and the crowds pressing for admittance, but that excepted, nothing prepares the eye for the spectacle that awaits it within; the windows are cold and dark as ever, and the shadows of night hang undisturbed upon them as upon every other part of the building. Not so, however, in the interior. There clusters of lamps shed a broad glare of light from every pillar, prolonging the reign of noontide wherever they are dispersed. Their rays fall upon grotesque figures, and glance from the marble beneath their feet up to the awning which is stretched across the court so as to exclude the heavy dews. Music, too, resounds from every quarter, while hundreds, or rather thousands of dancers are beating time to its measure. To the dancers the arcades are appropriated by public notice; on one side a placard intimates that the ground below is sacred to *Escocesas*; while on the other, a similar announcement warns away all those whom the schoolmaster hath not chastised into

a knowledge of mazurkas. It is in vain, however, to give even a faint idea of the noisy tumult that makes the central court its own. All that Seville can furnish of tinsel finery, of helmets and tin breast-plates, turbans and Turkish garments, is here jumbled together. Of course there is confusion worse confounded, with a vengeance, but that is nothing to the hubbub that accompanies it. The better to escape detection, every masker speaks in a feigned tone, knowing that all disguise is in vain, if his voice remains to betray him. Accordingly, the only sounds to be heard are salutations pitched in a shrill falsetto, and conversations maintained in the same discordant key. If any one breaks into a laugh, it rises into a shriek so painful to the ear as to make us doubt whether we are not listening to the voice of some spirit of evil omen. Add to this, the motionless lips whence these sounds issue, and the distorted features of the masks themselves, which bear the human face divine printed in every variety of caricature, and the scene thus presented to the spectator is one of the most unnatural and startling that fancy can picture.

So, at least, thought Don Manuel Breton, as he wandered alone through the crowd. To him, however, the scene was beginning to lose its novelty. For the first half hour he had been sufficiently entertained by watching the masks, and enjoying the unconscious mistakes into which they fell by forgetting their assumed characters. He had detected a couple of Turks in the act of pledging each other in wine without fear of the Prophet, and it wiled away some ten minutes to study the movements of a North American savage, who wore green spectacles, and danced quadrilles to perfection. Nevertheless his interest as a mere spectator was rapidly cooling, and he was preparing to quit the veiled throng, when his steps were arrested by the appearance of a figure which instantly engrossed his undivided attention. It was that of a lady who, like himself, seemed rather a spectator than a partaker in the amusements of the evening. In deference, however, to the universal custom, she wore a mask, and was simply but elegantly attired in the costume of a *Serranita* or mountaineer. The dress selected was one admirably adapted to show off her fine form to the greatest advantage. Its tightly fitting vest concealed none of the proportions of the bust, while the short skirts disclosed a foot and ankle that a sculptor would have prized for a model.

As she passed close to him, leaning upon the arm of a tall cavalier, it was the thought of Don Manuel, that never among his countrywomen—though grace be the companion of their steps—had he beheld a foot fall so lightly and so freely.

The pair thus introduced to us sauntered carelessly from group to group, addressing themselves to none, but replying with great good humour whenever some inquisitive masker held them at bay. At a little distance followed our hero; who, devoured by an uncontrollable interest in their proceedings, found himself treading in their footsteps as their shadow. They paused at length upon reaching a spot too remote from the laugh and the jest to have many occupants. Here, after conversing for a few moments in low tones, they separated; the cavalier hastily withdrawing, while his companion retired to a seat commanding a view of the dancers. Now was the moment for

opening an acquaintance with the fair stranger, for so unexpected an opportunity might never occur again. Availing himself, therefore, of the licence denied to none at such seasons, Don Manuel hesitated not to approach and accost her.

"Thou wilt permit me to sit beside thee, *Serranita*?"

"With much pleasure," she replied, "though I am surprised that for me thou leavest the beauties in the saloon. Thou knowest me, perchance?"

"There are few of my acquaintances whom I cannot strip of their closest disguise, and thou art not one of these. Wilt thou be pleased then to remove that envious mask, since neither thou nor I have secrets to penetrate?"

"It is not every one who can defy with impunity the world's gaze as thou dost," was the reply of the unknown.

"Thanks, gracious *Serranita*," said our hero. "Then thou knowest me?"

"Yes, by sight. They tell me thou art a poet. Wilt thou make me some verses?"

"Give me a theme," said Don Manuel, rising into the enthusiastic; "or stay, let that theme be the charms thy mask conceals, and I ask but one glance to translate them into words."

"What! art thou a poet, and must needs consult thy eyes in order to spur thy fancy. Why, the muse thy tribe adores is, according to them, arrayed in every excellence under the sun, and yet I'll engage that not one of them has ever seen her across the street, far less face to face. Canst thou not, then, do the same for me, though thou seest me not. But, believe me, my interest and thine are opposed to the gratification of thy wishes. As long as I remain thus shrouded, I am sure of hearing flattering phrases and smooth speeches, to which I am not always accustomed; but take away this friendly shade," she said, pointing to her mask, "and then farewell to thy illusion and mine."

"*Serranita*, this will not persuade me that anything but modesty prevents thee from unmasking. Thou ugly! I would stake my life to the contrary. Yet there is one reason why I should be sorry to see thee unmasked."

"What is it?"

"I should be compelled to renounce the affectionate *tuteo* that now passes between us. How delightful to address thee in the style of the most intimate friends, as a brother, or a lover!"

"And were I so indiscreet," said the *Serranita*, "as to reveal myself, thou wouldst scarce have time to falter out a freezing *á los pies de usted*. Wilt thou be more indulgent than the rest of mankind, to whom ugliness is the greatest crime of a woman?"

"Oh! I am quite of another disposition," was his reply. "I am not one of those who fly from an ugly woman as from a raging lion; and believe me, wert thou as odious or frightful as I believe thee to be the reverse, I should not worship thee the less. Could I forget the melody of thy voice, or the sweetness of thy manner, or the grace that reigns in thy movements — could I forget these? Impossible. But where is the ugliness with which thou wouldst terrify me? I do not see it in the elegance of thy shape, or in the beauty of thy hand. Surely it does not reside in that fairy-like foot,

or those flashing eyes, still less in the dark hair that clusters round thy snowy throat, or in the smile that hangs on thy lips ; for these also have I seen, in spite of thy mask."

"Nevertheless, be assured that thou wilt be horror-struck if I discover myself."

"That is impossible, *Serranita*, for I have seen every feature — no," he said, checking himself, "the nose is the only one I have not seen ; but with those eyes, that mouth, and that figure, I care not how shapeless it be—yes, I repeat, were it a monstrous blot upon thy charms, I should be as devoted to it as to them. Wilt thou not unmask then ? — or must I be a suppliant at thy feet for the favour I beg ?"

"Thou wilt repent thy indiscretion," urged the stranger.

Had Don Manuel read Shakspeare, he would have exclaimed, like Claudio,

"I'll hold my mind, wert thou an Ethiop."

It was in a similar vein, however, that he said, "I will abide the consequences, whatever they be."

"Enough, enough," replied the unknown ; "thou shalt see me without my mask, but thy hands alone must remove it ; by thyself shall thy ungoverned impatience be chastised."

"Thanks, thanks, fair *Serranita*," he said. "Envy me, ye less favoured mortals. Give me the lyre, O muses ! At this moment I am inspired !"

"At this moment thou art a madman, and the next moment thou wilt be a fool," was the flattering reply, which in his eagerness to behold the speaker he heeded not.

"Vexation ! I cannot untie this knot : let me cut it. Ah ! how beauti—"

The concluding syllable died away on his lips. In full view was a nose, not of the pigmy kind that we mortals generally wear, but one whose gigantic style of architecture would have added dignity, if not grace, to the front of a Cyclops. There it stood in the centre of that radiant countenance, the monarch of all it surveyed, displaying such a luxuriance of growth as bespoke extraordinary carelessness on the part of the cultivator, who had thus suffered it to run to seed. The line of Quevedo,

"Erase un hombre á una nariz pegado,"

gives but a poor notion of the relations between it and its possessor. For some moments following his rash discovery, the eyes of our hero performed the office of his tongue. At length, finding it absolutely necessary to say something, he made a desperate attempt at a few phrases of gallantry, but all in vain. Confusedly they came forth ; in fact he knew not what he was saying, and spoke as incoherently as if the human steeple he was gazing at was in reality one nodding over his head, and about to crush him to the earth. Fortunately for his embarrassment, the *Serranita*, who doubtless was hardened by sad experience to such scenes, laughed loud and long, in evident enjoyment of his perplexity. Far from resenting the look of horror and blank disappointment with which he regarded her, it seemed to gratify her rather than otherwise. The longer she laughed,

the higher rose our hero's courage, his ideas at the same time returning to a convalescent state, the first symptom of which was to descry an imaginary friend in an unknown passer-by. Under pretence, therefore, of having something important to communicate, he hastily arose, and, without casting another look at the portentous unmasked, muttered between his teeth an icy "*á los pies de usted,*" and ingloriously betook himself to flight.

Shame and mortification added wings to his feet. Turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, lest a chance side-glance should reveal the hateful nose, he shot swiftly forwards, haunted by an indefinable dread of something terrible to be encountered by looking back, and only to be shunned by speed of foot. A few steps brought him to the thickest of the throng,—another sent him into the centre of a quadrille party. An earthquake could not have wrought direr mishaps than he did as he worked his way through it. Those who were tripping it on the fantastic toe found themselves on a sudden unceremoniously tripped up, and rolling fantastically on the hard marble pavement. As for the author of their overthrow, he was unconsciously pursuing his way with the air of a conqueror; breast-plates and helmets, ruined past a tinsmith's skill, clashing at his feet; while his path was strewn with roses (artificial) from the hair of affrighted maidens. Regardless of these, and a thousand other impediments, he made no pause until he reached the outer door. There Don Manuel stopped, too breathless and faint to dive into the darkness beyond, where for ever would he gladly have entombed himself and his agitated spirits. His purpose changed, however, as the cool midnight air flowing into the heated rooms awakened calmer thoughts in his bewildered brain. The result of these deliberations was to suggest that he felt hungry—exceedingly hungry. He was in no mood to contest the point, and therefore turned away from the door, and with a slow and sober pace bent his steps towards the refreshment room. Throwing himself into a chair beside one of the nearest tables, he took up the bill of fare, and began to study it with great zeal. Nevertheless the past still engrossed his thoughts; for the waiter, whom he had summoned upon entering, had to report himself twice before the purport of his words was clearly understood.

"Ah! what do I wish to take? Hum—bring me—a nose."

"Sorry we have no noses," said the attendant; "but there are some excellent tongues at your service."

"Nonsense," replied Don Manuel. "*Vamos á ver,*" he added; "bring me some *jamon de Asturias,*" which was accordingly set before him.

While the pangs of hunger were being appeased, those of memory grew less sharp; each mouthful of savoury ham that disappeared from view falling like balm upon his vexed thoughts, and helping to banish some compunctious visitings regarding broken vows and a deserted phenomenon.

"Wonderful are the works of Nature!" was his inward remark, as he replenished his plate for the third time; "but never was she so wonderful or so false as in this case, never. As for the usual specimens of her fancy which deform our streets, she seems to have been merely trying her hand at something new, and to have sent them into the world in disgust at her failure. But this is quite an-

other thing. To chisel out a form of exquisite grace, and when nothing but a single stroke was wanting to make it faultless—to stay her hand, and pronounce her work perfect, is very inexcusable in Nature—I'm not sure whether it isn't a decided case of malice pre-pense against the feelings of her children—and then to make us fancy it all loveliness, and to entrap us into loving it, and bestowing on it honied sentences! Fool that I was, to be so taken in!"

As remembrance thus touched upon the part he had so recently played, Don Manuel groaned aloud, and gnashed his teeth in a most violent manner, whereby a choice morsel of ham came to an untimely end; but, this outbreak over, his reflections by degrees rolled back to their former channel.

"Well, the fault is not mine, but Nature's; and, to speak the truth, I am afraid that now-a-days she has turned a swindler—yes, a low swindler. But if she has done me once, it shall only be once; for if she makes another attempt to impose on me, I'll immediately get up a society for putting her down. So let her beware."

With this consoling reflection, and the aid of sundry *vasos* of *Manzanilla*, our hero's past adventure faded from his thoughts at the moment that some one proceeded to occupy a chair on the opposite side of the table. This of itself was not enough to attract his attention; but when a long black shadow crossed the board, and fell upon his plate, he lifted up his eyes with a mingled feeling of awe and amazement. Powers of grace! it was the nose. Confronting him with all its artillery of charms, and apparently in the happiest humour with itself and every one, its bright eyes sparkling with smiles appeared to invite a renewal of the conversation so abruptly terminated in the ball-room. By its side stood the tall cavalier we have alluded to before, now rather thrown into the background, and immovable and grave as a statue.

To start up, with the intention of again escaping, was the first impulse of Don Manuel, after recovering from his astonishment; but his strength failed him as the nose, wreathed in a most fascinating smile, inquired if he was going away without inviting it to sup.

"Can the force of audacity go further!" thought he, as he sank back in his chair in a state of petrification. "To invite itself to sup with me!—me, whom it has tricked beyond endurance—whom it has seen escaping from its presence as from an accursed thing—to claim me as a friend! And then the cool familiarity of its manner: decidedly nothing human would have acted so. Have I committed some crime, and is this "goblin damn'd" sent to follow me wherever I go, as a punishment for my sins? Nothing more likely. I have heard of the evil eye that haunts people to their graves, and this must be a variety of the same tribe,—an evil nose, whose duty is to meet me unexpectedly at the corners of streets and in lone places, and to lean over my shoulder amid crowds, and make my life a chain of miseries. *Pero venga loque venga*, I defy its powers! and if it be of flesh," he muttered, grasping his knife, and waving it aloft, "bit-terly shall it repent this presumption."

Probably the nose descried the sanguinary complexion of his musings; for as his uplifted knife carved the air in dangerous vicinity, it drew back with some precipitation, doubtless unwilling to be cut down in the flower of its youth.

"I shall not cause you much expense," were its next words: "a glass of *ponche á la romana*, and nothing more."

"Thank heaven! it is flesh and blood after all," thought Don Manuel; "for I never heard of ghosts being addicted to liquor. Little mercy, however, shall I show it, for none it deserves for this impertinent freedom."

"*Señorita*," he replied, "I shall be delighted to offer you anything you choose to take; but, pardon me," he added, in tones most cuttingly bland, "will that nose permit a glass to reach your lips?"

Strange to say, the kindly interest exhibited in the question served only to augment the cheerfulness of his opposite, who laughingly requested him to be under no uneasiness on that account.

"But, talking of glasses," she continued, "had you stood before one ere enacting the runaway, you might have furnished yourself with a capital picture of horror. Being a poet, your fancy might have gleaned something new for dying scenes and speechless emotions. You do not object to copying from yourself, do you?"

Quite unpardonable was its assurance in daring even to address him; but this style of being facetious upon the awkward display he had made was doubly aggravating, and accordingly it stirred up within our hero the lowest deeps of his virtuous indignation.

"What! to be treated with levity by a monstrosity like this!—a thing disowned by humanity!—it, that day after day should be sad and silent, conscious of being an outcast from kind feelings,—it, that should laugh at the shadow of a jest upon its own deformity, and be thankful for the honour done it,—that should stand afar off from the haunts of men, whose image it libels,—it to forget its place, and intrude among the well-proportioned and unblemished as an equal,—nay, to launch its jest at one of them! That is a crime against society too deep to be forgiven, and therefore," said our hero to himself, "I owe it as a duty to myself and society to humble its insolence. I shall see if I cannot bring it to a proper sense of its misconduct.—I believe, *Señorita*," he said aloud, "you have a taste for poetry?"

"You are not mistaken," said the *Serranita*. "Will you not favour us with a specimen of your muse? Pray translate into words the charms my mask concealed."

"Hum—that is beyond my powers; but allow me, instead, to repeat a charming epigram of Alcazar. Far be it from me to insinuate anything; but it warns us to be on our guard against every face whose nose is—rather strongly developed."

Having received the requisite permission, he then repeated the following lines:—

"Lady fair, no whisper goes
To ask whence springs the nose
That from thy snowy brow descends!
But tell, oh! tell us *where it ends*."

What! wondrous more! thou canst not tell?
Then be it mine office to conjecture
That so interminable a feature,
Where'er it sprung, *cannot end well*."

With the last line of the preceding effusion parting from his lips,

Don Manuel directed a look at the delinquent organ, in expectation of seeing it convulsed by all the agonies of remorse, or at least blushing a repentant crimson. But nothing of the kind followed. Far from being downcast, the object of his wrath, though nearly breathless from laughter, was loud in praises of his taste.

"Very good, indeed," it said. "'Where it ends'—capital! Really you are so amusing to-night, Don Manuel, that I must reward you by showing 'where it ends.'"

So saying, the unknown raised her hand to her head, and quick as thought the nose fell from its place, and lay on the table before our hero. How shall we paint his confusion and desperation of mind as he gazed on the astounding sight, and recalled the rudeness and unfeeling discourtesy of his previous conduct?

"*Pecador de mí!*" he exclaimed, "it is of pasteboard—it is false, and the real one is not less perfect than the other features of her face. Oh, *Señorita!*" burst from his lips in the most penitent accents, and rushing forward, he was proceeding to throw himself at her feet to sue for pardon, to bewail his indiscretion in the most abject terms within the reach of language; but a gesture of impatience on the part of the unknown, blasted all his hopes. Rising from her seat, and taking the arm of her companion, she quitted the room with a slow and dignified step, very unlike the former precipitate retreat of Don Manuel, of whom she took no farther notice than by coldly bestowing on him a repelling "*beso á usted la mano.*"

If for the rest of the night our hero wandered he knew not where, with no clear perception of anything; and if, on courting repose, he dreamt of being stabbed to the heart by a sabre-like nose, which, as he gasped his last, changed into a lovely ballet-dancer, who made his dying frame its stage, and indulged in pirouettes on the extreme tip of his own nasal feature; though his medical adviser might ascribe such unwholesome visions to indigestion, yet it is more probable that the origin of his malady might be traced to the Lonja of Seville.

H O P E.

BY JESAIAS RUMPLER VON LOEWENTHALT.*

THOUGH ice and snow,
Where'er we go,
Both land and water cover,
Soon early Spring
Will fragrance bring,
Soon Winter will be over.

The stormy wind
Will shortly find
His surly reign is ended:
We shall not fear
His blast severe,
By sunny warmth defended.

The troubled sea
Must tranquil be;
The ship, no longer driven
By angry wave
Her crew shall save,
Be such the will of Heaven.

Let thunder roar,
And hailstorm pour
Its ravage o'er the plain;
His exile past,
Returned at last,
The sun will shine again.

Why tremble still?
Jehovah's will
Shall leave us not in sorrow;
And dark to-day
Shall fade away
Before a bright to-morrow.

Hope in belief,
Nor cherish grief,
Trust rather in His power;
Faint not, for He
Our friend will be
In sorrow's lonely hour.

* Lived about 1633.

Merrie England in the olden Time:

OR, PEREGRINATIONS WITH UNCLE TIM AND MR. BOSKY, OF
LITTLE BRITAIN, DRYSALTER.

BY GEORGE DANIEL.

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"—SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER XVI.

"My friends,"—continued Mr. Bosky, after an approving smack of the lips, "*Heaven bless his honour!*" and "*Thanks, my kind mistress! many happy returns of St. Bartlemy!*" had testified the ballad-singer's hearty relish and gratitude for the refreshing draught over which he had just suspended his well-seasoned nose,¹—"never may the mouths be stopped (except with a cup of good liquor) of these musical itinerants, from whose harmonious doggrel a curious history of men and manners might be gleaned, to humour the anti-social disciples of those devout publicans who substituted their discordant nasal twang for the solemn harmony of cathedral music; who altered St. Peter's phrase, '*the Bishop of your souls,*' into '*the Elder (!) of your souls;*' for '*thy kingdom come,*' brayed '*thy Commonwealth come!*' and smuggled the water into their rum-puncheons, which they called *wrestling with the spirit*, and making the *enemy weaker!* 'Show me the popular ballads of the time, and I will show you the temper and taste of the people.'² I delight in a

¹ "Thom: Brewer, my Mus: Servant, through his proneness to good fellow-shippe, having attained to a very rich and rubicund nose, being reproved by a friend for his too frequent use of strong drinkes and sacke, as very pernicious to that distemper and inflammation in his nose. 'Nay, faith,' says he, 'if it will not endure sacke, it is no nose for me.'"—*L'Estrange*, No. 578. Mr. Jenkins.

² "*Robin Conscience*," an ancient ballad, (suggested by Lydgate's "*London Lack-penny*,") first printed at Edinburgh in 1683, gives a curious picture of London tradesmen, &c. Robin goes to Court, but receives cold welcome; thence to Westminster Hall. "It were no great matter," quoth the lawyers, "if Conscience quite were knock'd on th' head." He visits Smithfield, and discovers how the "*horse-courssers*" artfully coerce their "*lame jades*" to "*run and kick.*" Then Long Lane, where the brokers hold conscience to be "*but nonsense.*" The butter-women of Newgate market claw him, and the bakers brawl at him. At Pye Corner, a cook, glancing at him "*as the Devil did look o'er Lincoln,*" threatens to spit him. The salesmen of Snow Hill would have stoned him; the "*fish-wives*" of Turn-again Lane rail at him; the London Prentices of Fleet Street, with their "*What lack you, countryman?*" scamper away from him. The "*haberdashers*," that sell hats; the mercers and silk-men, that live in Paternoster Row," all set upon him. He receives no better treatment in Cheapside—A cheesemonger in Bread Street; "*the lads that wish Lent were all the year*" in Fish Street; a merchant on the Exchange; the "*gallant girls*," whose "*brave shops of ware*" were "*up stairs;*" and the drapers and poulterers of Gracechurch Street, to whom conscience was "*Dutch or Spanish,*" flout and jeer him. A trip to Southwark, the King's Bench, and to the Blackman Street demireps, proves that "*conscience is nothing.*" In St. Georges' Fields, "*rooking rascals,*" playing at "*nine pins,*" tell him to "*prate on till he is hoarse.*" Espying a windmill hard by, he hies to the miller, whose excuse for not dealing with him was, that he must steal out of every bushel "*a peck, if not three gallons.*" Conscience then trudges on "*to try what would befall i' the country,*" whither we will not follow him.

Fiddler's Fling, and revel in the exhilarating perfume of those odoriferous garlands¹ gathered on sunshiny holidays and star-twinkling nights, bewailing how disappointed lovers go to sea, and how romantic young lasses follow them in blue jackets and trowsers! Nay, rather than the tuneful race should be extinct, expect to see *me* some night, with my paper lantern and cracked spectacles, singing you woeful tragedies to love-lorn maids and cobblers' apprentices."²

And, carried away by his enthusiasm to the jesting, ballad-singing days of jolly Queen Bess, the Laureat of Little Britain, with a countenance bubbling with hilarity, warbled *con spirito*, as a probationary ballad for the *Itinerantship*, (!)

THE KNIGHTING OF THE SIRLOIN.

Elizabeth Tudor her breakfast would make
On a pot of strong beer and a pound of beefsteak,
Ere six in the morning was toll'd by the chimes—
O the days of Queen Bess they were merry old times!

From hawking and hunting she rode back to town,
In time just to knock an ambassador down;
Toyd, trifled, coquetted, then lopp'd off a head;
And at three score and ten danced a hornpipe to bed.

With Nicholas Bacon,³ her councillor chief,
One day she was dining on English roast beef;
That very same day when her Majesty's Grace⁴
Had given Lord Essex a slap on the face.

My Lord Keeper stared, as the wine-cup she kiss'd,
At his sovereign lady's superlative twist,
And thought, thinking truly his larder would squeak,
He'd much rather keep her a day than a week.

¹ "When I travelled," says the Spectator, "I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the *common people* of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that anything should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude (though they are only the rabble of a nation), which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to *please* and *gratify* the mind of man."

Old tales, *old songs*, and an old jest,
Our stomachs easiliest digest.

"Listen to me, my lovely shepherd's joye,
And thou shalt heare, with mirth and muckle glee,
Some *pretie tales*, which, when I was a *boy*,
My toothlesse *grandams* oft hath told to mee."

² *Love in a Tub*, a comedy, by Sir George Ethridge.

³ When Queen Elizabeth came to visit Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper, at his new house at Redgrave, she observed, alluding to his corpulency, that he had built his house too *little* for him. "Not so, madam," answered he; "but your Highness has made me too *big* for my house!"

⁴ The term "*your Grace*" was addressed to the English Sovereign during the earlier Tudor reigns. In her latter years Elizabeth assumed the appellation of "*Majesty*." The following anecdote comprehends *both* titles. "As Queen Elizabeth passed the streets in state, one in the crowd cried first, 'God blesses your *Royall Majestie*!' and then, 'God blesses your *Noble Grace*!' 'Why, how now,' says the Queene, 'am I tenné groates worse than I was e'en now?' The value of the old "*Ryal*," or "*Royall*," was 10*s.*, that of the "*Noble*" 6*s.* 8*d.* The Emperor Charles the Fifth was the *first* crowned head that assumed the title of "*Majesty*."

"What call you this dainty, my very good lord?"—
 "The *Loin*,"—bowing low till his nose touch'd the board,—
 "And—breath of our nostrils, and light of our eyes! ¹
 Saving your presence, the ox was a prize."

"Unsheath me, mine host, thy Toledo so bright.
 Delicious *Sir Loin*! I do dub thee a knight.
 Be thine at our banquets of honour the post;
 While the *Queen* rules the realm, let *Sir Loin* rule the roast!

And 'tis, my Lord Keeper, our royal belief,
 The *Spaniard* had beat, had it not been for *beef*!
 Let him come if he dare! he shall sink! he shall quake!
 With a *duck*-ing, Sir Francis shall give him a *Drake*.

Thus, Don Whiskerandos, I throw thee my glove!
 And now, merry minstrel, strike up '*Lighty Love*.'
 Come, purse-y Sir Nicholas, caper thy best—
 Dick Tarlton shall finish our sports with a jest."

The virginals sounded, Sir Nicholas puff'd,
 And led forth her Highness, high-heel'd and be-ruff'd—
 Automaton dancers to musical chimes!
 O the days of Queen Bess, they were merry old times!

"And now, leaving Nestor Nightingale to propitiate Uncle Timothy for this ballad-singing interpolation to his *Merrie Mysteries*, let us return and pay our respects, not to the dignified Count Haynes, the learned Doctor Haynes, but to plain Joe Haynes, the facetious, practical-joking Droll-Player of Bartholomew Fair."

In the first year of King James the Second,² our hero set up a booth in Smithfield Rounds, where he acted a new droll, called the Whore of Babylon, or the *Devil* and the *Pope*. Joe being sent for by Judge Pollixfen, and soundly rated for presuming to put the pontiff into such bad company, replied, that he did it out of *respect* to his Holiness; for whereas many ignorant people believed the Pope to be a blatant beast, with seven heads, ten horns, and a long tail, like the Dragon of Wantley's, according to the description of the *Scotch Parsons*! he proved him to be a smart, comely old gentle-

¹ Queen Elizabeth issued an edict commanding every artist who should paint the royal portrait to place her "in a garden, with a full light upon her, and the painter to put any shadow in her face at his peril!" Oliver Cromwell's injunctions to Sir Peter Lely were somewhat different. The knight was desired to transfer to his canvas all the *blotches* and *carbuncles* that blossomed in the Protector's rocky physiognomy. Sir Joshua Reynolds,

(——— with fingers so lissom,
 Girls start from his canvas, and ask us to kiss 'em!)

having taken the liberty of mitigating the utter stupidity of one of his "*Pot-boilers*," i. e. stupid faces, and receiving from the sitter's family the reverse of approbation, exclaimed, "I have thrown a glimpse of *meaning* into this fool's phiz, and now none of his friends *know* him!" At another time, having painted *too true* a likeness, it was threatened to be thrown upon his hands, when a polite note from the artist, stating that, with the additional appendage of a *tail*, it would do admirably for a *monkey*, for which he had a commission, and requesting to know if the portrait was to be sent home or not, produced the desired effect. The picture was paid for, and put into the fire!

² Antony, vulgo *Tony* Aston, a famous player, and one of *Joe's* contemporaries. The only portrait (a sorry one) of Tony extant, is a small oval in the frontispiece to the *Fool's Opera*, to which his comical harum-scarum autobiography is prefixed.

man,¹ in snow-white canonicals, and a cork-screw wig. The next morning two bailiffs arrested him for twenty pounds, just as the Bishop of Ely was riding by in his coach. Quoth Joe to the bailiffs, "Gentlemen, here is my *cousin*, the Bishop of Ely; let me but speak a word to him, and he will pay the debt and charges." The Bishop ordered his carriage to stop, whilst Joe (close to his ear) whispered, "My Lord, here are a couple of poor waverers who have such terrible *scruples of conscience*, that I fear they'll hang themselves."—"Very well," said the Bishop. So, calling to the bailiffs, he said, "You two men, come to me to-morrow, and I'll satisfy you." The bailiffs bowed, and went their way; Joe (tickled in the midriff, and hugging himself with his device) went his way too. In the morning the bailiffs repaired to the Bishop's house. "Well, my good men," said his reverence, "what are your scruples of conscience?"—"Scruples!" replied the bailiffs, "we have no scruples! We are bailiffs, my Lord, who yesterday arrested *your cousin Joe Haynes* for twenty pounds. Your Lordship promised to *satisfy* us to-day, and we hope you will be as good as your word." The Bishop, to prevent any further scandal to his name, immediately paid the debt and charges.

The following theatrical adventure occurred during his pilgrimage to the well-known shrine,

"Which at *Loretto* dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
And in a fair white wig look'd wondrous fine."

It was St. John's day, and the devout people of the parish had built a stage in the body of the church, for the representation of a tragedy called the *Decollation of the Baptist*.² Joe had the good

¹ Catholicism, though it enjoined penance and mortification, was no enemy, at appointed seasons, to mirth. Hers were merry saints, for they always brought with them a holiday. A right jovial prelate was the Pope who first invented the Carnival! On that joyful festival racks and thumbscrews, fire and faggots, were put by; whips and hair-shirts exchanged for lutes and dominos; and music inspired equally their diversions and devotions.

² The Chester Mysteries, written by Randle or Ralph Higden, a Benedictine of St. Werburg's Abbey in that city, were first performed during the mayoralty of *John Arnsway*, who filled that office from 1268 to 1276, at the cost and charges of the different trading companies therein. They were acted in *English* ("made into partes and pagiantes") instead of in Latin, and played on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in Whitsun week. The companies began at the abbey gates, and when the first pageant was concluded, the moveable stage ("a high scaffold with two rowmes; a higher and a lower, upon four wheelles") was wheeled to the High Cross before the Mayor, and then onward to every street, so that each street had its pageant. "The Harrowing of Hell" is one of the most ancient Miracle Plays in our language. It is as old as the reign of Edward the Third, if not older. The Prologue and Epilogue were delivered in his own person by the actor who had the part of the Saviour. In 1378, the Scholars of St. Paul's presented a petition to Richard the Second, praying him to prohibit some "*inespert people*" from presenting the *History of the Old Testament*, to the serious prejudice of their clergy, who had been at great expense in order to represent it at *Christmas*. On the 18th July, 1390, the Parish Clerks of London played Religious Interludes at the Skinners' Well, in Clerkenwell, which lasted three days. In 1409, they performed *The Creation of the World*, which continued eight days. On one side of the lowest platform of these primitive stages was a dark pitchy cavern, whence issued fire and flames, and the howlings of souls tormented by demons. The latter occasionally showed their grinning faces through the mouth of the cavern, to the terrible delight of the spectators! *The Passion of Our Saviour* was the first dramatic spec-

luck to enter just as the actors were leaving off "their damnable faces," and going to begin. They had pitched upon an ill-looking surly butcher for *King Herod*, upon whose chuckle head a gilt paste-board crown glittered gloriously by the candle-light; and, as soon as he had seated himself in a rickety old wicker chair, radiant with faded finery, that served him for a throne, the orchestra (three fifes and a fiddle) struck up a merry tune, and a young *damsel* began so to shake her heels, that, with the help of a little imagination, our noble comedian might have fancied himself in his old quarters at *St. Bartholomew*, or *Sturbridge Fair*.¹

The dance over, *King Herod*, with a vast profusion of barn-door majesty, marched towards the damsel, and in "very choice Italian" (which the *parson* of the parish composed for the occasion, and we have translated) thus complimented her :

" Bewitching maiden ! dancing sprite !
I like thy graceful motion :
Ask any boon, and, honour bright !
It is at thy devotion."

The *danseuse*, after whispering to a saffron-complexioned crone, who played *Herodias*, fell down upon both knees, and pointing to the *Baptist*, a grave old farmer ! exclaimed,

" If, sir, intending what you say,
Your Majesty don't flatter,
I would the *Baptist's* head to-day
Were brought me in a platter."

The bluff butcher looked about him as sternly as one of *Elkanah's* ¹ blustering heroes, and, after taking a fierce stride or two across the stage to vent his royal choler, vouchsafed this reply,

" Fair cruel maid, recall thy wish,
O pray think better of it !
I 'd rather abdicate than dish
The cranium of my *prophet*."

Miss still continued pertinacious and positive.

tacle acted in *Sweden*, in the reign of King John the Second. The actor's name was *Lengis* who was to pierce the side of the person on the cross. Heated by the enthusiasm of the scene, he plunged his lance into that person's body, and killed him. The King, shocked at the brutality of *Lengis*, slew him with his scimeter; when the audience, enraged at the death of their favourite actor, wound up this true tragedy by cutting off his Majesty's head !

¹ *Stourbridge*, or *Sturbridge Fair*, originated in a grant from King John to the hospital of lepers at that place. By a charter in the thirtieth year of Henry the Eighth, the fair was granted to the magistrates and corporation of Cambridge. In 1613 it became so popular, that *hackney coaches* attended it from London; and in after times, not less than sixty *coaches* plied there. In 1766 and 1767, the "*Lord of the Tap*," dressed in a red livery, with a string over his shoulders, from whence depended *spigots* and *fossells*, entered all the booths where ale was sold, to determine whether it was fit beverage for the visitors. In 1788, *Flockton* exhibited at *Sturbridge fair*. The following lines were printed on his bills :—

" To raise the soul by means of wood and wire,
To screw the fancy up a few pegs higher ;
In miniature to show the world at large,
As folks conceive a ship who 've seen a barge.
This is the scope of all our actors' play,
Who hope their *wooden* aims will not be thrown away ! "

"Your royal word's not worth a fig,
If thus in flames you glory;
I claim your promise for my jig,
The *Baptist's* upper story."

This satirical sally put the imperial butcher upon his mettle; he bit his thumbs, scratched his carrotty pole, paused; and, thinking he had lighted on a loop-hole, grumbled out with stiff-necked profundity,

"A wicked oath, like sixpence crack'd,
Or pie-crust, may be broken."

The *damself*, however, was "down upon him" before he could articulate "Jack Robinson," with

"But not the promise of a King,
Which is a *royal token*."

This polished off the rough edges of his Majesty's misgivings, and the decollation of John the Baptist followed; but the good people, resolving to make their martyr some small amends, permitted his representative to receive absolution from a *portly priest* who stood as a spectator at one corner of the stage; while the two soldiers who had decapitated him in effigy, with looks full of contrition, threw themselves into the confessional, and implored the ghostly father to assign them a stiff penance to expiate their guilt. Thus ended this tragedy of tragedies, which, with all due deference to *Joe's* veracity, we suspect to have had its origin in *Bartholomew fair*.

Joe Haynes shuffled off his comical coil on Friday, the 4th of April 1701. The Smithfield muses mourned his death in an elegy,^c a rare broadside, with a black border, "printed for J. B. near the Strand, 1701."

¹ Elkanah Settle, the City Laureat, after the Revolution, kept a booth at Bartholomew Fair, where, in a droll called *St. George for England*, he acted in a dragon of green leather of *his own invention*. In reference to the sweet singer of "annual trophies" and "monthly wars" hissing in his own dragon, Pope utters this charitable wish regarding Colley,

"Avert it, heaven, that thou, my *Cibber*, e'er
Shouldst wag a serpent-tail in *Smithfield Fair*!"

² "An Elegy on the Death of Mr. Joseph Haines, the late Famous Actor in the King's Play-House," &c. &c.

"Lament, you Beaus and Players every one,
The only champion of your cause is gone:
The stars are surly, and the fates unkind,
Joe Haines is dead, and left his *Ass* behind!
Ah, cruel fate! our patience thus to try,
Must Haines depart, while asses multiply?
If nothing but a player down would go,
There's choice enough besides great Haines the beau!
In potent glasses, when the wine was clear,
Thy very looks declared thy mind was there.
Awful, majestic, on the stage at sight,
To play (not work) was all thy chief delight:
Instead of danger and of hateful bullets,
Roast beef and goose, with harmless legs of pullets!
Here lies the Famous Actor, Joseph Haines,
Who, while alive, in playing took great pains,
Performing all his acts with curious art,
Till Death appear'd, and smote him with his dart."

Thomas Dogget, the last of our triumvirate, was "a little lively sprat man." He dressed neat, and something fine, in a plain cloth coat and a brocaded waistcoat. He sang in company very agreeably, and in public very comically. He was the *Will Kempe* of his day. He danced the Cheshire Round full as well as the famous *Captain George*, but with more nature and nimbleness.¹ A writer in the *Secret Mercury* of September 9, 1702, says, "At last, all the childish parade shrunk off the stage by matter and motion, and enter a hobbledehoy of a dance, and Dogget, in old woman's petticoats and red waistcoat, as like *Progue Cock* as ever man saw. It would have made a stoic split his lungs if he had seen the temporary harlot sing and weep both at once; a true emblem of a woman's tears!" He was a faithful, pleasant actor. He never deceived his audience; because, while they gazed at him, he was working up the joke, which broke out suddenly into involuntary acclamations and laughter. He was a capital face-player and gesticulator, and a thorough master of the several dialects, except the Scotch; but was, for all that, an excellent *Sawney*. His great parts were *Fondlewife*, in the *Old Bachelor*; *Ben*, in *Love for Love*; *Hob*, in the *Country Wake*, &c. Colley Cibber's account of him is one glowing panegyric. Colley played *Fondlewife* so completely after the manner of Dogget, copying his voice, person, and dress with such scrupulous exactness, that the audience, mistaking him for the *original*, applauded vociferously. Of this Dogget himself was a witness, for he sat in the pit.

"Whoever would see him *pictured*,² may view him in the character of *Sawney*, at the Duke's Head in Lynn-Regis, Norfolk." Will the jovial spirit of Tony Aston revisit the "pale glimpses of the moon," and point out where this interesting memento hides its head? "Go on, I'll follow thee." He died at Eltham in Kent, 22nd September 1721.

How small an act of kindness will embalm a man's memory! *Baddeley's Twelfth Cake*³ shall be eaten, and Dogget's coat and badge⁴ rowed for,

While Christmas frolics, and while Thames shall flow.

"And shall not a bumper flow to the memory of our big-wigged merry satellites of St. Bartlemy, in spite of the '*Sin of drinking*'

¹ Dogget had a *sable* rival. "In *Bartholomew Fair*, at the *Coach-House* on the Pav'd Stones at *Hosier-Lane-End*, you shall see a *Black* that dances the *Cheshire Rounds*, to the admiration of all spectators." Temp. William Third.

Here, too, is Dogget's *own* bill: "At Parker's and Dogget's Booth, near Hosier-Lane-End, during the time of *Bartholomew Fair*, will be presented a New Droll, called Fryar Bacon, or the Country Justice; with the Humours of Tollfree the Miller, and his son Ralph, *Acted by Mr. Dogget*. With variety of Scenes, Machines, Songs, and Dances. Vivat Rex, 1691."

² The only portrait of Dogget known is a small print, representing him dancing the *Cheshire Round*, with the motto "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*."

³ Baddeley, the comedian, bequeathed a yearly sum for ever, to be laid out in the purchase of a *Twelfth-cake* and wine, for the entertainment of the ladies and gentlemen of Drury Lane theatre.

⁴ "This day the *Coat and Badge* given by Mr. Dogget, will be rowed for by six young watermen, out of their apprenticeship this year, from the Old Swan at Chelsea."—*Daily Advertiser*, July 31, 1753.

healths,' the 'Unloveliness of Love-locks,' and the 'Loathsomeness of Long Haire' of Praise-God-Barebones and Fear-the-Lord Bar-bottle?"

And Mr. Bosky answered his own question by a brimming libation of "*London particular*," calling upon us to "follow my leader," and take up the chorus of

Three merry men, three merry men,
Three merry men they be!
Two went dead, like sluggards, in bed;
One in his shoes died of a noose
That he got at Tyburn-Tree!

Three merry men, three merry men,
Three merry men are we!
Push round the rummer in winter and summer,
By a sea-coal fire, or when birds make a choir
Under the green-wood tree!

The sea-coal burns, and the spring returns,
And the flowers are fair to see;
But man fades fast when his summer is past,
Winter snows on his cheeks blanch the rose—
No second spring has he!

Let the world still wag as it will,
Three merry wags are we!
A bumper shall flow to *Mat, Thomas, and Joe*;
A sad pity that they had not for poor *Mat*
Hang'd *Care* at Tyburn Tree.

CHAPTER XVII.

It would require a poetical imagination to paint the times when a gallant train of England's chivalry rode from the Tower Royal through Knight-rider Street and Giltspur Street (how significant are the names of these interesting localities, bearing record of their former glory!) to their splendid tournaments in Smithfield,—or proceeding down Long Lane, crossing the Barbican (the Specula or Watch-tower of Romanum Londinium), and skirting that far-famed street¹ where, in ancient times, dwelt the Fletchers and Bowyers, but which has since become synonymous with poetry and poverty, "lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,"—ambled gaily through daisy-dappled meads to Finsbury Fields,² to enjoy a more

¹ In Grub Street resided *John Fox*, the Martyrologist, and *Henry Welby*, the English hermit, who, instigated by the ingratitude of a younger brother, shut himself up in his house for forty-four years, without being seen by any human being. Though an unsociable recluse, he was a man of the most exemplary charity.

² In the days of Fitzstephen, Finsbury or Fensbury was one vast lake, and the citizens practised every variety of amusement on the ice. "Some will make a large cake of ice, and, seating one of their companions upon it, they take hold of one's hand, and draw him along. Others place the leg-bones of animals under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ancles, and then, taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they push themselves forward with a velocity equal to a bolt discharged from a crossbow."

We learn from an old ballad called "*The Life and Death of the Two Ladies of Finsbury*" that gave *Moorfields* to the city, for the maidens of London to dry their

extended space for their martial exercises, and a purer air. Then was *Osier Lane* (the Smithfield end of which is immortalised in *Bartholomew Fair* annals) a long narrow slip of greensward, watered on both sides by a tributary streamlet from the river Fleet, on the margin of which grew a line of *osiers*, that hung gracefully over its banks. Smithfield, once "a place for honourable justs and triumphs," became, in after times, a rendezvous for bravoos, and obtained the title of "Ruffians' Hall." Centuries have brought no improvement to it. The modern jockies and chaunters are not a whit less rogues than the ancient "horse-courers," and the many odd traits of character that marked its former heroes, the swash-bucklers,¹ are deplorably wanting in the present race of irregulars, who are monotonous bullies, without one redeeming dash of eccentricity or humour. The stream of time, that is continually washing away the impurities of other murky neighbourhoods, passes, without irrigating, Smithfield's blind alleys and the squalid faces of their inhabitants. Yet was it Merryland in the olden time,—and, forgetting the days, when an unpaved and miry slough, the scene of *autos de fê* for both Catholics and Protestants, as the fury of the dominant party rode religiously rampant, as *such* let us consider it. Pleasant is the remembrance of the sports that are past, which

To all are delightful, except to the spiteful !
To none offensive, except to the pensive ;

yet if the pensiveness be allied to, "a most humorous sadness," the offence will be but small.

At the "Old Elephant Ground over against *Osier Lane*, in Smithfield, during the time of the fair," in 1682, were to be seen "the Famous Indian Water-works, with masquerades, songs, and dances,"—and at the Plough-Musick Booth (a *red flag* being hung out as a *sign*) the fair folks were entertained with antic-dances, jigs, and sarabands; an Indian dance by four blacks; a quarter-staff dance; the merry shoemakers; a chair-dance; a dance by three milkmaids, with the comical capers of *Kit the Cowman*; the Irish trot; the humours of *Jack-Tars* and *Scaramouches*; together with good wine, cider, mead, music, and mum.

Cross we over from "*Osier Lane-end*" (the modern H is an in-

cloaths," that Sir John Fines, "a noble gallant knight," went to Jerusalem to "hunt the Saracen through fire and flood;" but before his departure, he charged his two daughters "unmarried to remain," till he returned from "blessed Palestine." The eldest of the two built a "holy cross at *Bedlam-gate*, adjoining to *Moorfield*;" and the younger "framed a pleasant well," where wives and maidens daily came to wash." Old Sir John Fines was slain; but his heart was brought over to England from the Holy Land, and, after "a lamentation of three hundred days," solemnly buried in the place to which they gave the name of *Finesbury*. When the maidens died "they gave those *pleasant fields* unto the London citizens,

"Where lovingly both man and wife
May take the evening air;
And London dames to dry their cloaths
May hither still repair!"

¹ In ancient times a serving-man carried a buckler, or shield, at his back, which hung by the hilt or pommel of his sword hanging before him. A "*swash-buckler*" was so called, from the noise he made with his sword and buckler to frighten an antagonist.

terpolation) to the King's Head and Mitre Music Booth, "over against Long Lane-end." Beshrew me, Michael Root, thou hast an enticing bill of fare—a dish of all sorts—and how gravely looketh that apathetic Magnifico *William*, by any grace, but his own, "*Sovereign Lord*," at the head and front of thy Scaramouches and Tumblers! To thy merry memory, honest Michael! and may St. Bartlemy, root and branch, flourish for ever!

"Michael Root, from the King's-head at Ratcliff-cross, and Elnathan Root, from the Mitre in Wapping, now keep the King's-head and Mitre Musick-Booth in Smithfield Rounds, where will be exhibited A dance between four *Tinkers* in their proper working habits, with a song in character; Four *Satyrs* in their *Savage Habits* present you with a dance; Two *Tumblers* tumble to admiration; A new Song, called *A hearty Welcome to Bartholomew Fair*; Four *Indians* dance with Castinets; A *Girl* dances with naked rapiers at her throat, eyes, and mouth; a *Spaniard* dances a saraband incomparably well; a *country-man* and a *country-woman* dance *Billy and Joan*; a *young lad* dances the *Cheshire rounds* to admiration; a dance between two *Scaramouches* and two *Irishmen*; a *woman* dances with sixteen glasses on the backs and palms of her hands, turning round several thousand times; an entry, saraband, jig, and hornpipe; an *Italian* posture-dance; two *Tartarians* dance in their *furious* habits; three antick dances and a *Roman* dance; with *another excellent new song*, never before performed at any musical entertainment."

John Sleep, or Sleepe, was a wide-awake man in "mirth and pastime;" famous for his mummeries and mum; of a locomotive turn, and emulating the zodiac in the number of his *signs*. He kept the Gun, in Salisbury Court, and the King William and Queen Mary in Bartholomew Fair; the Rose, in Turnmill Street (the scene, *under the rose!* of Falstaff's early gallantries; and the Whelp and Bacon in Smithfield Rounds. That he was a formidable rival to the Messrs. Root; a "positive" fellow, and a polite one; teaching his Scaramouches civility (one, it seems, had made a hole in his manners!), and selling "good wines, &c." let his comically descriptive advertisement to "all gentlemen and ladies" pleasantly testify.

"John Sleepe keepeth the sign of the King William and Queen Mary, in Smithfield Rounds, where all gentlemen and ladies will be accommodated with good wines, &c. and a variety of musick, vocal and instrumental; besides all other mirth and pastime that wit and ingenuity can produce.

"A *little boy* dances the *Cheshire rounds*; a *young gentlewoman* dances the saraband and jugg extraordinary fine, with *French* dances, that are now in fashion; a *Scotch* dance, composed by four *Italian* dancing-masters, for three men and a woman; a *young gentlewoman* dances with six naked rapiers, so fast, that it would amaze all beholders; a *young lad* dances an antick dance extraordinary finely; another *Scotch* dance by two men and one woman, with a *Scotch* song by the woman, so very droll and diverting, that I am *positive* did people know the comick humour of it, they would forsake all other booths for the sight of them."

In the following bill Mr. Sleep becomes still more "*wonderful and extraordinary* :—

"John Sleep now keeps the Whelp and Bacon in Smithfield Rounds, where are to be seen, a *young lad* that dances a *Cheshire*

round to the admiration of all people, *The Silent Comedy*, a dance representing the love and jealousy of rural swains, after the manner of the *Great Turk's* mimick dances performed by his *mutes*; a *lad* that tumbles to the admiration of all beholders; a *young woman* that dances with six naked rapiers, to the wonderful divertisement of all spectators; a *young man* that dances after the *Morocco* fashion, to the wonderful applause of all beholders; a *nurse-dance*, by a woman and two drunkards, wonderful diverting to all people; a *young man* that dances a hornpipe the *Lancaster* way, extraordinary finely; a *lad* that dances a *Punch*, extraordinary pleasant and diverting; a *grotesque dance*, called the *Speaking Movement*, shewing in words and gestures the humours of a musick booth, after the manner of the *Venetian Carnival*; and a *new Scaramouch*, *more civil* than the *former*, and after a far more ingenious and divertinger way!"

Excellent well, somniferous John! worthy disciple of St. Bartlemy.

Green, at the "Nag's Head and Pide Bull," advertises *eight* "comical and diverting" exhibitions; hinting that he hath "that within which passeth shew;" but declines publishing his "other ingenious pastimes in so small a bill." Yet he contrives to get into this "small bill" nearly as much puff as his contemporaries. His pretensions are as superlative as his Scaramouches, and quite as diverting. "A young man dances with *twelve* naked swords," and "a *young woman* with six naked rapiers, after a more pleasant and far *ingenuisher* fashion than had been danced before."

These Bartholomew Fair showmen are sadly deficient in gallantry. With *them* the "*gentlemen*" always take precedence of the "*ladies*." The Smithfield muses should have taught them better manners.

Manager Crosse¹ "at the Signe of the George," advertises a genuine *Jim Crow*, "a *black* lately from the Indies, who dances antic dances after the *Indian* manner." In *those* days the grinning and sprawling of a greasy ebony buffoon were very properly confined to the congenial timbers of Bartlemy fair!

Was the "young gentlewoman with six naked rapiers" ubiquitous, or had she rivals in the Rounds? But another lady, no less attractive, "invites our steps, and points to yonder" booth—where,

"By His Majesty's permission, next door to the King's Head in Smithfield, is to be seen a *woman-dwarf*,² but three foot and one inch³ high, born in Somersetshire, and in the fortieth year of her age." And, as if we had not seen enough of "strange creatures *alive*," mark the following "advertisement":—

"Next door to the Golden Hart, in Smithfield, is to be seen a live Turkey ram. Part of him is covered with black hair, and part with white wool. He hath horns as big as a bull's; and his *tail* weighs sixty pounds! Here is also to be seen alive the famous civet cat,

¹ Managers Crosse, Powell, Luffingham, &c. Temp. Queen Anne and George I.

² "One seeing a Dwarf at *Bartholomew Fair*, which was sixteen inches high, with a great head, a body, and no thighs, said he looked like a block upon a barber's stall:—'No,' says another, 'when he speaks, he is like the Brazen Head of Fryer Bacon's.'"—*The Comedian's Tales*, 1729.

³ A few seasons after appeared "The wonderful and surprising English dwarf, two feet eight inches high, born at Salisbury in 1709; who has been shewn to the Royal Family, and most of the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain."—See her curious portrait.

and one of the *holy lambs*, curiously spotted all over like a leopard, that us'd to be offered by the Jews for a sacrifice. *Vivat Rex.*"

This *Turkey ram's tail* is a tough tale,¹ even for the *ad libitum* of Smithfield Rounds! Such a tail wagged before such a master must have exhibited the two greatest wags in the fair.

The Roots were underground, or planted in a cool arbour, quaffing — not Bartlemy "good wines," (*doctors* never take their *own* physic!) — but genuine nuthrown. Certes their dancing-days were over; for "Root's booth" (temp. Geo. I.) was now tenanted by Powell, the puppet-showman, and one Luffingham; who, fired with the laudable ambition of maintaining the laughing honours of their predecessors, issued a bill, at which we cry "*What next?*" as the sailor did when the conjuror blew his own head off.

"At Root's booth, Powell from Russell Court, and Luffingham from the Cyder Cellar, in Covent-Garden, now keep the King Charles's Head, and Man and Woman fighting for the Breeches, in Bartholomew Fair, near Long Lane: where two figures dance a *Scaramouch* after a new grotesque fashion; a little boy, five years old, vaults from a table twelve foot high on his head, and drinks the King's health standing on his head, with two swords at his throat; a Scotch dance by three men and a woman; an *Irishwoman* dances the Irish trot; *Roger of Coventry* is danced by one in a countryman's habit; a *cradle dance*, being a comical fancy between a woman and her drunken husband *fighting for the breeches*; a woman dances with fourteen glasses on the back of her hands full of wine. Also several entries, as *Almonds Pavans*, *Galliards*, *Gavots*, *English Jiggs*, and the *Sabbotiers* dance, so mightily admired at the *King's Play-house*. The company will be entertained with vocal and instrumental musick, as performed at the late happy Congress at *Reswick*, in the presence of several princes and ambassadors."

Here will I pause. For the present, we have supped full with *Scaramouches*. "Six naked rapiers" at my throat all night would be a sorry substitute for the knife and fork I hope to play, after a "more *pleasant* and far *ingenuiser*" fashion, with some plump roast partridges that the fragrant aroma of Norah Noclack's *cuisine* tell me are in progress. A select coterie of Uncle Timothy's brother antiquaries have requested to be enlightened on Bartlemy fair lore. Will you, my friend Eugenio, during the Saint's saturnalia, join us in the ancient "*Cloth quarter*"? On, brave spirit! on. *Rope-dancers* invite thee; *conjurors* conjure thee; *Punch* squeaks thee a screeching welcome; *mountebanks* and *posture-masters*,² with every variety of physiognomical and physical contortion, lure thee to their dislocations. *Fawkes's* dexterity of hand; the *moving pictures*; *Pinchbeck's musical clock*; *Solomon's Temple*; the waxwork, *all alive!*

¹ "A certain officer of the Guards being at the *New Theatre*, behind the scenes, was telling some of the comedians of the rarities he had seen abroad. Amongst other things, he had seen a pike caught six foot long. 'That's a trifle,' says the late *Mr. Spiller*, the celebrated actor, 'I have seen half a pike in England longer by a foot, and yet not worth twopence!'"

² "From the Duke of Marlborough's Head in Fleet Street, during the fair, is to be seen the famous *posture-master*, who far exceeds *Clarke* and *Higgins*. He twists his body into all deformed shapes, makes his hip and shoulder-bones meet together, lays his head upon the ground, and turns his body round twice or thrice without stirring his face from the place."—1711.

the *Corsican fairy*;¹ the dwarf that *jumps down his own throat*!² the *High German Artist*, born without hands or feet;³ the cow with *five legs*; the hare that *beats a drum*;⁴ the Savoyard's *puppet-shew*; the mummeries of *Moorfields*,⁵ and a long and ludicrous etcetera, urge thee forward on thy ramble of two centuries through Bartholomew fair, which, like

'Th' adventure of the *Bear and Fiddle*
Is sung—but *breaks off in the middle*.'

As the Laureat closed his manuscript, the door opened, and who should enter but Uncle Timothy.

"Ha! my good friends, what happy chance has brought you to

¹ "The *Corsican Fairy*, only thirty-four inches high, and weighing but twenty-six pounds, well-proportioned, and a perfect beauty. She is to be seen at the corner of Cow-Lane, during Bartholomew fair."—1743.

² "Lately arrived from Italy, *Signor Capitello Jumpedo*, a surprising dwarf, not taller than a common tobacco-pipe. He will twist his body into ten thousand shapes, and then open wide his mouth, and *jump down his own throat*! He is to be spoke with at the Black Tavern, Golden Lane." January 13, 1749. This is the renowned "*Bottle Conjurer*." Some such deception was practised either by himself, or an imitator, at *Bartholomew Fair*.

³ "Mr. Matthew Buchinger, twenty-nine inches high, born without hands or feet, June 2, 1674, in Germany, near Nuremburgh. He has been married four times, and has eleven children. He plays on the hautboy and flute; and is no less eminent for writing and drawing coats of arms and pictures, to the life, with a pen. He plays at cards, dice, and nine-pins, and performs tricks with cups, balls, and live birds." Every Jack has his Jill; and as a partner, not in a *connubial* sense, my little Plenipo! we couple thee with "*The High German Woman*, born without hands or feet, that threads her needle, sews, cuts out gloves, writes, spins fine thread, and charges and discharges a pistol. She is now to be seen at the corner of *Hosier Lane*, during the time of the fair."—Temp. Geo. II.

Apropos of dwarfs—William Evans, porter to King Charles the First, who was two yards and a half in height, "dancing in an antimask at court, drew *little Jeffrey the dwarf* out of his pocket, first to the wonder, then to the laughter of the beholders." Little Jeffrey's height was only three feet nine inches. But even the gigantic William Evans, and George the Fourth's tall porter, whom we remember to have seen peep over the gates of Carlton House, were nothing to the modern American, who is *so tall*, as to be obliged to *go up a ladder to shave himself*!

⁴ Ben Jonson, in his play of *Bartholomew Fair*, mentions this singular exhibition having taken place in his time, and Strutt gives a pictorial description of it, copied from a drawing in the Harleian collection (6563) said to be upwards of four centuries old.

⁵ Moorfields, spite of its "*melancholy Moor-Ditch*," was formerly a scene of great traffic and merriment. It was famous for

"Hills and holes, and shops for brokers,
Open sinners, canting soakers;
Preachers, doctors, raving, puffing,
Praying, swearing, solving, huffing,
Singing hymns, and sausage frying,
Apple roasting, orange shying;
Blind men begging, fiddlers drawling,
Raree-shows and children bawling—
Gingerbread! and see Gibraltar!
Humstrums grinding tunes that falter;
Maim'd and halt aloft are staging,
Bills and speeches mobs engaging;
'Good people, sure de ground you tread on,
Me did put dis voman's head on!'"

"The *Flying Horse*, a noted victualling-house in *Moorfields*, next that of the *late Astrologer Trotter*, has been molested for several nights past, stones, and glass bottles being thrown into the house, to the great *annoyment and terror* of the family and guests."—*News Letter* of Feb. 25, 1716.

the business abode and town Tusculum of the Boskys for half-a-dozen generations of Drysalters?"

"Something short of assault and battery, fine and imprisonment."

And Mr. Bosky, after helping Uncle Timothy off with his great coat, warming his slippers, wheeling round his arm-chair to the chimney-corner, and seeing him safely seated, gave a ludicrous detail of our late encounter at the Pig and Tinder-Box.

The old-fashioned housekeeper delivered a note to Mr. Bosky, sealed with a large black seal.

"An ominous looking affair!" remarked the middle-aged gentleman.

"A death's head and cross-bones!" replied the Laureat of Little Britain. "'Ods, rifles and triggers! if it should be a challenge from the Holborn Hill Demosthenes."

"A challenge! a fiddlestick!" retorted Uncle Tim, "he's only 'tame cheater!' Every bullet that *he* fires I'll swallow for a forced-meat ball."

Mr. Bosky having broken the black seal, read out as follows:—

"Mr. Marmaduke Merripall presents his respectful services to Benjamin Bosky, Esq. and begs the favour of his company to dine with the *High Cockolorum Club*¹ of associated Undertakers at the the Death's Door, Battersea Rise, to-morrow, at four. If Mr. Bosky can prevail upon his two friends, who received such scurvy treatment from a fraction of the Antiqueeruns, to accompany him, it will afford Mr. M. additional pleasure."

"An unique invitation!" quoth Uncle Tim. "Gentlemen, you must indulge the High Cockolorums, and go by all means."

Mr. Bosky promised to rise with the lark, and be ready for one on the morrow; and, anticipating a good day's sport, we consented to accompany him.

¹ It may be curious to note down some of the odd clubs that existed in 1745, *vis.* The Virtuoso's Club; the Knights of the Golden Fleece; the Surly Club; the Ugly Club; the Split-Farthing Club; the Mock Heroes Club; the Beau's Club; the Quack's Club; the Weekly Dancing Club; the Bird-Fancier's Club; the Chatter-wit Club; the Small-coal Man's Music Club; the Kit-cat Club; the Beefsteak Club; all of which, and many more, are broadly enough described in "A Humorous Account of all the Remarkable Clubs in London and Westminster." In 1790, among the most remarkable clubs were, The Odd Fellows; the Humbugs (held at the Blue Posts, Russell Street, Covent Garden.); the Samsonic Society; the Society of Bucks; the Purl-Drinkers; the Society of Pilgrims (held at the Woolpack, Kingsland Road.); the Thespian Club; the Great Bottle Club; the Je ne sçai quoi Club (held at the Star and Garter, Pall Mall, and of which the Prince of Wales, and the Dukes of York, Clarence, Orleans (*Philip Egalité*), Norfolk, Bedford, &c. &c. were members.); the Sons of the Thames Society (meeting to celebrate the annual contest for *Dogget's* Coat and Badge); the Blue-Stocking Club; and the No pay, no liquor Club, held at the Queen and Artichoke, Hampstead Road, where the newly-admitted member, having paid his fee of one shilling, was invested with the inaugural honours, *vis.* a hat fashioned in the form of a quart pot, and a gilt goblet of humming ale, out of which he drank the healths of the brethren. In the present day, the *Author of Virginius* has conferred classical celebrity on a club called "*The Social Villagers*," held at the Bedford Arms, a merry hostelry at Camden Town,

Where wit and good wine, the laurel and vine,
The song and the jest, and that genius of thine,
Prime *Paddy Knowles*! give a zest to our bowls,
And make it Apollo and Bacchus's shrine.

Supper was announced, and we sat down to that social meal. In a day-dream of fancy, Uncle Timothy re-peopled the once convivial chambers of the Falcon and the Mermaid, with those glorious intelligences that made the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. the Augustan age of England. We listened to the wisdom, and the wit, and the loud laugh, as Shakspeare and "rare Ben,"¹ in the full confidence of friendship, exchanged "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," so beautifully described by Beaumont in his letter to Jonson.

"What things have we seen
Done at the *Mermaid*! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest!"

Travelling by the swift power of imagination, we looked in at *Wills* and *Buttons*; beheld the honoured chair that was set apart for the use of Dryden; and watched Pope, then a boy, lisping in numbers, regarding his great master with filial reverence, as he delivered his critical aphorisms to the assembled wits. Nor did we miss the *Birch-Rod* that "the bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown" hung up at *Buttons* to chastise "tuneful Alexis of the Thames' fair side," his own back smarting from some satirical twigs that little Alexis had liberally laid on! We saw St. Patrick's Dean "steal" to his pint of wine with the accomplished Addison; and heard Gay, Arbuthnot, and Bolingbroke, in witty conclave, compare lyrical notes for the Beggars' Opera — not forgetting the joyous cheer that welcomed "King Colley" to his midnight troop of titled revellers, after the curtain had dropped on Fondlewife and Foppington. And, hey presto! comfortably seated at the Mitre, we found Doctor Johnson,

¹ "Shake-speare was god-father to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christ'ning, being in a deepe study, Jonson came to cheere him up, and ask't him why he was so melancholy? 'No, faith, Ben, (says he,) not I, but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last.' — 'I pr'y the, what?' says he. — 'I' faith, Ben, I'le e'en give him a dozen good *Lattin* spoones, and thou shalt *translate* them.' — *L'Esirange*, No. 11. Mr. Dun. — *Latten* was a name formerly used to signify a mixed metal resembling brass. Hence Shakspeare's appropriate *pun*, with reference to the learning of Ben Jonson.

Many good jests are told of "rare Ben." When he went to Basingstoke, he used to put up his horse at the "*Angel*," which was kept by *Mrs. Hope*, and her daughter, *Prudence*. Journeying there one day, and finding strange people in the house, and the sign changed, he wrote as follows:—

"When *Hope* and *Prudence* kept this house, the *Angel* kept the door;
Now *Hope* is dead, the *Angel* fled, and *Prudence* turn'd a w——!"

At another time he designed to pass through the *Half Moon* in *Aldersgate Street*, but the door being shut, he was denied entrance; so he went to the *Sun Tavern* at the *Long Lane end*, and made these verses:—

"Since the *Half Moon* is so unkind,
To make me go about;
The *Sun* my money now shall have,
And the *Moon* shall go without."

That he was often in pecuniary straits the following extracts from Henslowe's papers painfully demonstrate. "Lent un to Bengemen Johnson, player, the 28 of July, 1597, in Redey money, the some of fower powndes, to be payd agayne when so ever ether I, or any for me, shall demande yt,— Witness E. Alleyne and John Synger."—"Lent Bengemyne Johnson, the 5 of Janewary, 1597-8, in redy mony, the some of Vs."

lemon in hand, demanding of Goldsmith, Garrick, Boswell, and Reynolds, "Who's for *poonch*?"

"And Sir John Hawkins,"¹ exclaimed Uncle Timothy, with unwonted asperity, "whose ideas of virtue never rose above a *decent exterior* and *regular hours*! calling the author of the Traveller an *idiot*! It shakes the sides of splenetic disdain to hear this Grub Street chronicler of fiddling and fly-fishing libelling the beautiful intellect of Oliver Goldsmith! Gentle spirit! thou wert beloved, admired, and mourned by that illustrious corner-stone of religion and morality, Samuel Johnson, who delighted to sound forth thy praises while living, and when the voice of fame could no longer soothe thy 'dull cold ear,' inscribed thy tomb with an imperishable record! Deserted is the village; the hermit and the traveller have laid them down to rest; the vicar has performed his last sad office; the good-natured man is no more—He stoops but to conquer!"

The Laureat, well comprehending an expressive look from his Mentor, rose to the pianoforte, and accompanied him slowly and mournfully in

THE POET'S REQUIEM.

Ah! yes, to the poet a hope there is given
In poverty, sorrow, unkindness, neglect,
That though his frail bark on the rocks may be driven,
And foundered—not *all* shall entirely be wreck'd;

But the bright, noble thoughts, that made solitude sweet,
His world! while he linger'd unwillingly here;
Shall bid future bosoms with sympathy beat,
And call forth the smile, and awaken the tear.

If, man, thy pursuit is but riches and fame;
If pleasure alluring entice to her bower;
The *Muse* waits to kindle a holier flame,
And woos thee aside for a classical hour.

And then, by the margin of Helicon's stream,
Th' enchantress shall lead thee, and thou from afar,
Shalt see, what was once in life's feverish dream,
A poor broken spirit,² a bright shining star!

¹ The negative qualities of this sober Knight long puzzled his acquaintances (*friends* we never heard that he had any!) to devise an epitaph for him. At last they succeeded—

"Here lies *Sir John Hawkins*,
Without his shoes and stockings!"

² Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boethius died in a jail; Tasso was often distressed for a shilling; Bentivoglio was refused admission into an hospital he had himself founded; Cervantes died (almost) of hunger; Camoens ended his days in an almshouse; Vaugelas sold his body to the surgeons to support life; Burns died penniless, disappointed, and heart-broken; and Massinger, Lee, and Otway, were "steeped in poverty to the very lips." Yet how consoling are John Taylor, the Water Poet's lines! Addressing his friend, Wm. Fennor, he exclaims,

"Thou say'st that *poetry* descended is
From *poverty*: thou tak'st thy mark amiss—
In spite of weal or woe, or want of pelf,
It is a kingdom of content itself."

To the above unhappy list may be added Thomas Dekker the Dramatist. "Lent

Hail and farewell! to the Spirits of Light,
 Whose minds shot a ray through this darkness of ours—
 The world, but for *them*, had been chaos and night,
 A desert of thorns, not a garden of flowers!

An involuntary tremble came over us, which only found relief in silence and tears. This was a subject that awakened all Uncle Timothy's enthusiasm; and how beautiful was that enthusiasm! how tender and enduring!

"Age could not wither it, nor custom stale
 Its infinite variety."

But it produced fits of abstraction and melancholy; and Mr. Bosky knowing this, would interpose a merry tale or song. Upon the present occasion he made a bold dash from the sublime to the ridiculous, and striking up a comical voluntary, played us out of Little Britain.

When I behold the setting sun,
 And shop is shut, and work is done,
 I strike my flag, and mount my tile,
 And through the city strut in style;
 While pensively I muse along,
 Listening to some minstrel's song,
 With tuneful wife, and children three—
 O then, my love! I think on thee.

In Sunday suit, to see my fair
 I take a round to Russell Square;
 She slyly beckons while I peep,
 And whispers, "down the area creep!"
 What ecstasies my soul await;
 It sinks with rapture—on my *plate*!
 When cutlets smoke at half-past three—
 And *then*, my love! I think on thee.

But, see the hour-glass, moments fly—
 The sand runs out—and so must I!
 Parting is so sweet a sorrow,
 I could *manger* till to-morrow!
 One embrace, ere I again
 Homeward hie to *Huggin Lane*;
 And sure as goose begins with G,
 I then, my love! shall think on thee.

Mr. William Shakspeare says
 In one of his old-fashion'd plays,
 That true love runs not smooth as oil—
 Last Friday week we had a broil.
 Genteel apartments I have got,
 The first floor down the chimney-pot;
 Mount Pleasant! for my love and me—
 And soon *one pair* shall walk up *three*!

"Gentlemen," said Uncle Timothy, as he bade us good night, "the rogue, I fear, will be the spoil of *you*, as he hath been of *me*!"

unto the Company the 4 of February, 1598, to discharge *Mr. Dicker out of the Counter in the Poultry*, the some of Fortie Shillinges." In another place Mr. Henslowe redeems Dekker out of the *Clinke*.

THE PORCELAIN BATH: A LEGEND OF THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

BY "T. T. T."

THE gallant Si-Long, who, though yet quite a youth, had attained to high rank as a civil mandarin, was charged with an imperial message from Peking into the province of Honan. The object of his mission was to order the attendance in the capital of a celebrated physician, whose extensive astrological lore had enabled him successfully to combat all diseases, and had spread his fame throughout the northern provinces of China. The Emperor had been seized with a sudden sickness, which appeared the more dangerous, as the physicians of his court admitted their ignorance of its nature; and were at a loss whether to ascribe it to hot or cold humours, to the influence of some undetected comet, to too great a prevalence of red, white, green, or yellow, in the furniture of the palace and the foliage and ornaments of the gardens, or to the withering of a peach-tree in a court of the imperial residence.

It was necessary, as the doctors were undecided in opinion, to seek some further advice; and none, it was considered, was so able to supply it, as Nu-Moun, the mighty astrologer. To him, therefore, Si-Long was sent; and, mounted on his fiery Tartar steed, which, however, was more remarkable for his roadway capabilities than for his beauty or condition, the young mandarin had proceeded indefatigably for some days, when on his making inquiries at a barber's shop, where he dismounted for a few minutes to get shaven and shampooed, he learned that he had arrived within thirty ly of Honan, and was distant six or seven only from the residence of the physician. The situation of the latter was pointed out to him from that spot.

It lay a little out of the high road, and he struck across to it accordingly. Nu-Moun had retired from the general practice of his art, being of studious habits, and fond of retirement; and he now lived in a small country house in a sequestered spot, with the companionship only of a daughter; his wife having died some years since without other offspring. Si-Long had no difficulty in discovering the villa, as the spot was on the slope of a hill opposite to the path by which he approached, and was sufficiently marked by a group of bamboos, among which the house was hidden. No other habitations were in its vicinity except huts of the meanest class.

Si-Long had just reached the gateway, and was congratulating himself on having finished his toilsome journey, when an unfortunate circumstance occurred. He intended to have alighted there, and to have proceeded on foot towards the house; and he had already gone over in his mind the bows, the bends, turns, gestures, and verbal compliments necessary to be observed; both those set down in the ritual code, a copy of which he carried in his bosom, and those which the College of Forms and Ceremonies had appointed for the particular occasion. But just as he was about to rein up his Bucephalus (called Jee-Wop in the language of China), the astrologer himself, who at the moment was walking in the garden, appeared at

the gate; and the steed taking fright at his spectacles (of which, of course, as the wisest man in the empire, he wore the largest pair), reared right on end, by which unexpected evolution the young mandarin was thrown, whilst yet more unfortunately the horse fell upon him.

The philosopher hastened to his assistance; that is to say, he ran away as fast as he could, and called loudly for help. Persons came, and poor Si-Long was released; but one of his legs and five of his ribs were broken.

When the physician had recovered from his fright, he went into his house to see the luckless youth, whom the servants had conveyed thither. He dismounted the majestic spectacles that jockeyed his own reverend nose, wiped the crystals in the bow of his pig-tail, and by means of two silken cords which passed behind his ears, and which for greater gravity were finished with huge tassels, again suspended them in their place. He approached the bed, and, by a catechism of learned questions, soon ascertained that the youth was seriously hurt, but in what particular way he was not able to discover. He repaired therefore to his observatory, that he might hold a consultation with the stars: and it was soon decided between them that the case of the young equestrian was desperate, and that a raging fever would be followed by his speedy death.

Under these circumstances, there was little to be done but to prescribe some medicines and several ceremonies; of which the former were rather intended to facilitate death, and dispose the body to suffer embalment kindly, than to ward away a fate which was considered inevitable. The patient, however, was not yet so far gone but that he remembered the object of his mission, and delivered to the astrologer the written order commanding his immediate departure for Peking.

Nu Moun was startled at this communication, and seizing in each hand the pullies of his spectacles, and drawing them downwards with some force, so as to fix the lenses more firmly in their place, he proceeded to examine the letter. No sooner did he perceive that it was signed at top with the imperial signature than, placing it reverentially on a small table, and supporting it against a vase, he performed the *kow-to* before it; that is to say, he knelt three times, and struck his forehead nine times against the floor. This done, he took the epistle, and squatting down cross-legged upon a mat, perused the document with great attention.

The Emperor's well-known liberality was such, that it was certain the service thus required of the physician would not be meanly rewarded. But Nu-Moun had shown how little regard he paid to the acquisition of wealth, by foregoing a profitable and honourable profession just when he had attained, by general acknowledgment, the highest rank therein, and retiring to dwell in an humble manner in a secluded country place. Yet, as he read, there was a smile upon the countenance of the philosopher, and his eyes were expanded with a pleasant surprise almost to the size of the spectacle lenses. This did *not* arise from any prospective calculation of the emolument to accrue from his visit. The high honour conferred upon him was that by which his great mind was so gratified; and the privilege he should enjoy of beholding his august sovereign, for whom he entertained the most filial and profound veneration.

Had it been otherwise than agreeable, the Emperor's mandate must not the less have been obeyed. The physician prepared, therefore, to commence his journey by the dawn of day.

There was, however, one matter which caused him some uneasiness, and it will not be difficult to divine what that might be. The young Si-Long was bruised and battered in a manner that rendered it impossible, without the utmost inhumanity, to attempt his removal from the house; and the philosopher's daughter, a beautiful young lady, just arrived at a marriageable age, must be left under the same roof with him, without any guardian, and with only the fellowship of two or three domestics. This was certainly awkward; although of real danger there could be little or none; for the maiden was discreet, and the youth a youth of honour and of several broken bones. But the situation of affairs was such as admitted of no remedy; and the certainty that Si-Long had not long to live was a source of consolation to Nu-Moun.

The physician, before his departure, at the same time that he gave her much other very sensible advice, recommended his daughter to keep herself, during his visit to the capital, entirely to her own apartments; but desired her to make inquiries daily concerning the health of the young invalid, and to be sure that the domestics were not wanting in attention to him. To them also he gave discreet rules of conduct, and instructed them how to act upon the death of the stranger; an event which he stated would take place in about ten days.

He departed, and his dutiful daughter began the management of affairs in his absence with the properest circumspection. She ordered that several screens should be expanded in the passage that separated her apartment from that in which the young man was placed; and was careful as much as possible, though several walls were between them, to keep her back turned in that direction.

A female servant, who was old and ugly, was occasionally engaged in attendance on the youth. From her the beautiful Tou-Kéen learned that he was handsome and had a pleasant voice. She soon found that it was awkward to be constantly moving backwards or sideways, and relaxed the severity of her observance in that particular.

Contrary to all expectation, Si-Long survived the tenth day, and at the expiration of that time showed evident symptoms of improvement. Tou-Kéen, in obedience to her father's desire, received a daily report of his progress from her old attendant; and, with great consideration for his health, when she found that he was gaining strength, ordered that the skreens might be removed, to admit of the better ventilation of his apartment.

After the lapse of a few weeks he could rise from his bed and move about the chamber; and she then recommended that he should take exercise in the passage, which was of greater extent. The youth, whose feelings of propriety were of the properest description, finding himself so far recovered, considered it time, though he was still weak, to leave a house where accident had placed him under circumstances of so delicate a nature; and he therefore, with every due form, sent in his compliments to his youthful hostess, to express his gratitude for the attentions he had received, and bid her a respectful farewell. Tou-Kéen, however, thought it would not be

becoming, in the absence of her father, that a visitor should be suffered to quit the house without receiving the usual compliments and politenesses due to a guest; and feeling thus, she very properly resolved to act as the representative of her papa on this particular occasion. She accordingly went into the passage to bid, on the part of her sire, a formal adieu to Si-Long; but the moment she beheld his pale cheek and sunken eye, she perceived how improper, how dangerous it would be, for him to encounter the fatigue of a removal so soon. With the greatest delicacy, however, he persisted in his purpose; with the greatest hospitality she, upon the part of her father, insisted that he should prolong his stay. Their polite contest lasted just four hours and sixteen minutes, in which time they acted through every section of the two hundred and fifty-seventh book of the Code of Forms and Ceremonies: that being the portion which treats of the departure of a guest. In the end Si-Long was vanquished—as how could it be otherwise?—and he promised to defer his departure.

The ice was broken—it had not been thick—and a warm fountain of love sprung up in the hearts of the young people. Thenceforth they were much together; they could not be happy apart; they sighed sighs; they vowed vows; in fine, they arranged a little scheme for boating it together down the current of matrimonial felicity.

Nu-Moun was detained in Peking longer than he anticipated. At last, however, he succeeded in taking his revered master the Emperor off the sick-list,—though, unfortunately, only by placing him upon the bills of mortality. Communicating to his daughter intelligence of this circumstance, he gave her to understand that he should return home in a very few days: and Si-Long had no longer any difficulty in persuading his betrothed that he was so far convalescent as to admit, without imprudence, of his taking his immediate departure. Before he went, however, it was settled between the pair that the young lady should obtain her sire's consent to their union, and induce him, as soon as preliminaries could be arranged, to convey her to Peking for the performance of the marriage ceremonies. So Si-Long at last departed, and in a few days Nu-Moun returned.

The physician was astonished to find that the young mandarin had gone, not having been aware that he had so far recovered as even to leave his chamber. He was more surprised, and not altogether pleased, to discover that the screens, of which his daughter's first letter had made mention, had been so soon displaced; and his spectacles assumed a larger appearance than ever when he heard of the subsequent progress of events. His pig-tail grew exceedingly uneasy, waving in gentle undulations, and occasionally coiling round his shoulders; and, lighting his pipe with great precipitation, he began to smoke with so much energy as to wrinkle up the bamboo, and contract it in length some inches.

Now the fact is that Nu-Moun would have excused his daughter's imprudence, and would have made no objection to her marriage with a young mandarin of so much repute as Si-Long, had it not chanced that he had formed a little plot of his own, with which that of the young people might materially interfere. A fortunate conjunction

of stars had suggested the idea, and the more he had pondered upon it, the more it had delighted him.

Need it be said that Tou-Kéen would not have been fixed upon as the heroine of this story, had she not been at that precise period the most beautiful lady in the Chinese dominions? Now it is a custom in the celestial land, when a fresh ruler comes to the throne (as, thanks to the astrological science which Nu-Moun himself had brought to bear on the late Emperor, was now about to be the case), that parents who possess unmarried daughters of great beauty, and of a marriageable age, respectfully offer them to the notice of their sovereign; and from among these, besides making up his little museum of handmaidens, he not unfrequently selects his Empress. The worshipful physician was already in favour with the Emperor elect; so that he might consider there would be little difficulty in obtaining for his lovely daughter an introduction to that potentate. And then—relying much on her surpassing beauty, but more on the promise of the stars—he entertained a strong hope, almost a confidence, that she would find such favour in the imperial eyes as to be the enviable one selected to share the throne;—or at least—but no “at least”—it must assuredly be thus, and not otherwise.

Nu-Moun was therefore perplexed; but entertaining no very high opinion of the permanency of ladies’ affections, he determined to conceal his purpose for a time, till the ardour of her love for Si-Long might somewhat abate; but to accede to her request so far as the journey to Peking was concerned. The idea of becoming an empress, he imagined, must kindle some feelings of ambition in any female mind: and as he reflected thus, his queue grew calmer.

Nu-Moun was not mistaken in his judgment of his daughter. He took her to Peking, and soon venturing to communicate his scheme to her, was delighted to find how readily and how warmly she entered into his views. She requested only that he would endeavour to keep their proposed proceedings a secret from Si-Long; because, if it should prove that the Emperor was without discrimination, it would be well, she considered, to have, as the Chinese express it, another spoon to her rice.

The Emperor, though a new Emperor, was already an old man. But the ladies forgot the old man in the young Emperor; and many would even have consented to have become old women, could they thereby have secured to themselves a share in the imperial throne. At his inauguration, many of those most remarkable for beauty, who, in conformity to the custom to which we have adverted, had been brought from various parts of the empire, were presented to him for selection; and he chose from among them several, who were honoured with particular appointments in the palace. But when the surpassingly beautiful Tou-Kéen was introduced into his presence, he rose with unspeakable condescension, and declared before the assembled court that he recognised that lady as the person to whom he had been mated some thousand years before, in a different state of being, and who was destined to become his spouse in this. The next day he sent forth a proclamation, giving the wisest and best reasons for having made use of an abridged edition of the marriage ceremonies, and declaring that his imperial example in this instance was not to be referred to as a precedent.



The illustration is by J. H. Stobbs.



When the unfortunate Si-Long received the news of his beloved Tou-Kéen's marriage with the Emperor, he for a long while refused to give it credence, declaring that the lady was engaged to himself, and that truth itself was not half so true as she. As soon, however, as he became convinced of the fact, he was well-nigh beside himself with rage and despair. He gnashed his teeth, and tore his pig-tail, and declared that falsehood itself was not half so false as Tou-Kéen. "I will be revenged," cried he, "as sure as a bow and arrow." Guns had not at that time been introduced in China.

His conduct and declarations became a theme at court; and a mandarin, who had been jealous of the favour Si-Long had obtained from the late Emperor, ventured to report to the new one all that he had so rashly spoken. Poor Si-Long would soon have been a volume of fugitive poetry,—that is to say, a collection of small pieces,—but for the interposition of the amiable Tou-Kéen, who was opposed to such poetical justice. The beautiful Empress, however, was not unwilling that her too aspiring lover should receive a punishment proportioned to his offence; so she suggested that there should be inflicted upon him two hundred strokes of the bamboo; and that with the imperial gratuity of ten score marks which would accompany the execution of this order, he might be dismissed from the province of Pe-che-le. An Emperor of China, as the father of his people, well understands that to spare the rod is to spoil the child; and the bamboo is one of the most useful plants in his dominion. His subjects naturally prize it, because they *feel* its use.

After obtaining such proof of his mistress's favour, Si-Long had little desire to remain longer in the capital, and thus banishment became to him a matter of indifference. He was behind the world,—or, as it is more commonly expressed, the world was before him,—and he set forth from the great capital with his little capital upon his back. He was likely to retain his *marks* some time; but, as his mandarin's button had been taken from him, he was no longer among the *nobles*.

He wandered on, greatly depressed in spirit, and careless whither chance might lead him, and for several days mechanically retraced the way he had lately taken when entrusted with the Emperor's commission. Having at length arrived at the place where the path turned off to the dwelling of the physician, he could not resist an inclination to revisit the abode which he had left with such pleasing anticipations. Not doubting, however, that his story had got there before him, he did not venture to show himself in front of the house; but choosing the dusk of the evening, he went stealthily through the garden, and passed along avenues of bananas and orange-trees, till he came to a small summer-house, commanding an extensive view of a tank of gold fish. In that fantastic building he threw himself down on a bamboo bench,—he did not notice that it was of bamboo, or he would have chosen some other,—and looked pensively at the water, and at the fish that sported so merrily therein. He had once before sat in that place; the beautiful but faithless Tou-Kéen was then his companion; they had slipped forth unobserved of the domestics, and in that retreat had enjoyed an hour of delightful intercourse, such as in the Celestial Land falls to the lot of few lovers, although such hours only can make the Celestial Land a perfect paradise. His heart was low,—and as he looked at the gold

fish, and thought of his false lady, he repeated to himself the words of the celebrated poet, Sing-Song, which have been so well translated by Gray :

“ Not all that tempts our wandering eyes,
And heedless hearts is lawful prize ;
Not all that glisters, gold.”

“ Ah !” said he, “ false Tou-Kéen ! you deceived your faithful Si-Long : he would have treasured you as the precious metal, and behold you elude his grasp as a slippery fish. Farewell, however, Tou-Kéen ! far be it from me to cherish feelings of revenge or hate against one whom I have loved so truly.”

Having spoken thus, he was possessed with a strong desire to put an end to his miseries by a plunge into the tank. But the drowsy god was just at the time beginning to exercise so powerful an influence upon him, that he was constrained to defer this till he should have taken a short nap.

To this end he fell asleep ; and in his sleep he had a dream. From a vase, that stood upon a pedestal in the middle of the tank, a little mist seemed suddenly to arise, which, gradually spreading and approaching him, revealed amid its rolling volumes the figure of his guardian joss. This was a little punch-bellied divinity, who sat cross-legged, as is the custom of all guardian josses. His face was full of quintessential wisdom ; its very furrows seemed to have been made by “ wise saws ;” and the air of the whole was a sort of proverbial expression. “ My son,” said he, “ though gravity of face suiteth with wisdom, yet laughter itself is not so vain and profitless as tears ; and remember that half a potfull is better than no rice. Therefore arise and go thy way, and away with ungainly grief. Bend thy steps south-eastward from this province of Honan, and pass through Hoo-Pe, till thou comest to Kiang-Si. There attend the chances that await thee. This much I read of thy fate : the Emperor yet shall honour thee, though now he hath thus cast thee down ; and thy name shall go forth through all the land, and be remembered through all ages. If the honour cometh slowly,—the great wall was not built in a day ; keep up thy courage, and persevere in the path upon which thou enterest ; patience and perseverance dug the great canal. Here, take this talisman. It will make hard things easy to thee. It will aid thee in all thou devisest. It will make hot cold, and cold hot. But whenever thou hast some purpose to effect, thou must hold it in thine hand. Untouched it will avail nothing. Farewell.”

As soon as the joss had vanished, Si-Long awoke. At the time he fell asleep, the moon had not long appeared above the horizon. When he rose, she had just reached her zenith. There she hung, as the great chandelier of the night, the stars glittering round her like single candles stuck about the cupola of heaven. Majestic orb ! she rolled among that little company like an eighty-four pounder among a flight of pistol-bullets. A Chinese writer has aptly likened her to a pot of rice, and the stars to scattered grains.

Si-Long arose. He looked up at the moon : he looked down at the water : he thought of his meditated leap into the latter, but, with the moon reflected within it, it appeared too deep. He looked at the vase that stood on a pedestal in the midst of the tank ; and, as his

eye fell upon this, his vision or dream returned to his memory, and quite determined him not to plunge too rashly. But as he recollected the apparition of the joss, he remembered likewise the talisman ; and not until then did he notice that betwixt the finger and thumb of his left hand he held a small crooked coin, which he recognized immediately as the gift of his guardian spirit. Encouraged by such a discovery, he rose and bade adieu for ever to that sad scene of former happy hours ; and, finding that the garden-gate was fast, climbed the wall with some difficulty,—declining the proffered assistance of a bamboo,—and alighting in safety on the other side, set forward at once on his journey towards the south-east, in obedience to the recommendation of the joss.

We leave him on his way, and return to Peking. As we approach the city we hear Tou-Kéen from every mouth. Within the walls Tou-Kéen is the universal theme of conversation too ; but there we hear less of her, for not being far from the palace, all speak in whispers. Tou-Kéen the beautiful ; Tou-Kéen the fantastic ; Tou-Kéen the petulant ; Tou-Kéen the cruel ; Tou-Kéen the unjust ; Tou-Kéen that rules the ruler ; Tou-Kéen that squanders the money of the land ; everywhere Tou-Kéen ; all day long Tou-Kéen ; Tou-Kéen, Tou-Kéen, Tou-Kéen,—nothing but Tou-Kéen.

The young Empress, in the mysterious way that sometimes happens, had acquired a surprising influence over the old Emperor, although he was the despotic sovereign of the great Central Empire, and she a weak woman just raised to dignity from no very high rank among his subjects. Ah, wonderful beyond all wondrous things thy fascinating power, O beauty, who imprisonest Kings with thy locks, and makest Emperors bend beneath thy lashes ! Tou-Kéen soon felt her power, and she made the Emperor feel it ; and like the shock of a galvanic battery, it passed from him to those next him in degree, and so through the whole circle of society. Never were humours so fantastic as those which Tou-Kéen taxed her lord, and which her lord taxed the whole country to gratify. She ordered new buildings and decorations in the palace ; a gimcrack arch of porcelain in the great court before it ; tall columns, supporting at telescopic heights the figures of warriors and great men, (it was a pity she possessed no Herschel's telescope to bring their features within view,) new gardens filled with majestic rocks of glass and terra cotta, with trees dwarfed down to shrubs, and with flowers in pots upon artificial branches, fine specimens of the manner in which Art can turn Nature inside out, or make her stand upon her head. She would have, too, garden buildings devised in all the forms of Chinese puzzles, lakes of coloured water filled with artificial fish, and lofty bridges erected upon level lawns. She issued her command, and temples and theatres were there mingled together, and pig-tailed gods and fantocini flourished falchions and flags, beat drums, and smoked their pipes and incense-pots in happy emulation of each other. But in the decorations of her own apartments, in her dress, and in her food, the beautiful and proud Tou-Kéen was yet more lavish and fantastic. Large pieces of furniture, wrought of rhinoceros ivory, in that exquisite style of carving in which the Chinese are yet unequalled, or in jade and precious marbles, inlaid with diamonds and rubies ; pillows and beds of spider-silk, stuffed only with parrots' down ; robes woven of gold filaments

resembling silk, and enriched with a wonderful embroidery, which all the first ladies in the empire were compelled to execute; dishes of woodcock's brains, the pupils of cat's eyes, snail's horns, and mouse-foot jelly; these were but a few among her multitudinous devices.

The whims of the most whimsical Tou-Kéen furnished ample employment to all the best artificers in ivory, in the precious metals, in silks, in porcelain, and in whatever else might conduce to ornament and luxury. Yet her commissions were felt to be not patronage but tyranny; for, though those who executed her commands in a manner which gave her satisfaction were well paid, and even rewarded for their labour; the much larger numbers who failed, in spite of their most anxious endeavours, to win her approbation, were punished with various degrees of severity. Some were bamboozed; some had their shops or workhouses destroyed; some were banished to remote parts of the empire. The tasks which she set to the porcelain manufacturers were particularly troublesome: for after these had formed the clay, by the most careful and skilful manipulations, into unusual and difficult shapes, their labours were apt to be rendered unavailing by the uncontrollable effects of the fire to which the earthy material had necessarily to be subjected.

Among other fancies, she had demanded from these artists a bath, of most fantastic form, the sides and edge of which should be formed of a filigree of flowers, fruit, birds, shells, and figures; the whole to be contrived with great intricacy and elaborated with extreme minuteness. Of this a model was prepared in Peking; and sent thence to the factory at King-te-chin; then an establishment of considerable repute, which has since become the most famous in all China.

No such piece of porcelain, either for size, or for the curiosity of the workmanship, had hitherto been attempted; and the proprietor of the furnaces was dismayed when he received the order. Among the artificers in his employ, however, was a young man of extraordinary skill, who had already performed some commissions of the Empress, for which the furnaces of best repute had been tried; the manufacturers of best repute bastinadoed: and this person, who had lately been looked upon as a prodigy of skill and oracle of art, readily took upon himself the perilous responsibility of forming the porcelain bath.

This ingenious young artist—(perhaps you may have guessed so much)—was no other than our heroic Si-Long,—at least Si-Long the hero of our story,—who had arrived one evening, tired and hungry, in the neighbourhood of the porcelain manufactories of King-te-chin. As he had found it neither reputable nor agreeable to roam about so long without money, or credit, or changes of clothes, and as he recollected the advice of his guardian joss that he should tarry in Kiang-Si, it occurred to him that he might be able to obtain employment in the porcelain factories, and that as he was possessed of much ingenuity and taste, he might thus occupy himself in a manner at once lucrative and honourable. He found no difficulty in forming an engagement with the master of the principal establishment; but what may have rendered this the less difficult was, that when he presented himself to make an offer of his services his hand was unconsciously placed upon the talisman he had received from the joss. But for this fortunate accident it is probable

that references as to character might have been required ; and it would not have been pleasant to have been forced to appeal to his friend, the Emperor, for credentials.

He afterwards remembered the talisman, and it made hard things easy to him, and aided him in all he devised. This it was which enabled him, though with such little experience in the fabrication of china ware, to perform what had baulked the ablest workmen.

Si-Long applied himself assiduously, with the assistance of several ingenious artists, to imitate in the clay the model of the bath. It was wrought to its due form : was coloured and glazed. After that it was placed, not without some difficulty, in a furnace, which under his particular superintendence, had been erected for the occasion. No vessel of porcelain clay the tenth part its size had ever before undergone the process of burning. Of course, therefore, the most extraordinary care must have been requisite in the operation. Si-Long had had the furnace formed with various apertures, in such a manner that the heat could be suddenly increased or diminished on any side ; and he himself stood upon a raised platform, and looked down a sloping shaft into the enormous cistern of fire, that he might observe the progress of the burning, and give orders to the workmen accordingly. It was necessary to subject the clay to intense heat ; the bath was so large that otherwise a portion only might have been sufficiently baked, whilst other parts were scarcely affected by the fire. Si-Long's arrangements had been excellent ; all seemed proceeding well. He did not forget meanwhile to hold the talisman in his hand ; and he fully appreciated the value of the gift, and the benevolence of the giver. He looked hard at it, his heart overflowing with satisfaction and gratitude. It was lying on the forefinger of his right hand, and the knuckle of the thumb ; his hand was half-closed, and his thumb-nail was in the bend of the middle finger. " O thou invaluable prize ! " said he, and his thumb sprang suddenly upward, and twirled it in the air. He meant to have caught it as it fell ; but in his delight he had tossed it rather too high, and he caught at it rather too nervously ; it struck his hand, and rebounding from that, passed down the sloping shaft into the furnace, and fell into the bath. Si-Long looked after it in dismay : and, as his eyes were fixed upon the bath, he observed a line all down the side, a line which at first seemed scarcely thicker than a hair ; but soon it appeared like a wire against the porcelain ; then like a cord ; and still it opened wider, and other similar indications of fracture became perceptible.

Si-Long was in despair. The bath was spoiled ; the talisman was lost ; all hopes of success were by that loss removed for ever ; his reputation, of which he had grown proud, was ruined ; the Empress, whom, in spite of the falsehood and cruelty she had exercised towards him, he had toiled, with great self-satisfaction, to gratify, would be disappointed of her bath : and the bamboo grew more abundantly in Kiang-si than in the northern provinces. These thoughts passed as quick as pulsations through his brain. Poor Si-Long was reduced to horrible despair ; and clasping his hands together in a frantic manner, and tucking up his petticoat,—swift as an *ignis fatuus* he plunged head-foremost into the fire.

When the master of the furnaces and his workmen perceived what Si-Long had done, they ran away in great fright, and with

much precipitation, some calling on Fo, and some on Con-fut-ze, and some on Laou-Keun. They spread about through the neighbourhood, and told the tale at all the factories; then assembled in one place, and held a council of war; and after much deliberation, agreed to return, that they might afford Si-Long all the assistance in their power.

They went back accordingly: but what was their surprise on opening the doors of the furnace, to find that the fire had burned out, that the bath was yet perfect, and fully baked, and that poor Si-Long lay, a mere heap of cinders, within it.

When they had reduced all that remained of him more completely to ashes, they deposited these in a porcelain vase, and buried them under the furnace. They mourned for him very strenuously; because they remembered that the Empress might have fresh fancies; and in such case, without a Si-Long, they had nothing better to look to than bamboos, or banishment,—perhaps a bow-string.

The Empress was delighted with the bath exceedingly; but when she heard the fate of the unhappy Si-Long she was afflicted beyond measure with laughter uncontrollable.

"What," said she, "Si-Long, the audacious youth whom we let off so cheaply with a couple of hundred blows? The youth who accused the Empress of the Central Empire of inconstancy to him? A handsome youth, you say; black eyes, large ears, thick lips; as fat as turtle, and with a pig-tail reaching to his heel. Believe me it can be no other than that same, that very same insolent Si-Long. And so he jumped into the fire? He, he, he! how exceedingly queer! And they found him in this bath, too, you say? Ho, ho, ho! I shall die with this fit. Quite baked! quite roasted! quite broiled! Ha, ha, ha! how absurdly ridiculous! Come, get me ready this bath, that my poor bamboosed lover was fried in. Let it be well filled with cool cocoa-nut milk, and high-scented cinnamon waters, and spread lotus-leaf couches around. More pleasant to bathe in it then (wot ye?) than when it lay in the furnace of King-te-chin."

As soon as the swiftest feet could convey the order, a thousand persons were up to their necks in water, gathering the petals of the sacred lotus, to heap up couches for the capricious Tou-Këen. The bath was prepared in a less time than would appear possible, in a beautiful chamber, hung round with the costliest metal mirrors, and carpeted with several thicknesses of the softest silk. The walls were partly clothed with the same; and on ivory and silver tables were disposed baskets of the choicest fruits and flowers, and cages of the most gorgeous birds; whilst at either end of the bath stood huge vases of porcelain, filled with a rare sort of water-lily, and with strange and beautiful fish.

The lovely, the amiable Tou-Këen prepared for the bath, and dismissed her attendants. She floated in the cool cocoa-nut milk and high-scented cinnamon waters; and by drawing a tasselled string, upset a basket which had been suspended near the ceiling, immediately over the bath, and brought down upon herself a dewy shower of rose-leaves.

"And so," said she musingly, "it is really the fact that that aspiring Si-Long, who would have made the surpassingly beautiful Tou-Këen a mandarin's wife—Tou-Këen, who was born to rule the

ruler of the world,—it is really a fact that he was scorched to death in this very delightful bath! Well, how exceedingly singular! Ha, ha, ha! I wonder which way he fell? Whether his head was on this side or on that? I can fancy his nose coming in contact with it here: he, he, he! And here, as sure as I'm an Empress, is a little crack. Hi, hi! What have we here?"

There was a little crack, as the Empress had said; and in the little crack was a little crooked coin, — the talisman which Si-Long had lost. The little crooked coin was almost hidden in the little crack; and both the little crack and the little crooked coin were so little as before to have escaped notice. Tou-Kéen, however, detected them. When she saw the little crack she inserted in it the tip of one of her long nails, and as she scraped that along, it directed her eye towards the little crooked coin. No sooner did she perceive the latter, than, as was very natural, her fingers were upon it. That little coin you will remember, was a coin of virtues. It would make hard things easy; it would aid in devices; it would make hot cold, and cold hot. But untouched it would do nothing. No sooner, then, did the beautiful finger of Tou-Kéen come in contact with it than the thermometer in the bath was at "Cocoa-nut milk boils;" and the lovely Empress, who was at the moment laughing ho, ho, ho! at one side of her mouth, forthwith laughed oh, oh, oh! on the other.

The fish began to wriggle their tails very lively, and to turn up their noses: the birds to sing as merrily as though a pie had been opened; but Tou-Kéen wriggled worse than the fish, and sung out more loudly than her feathered companions.

Her attendants came tottering into the chamber. Oh, remarkable sight! in the very bath in which Si-Long had been roasted, Tou-Kéen was stewed!

Tou-Kéen lived just long enough to devise most fantastic tortures for those who had made the bath, for those who conveyed it to Peking, for those who prepared it for her use, and for all the members of her household. But unfortunately Tou-Kéen died; and the Emperor wisely considered that the loss of so excellent a mistress and empress would be sufficient torture for all his loyal subjects.

Between ourselves,—the Emperor had grown tired of her tyranny, and was very well pleased to be thus quit of his lady; so he sent an order to King-te-chin, and to all the other porcelain factories, commanding that the youth who had formed such a wonderful bath, and who had disposed of himself in such a wonderful manner, should thenceforth be worshipped as the god of the furnaces; and he himself made a present of three junk loads of paper to be burned before his shrine. Thus the promise of the joss was fulfilled, that the Emperor should yet honour Si-Long, and that Si-Long's name should go forth through all the land, and be remembered through all ages.

The Emperor, though pleased, mourned very affectionately for the beautiful Tou-Kéen, and always preserved with great care a purse manufactured from her skin.

You would, perhaps, wish to know what became of the old physician. Being ill, in a moment of infatuation he prescribed for himself.

GHOST GOSSIPS AT BLAKESLEY HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STEPHEN DUGARD."

WHEN they assembled in the morning they found their numbers reinforced by the arrival of Major Grooby and his maiden sister, first cousins of Mrs. Dagleish. This was a valuable accession ; for the Major was a first-rate story-teller, and Miss Sophia Grooby a first-rate believer. Both of them had seen and heard more supernatural things than had ever fallen to the lot of any one person ; and as to the Major, he lived in daily fear of some bodily harm from an old woman in his parish, whom he knew to be a witch.

And here it has just occurred to us that we have left our readers in utter ignorance upon one or two subjects with which they have an undoubted right to be acquainted. Who is Mrs. Dagleish, at whose house the little circle were keeping their Christmas ? And where was her house situated ? And, lastly, who were her friends, Mr. Carliel, Simon Barnardiston, Hugh Buckner, and the rest of them ? We shall explain these several matters with all possible brevity.

Mrs. Dagleish was the widow of a poor schoolmaster, and the sister of a rich sugar-baker. When the former died, he left her nothing, not even a child. When the latter died he bequeathed her two children, Mary and Stephen Falconer, with something approaching to nearly five hundred a year, and a substantial brick-built mansion of the time of Elizabeth, about two miles from Bewdley, on the road to Kidderminster. Her brother, Abraham Falconer, of Whitechapel, bought it with the intention of passing the remainder of his days there, being a native of Kidderminster ; but Heaven ordained it otherwise, as is frequently the case with our sublunary arrangements : for the very day the purchase was completed, and he had executed his will, settling it, and his whole fortune, upon his sister after his death, he was walking along Cheapside in a high wind, which blew off a chimney-pot, that descended on his head, and killed him on the spot. When Mrs. Dagleish took possession of Blakesley House, (so the mansion was called,) the first thing she did was to have all the chimney-pots taken down, and all the chimneys carried up three feet higher, and well secured with iron girders. So much for what some people think of destiny, and their power to shun it.

With respect to Simon Barnardiston, Hugh Buckner, and Mr. Carliel, it will be enough to record of them, that the first was the son of a Birmingham manufacturer, age twenty-five, and considered by himself as the future husband of Mary Falconer ; the second, a clergyman's son, age twenty-three, entertaining in secret the same hopes as Simon, but with nothing in their favour except Mary's own opinion (also a secret at present), which was, that Simon Barnardiston would certainly *not* be her husband, whoever might be ; and the third, a retired conveyancer, age forty-five, or thereabouts, an old friend of poor Abraham Falconer, whose will he had drawn, and therefore knew something about its contents, which made him regard his sister, Mrs. Dagleish, as the only wo-

man he had ever seen that could tempt him to renounce his bachelor's vow. With the relationship of Major and Miss Grooby the reader is already acquainted.

"Cousin," said the Major, addressing Mrs. Dagleish, "do you remember, as you enter Worcester by the London road, a small wood on the right, which skirts a gently-rising eminence?"

"Perfectly well. Why do you ask?"

"I went through that wood the day before yesterday, along with my old friend, Colonel Henniker, who is a Worcester man, and who took me there to see the spot where one of the most dreadful occurrences took place that ever I heard of."

"What, only the day before yesterday?" inquired Mrs. Dagleish.

"Oh, no! above a hundred years ago; during the time of Oliver Cromwell; and it happened to Oliver himself."

"What was it?" asked Mary Falconer.

"I'll tell it you, my dear," replied the Major, "just as my friend told it me. You have read of the battle of Worcester, I suppose."

"Oh, yes; between poor King Charles and that cruel tyrant, Oliver Cromwell."

"Very well. You must know, then, there was one Colonel Lindsay serving with the Parliamentary army, and on the morning of that battle Cromwell took this man with him into the wood I have mentioned, bidding him note whatever happened. They had not proceeded far before Lindsay turned very pale, and felt, as he said, a strange unaccountable dread stealing over him, which he could not account for. Cromwell, who noticed his perturbation, began to rally him. — 'Tush, man!' he exclaimed, 'what megrims be these? Come forward.' On they went. Presently, however, Lindsay stopped again, protesting he could not proceed another step, so overpowering was the vague, mysterious terror that had seized him. Cromwell, after sternly reproaching him for his weakness or cowardice, bade him remain where he was, and mark what would take place. He obeyed; watched the General as he penetrated deeper into the wood; and saw him met by a grave-looking, elderly gentleman, with a roll of parchment in his hand, which he delivered to Noll, who perused it with great eagerness."

"Lindsay heard them at high words, particularly Oliver, who said with great warmth, 'This is but for seven years. I was to have had it for one and twenty, and one and twenty it shall be.'

"Cromwell then lowered his demand; but insisted fiercely that he would have fourteen years. The devil, however, was inflexible."

"I *knew* it *was* the devil," murmured Miss Grooby audibly.

"And coolly remarked, 'That if he (Cromwell) would not accept the proposed terms, there were those who would jump at them.' This staggered Noll; and after a moment's pause he seized the parchment, and returning to Lindsay, exclaimed with a triumphant air, 'Come along! The battle is ours. I long to be engaged!'

"Mark what followed," continued Major Grooby. "The devil returned to—I need not say where—"

"Lord! how shocking!" exclaimed Mrs. Dagleish.

"And deposited the duplicate of this compact in his strong chest. Cromwell returned to the army, impatient to give battle: and Lind-

say, who had no affection, it seems, for a conflict thus auspicated, resolved to make his escape as soon as he could. After the first charge he put spurs to his horse, rode away, and travelled with all speed till he arrived at the house of one Mr. Thoroughgood, an intimate friend of his, and a minister, who lived in the county of Norfolk. When he saw him, Lindsay related all the particulars of what he had witnessed in the wood, concluding with this remarkable prediction. 'Cromwell will certainly die the day seven years that the battle was fought.' Which he did—on his favourite 3rd of September. The battle of Worcester took place September 3rd, 1651, and Cromwell's death, September 3rd, 1658. Moreover, it is mentioned in history, there was a tremendous storm the day he died, which some of the versatile poets of the day, who had flattered him while living, accounted for in a way very much akin to this business, though I warrant they knew nothing of it at the time."

"I perceive," said Major Grooby, addressing Mr. Carliel, "that you do not believe this story."

"Not quite," answered Mr. Carliel, smiling.

"Well," observed the Major, "all I can say is, that my friend, Colonel Henniker believes it, for he assured me that there is still preserved in the family of the Thoroughgoods a Common Place Book, in which a son of Mr. Thoroughgood, then about twelve years of age, wrote down, at his father's desire, and from Lindsay's own mouth, every word of it."

"Did your friend ever see that Common Place Book?" inquired Mr. Carliel.

"I don't know; but his mother was a Thoroughgood, and a branch of this same Norfolk family, and it is very likely, therefore, that he *has* seen it; though for my part I never thought of asking him the question, because we have plenty of instances of similar compacts, and still more numerous ones of divers dealings with the Prince of Darkness."

"Dr. Faustus, to wit, and that terrible libertine, Don Juan," said Mary Falconer.

"Nay," replied the Major, "we need not go so far back as the days of Dr. Faustus and Don Juan, for examples. There was a man in my native town, a schoolmaster of the name of Warbeck, who sold himself to the devil merely that he might have his revenge upon a fellow-townsmen, who had carried off his sweetheart. My father was his doctor, and in the course of his attendance upon him, learned the full particulars which I have often heard him relate."

"Let us hear them," said Mr. Carliel.

The Major, who was never so happy as when he had an opportunity of telling all the marvellous stories he had collected, drank off his cup of coffee, and began.

"Richard Warbeck when I knew him was a tall, thin, pale-faced, hollow-eyed, and grey-headed old man, limping about upon crutches; but in his younger days he was accounted handsome, and a very devil among the women."

"We may guess what sort of women," remarked Miss Grooby, drawing herself up several inches.

The Major went on. "Among those with whom he fell in love, was one Grace Amos, a farmer's daughter, a beautiful creature, as I have heard. But I remember her too: Goody Amos she was then

called, and gained a scanty livelihood in summer, (in winter she used to go into the workhouse,) by gathering wild flowers, making them into nosegays, and selling them from door to door. Everybody bought of her, from charity and pity for her misfortunes. Poor thing! she went mad when Richard *had his revenge*; and no wonder, as you 'll say when you hear what it was. I have told you she was one of his sweethearts, and they were to have been married; but before the day came, there came another lover in the way, a dashing recruiting sergeant, named Wilkinson; and Grace Amos became Mrs. Wilkinson instead of Mrs. Warbeck.

"When Richard heard that Sergeant Wilkinson was about to marry Grace, and when he wrung from the poor girl herself a confession of the truth, he laid his hand upon her arm and said, 'If there is a God in heaven or a Devil in hell, you shall rue this!' And with these words he left her.

"It appeared he had in his possession an old book upon necromancy, where he found instructions how, by hellish charms and potent spells, to raise the Evil One. Though he refused to tell my father *all* the means he employed,—declaring, indeed, that he dare not,—he related very exactly the horrible scene which followed.

"He was in his bed-room towards midnight, it being the seventh night of his incantations, when just as the church clock struck twelve, a rushing noise like a violent gust of wind passed through the chamber, extinguishing the lights, and leaving him in total darkness. Nothing dismayed, he performed the remaining part of his fearful task, which was to open a vein in his left arm, and catch as much blood as would fill a wine-glass. This he was to fling, or rather sprinkle, towards the four corners of the room, saying, as he did so, 'I call you east—I call you west—I call you north—I call you south—come, and speak to me!' He had no sooner uttered these words than he felt himself grasped round the waist as if a belt of hot iron encircled him, and a voice that resembled the hissing of a serpent whispered in his ear,

'I am come to thee—
Now come with me!'

"Richard lost his senses, and remembered nothing more till he found himself standing in the church porch, by the side of a little old man leaning on a crutch-stick. He was not more than four feet in height, wore a sort of Spanish dress, with a black velvet mantle, and a hat of the same material, turned up in front, which disclosed a countenance remarkable for its intense malignity of expression, rather than for anything either hideous or diabolical. Richard, who was bewildered, forgot that the demon had no power to speak till spoken to; so there they stood for several minutes, he looking at the fiend he had evoked, trembling from head to foot, and the fiend glaring upon him with eyes that every moment grew more and more lustrous with rage, till at last they appeared like two globes of fire.

"'The Lord protect me!' exclaimed Richard, at length, as he perceived the increasing fury of his companion.

"Then the demon said, 'Thou fool! thou couldst have no power to summon *me* till thy soul had renounced heaven. I am thy lord now—thy lord and slave—thy lord to command, thy slave to obey thee. What wouldst thou have? Wealth? 'Tis thine! The power

to gratify every *earth-born* wish? 'Tis thine. Fifty years thou shalt revel in worldly bliss, in whatever region or clime thy fancy may desire; but at the end of that time, though thou wert at the farthest verge of earth, *hither* must thou return,—to *this* spot,—and at the same hour of night as now,—where I too shall be to meet thee. Speak—what wouldst thou have?’

“‘Revenge!’ replied Richard.

“‘Thou shalt have it. Behold how.’

‘He struck upon the church doors with his crutch-stick: they flew open. Richard saw, as in a vision, Grace Amos kneeling at the altar with his rival, and receiving the nuptial benediction.

“‘There is *to-morrow*,’ said the fiend.

“‘There is hell!’ exclaimed Richard.

“‘And here is heaven—*thy* heaven,’ continued the fiend, pointing in the direction of the entrance to the churchyard, where Richard beheld a funeral train approaching, and Grace Amos in her bridal dress following a coffin. The next moment the whole vanished.

“‘Come this way,’ said the demon. They walked into the middle of the churchyard. ‘Here,’ he continued, striking his crutch-stick into the ground, ‘is his grave! He will not *lie* in it, but he shall be *ready* for it by *to-morrow* night.’

“‘In what manner?’ asked Richard.

“‘In this manner. *To-morrow* he weds her who was thine. He is quarrelsome and choleric. As he leaves the church with his bride upon his arm, do thou cross his path. Leave the rest to me.’

“‘Will you be there?’

“‘Yes,—but unseen of any save thyself.’

“‘How then?’

“‘Question me no farther—I must be gone. Is it a bargain? I tell you he shall wed, but never bed your mistress. Is not that revenge enough?’

“‘Ay—glorious revenge!’ said Richard, clenching his teeth.

“‘Well, then, is it a bargain?’

“‘It is.’

“‘Your hand upon it.’

‘Richard stretched out his hand, which the demon seized.

“‘Wear that mark,’ he exclaimed, ‘till I claim it.’

‘As he spoke, Richard felt the sinews of his right hand contract and knit together; at the same time he heard a chuckling laugh in the air. He looked up, but could see nothing. He turned towards the demon—he was gone!

‘The next morning,’ said the Major, ‘Richard was awakened from a disturbed sleep by the merry chimes of the church bells. He arrived at the church just as the wedding party were leaving it. The bride trembled violently at the sight of him.

“‘Grace,’ said Richard addressing her, taking no notice of Sergeant Wilkinson, ‘did I not declare you should rue this day, if there was a God in heaven or a Devil in hell?’

“‘Oh! Richard, Richard!’ exclaimed the faithless girl, ‘I did not think to see *you* here. Why have you come?’

“‘To keep my word, Grace.’

“‘Keep your distance,’ said the sergeant, thrusting him aside.

‘A blow followed, which Richard struck with his *right* hand. It seemed to fall upon his rival’s breast like a blow from a sledge-

hammer, and he staggered beneath it. Richard, when relating the circumstance to my father, declared that it appeared to himself as if he had struck with some heavy instrument instead of his hand. The sergeant drew his sword, and was about to rush upon his unarmed assailant. Grace hung upon his neck, and besought him not to move. His and her friends gathered round to prevent the effusion of blood. He flung his bride from him—he disengaged himself from the others—his eyes flashed fire—his pale lips quivered—he advanced towards Richard, who stood calm and unmoved; for now he saw the demon by his side, pointing with his crutch-stick in mockery and scorn at the uplifted sabre. He made a thrust at him—it was parried by the demon. Richard receded a few paces, followed by his infuriated antagonist, round whom his friends had again gathered, and to whom Grace again clung in an agony of terror, imploring him to be calm. She held him by one arm as he dragged her along, following Richard, who still retreated, and aiming furious blows at him, which were still turned aside by the demon. The screams and cries of the bridal party were terrific.

“‘Come on,’ said Richard, tauntingly. ‘Why don’t you strike home?’

“At that moment the sergeant stumbled on the very spot where, the night before, the demon had struck his crutch-stick into the ground, and said, ‘Here is his grave.’ He fell, dragging Grace with him; his sword slipped from his grasp, and Richard saw the demon turn its point so, that as he fell it pierced his heart. Scarcely uttering a groan, he rolled upon his face (Grace lying partly beneath him, drenched with his blood), and expired. A loud laugh, which none but Richard heard, rang through the air. The demon was no longer to be seen.

“Horror was upon every countenance save Richard’s, who surveyed the scene with a calm brow. Bitter upbraidings were heaped upon him by those who stood round.

“‘Why, what have I done?’ said he. ‘I came to tell that perfidious woman’ (pointing to Grace, who was lying insensible in the arms of her bridesmaids), ‘of what *she* had done—withered a heart which was hers or nothing. I forewarned her I would do so; and if that choleric fool could have been content to let a wronged man complain, this had not happened. He fell by his *own* hand, not *mine*.’

“‘You struck him, villain!’ exclaimed old Giles Amos, the father of Grace. ‘It was that blow that was the cause of all.’

“‘He might have returned it,’ replied Richard, ‘and would have done so had he not been a coward, drawing his sword upon a defenceless man.’

“‘God forgive you, Richard!’ rejoined Giles. ‘You have had your revenge; and may God forgive you!’

“Laughter was heard, and a voice exclaimed, ‘He *has* had his revenge, and bought with it God’s CURSE!’

“‘Who is that?’ cried several voices at once.

“‘Hearken to thy doom, Richard,’ said Grace starting wildly up. ‘Hearken to thy doom! I heard it pronounced, and I shall see it fulfilled—there—there!’ pointing to the sky. ‘Oh! Richard, Richard, you have indeed kept your word; but why were you not merciful? Have I deserved this at your hands?’ she continued, burst-

ing into tears as her eyes glanced upon the bleeding corpse of her husband. 'Could you not have despised, hated me, for my falsehood, but spared me this? Oh! my heart will surely break!'

"She fell upon her knees by her husband's body, took his hand, and covered it with tears and kisses.

" 'When I loved you most,' said Richard, gazing at her with a stern unpitied eye, 'I never looked upon you with half the pleasure I do now. I bore hell's torments for thee, thou false one!—and I could have continued to bear them, or anything, *except seeing you another's*. That maddened and—'

" 'What?' demanded Grace, springing to her feet, as if the thought had suddenly flashed across her mind of what Richard had done.

" 'And,' he continued, smiling contemptuously, 'I resolved to *welcome the new-made bride* at the earliest moment, even as she came from the altar. I have done so; and now I leave you with the *husband of your choice*!' So saying, he turned upon his heel, and quitted the churchyard."

"And what became of poor Grace?" inquired Mary.

"Ah!" said the Major, shaking his head, "there was a bad beginning, but a worse ending, to my mind. Who can explain a woman? Who can account for what she will do when she will? Who can understand the movements of that moral machinery which makes them such beautiful contradictions?"

"Beautiful fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Miss Grooby, violently agitated. "I have no patience, brother, to hear you talk such nonsense. The creature was nothing better than a vile harlot, — a lewd minx, who did not care what she did so as she got a husband; and rightly was she served when she married that vile wretch, Richard Warbeck."

"What!" said Mr. Carliel, "did she afterwards marry Richard?"

"I can't deny it," replied the Major, shaking his head again, as if he really felt for the honour of the sex; "I can't deny it. She certainly did marry him; but I shall always think she was the victim of unholy practices. At first," said the Major, "she was like Calypso, inconsolable for the loss of her Ulysses,—but in time she took the Ephesian dame for her model. Seven years had elapsed, during which she never once laid aside her widow's weeds, and no one ever saw her smile. Many were the offers she had during this period, all of which she peremptorily and even sternly repulsed. What had become of Richard nobody knew; for immediately after the death of his rival he left the place without saying whither he was going; but it was generally thought he had gone to sea. At the expiration of seven years, however, he came back, and set up a school. His frame seemed shattered, and his deportment was that of a man ill at ease. If a stranger appeared in the town, he was the first to inquire whence he came, and whether any one knew his errand. Sometimes he would receive letters with a foreign post-mark, and these he examined intently, the seal, the folding, the writing, before he opened them. Then he always slept with two lighted candles in his room, and would never go to bed till after midnight, and in summer time not until the day had dawned. All these things were noted by his friends and acquaintance, the more charitably disposed of whom ascribed them to remorse for the fate of poor Wilkinson.

"When, or under what circumstances, he renewed his intimacy with Grace I never heard; but within three months after his return, to the utter amazement of all who heard it, the banns of marriage between them were published one Sunday morning. Her father, who was present, started up, and in a voice of fury forbade them; but when the poor old man went into the vestry after service was over to assign his reasons, he could give none that amounted to a valid prohibition: so the marriage took place.

"'You will repent this,' said Giles to his daughter the evening before the wedding.

"'I know it, father,' replied Grace. 'I feel that I am about to do something terrible; but I have no power to resist. Richard has got hold of me. If he were to bid me hack my flesh off my bones, I should do it. *He marries me*, because it is his will. I do not marry *him*,—nor would I; but when he asked me *if* I would, I could as soon have trod the air as said anything but the one word he himself breathed into my ear,—"yes." And ever since I have moved in a sort of waking dream, God help me! for I know I am a doomed woman, though I cannot explain what it is that makes me think so.'

"Next morning they were married. Such a bride! and such a bridegroom! and such a marriage! Richard would not allow any one to accompany them, neither would he himself accompany her, but insisted upon their meeting at the church door, where she found him waiting. He forbade her to lay aside her widow's weeds; and *he* was dressed in exactly the same clothes he wore when he went to meet her the morning she was married to Sergeant Wilkinson. Well, the knot was tied, and as they were returning, Richard stopped at the spot where her first husband fell and died in that fatal scuffle. Looking sternly in her face he said,

"'Grief for the fool who lies buried there, not love for me, has kept you mine till now. There was a time when I would have married you—oh, how gladly!—for love; *now* I have married you for revenge. Go—your sight is hateful to me—worse: it calls up the past, and makes the horrible future stand before me. Go—treacherous devil! the wedded of two husbands, the wife of neither; and if I could bring down the curse of curses on your head, it should be that *your* heart may wither as *mine* has, in hopeless love,—that with a hand you *dare* not give, you may be tormented with longing desires to bestow it. Go—and quickly, or the thought of what your perfidy has driven me to will make me mad, and I shall be tempted to have thy blood upon my soul.'

"Grace, who had stood with her head bent, her hands clasped, and her limbs trembling, while these terrible words were addressed to her, now, without once raising her eyes to look at Richard, slowly withdrew, and returned home.

"She went to her bed, from which she never rose again for three months. A violent fever with delirium came on, and the things she raved about were dreadful to hear. In the end she recovered her health; but her reason was gone, and that she never recovered. It was a gentle and harmless insanity, which showed itself chiefly in attending every wedding that took place, and presenting the bride with a nosegay composed of wild flowers. This she never failed to do, till at last Grace Amos (for the people continued to call her by her maiden name) was as regularly looked for in the churchyard—

(the church itself nothing could induce her to enter)—when there was a marriage, as the young couple who were going to be married. Her poor father died soon afterwards, and the little property he left was applied to her maintenance by a friend of the family ; but gradually it wasted away ; and gradually, too, charity, which at first supplied its place, wasted away, and grew cold and scant ; and then poor Grace had no home but the workhouse. But, as I have said, this was only during the winter months ; for the moment there were flowers to be seen she would beg to be let out, and she supported herself during the spring, summer, and autumn, by gathering and selling them."

"And what became of the wretch who brought her to this condition ? " inquired Mrs. Dagleish.

"At first," said the Major, "he tried to bear up against the general scorn and indignation which his treatment of her excited ; but it would not do. He was shunned by every one ; his school went to decay ; and at the end of a few years he left the place.

"Grace Amos, who lived to be nearly seventy, had been dead about two years, when one winter's evening my father was called out to visit an old gentleman who was staying at the principal inn, where he arrived only the day before. He went, and was shown into a room lighted with six large wax candles. On a sofa near the fire was lying the person who had sent for him, wrapped up in a black velvet cloak trimmed with sable fur, and seemingly in the last stage of debility. His hair was silver white, and hung loosely over his face and shoulders ; a beard of the same colour descended to his breast. His face was wrinkled, his voice feeble, and everything about him denoted extreme age and decay, except his large, prominent black eyes, which were full of youthful fire, and glanced incessantly round the room with a restless expression, that led my father to conclude he had a case of lunacy to deal with.

"When they were alone, the stranger inquired how long my father had lived in the town.

"'Nearly twenty years,' said he.

"The stranger seemed to be considering for a moment how far that would carry him back.

"'Forty years ago,' he continued, looking steadfastly at my father, 'there lived in this place two persons whom I knew well. They were before your time ; but perhaps you may have heard something of them,—Richard Warbeck and Grace Amos ?'

"'I certainly have heard of both,' replied my father, astonished at this address, 'and one of them I knew, Grace Amos. The poor old creature died in the workhouse hard by, not more than two years since.'

"'Dead !' murmured the old man to himself, as he lay with his eyes closed, 'dead ! There is a comfort in that word which I can never know !' And he groaned heavily. 'Now she is mistress of my secret. Only two years,' he continued.

"'Not more,' replied my father. 'But happy had it been for her, poor soul, had she died when that Richard Warbeck you spoke of betrayed her into a false marriage with himself. That was a foul business, I have heard.'

"'It was ; but I was the fiend's—I was the fiend's, and had pawned my soul to him for revenge ! Look here—(pointing to the knotted

sinews of his right hand)—this is his mark. I pawned my soul, I say, for revenge, and I must surrender myself to him, if *you* cannot find a way to save me.’

“‘I!’ said my father, who supposed he was raving. ‘What can I do?’

“‘Give me a strong poison—one that will lay me in the grave. But where can such a one be found? I have sought it through the world in vain.’”

“‘Compose yourself,’ said my father, who still believed it to be a case of mental delusion, ‘and I doubt not I shall be able to give you some relief from these sufferings.’

“‘Kill me, and you may,’ said the old man, ‘else not. It is *death* I want—*death*, not *life*. I will give you wealth beyond your utmost need, if you can send me to my grave. One year, five months, eleven days, and six hours you have to do it in. What say you? Are you so skilled in medicine, think you, that you can compound a poison potent enough to quench the spark of life that still flickers within? You know St. Nicholas’ churchyard?’

“‘Certainly,’ said my father. ‘I live in St. Nicholas’ parish.’

“‘Well, then,’ replied the old man, with a deep sigh, ‘to sum up all in a few words, let there be (speedily, if possible, but at any rate before the expiration of one year, five months, eleven days, and six hours—I count the time by hours) a grave dug in St. Nicholas’ churchyard. In that grave let me be laid, and for my epitaph nothing more than “RICHARD WARBECK,” and I will make you master of all I have.’

“‘Richard Warbeck!’ exclaimed my father.

“‘I am he! You think me mad. Hear how calmly I can talk. Mark how rationally I will discourse, and tell you of things,—some of which you know, others you may have heard,—that shall convince you I *am* the person I say.’

“The old man, after resting a few moments to recover from his agitation, proceeded to relate such matters connected with himself, his own early life, the former inhabitants of the town, Grace Amos, the death of Sergeant Wilkinson, and various other things, as satisfied my father that he was really and truly no other than Richard Warbeck.

“When Richard had finished, —for Richard it was,” observed Major Grooby, “and such I shall now call him,—he imposed one condition upon my father, and received from him the most solemn assurance that he would observe it, *viz.* to keep his secret.

“‘I would not,’ said he, ‘be known to the living generation. Let me therefore pass among ye, until I pass away, (and a shudder came over him as he spoke the words,) for Mr. Glencowe, the rich East India merchant, who has ruined his health in amassing riches abroad, and has come here by the advice of his physicians, to retrieve it.’

“It was under that name I knew him when a boy; a tall, thin, pale-faced, hollow-eyed, and grey-headed old man, limping about upon crutches. My father attended him regularly, and was congratulated (not *envied*, of course,) by his professional brethren, upon having such a rich old fellow for a patient: one, too, who seemed likely enough to last a reasonable time, provided he was physicked judiciously.

"In the course of his attendance, he learned from time to time most of the particulars I have related ; but I do not think he ever gave up his opinion that everything Richard told him respecting his compact with the devil was the effect of insanity. He was forced, however, to pretend otherwise ; for I have heard him say it was dreadful to behold the wretched man's sufferings whenever he found him incredulous upon that point. He had no particular bodily ailment that required medicine, but drugs of a harmless kind were daily administered, which he greedily swallowed, believing they were a slow poison, of certain efficacy, prepared by my father after much labour and research.

"The one year, five months, eleven days, and six hours, had dwindled down to the *eleven days only*, and Richard became an object ghastly and fearful to look upon. He had no suspicion of the deception my father was practising ; he only feared his efforts would be unavailing within the prescribed time. He would roll and writhe about till the perspiration fell in large drops from his face, and scream at each contortion, as if every sinew were being wrenched from its place. To allay these sufferings, my father once or twice administered opium in very large quantities ; but it did not seem to possess the slightest narcotic influence. Richard, who knew what it was from the taste, used to complain bitterly of giving him 'that baby drug,' which, he said, he had swallowed again and again, in doses sufficient to kill a hundred men, with the same impunity that he would have drunk a glass of water.

"At length came the morning of the eleventh day, and my father visited him early, resolving not to quit him for a single moment till six hours after midnight, that he might observe every changing symptom of his malady, and be at hand to employ promptly such remedies as he might consider necessary. When he arrived, he found Richard in a deep sleep, breathing gently, and a faint colour in his cheeks. The nurse said he had been in that state the whole night, almost without motion, and showing scarcely any other sign of life but that of a soft, quick respiration. My father felt his pulse. It beat firm and full under his finger.

"'This is miraculous,' said he,—'it confounds me ! Nature is working mysteriously, for some end which I cannot explain ; let us watch patiently for the result.'

"They did so. All that day till sunset Richard continued in the same death-like slumber ; for, except that he breathed, and that his pulse beat, and his cheek retained its tinge of red, he might have passed for one who had already ceased to live.

"It was summer time. The sun had gone down. The clock struck nine—ten—eleven. My father was still sitting by his side, holding his hand, with his finger upon his pulse, and labouring under the most exciting feelings, when suddenly Richard awoke, raised himself up, and looking upon vacancy, said in a low, firm voice, 'I know it—I *must* be there—I come.'

"As he uttered these words, to the amazement of my father and the nurse, he stood upon his feet, without requiring any assistance, or the support of his crutches, a thing he had not been able to do before for several months.

"'I have had revealed to me in sleep,' he continued, 'why this strength is given. It is, that I may go *alone* whither I must go before

the clock strikes twelve. The hour I have been running from for so many years has come at last.'

"'No,' said my father, 'this is only the eleventh day that is drawing to a close. There will then be six hours.'

"'You are right,' interrupted Richard. 'Tarry here those six hours for my return.'

"'Where would you go?' — 'To the porch of St. Nicholas' church.'

"'What to do?' — 'Keep my word.'

"'When was it given?' — 'Fifty years ago — *exactly* fifty years ago.'

"'Must you go alone?' — 'Yes.'

"'Say you will remain here another half hour, and I will not oppose your going.'

"'Will not? — you *cannot*. An angel could not pluck me from perdition now. This you will see. You have already seen that *you* have no power over my life. I placed it in your hands; besought you to rid me of it; tempted you with wealth; entreated you with tears; implored you in agony; and all your efforts failed.'

"'Yes,' said my father; 'I do acknowledge that none of the means I tried succeeded; but I have not exhausted my art — I did not wish to do so: I clung to the hope that it might not be necessary, and I reserved for the last moment — if the necessity could no longer be doubted — a potion of such deadly quality, that a single drop is sufficient to destroy life.'

"'Man!' exclaimed Richard, clutching my father fiercely by the arm, and looking at him with a countenance violently agitated, 'do not trifle with me now! I am past that. If you speak truth, I'll kneel and worship you. If false, may that hell which is gaping for me be *your* portion also. Have you this potion about you?'

"'I have.'

"'Give it me! — give it me, I say!' and he grasped my father's throat with both his hands. 'Minutes are precious with me now.'

"'It requires a little preparation,' said my father, evincing no alarm at Richard's violent manner. 'Sit down. Compose yourself. I will get it ready.'

"In less than half a minute my father returned with a small phial in his hand, containing a transparent yellow fluid.

"'I tremble to think what I am about,' said he. 'Wait in this room until you hear St. Nicholas' clock strike twelve, and the evil spell that is upon you will be destroyed.'

"'Do you think I would *not* do so if I could?' he asked, in a tone of such utter misery and despair, that it went to my father's heart. 'Have pity on me!' he continued, stretching out his hands for the phial, and bursting into tears.

"'But twenty seconds more,' said my father, 'and I yield.'

"As he uttered these words, with his eyes still upon the time-piece, he slowly drew the cork from the phial, which Richard, by a sudden spring, snatched from his hands, and draining its contents, broke out into a wild screaming laugh as he flung the empty bottle from him.

"'Rash man!' exclaimed my father, 'what is it you have done?'

"'Traitor!' cried Richard, 'what is it *you* have done? Betrayed me to the fiend! There he stands! There! With that devilish

mock upon his countenance which he wore fifty years ago, when he clasped my hand, and by this token made me his. There goes the hour, too! Hark! St. Nicholas's strikes! How the deep booming of that bell crushes my brain! *One! two! three!*—I am on fire!—*four! five! six!*—my sinews, arteries, veins, are all shrivelling up within me!—*seven! eight! nine!*—a sea of blood is heaving and swelling at my feet!—*ten! eleven! TWELVE!*—and now! now!—O God!—O God! my bones are being ground—ground—ground—ground to very dust!"

"He fell into strong convulsions, uttered one terrific shriek, and expired!"

"A most extraordinary story certainly," said Mr. Carliel, "and how to explain it I know not. I think you said," he continued, addressing the Major, "that the only knowledge your father possessed of Richard's supposed dealings with the Evil One he derived from himself?"

"Entirely," replied the Major.

"Ay," said Mr. Carliel, with a nod of self-satisfaction, "there's the key to the whole mystery. The poor man was crazed—that's clear; and your father formed a right judgment of the case from the first."

"Not quite so clear," answered the Major, "even to my father; for, though he would never confess in so many words that it was *not* a case of mental delusion, there were two or three circumstances which he was utterly unable to account for upon that hypothesis."

"What were they?" inquired Mr. Carliel.

"Why, believing until the very last that Richard's mind was diseased, he thought if he could any way get him over his hour of imaginary danger, all might be well. So, what did he do? In the first place, the phial contained nothing but coloured water; in the second, he spoke to the sexton, and had the bell of St. Nicholas', which tolled the hour, muffled, so that it could not be heard even in the churchyard; and in the third, he put back the hand of the old timepiece a quarter of an hour. But what followed? Precisely at twelve o'clock, when the timepiece was pointing to a quarter to twelve, and when no human being could hear the church clock, he became violently agitated, began to count the hours, and raved—if raving it was—in the way you have heard. His whole frame was fearfully convulsed; his eyes seemed bursting from their sockets; his face grew livid; his writhings and contortions were those of a man suffering intense bodily pain; and when the last hour struck he fell back on the sofa so doubled up that it was impossible afterwards to straighten his limbs."

"Lord! how shocking!" exclaimed Mary Falconer, and then, after a pause, turning to her aunt, she said, "I suppose we must wait till evening now for *your* story of 'THE BLACK RIBAND?'"

"Yes, child," replied Mrs. Dagleish, "I think my cousin Grosby's two stories are quite enough for this morning." Upon which, the little circle broke up, and each betook him or herself to whatever promised best for amusing the time till dinner.

THE LINKMAN.

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

"The first Link in the scale of creation."—*Occasional Sermon.*

WE are told that there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. It may be observed, with equal truth, that between the mobs of the great world and the swell mob there is only a LINK! A Linkman is, *bona fide*, the beggar defined by Hamlet, as "galling the courtier's kibe;"—a moral parody on the lady's page of the days of chivalry;—in spite of his rags, the only favoured mortal permitted to approach so near the Lady Dulcibella as she steps into her carriage after a ball, that his begrimed face and tattered garments are fanned by the fragrant breath and oriental perfumes of the court-beauty!

Like the heralds of old, the Linkman is a privileged person;—nay, he enjoys higher privileges than even the herald, whose office consisted in bearing the words of others, while the Linkman is allowed to give utterance to sentiments wholly his own. A court-jester or my Lord Mayor's fool is scarcely more sanctioned in the freedom of speech which tramples on all distinctions of rank and station, than the professional Link.

The Linkman may, in fact, be considered the public orator of the kennel. His knowledge of the men and manners that be, amounts almost to omniscience; and, saving my Lord Brougham, there scarcely exists a man, either in private or official life, who excels him in the manly frankness of telling people personal truths to their faces.—Not a dandy of Crockford's,—not a dowager of Grosvenor Square,—whose name is not familiar in the mouth of the Linkman as household words;—so much so, that he uses them as cavalierly as his goods and chattels, by superadding cognomens more appropriate than acceptable to the owners. Posterity might obtain considerable insight into the characters of many whom the Herald's Office styles "illustrious," and history is preparing to call "great," were it to employ reporters to stenograph, during a single evening, the ex-official debates among the henchmen of the flambeau at the door of the House of Commons, the Opera, and Almacks.—The Linkmen of the day, or night, would throw considerable light upon the subject.

Unlike other popular representatives, the Linkman sees with unbiassed eyes, and declaims with unblushing enunciation. The Linkman is never inaudible in the gallery. He is not only initiated into the secrets of the prison-house, per privilege of place, as auditor of the few last words drawled between the Premier and the Home Secretary, as they separate at the door of their parliamentary den; or the few last whispers interchanged between the young Duchess and the idol of her soul, as he hands her into her chariot, after a third waltz at some fête in Berkeley Square; but he has not the slightest motive for rounding their periods or qualifying their expressions, after the fashion of the chartered fabricators of parliamentary eloquence or fashionable intelligence.

The Linkman nothing extenuates, and sets down nought in malice. "The old chap told the Markis that for all his plavaver, the Irish ques-

tion was all my eye!"—is *his* literal interpretation of a ministerial colloquy;—and "The Capp'n swore to my lady as 'ow her eyes had pitched it into 'im strong,"—is his equally faithful transcript of a declaration of love, couched in all the flowery generalities of Lalla Rookh or the Life Guards.—The Linkman is consequently an accusing angel, who inscribes in his black books all the aristocratic indiscretions of the season.

What a singular destiny! A very slight stretch of imagination might transform the ragged caitiff stationed with his link at the gates of some lordly palace, into a Spirit stationed with his flaming sword at the gates of Paradise! Celestial odours exhale upon him from those open portals. The music of a heavenly choir resounds in faint echoes from the distance. Emanations of ambrosial food deride his lips. He hears the flageolet of Collinet,—he savours the garnished chickens of Gunter,—he beholds the tripsome feet of Lady Wilhelmine or Lady Clementina flit by him;—and lo! he returns to the gnawing of his mutton bone and the twanging of his Jew's harp,—mocked by a Bar-mecide's feast of the imagination.

So far, however, from complaining of his destinies, he feels that it is something to have enjoyed even this "bare imagination of a feast;"—something to have fed on the crumbs falling from the table of beauty;—something to have been sanctified by a touch from the hem of the garments of those superhuman creatures. His brethren of the puddle are divided by a vast abyss from such angelic company. It is only the filthy torch he carries in his hand that entitles him to accost the shrinking beauty with, "Take your time, my lady!—please to take your time!—Only your ladyship's poor linkman! Rainy night, my lady; may I ask the servant for sixpence?"—so disposing his link during his apostrophe, that he is enabled to decide whether my lady's silken hose are laced or plain; and whether her ladyship's white slippers be of silk or satin!—Not one of her adorers have approached her more familiarly in the course of the evening, than "her ladyship's poor linkman!"

It is astonishing the tact evinced by these fellows in ferreting out everything in the shape of an entertainment, from Pimlico to White-chapel. Provided half a dozen carriages and hack cabs be gathered together, thither crowd the linkmen,—varying their oration from "Take your time, my lady," to "Take your time, Mrs. Smith!" or "Shall I call up your lordship's people?"—to "Please to want a cab, sir?"

At the more brilliant balls, they are as inevitable as the *cornet à piston*, or D—— M——! One knows them, like the cuckoo, by "their most sweet voices," rather than by their outward presentment, albeit revealed to view by the flaring of their links, as the ugliness of the imps of darkness in Don Juan, by the flashing of their torches. These "winged voices," these

"Airy tongues that syllable men's names,"

connect themselves as intimately with the gaieties of Almacks' as if the Linkman held his patent of office from the Patroness's Bench. There is a peculiar hoarseness in their accents, as if the larynx, harassed by an eternal calling of carriages, had imbibed some mysterious distemper. They speak as through a speaking-trumpet; nay, sometimes like Demosthenes, trying to outroar the surges of the chafing ocean!

Much discussion has arisen of late years concerning the origin of the slang phrases of the day. Nothing can exceed the universality of these axioms of street eloquence. But a commonplace cannot always have been a commonplace; and to *originate* a commonplace, is an effort of creative genius. The first man who said, "Does your mother know you're out?" uttered that which has been repeated by an enlightened population of at least a million of souls. If not witty himself, he has been the cause of wit in others, by inducing many an apt appropriation of a platitude. Some assert that these cant words and slang phrases have their origin in the police reports; others, that they spring to light and life in the galleries of the minor theatres. It is my firm belief that they are the legitimate and indisputable offspring of the Linkmen of the West End! Ask the policemen,—inquire of the standard footmen,—and they will inform you that the first time they were ever pestered with interrogations concerning their mamma's mangle or pianoforte, was by the Linkmen attending some fashionable assembly.

A few minutes' attention to their notes explanatory and commentatorial upon the carriages, as they successively drive up to a door, would suffice to prove that their humour is worthy the illustration of Cruikshank or Leech. A few years ago, when the Church, if not in danger, was in disgrace with the street orators of the metropolis, it was a favourite jest with the Linkmen to go bawling round the Opera House, in the thick of the crush of carriages after the opera, every Sunday morning, "The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S carriage!" "The BISHOP OF LONDON'S carriage stops the way!" "The BISHOP OF EXETER coming out!"—thereby impressing the multitude with a firm conviction of the levity, if not demoralisation, of those eminent prelates. At the time of the Reform Bill, their vocabularies had a still more personal tendency; and to this day, all the biting truths inflicted upon the French ministers by the Charivari, are lavished *viva voce* on our English legislators, by the sarcasms of the linkboys.

In former times, before London was paved and lighted as becomes a civilized metropolis, every footman was his own linkman. The lackeys clustered behind a nobleman's carriage, or escorting a lady's sedan, carried each his torch, like Pages on the stage in the old plays. Beside the entrance of many of the old-fashioned mansions in London may still be seen appended a huge iron funnel for extinguishing the flambeau or link.

But since the introduction of gas the Linkman's "occupation's gone," as regards the livery of London.—The flambeau is in desuetude; the link has retrograded to St. Giles's; nay, it now simply constitutes a badge to distinguish from the common herd the privileged callers-up of carriages. The noisy, officious, troublesome, roaring, boring rapscallions, who visit the pavement wherever a goodly mansion is lighted up for the reception of company, would be severally consigned to the station-house and Penitentiary, as disturbers of the public peace, did they not bear in their hands an ensign of impunity. As the herald was protected by his wand,—as the Chancellor by his mace,—as the Archbishop by his crosier,—as Majesty itself is dignified by its sceptre, the interjectional portion of the mobility who call the coaches of the nobility, are sanctified by their links;—thereby entitled to vex the dull ear of night with their

Linked sweetness long drawn out.

The Linkmen of London are usually natives of the sister island,—which implies that they are poor, lean, hungerly, brisk, and knowing;—*Pat* at giving or taking offence. A whole jest-book might be concocted from their well-known repartees; and a whole series of romances compiled from the inedited memoirs of these enlightening members of society. Dodsley, the man of letters, began life as a footman. I dare not say how high certain of our contemporaries have risen, who commenced it as linkboys. Let a single instance suffice.

Some five-and-thirty years ago,

In my hot youth, when George the Third was king,

there came, among other specimens of Irish starvation, from the Cove of Cork, the skeleton of a dapper-limbed young fellow, who, after fighting the king of terrors in the guise of typhus fever, famine, and Ballinasloe fair, had a mind to see whether the living which he found it impossible to pick up on Irish ground, were to be found, on any terms, in the kingdom of Cockaigne. While bog-trotting and turf-cutting in his hungry boyhood, he had heard wondrous fairy tales of the city whose streets are paved with gold, whose houses are tiled with pancakes, and whose geese fly about ready stuffed, cackling for the spit and dying to be roasted; and was exceedingly disappointed when he arrived by long sea in the river, with a cargo of Irish butter, Irish pork, and Irish labourers, to find that people must work for their living in London, as elsewhere; but that work was not always to be had. With a heavy heart, did the new-comer seat himself on the stones of old London Bridge. In the desolation of his soul he wept bitterly. He had nowhere to lay his head that night. But for the opportune suggestions of some better impulse, such as that which instigated Whittington to “turn again” from the milestone, and aspire to the civic chair of London, Corney Cregan would perhaps have sought his rest in the bed of the river that ran below. Hope whispered to him that in a capital glittering with such myriads of lights, and rumbling with such thousands of equipages, a brighter fate must be in store for him than amid the toiling moiling drudgery of his own poor gloomy native land.

Even the ardent temperament of an Irishman, however, all but gave way under the influence of a week's starvation and a week's mockery,—the isolation of an alien in a land of strangers!—The skeleton became still more gaunt, and its brilliant eyes burnt brighter in their sockets, under the excitement of want and desperation. From his youth upward nothing had ever prospered with Corney. The cherry-trees from which he had been posted to drive away the birds, were sure to be more pecked than other cherry-trees. The field he was employed to sow, produced the scantiest crops; the hay he was employed to mow, was never known to dry. And now, the same evil destiny seemed to pursue him in his new settlement! If he asked for employment, his shabby appearance was scouted; if he asked for charity, he was rebuked as too well dressed for a beggar; nay, when he attempted to pour his tale of woe into the ears of “the humane, whom Heaven hath blessed with affluence,” as the advertisements have it, the richness of his brogue had so powerful an effect upon his auditors, that they were sure to wipe from their eyes tears arising from laughter rather than from emotions of sympathy.

Poor Corney's heart was ready to break. All this was much worse than starving in Ireland. In Ireland people are used to starve, till like the eels, they think nothing of it! But to starve in goodly streets abounding in cooks' shops, amid men and women who looked as if fed to compete for Smithfield prizes, was a realization of the pains of Tantalus! As he passed by the areas of the fashionable squares, and imbibed the aroma of stews and ragouts issuing from the offices, it was not wonderful that he should conceive some mistrust concerning the text which talks of "filling the hungry with good things, and sending the rich empty away."

One summer afternoon, about the time when London sends forth its brightest equipages, adorned with the brightest human faces, to disport in the brightest sunshine of Hyde Park, poor Corney tottered his way from the miserable cellar in St. Giles's, where he rented a bed at the price of twopence a night, and the succeeding day's worth of rheumatism, towards the fashionable quarter of the town; leaning against the railings, the better to support his exhausted frame, and feeling that, if hunger could eat through stone walls, it was a shame that Providence sent him only brick ones to devour. The strong man was now a weakling,—the cheerful one a misanthrope. Vainly had he addressed himself to the fair inmates of more than one showy carriage for the sorry dole of a halfpenny. Though something in the picturesque wildness of his appearance for a moment captivated their attention, no sooner did his extended hand convince them that he was in need of charity, than they became shocked and frightened,—muttered something about "wild Irishman," or "horrid Irishman,"—and desired the laced footmen in attendance to drive him away.

"Sorrow take thim thin, for hearts as black as the faces iv 'em is fair!"—was the only ejaculation of poor Corney as he turned doggedly away; and lo! when he applied in the same pitiful terms to passers-by of his own sex, he found himself threatened with the Mendicity Society, or affronted with mention of a constable. If the poor man had only had strength enough to be indignant, he would have fired up at all the insults put upon his country in his person.

Sauntering onward and onward, with a vague hope, proceeding from the increasing purity of the atmosphere, that he should reach green fields and blue skies at last, Corney traversed the brilliant tumults of Bond Street, crossed Berkeley Square, and at length took refuge on the doorstep of a handsome house in a street somewhat more secluded than the rest. Though it was Seamore Place, poor Corney Cregan knew not that only a row of houses divided him from the pleasant pastures of Hyde Park. Resting his head upon his hands to relieve the dizziness arising from weakness and want, he began to indulge in visions of a brighter kind; soothing his pangs in England by hopes of heaven,—just as in old Ireland he had assuaged them by hopes of England, prosperity, and peace. In the extremity of his woe he still pursued the instincts of a sanguine nature, and looked forward:—

He was roused from his reverie by the approach of a horse entering the quiet street. All Irishmen are born with a weakness for horseflesh. Miserable as he was, he could not look without a feeling of satisfaction at the fine animal and its handsome young rider so well-fitted for each other, who appeared before him,

A stately apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament,—

to the barren waste of his prospects. Poor Corney started up, and fixed his eyes upon them with such beaming and undisguised admiration, that something of the poetry of enthusiasm imparting itself to his gaunt person, attracted in its turn the notice of the young equestrian.

He was in the act of dismounting to pay a visit in the very house upon whose doorstep Corney had been resting.

"Can I trust you to hold my horse?"—said he, addressing the poor fellow; who forthwith uttered in such uncouth accents his promise to have a care of the "baste as though 't were his own," as might have intimidated a less confiding nature, lest he should so far treat it as his own as to ride off with it, and be heard of no more.

The young man, however, who was most characteristically a young gentleman, as well as an officer in the Guards, possessed a sufficient insight into the mysteries of human physiognomy to intrust his property to the hands of Corney Cregan. After a word or two of instruction as to the mouth of the horse, and the best mode of holding the bridle, Captain Wrottesley entered the house, after declining the civil offer of one of the servants by whom the door was opened to officiate as his groom during his visit.

The first ten minutes were very long to Corney; for his mind was intent upon the few pence which he expected as the guerdon of his office. But by the time a quarter of an hour had elapsed, he was beginning to feel an interest in the fine animal under his charge; and when, at the close of an hour Captain Wrottesley reappeared, his poor heart was actually cheered by such intimate companionship with a beast so much more cared for, and so much better fed than himself.

The young soldier, on the other hand, was pleased to find that, instead of his horse being harassed, as is so often the case when intrusted to the care of some casual guardian, his orders had been strictly attended to. His visit had been a delightful one. His own spirit was as much the lighter for it, as Corney's; so that, instead of the shilling wherewith it was his custom to repay an hour's attendance, he bestowed a whole halfcrown upon his tattered esquire. Little did he suspect the opulence contained in that single coin, to the imagination of Corney Cregan!—Within another hour, he had appeased the gnawing pangs of hunger, and taken out of pawn the jacket which had obtained him a shilling to keep him from starving the preceding week.—That night he slept like an emperor!—

The following day, about the same hour, but more from the desire to renew an agreeable reminiscence than from any expectation of encountering his benefactor again, Corney rambled to the same spot. Judge of his delight when, as he entered the secluded street, he saw the "illegant baste of a chisnut horse, and his darlin' of a rider," entering it at the further extremity, and to his utter amazement found his services again in request. The handsome young officer and his Bucephalus seemed expressly sent by Providence as a blessing upon poor Corney!—

"Harkye, my good fellow!" said Captain Wrottesley, at the close of his second visit, "you seem to be out of work, and living hereabouts. If you choose to try your luck every day at this hour, 'tis most likely I shall find you employment. I can't afford to give you halfcrowns every day. A shilling is my stint for such jobs, and a shilling you

shall have. Be here to-morrow. So long as I find I can rely upon you, you may rely upon *me*."

No need to record the countless benedictions lavished by poor Corney in the exuberance of his gratitude, upon Providence, the young officer, and the chestnut horse! It was as much as he could do to preserve a decent sobriety of deportment on his way home to St. Giles's; and when a week's official life had enabled him to lay by a sufficient sum, he felt it due to Captain Wrottesley to change his sleeping quarters to a mews in May Fair, in order to realize his patron's opinion that he was a denizen of the neighbourhood of Seamore Place.

It so happened that the daily visits which brought so bright a flush to the cheeks of the young guardsman, and imparted such brilliant vivacity to his eyes, were addressed to one with whose servants he was not willing to place his own groom in communication. It suited him to ride thither unattended; and it was consequently most satisfactory to him to have secured a trustworthy fellow to take charge of his favourite horse during the happy lapse of time he was devoting to one still dearer to his affections than the horse.

Week after week, were the services of Corney retained. Already, he was becoming attached to his employer. There was something so fascinating in the open countenance of young Wrottesley, that Cregan would willingly have served him for nothing, had it been needful. But the captain seemed to take as much pleasure in paying as the poor Irishman in being paid. The shilling thrown to Corney was but a trifling token of the joy thrilling in the young man's heart as he issued from those doors, in peace and charity with all the world,—grateful to the enchanting friend he had left,—grateful to the sun for shining on him,—grateful to the noble horse he was about to ride,—grateful even to the poor ragged fellow who had taken such good care of it during his absence.

By degrees, the ragged henchman assumed a more respectable appearance. Well-fed and well-clothed, he tried to appear more deserving the trust of the young soldier who had risked his property in his hands. Wrottesley, on the other hand, took pride in his protégé's well-doing. In the course of three months' daily intercommunion, he had become so much interested in Corney's prospects, and so much touched by the gratitude of the warm-hearted fellow, as to recommend his services to his brother officers. Corney became the messenger of the Guards, as Mercury of the gods: and, as a quaint mythologist has asserted that Hermes is represented with wings to his cap, as a token that the hat of a lackey ought to fly off to all mankind, the Irish peasant became courteous and humble in proportion as he rose in the world. He was applauded for his civility almost as much as for his probity and address. Corney Cregan was pronounced to be a fellow whom anybody might trust with anything, and who might be trusted to deliver anything to anybody. He *could* not give offence. All the morning he held horses at the door of Captain Wrottesley's club, or went confidential errands, or carried parcels of trust. He was at once the lightest light porter in St. James's Street, and the lightest hearted fellow in Great Britain!

As Corney became a man of substance, following the adage that "it is a poor heart that never rejoices," he allowed himself a little pleasure

in addition to his multiplicity of toils. Addicted to theatrical amusements, he often favoured himself with a half-price entrance into the gallery which enables a certain portion of the public to enjoy a view and hearing of the play, much such as might be enjoyed out of an air-balloon. But if it scarcely enabled Corney to obtain much insight into what was passing on the stage, at least it introduced him to the acquaintance, at the doors of the theatre, of that worshipful confraternity, the Linkocracy of the London world. They were his countrymen, although he knew them not; and, after a due process of eating and drinking, swearing and singing, in their society, Corney Cregan was eventually induced to enlist in their regiment.—He purchased his first link, and became one of the Illuminati of the western world!

On this occasion, the high patronage enjoyed by the poor Irishman proved of material service to him. The first time Corney officiated at Almacks', he obtained so much custom from his old patrons, and such civil notice from old Townshend to whom they recommended him, that already he was accounted among his Luciferian brethren as their grand link with the nobility of the realm. The dandies of the day knew him by name, as well as sight; and Juliet was a ninny to inquire "What's in a name?"—or rather, Romeo was a blockhead not to reply, "*Everything!*"—"Corney, I want my carriage;" "Corney, call my cab;" "Corney, fetch my fellow;" "Corney, a coach," distinguished the popular Linkman above his fellows. In vain did the more officious interpose at play or opera; "No—no!—I want Corney Cregan,"—was all the reply vouchsafed to their envious interference.

Corney was now at the top of his profession; Corney had put money in his purse; Corney was a man well to do in the world. It came to be known among the *roués* that Corney had always a five-pound note or two, in his pocket-book, at the Fives-Court, or Epsom, or Ascot, to lend to a customer whose funds might run short; and such little obligations were sure to be handsomely acknowledged on payment of the debt. Let it not be inferred that the Linkman was guilty of usurious practices. So far from it, that he is recorded to have been as mild and gentlemanly a creditor, as Duval a highwayman. But his amiable forbearance brought its own reward. "Here are a couple of guineas for you, Corney, because you did not plague me!" was by no means an uncommon mode of doing business with the only banker who ever made light of an obligation.

Amid all this flush of prosperity, Cregan considered it his duty to posterity to take a wife. He even asked the opinion and advice of Captain Wrottesley on the subject, a week after he had become the happy husband of little Katty O'Callaghan. But, if somewhat late in the day for his counsels to be useful, his assistance was not wanting to the poor fellow to whose fortunes his notice had been so providential. Being intimately acquainted with the kind-hearted man at that period lessee of the King's Theatre, the young patron obtained for Corney the situation of porter to the Opera; and thenceforward, the eyes of Katty and admiring London saluted Mr. Cregan arrayed in a handsome dark-blue livery, and a dignity of deportment suitable to so responsible an office.

"Bless your kind heart, Captain Wrottesley, sir!"—said he, addressing his patron at the close of his first season, "only till me how I can serve ye! I ben't proud, sir!—Order me as you please.—For you, sir, I shall always be Corney Cregan!"

Under these happy auspices were a little Katty and a little Corney born to the thriving couple. Corney had his salary and his quarter-day, like other ministers of state. But unluckily, like other ministers of state, he ran the hazard of a downfal. Managers, like captains, are casual things. The Opera was more brilliant than ever; the theatre constantly crammed; and the result was, the Gazette and Basinghall Street for the first lord of its treasury, and consequent loss of office to one whose letters were now occasionally directed, Cornelius Cregan, Esq. There was nothing left for it but to give up the cottage at Hampstead, pigsty, strawberry-bed and all, and re-enter the modest ranks of private life. Cornelius gazed wistfully upon the miniature Katty and Corney adorning his fireside, and, with a spirit of magnanimity worthy of Coriolanus, became Corney again. It was as though Louis Philippe were to secede from the throne of France, and become once more Duke of Orleans for the benefit of his interesting family!—

That was a trying moment—the first night on which Corney took his station once more among his quondam confraternity, his humble link in his hand! Flesh is frail. Linkmen, though enlightened men, are but mortals; and it must be admitted that certain among them, jealous of his recent dignities, wagged their heads, saying, “Behold, this is our brother, who exalted himself, but who, being abased, is come to take the bread from our mouths, and the mouths of our children!”

It was not till he had made them fully understand that he was a ruined man,—a beggar like themselves,—one who, like Dogberry, had “had losses,”—his whole amount of savings having been invested in the hazardous speculation which had just engulfed his place and his profits,—that they forgave him his elevation, and forgave him his downfal,—welcoming him cordially again to the world of flambeaux.

Such is the history of Corney Cregan,—the tulip of links; of whom as many *bon-mots* are on record as of Alvanley or Brummell, and who may be regarded as the Dr. Johnson of the vernacular of slang. Corney is now a veteran. He can no longer call a coach in the brilliant and original style that was wont to excite the plaudits of the stand, when Hughes Ball was a dandy and Theodore a wit. He is considered, however, the father of the links. His testimony has been more than once invoked in perplexing cases by the sitting magistrates, as the most trustworthy witness in cases of carriage-breaking, or footman-slaying, amid the crush of fashionable fêtes;—for Corney is known to be a man of honour,—the Bayard of the kennel, as well as its admirable Crichton.—

It is astonishing the reverence shown him by the rising generation. Whenever a linkboy picks up a diamond cross in the mud, or receives a sovereign in place of a shilling from some reeling swell, it is in the hands of Corney Cregan the treasure is deposited till the question of property can be established. Corney is king of the elective monarchy of Links. Though not pensioned as an ex-porter, like others as ex-chancellors, he retains out of place almost all the consideration he enjoyed in his dark-blue livery. There is something imposing in the bassoon-like tone of his voice when gratuitously vociferating such names as those of the “Duke of Wellington,” or the “Countess of Jersey,” whenever their footmen are missing at some gay entertainment. The intonation of Corney hath a character as classically distinct

from that of inferior links, as the enunciation of Kemble from that of the lisping romantic school of modern tragedians.—Corney is the noblest Roman of them all!—Corney's reminiscences would be worthy the attention of the readers of Bentley's Miscellany. We recommend him to their notice, as a link of some value in the glorious chain of modern enlightenment. On issuing from the Opera-house on Saturday next, let them shout aloud the henceforward immortalized name of—"CORNEY CREGAN!"—

THE MILL OF POULDU.

(FROM MISS COSTELLO'S FORTHCOMING ROMANCE, "THE QUEEN'S POISONER.")

In the old mill of Pouldu, not far from the point of rock which seems to cleave the roaring waves at its feet, lived the miller Trevihan, who was more than a hundred years old, and had lived in that mill as long as any man could remember. He had witnessed as many shipwrecks as there are nights in the year; he had seen as many steeples stricken with lightning as there are weeks; and no one could say how many times he had beheld the *Doll-men* with dancing dwarfs circling round its huge stones. He had visited the *Tourigans* in their caves; and he knew all things past and to come.

He was dwarfish in stature, and his large *bragan-bras*,* like great flour-sacks, seemed to bury him in their folds. His long thin legs were finished by huge long feet. His big head rested on his breast, which was prominent and pointed; his mouth was wide and grinning, and his two eyes unlike each other. When he sat at night in his mill, smoking his short pipe, he looked like a fiend risen up amidst the darkness; yet this frightful monster dared to love one of the prettiest girls in the parish. Her name was Francique, and she was betrothed to the young sailor, Kerias, who had been out for several weeks at sea; and during his absence her father, who was very avaricious, lent an ear to the proposals of the dwarf.

"But Trevihan is old and hideous," said the pretty maiden, "and Kerias is so handsome and young; besides, I gave him my promise, and I will wed none but him."

When Trevihan heard this, he said to himself, "It is true I look aged, but I have the power to renew my youth; and why should I not again have recourse to the Tourigan, who will aid me?"

Accordingly he went into the pine-wood of Kérisonet, and there, in the midst of the trees, by the side of a little fountain, he saw the fairy combing her hair.

"What would you with me?" said she. "Fifty years ago, and ten before that, you came to me for youth; if I grant it you again, you must give me up your bride to nurse my little changeling, as you have done all your brides before."

"She shall be yours a year and a day after I have married her," said the miller. He drew his knife, and spilled three drops of his blood into the fountain; a cloud rose out of it, and covered him all round; when it cleared away there stood in his place a handsome young mariner, gay and sprightly, who took his way back to the village, and stopped at the gate of Francique.

* Culottes.

"Open, open, Francique," said he; "I am Kerias, come back from sea to claim your promise."

Very happy was the pretty maiden when she saw her lover, and she welcomed him with embraces; but she bade him hasten away, for her father had forbidden her to hold discourse with him, as she was to marry the dwarf of the mill of Pouldu.

"Fear not," said her lover, "he is no longer here to trouble you; no one has seen him at his mill, and it is said he has fallen over the cliff into the sea. I am rich now, and your father will not refuse me your hand."

The father of Francique loved gold, and as Kerias had plenty, and the dwarf appeared no more, he gave his consent, and the wedding-day was fixed by Francique. But Francique was always unhappy: she did not feel her first love for Kerias; she shuddered when he came near her, and always wished him away; and at last she could endure her feelings no longer, and resolved to make a pilgrimage to the chapel of Ste. Ninoc'h, on the borders of the wood of Kérisonet. She got up one morning by daybreak, and pursued her way; she had not gone far when a little white fawn suddenly started out of a brake, and began to play round her. She was much alarmed, and walked on, saying her paternoster all the way; for she knew, whoever sees the white fawn of Ste. Ninoc'h will lose her husband on the day of her marriage. The fawn kept gamboling before her, and she thought the whole time of all she had heard of that mysterious animal. A thousand years ago this fawn was pursued by hunters, and took refuge in the oratory of Ste. Ninoc'h, whose hermitage was in this wood. Ever since then the fawn haunted these glades, and, though constantly hunted and attacked, it remained unhurt. When she got to the chapel it vanished, and there she said her prayers devoutly, and laid her distaff and flax on the altar with pious care. After some time she left the place to return home, her heart much lightened, and as she reached the edge of the wood she met Kerias coming to meet her, and, to her surprise, felt towards him the same affection as ever. She told him she had now no regrets, and would no longer delay naming the wedding-day. Kerias smiled, and replied that he had that morning only returned from sea, and was rejoiced to find such happiness awaited him.

"I am," he said, "as poor as ever; and will your father consent?"

"What can you mean?" replied the maiden; "is not everything ready, and my consent alone wanting, not my father's, for that he has given? As for being poor, that is a joke, as we know, and he thinks it a very good one. For myself, it is you I love, not your gold; and to-morrow I will be your wife."

Everything was ready next morning; the bride-maids, and men with their flowers and ribands; plenty of *crêpes* on the board, and the *basvalan** full of merriment. She was taken to church by her father and her friends; but as she alighted from her little white horse at the door, to the surprise of all, two trains approached from opposite roads, and preceding them appeared two young men in sailors' dress, both so like each other, that it was impossible to pronounce which was or was not Kerias. The bride shrieked with astonishment, but ran immediately to the one whom her heart told her was the true; but her father insisted on the other being the real bridegroom, and a great con-

* Negotiator of weddings.

tention ensued. While this was going on the priest came forward, and bade them all enter the church, which they did.

"Now," said he, "I will marry this maiden to both these men, in the name of the blessed Ste. Ninoc'h, who will reveal which is the true one. Till to-night, let every one watch in the churchyard; the bride and the two bridegrooms shall remain close to the altar with me, and Heaven will provide for the rest."

All was done as the priest had commanded, and they remained in prayer during the rest of that day. At the close of evening the churchyard gate suddenly opened next the wood, and in the sight of all a little white fawn came trotting up to the church-porch. As soon as one of the bridegrooms saw this he became agitated, and uttered strange sounds; his garments began to rustle, and his body to swell: suddenly he burst forth with a long loud howl, his clothes disappeared, and a hideous wolf darted out of the church in pursuit of the white fawn, which bounded off into the wood.

The true Kerias and his beloved remained thunderstruck, and falling on their knees at the altar thanked the blessed saint for their deliverance. The dwarf of the mill was never seen again alive; but his spirit may be sometimes beheld hovering amongst the ruins of the mill of Pouldu, sometimes in the shape of an aged and deformed man, sometimes as a Loup-garou, when he utters such hideous and appalling howls, that the old mill trembles, and—

A DAY WITH NATURE.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

ADIEU, the city's ceaseless hum,
The haunts of sensual life, adieu!
Green fields, and silent glens! we come,
To spend this bright spring-day with you.

Whether the hills and vales shall gleam
With beauty, is for us to choose;
For leaf and blossom, rock and stream,
Are colour'd with the spirit's hues.

Here, to the seeking soul, is brought
A nobler view of human fate,
And higher feeling, higher thought,
And glimpses of a higher state.

Through change of time, on sea and shore,
Serenely nature smiles away;
Yon infinite blue sky bends o'er
Our world, as at the primal day.

The self-renewing earth is moved
With youthful life each circling year;
And flowers that Ceres' daughter loved
At Enna, now are blooming here.

Glad Nature will this truth reveal,
That God is ours, and we are His;
Oh! friends! my friends! what joy to feel
That He our living Father is!

AN ADVENTURE IN THE FIFTEEN ACRES.

BY PHELM O'TOOLE.

BOB DONNELLAN'S STORY.

I HAD grown tired of home, and small blame to me. There wasn't a fox from Kilnaghee to Brownstown but we had exterminated; and even if a straggler was to be found, the hounds, alas! were no longer likely to be forthcoming. The colonel who kept the dogs so long, and used to make them go in such sporting style, was gone to the dogs himself; the doctors had got hold of Mark Nolan; the sheriff of Hubert Brown; Luke Battersby was off to the Continent, to prevent his bodily health being put in similar peril; the races of Listurrock had followed the fate of the Olympian games; and, save and except the fair of Ballinasloe, and an odd shindy with the military at Athlone or Loughrea, the devil an inducement was in the whole province to cause a reasonable man to abide within it for a fortnight. So much for the want of fun,—no small want for a Connaught man under any circumstances, but an especial want to me, who had nothing else to tempt me to stay in the world at all, let alone in Connaught, at least unless the times got better, and half a score creditors were to go to their rest, leaving no heirs behind them.

My poor father was, you know, up to the nose in debt; profession or occupation had I none; and when it pleased heaven to call him to the rest of the Donnellans, I had nothing else to expect but the pleasure of being compelled to divide his effects among his creditors, at the rate of ten shillings in the pound, and turn out on the world a walking gentleman.

I had revolved in my mind every method whereby I had ever heard money had been made in a hurry, from pitch-and-toss to horse-racing and gold-finding, without meeting anything to please me, and was fretting away in a most melting state of uncertainty, when it pleased Rody Fitzgerald to return home from Demerara, "a made man," as his trumpeters declared him. Rody always had a taste for description, and what between the flattering pictures he drew, and the still more seducing testimony his own good fortune lent to his eloquence, it was not long until my mind was made up to cross the Atlantic, and do wonders like my neighbours. I hadn't much difficulty in persuading the people at home of the propriety of my resolution, if only the needful could be raised for the purpose; and having, by the sale of a couple of hunters, helped to remove that obstacle, there was shortly nothing to prevent me from setting out at once to my destination.

I had still, however, a lingering idea that, if I could manage to spend a week or so in Dublin previously, I might perhaps fall on a readier method of raising the name of Donnellan; for my vanity told me I had made something more than a common impression on Grace Seymour; and, independent of my being sunk into the lowest pit of love on her account, report gave out that whoever won Grace

would stand in good repute at the Bank of Ireland. Our acquaintance commenced at a sort of ball that was given after the races of Kilnacoppul about a twelvemonth before, at which, notwithstanding that, to my taste at least, she was the prettiest girl in the room, she was likely to remain idle for want of a partner, owing to the awkwardness of her chaperons, some people from the far end of the county, with whom she was on a visit, and who knew nobody.

"Get a partner, Bob," says old Mrs. O'Dowd to me, while the set was forming, and she hooked me at once, with the intention of compelling me to relieve one of her daughters from their ornamental position in the corner behind the door. I saw that I should either submit to be immolated, or else do something desperate; and, as I threw my eye round the room in search of some one whom I might make the instrument of my escape from Miss Winny's bad dancing, or Miss Marcy's confounded dulness, my glance fell on Grace, and sought to go no farther. Muttering something about a lady of my acquaintance being in want of a partner, I fled from the baffled dowager, and, as the emergency of the case admitted of no delay, mustered up as much assurance as I could, and advancing to the pretty little stranger claimed the honour of her hand,—was accepted, I suppose for want of a better, and, before our acquaintance dated ten minutes, we were figuring down a line of a dozen couples, to the joint performance of two fiddles and a bagpipe. She was a little shy or so at first, as was but natural, until the first couple was turned; by the time we reached the second we were a trifle more intimate; but according as the fun grew warmer and the noise louder, her reserve began gradually to melt; so that when our labours ceased we knew each other as well, ay, as if we had been born on the one bog.

As I had the name of being rather quarrelsome in such matters, no one asked to interfere between me and my prize; so I had her to myself nearly all the remainder of the evening, and right well resigned to her fate she appeared to be moreover. As for me, I began to feel very queer all over the left side of my body, and the gipsy looked as if nothing on her part should be wanting to further the sensation. In the course of a little innocent flirtation, I drew out of her that she lived in Dublin, and was then on a visit with a Galway relation, but expected to return home in a few days, and a great many other little etceteras, that it wouldn't do to make parish news of. Before we parted, the affair had assumed a very promising appearance; and my joy reached its climax when she intimated to me, that if ever I visited the metropolis, she would take it as a great unkindness in me if I did not call on her and her mother to renew the acquaintance so auspiciously begun. I swore, of course, that if it was for no other purpose but to see her again, I would be in Dublin almost as soon as herself; and so I saw her into her vehicle, after many protestations, and sundry hand-squeezings, and returned home a woe-begone man, smitten to the core by the charms of Grace Seymour.

Things of this kind are seldom secrets, and I was rallied on all hands; but it ceased to be a joke with me when, with the laudable communicativeness always exhibited by one's friends, when they have some execrable piece of bad news to dispose of, I was informed after a time that she was just going to be married to a gentleman, with whom her friends were very anxious she should be united;

while, with a charitable anxiety to lighten the blow to me, they added, that I might derive some consolation from the fact, that the happy man preferred to me was about as great a scamp as Dublin, rich enough in that commodity, had ever produced, a gambler and a *roué*. No doubt, this latter circumstance should have reconciled me to my lot; for it is a wonderful gratification on such occasions to be able to indulge in a good laugh at the choice which is made to your detriment. It had a contrary effect with me, however; and, lightly as I seemed to take it, I mentally swore that, sooner than resign the lady so coolly to such an unworthy rival, I would make my way to the city how I could, and compel the aforesaid gentleman some fine sunny morning to try conclusions among the daisies with me on the subject. The present was the first opportunity that afforded itself to enable me to put my designs in execution, and test the constancy of my ball-room innamorata, and was, of course, eagerly embraced. So I left home with a threefold chance of disposing of myself. Imprimis, I might have the luck to be shot in the contemplated duello; secondly, I might have the luck to get married; and thirdly and lastly, if neither of these fatalities befell me, I was to go to Demerara and make my fortune. And with these compound views I made my first entry into the metropolis, a passenger on the top of the Galway day-coach, and, like a true patriot, took up my quarters at "The Hibernian."

It took me two mortal hours next morning after breakfast ere my looking-glass assured me I was all right, and complete in everything needful to a man who would fain look to advantage on the very important visit I was about paying. One bottle of port I emptied ere I felt my nerves up to proof on the occasion, and three Havannahs I consumed ere I could arrange the speech with which I intended to open the affair; and at length, when all these preliminaries had been settled, I stood upon the steps ready to proceed to Mrs. Seymour's.

Well, what stopped me?

By the powers! I had never up to that moment thought of finding out where Mrs. Seymour lived, barring that it was somewhere in Dublin! The discovery left me almost breathless. Three days only could I remain in the city before the vessel sailed in which I had arranged to go, if go I should. What was to be done? To depart without seeing Grace was out of the question; but how to make her out, under the circumstances, was a problem that would bother Trinity. A lucky thought seized me amid my despair. I ran into one of those shops in which ladies' wear is the merchandise, and, while the simpering attendant was papering up the watch-riband which I purchased, took the liberty of inquiring whether he was honoured with the custom of one Miss Grace Seymour, a young lady with flaxen hair, light blue eyes, and about five feet three in her stockings. The man smiled in commiseration of my ignorance, and told me there wasn't a young lady in all Dublin, who was a young lady at all, but dealt with him, although, from their number, he was quite unable to particularise. In like manner I tried another, and another, and another, and so on, until I had my pockets crammed with a commodity of threads, tapes, and other small wares, enough to set up a semstress, or form a very respectable assortment for a pedlar's basket; but no Miss Grace Seymour was to be found; and I could

have almost danced with rage when obliged to confess to myself that my notable expedient had turned out a failure.

The second morning of my sojourn in Dublin arose without bringing me much additional hope, although I had lain awake half the previous night revolving the various modes whereby I might discover my lost one. One plan after another had presented itself, and been rejected. To advertise for her in Saunders would probably give offence; to send round a bellman might have a similar result; and the only thing that seemed at all practicable or likely to succeed was, that I should provide myself with a map of the city, and perambulate every street that had the appearance of decency, when, if I had but patience enough to peruse the names on a few hundred brass plates, it was a moral impossibility but I would bring my labours to a happy consummation. Nor was even this without its difficulties; the foremost of which was, that reading of any kind had never been a very favourite accomplishment with me, much less the deciphering of all the cramp alphabets in which it pleased several of the Dublin gentry to conceal their names on their hall-doors, not to say that infernal running hand, so difficult to me to read at any time, a difficulty doubled by the circumstance of myself being almost running during the study. This, however, with some others, I succeeded in surmounting, no doubt with great advantage to my education, owing to the great practice; but it was all I had for my trouble. Not a single Mrs. Seymour could I detect in the whole city, although I had been ten hours or more occupied without cessation in the pursuit. Hereafter let no man fall in love without first making himself acquainted with the geography of the lady. If he does, may he have to go look for her,—may he have to study brass plates until his face assumes the colour and nature of a candlestick, and after all be nothing the wiser. Grace Seymour seemed lost to me for ever; and, what was worse, I had no chance even of getting a shot at my rival. Demerara was my doom; it was vain to struggle against it any longer; so I determined at last to meet it like a man, and, leaving matrimony and manslaughter to those whose luck lay in that line, abandon my hopes, and put an extinguisher on my enmities.

Another day, however, remained to be disposed of,—the eighteenth of June, the anniversary of undying Waterloo,—a day which need never hang heavy on a resident in Dublin, since it affords the dwellers of the fair city one of the most agreeable holidays in their calendar,—the day of “the big review,” which, as all the world knows, is held annually in the Phoenix Park on that day of many reminiscences. Hither I proposed betaking myself, in order to drown the lugubrious thoughts which I could not prevent now and then from getting the better of me; for, to tell the truth, I found I had managed to get deeper into love than is either prudent or convenient for any gentleman who is fond of enjoying his natural rest in the night, and getting up with an appetite for breakfast in the morning. To the Park accordingly I repaired, amid a very whirlwind of hacks, coaches, carriages, britzkas, jaunts, jingles, gigs, garrons, and every other locomotive engine of any denomination whatsoever, which even Irish ingenuity could apply to such a use. Erin go bragh!—it’s the only spot on the habitable earth where a rookawn’s kept up as it ought to be—the only place where a holiday is properly treated.

The Lord Lieutenant and I arrived on the ground together, he on a dashing charger, I the sixth occupant of an old yellow jingle. Bang went the artillery to salute us; his Majesty's lieges shouted in rivalry; the bands struck up their music in unison; and if the lookers on didn't grow merry, that you and I may!

Wearied at length with the glare of shifting brilliancy which the magnificent spectacle presented, I turned my eyes to reconnoitre the carriages nigh to which I had posted myself, and while my gaze roved from one to another, fixed them at last on a face which strongly arrested my attention, although I could not immediately recollect when I had met the body whereunto it appertained, so many countenances had flitted before me during the last few days. He (for it was a whisker-bearing face) was sitting in the driving-seat of a dashing carriage, with that sort of cool *dégagé* air which a man involuntarily assumes when he reposes on his own cushions. The more difficulty I found in remembering the gentleman, the more my brains racked themselves in pursuit of him, so that at length I succeeded; and as the circumstance of our first interview will have something to do with my adventure, I may as well tell it now as at any other time.

The first evening that I spent in the city, having nothing to occupy me, or keep me out of mischief, I went, as bad luck would have it, to the — Quay gaming-house, with the intent of converting all the shillings in my pocket into pounds, and then returning contented to my quarters. That the result was contrary to my expectations I need hardly say; for if such a transmutation was that night performed in favour of any greenhorn, I wasn't the fortunate individual. In fact, I lost all the money I had about me; and, being naturally a little nettled at my ill success, retired sulkily from the table, and threw myself into a chair placed in the recess of one of the windows, which, on account of the heat of the weather, had been left open. The river beneath flowed quietly on, illuminated partly by the brilliant gas-lights, partly by the more placid effulgence of the summer moon; and while I was indulging in the reveries which the sight of it and the opposite shipping called up in my mind, my attention was at length caught, and my dream interrupted, by the voices of persons engaged in earnest conversation within a pace or two of where I sat, but from whom I was apparently concealed by the curtain.

"I couldn't — by Jove, I couldn't!" was the tenor of the first words I remarked. "Don't ask me, Hall. It's more than human nature could bear to think of breaking off with such a mine of Peru in a small way. Why, man, I expect we'll knock fifty out of him to-night, and maybe as much more to-morrow."

"D——!" muttered the other, "will you never have sense? I tell you I'll give you up my share of the bond altogether, if you only sue him at once. That's the point that I'm scheming for all along—on account of which I got him to pass the bond at all; and it will be all to no purpose if you delay much longer. I must have him in my power at any cost."

"So you shall, old boy," returned the first speaker; "but not till we suck the last penny out of him. Contrary to rule, you know, to quarrel with a man as long as he shows 'tin.' A day or two will make no difference to you, I'm sure, and then—"

"Say to-morrow, Desmond, if you please," rejoined the other, in

a tone of entreaty. "You don't know how important it is. She's treating me like a dog, and will until he breaks her down; and he'll do nothing to help me that way, as long as he can avoid it. But once you sue him, he must come into the terms I dictate to him as the price of my relieving him, do you see, or go to jail. Don't you see now?"

Before any reply was made to this last urgent appeal, a hurried step approached the confederates, and a third person in a hasty whisper addressed them.

"The lad's in the room. If he sees you together, he'll smoke what you're at," was the intimation given by the party who joined them; an intimation which had the effect of causing them to separate the moment it was uttered, but not before I was enabled to note the persons and faces of the swindlers, for such I had no doubt they were.

The one addressed as Hall was a young man of rather gentlemanly exterior, with a good deal of the buck about him, in the way of gold chains, rings, &c. The other, Desmond, was as neat a pattern of a genteel ruffian as a painter need ask for. Curiosity drove me to follow them, and see against whom were their machinations directed; and it was not long until I perceived Desmond seated at a table, and deeply immersed in the mysteries of some game that was all heathen Greek to me, being neither five-and-ten or scoobeen, beyond which my acquaintance with "the flats" extended not; while opposed to him was the gentleman whom I now recognised in the driving-seat. As the latter appeared rather unskilled in the game, Mr. Hall had undertaken, with a praiseworthy disinterestedness, to instruct him in its ways of pleasantness and profit, thereby sacrificing all his own private amusement for the evening. But whether Mr. Hall was or was not competent to the office, all I can say is, that a pretty kettle of fish they were making of it between them; and notwithstanding that, two heads being usually counted better than one, Mr. Desmond was fighting at a proverbial disadvantage, still he contrived to gather to himself the rather considerable funds of the new-comer with a rapidity quite unaccountable to any one who was ignorant of the terms on which he stood with that gentleman's instructor. The stranger grew pale and nervous. Mr. Hall, indignant at the unmerited losses of his friend, cursed the cards and the card-maker. But Fortune changed not her course nevertheless; in fine, she ran in one full tide into Desmond's pockets, and soon put an end to the unequal contest.

The stranger rose to depart, and I prepared to follow him, with the intent of giving him a charitable hint or two, conveying my opinions and suspicions, and the matters whereon they were founded, which I had sense enough to abstain from doing while he continued in the house. I was a little deterred by observing Hall arrange to accompany him with an expression of the deepest sympathy; but the conduct of that worthy was so infernally ugly, that I could not in conscience conceal it; and accordingly, when they stood arm in arm in the street, after the well-watched door closed behind them, I was there likewise, and gently touching the victim's shoulder, begged the pleasure of a moment's private conversation with him.

"D— it, sir!" exclaimed he, giving vent to all his smothered wrath, and, I suppose, utterly unconscious of what I had said, "do

you mean to insult me, sir ? or do you want to shoulder me into the river ? ”

I, of course, disclaimed having any such truculent intention ; but this had only the effect of making my gentleman grow more warlike, and ultimately Hall and he began to show fight like a pair of Trojans. As I was afraid the former might prove a more trusty auxiliary in a row than at the gaming-table ; besides that, I was not a little incensed at the brutal manner in which his dupe seemed disposed to resent my well-meant interference, I declined the honour of being martyred on his behalf, and, leaving him to discover at his leisure the confederacy of which he was the willing victim, fled, I know not how or where, into a labyrinth of lanes and alleys, where the darkness saved me from pursuit, and also from the danger of meeting my adversaries on my way home ; for there I had to stay until the daylight enabled me with difficulty to extricate myself.

Such were the circumstances under which I formed the acquaintance of the gentleman in the driving-seat, who, to do him justice, carried about him the look of a *bona fide* gentleman, and a handsome one into the bargain ; and in the mood of discontent under which I laboured at the moment of recognising him, it is not to be expected that I should take much trouble to shun his notice, or the rencontre to which such a notice would be likely to lead. Beyond this passive hostility, however, it was impossible for me to proceed, inasmuch as the carriage to which the aforesaid driving-seat was an appendage had for its occupant a lady, who seemed, by the by, to be much more intent on philandering with her good-looking escort than in watching the manœuvres of the field ; but, as her back was partly turned to me, I couldn't tell whether or not her face deserved all the attention he paid her, though I was rather inclined to think it did ; for, somehow or other, a scamp like the unlucky cavalier generally manages to appropriate a beauty.

My curiosity was at last satisfied, and more than satisfied. The cavalry in one of their evolutions dashed by, seriously incommoding the pedestrians at the outer ring, and creating a hubbub, which caused every one to turn their eyes in that direction. Mine met the lady's. Holy Saint Bridget ! it was Grace Seymour herself,—as handsome,—ay, twice as handsome as ever. A thrill of joy gushed through my every nerve, and I almost jostled down half a dozen people in my attempt to approach her. But fancy my dismay when she withdrew her look, without affording the slightest symptom of recognition, turning away with as much coolness as if I was a mere gauger's apprentice !

Bewildered by this unaccountable slight, I still gazed, unable to recover myself ; but not even a passing glance did I meet in return. Her whole attention was occupied by the man in the driving-seat, who so fully answered the description given to me of my rival. Oh ! the surpassing bitterness of that moment !—bitterness which I mentally swore that I would return tenfold on the head of him whom I suspected of supplanting me, and with whom I had already such a good ground of quarrel. To watch him closely until some opportunity of exchanging cards with him should occur, was therefore my only resource, as, from the shortness of my stay, the matter would brook no postponement ; and while I accordingly kept my eyes fixed on him, I observed that his were, for some reason un-

known, fastened in another direction, and that too with such an expression of consternation, as left me no doubt that he saw something there more than he liked. A half-suppressed exclamation escaped him after a moment or two. He sprang to the ground from his elevated position, and crouching beside the carriage, spoke a few hurried words of explanation to the terrified girl, and, before I could recover from my surprise sufficiently to note his movements, he had retired among the crowd, leaving her to the mercy of the charitable.

The riddle was soon read. Scarce had the bystanders resumed their places, after allowing the Levanter to pass, when a new actor was added to the scene, attired in a shabby-genteel white hat, a half shabby black coat, which in its days of prosperity had owned a more corpulent inmate; a waistcoat of the same class, and unmentionables to match; within all which articles of decoration stood an individual five feet six or so in his buskins, with a decided cast in one of his eyes, and a world of rascality in the other. The moment this prepossessing personage appeared, it was impossible not to connect his entry with the desertion of Miss Seymour's protector; for the poor man, on looking up to the driving-seat, and finding it untenanted, betrayed the most unmitigated disappointment. He next took a cursory view of the interior of the vehicle, but apparently without deriving any consolation from aught he saw of its contents, and then scratched his head, and proceeded to bethink him of an expedient.

It is very hard to deceive a Galway man in a bailiff. Even the dumb brutes of that lawless region are endowed with an instinctive faculty of recognising a member of the hated fraternity. I remember one time while my father was on his keeping, and every mother's son about the premises was on the alert, watching to detect the approach of any unauthorized stranger, it was universally allowed that the most trusty sentinel in the place was a large Poland gander; his sagacity in the matter was truly miraculous; his discrimination almost infallible: accordingly, whenever this gifted bird uttered his unmusical scream, all persons concerned took the alarm forthwith, the outer doors were barred, the window-blinds drawn down, and the master bolted off to his sanctuary like a detected pickpocket. Allowing me to arrogate for my judgment the claim of similar credit—the wit of a goose, and no more—I would feel inclined to pronounce the man in the white felt and shabby etceteras to be one of the proscribed, and invested with a mission fatal to the liberty of mine adversary.

No sooner had her favoured scamp retired in the extraordinary manner I have related, that my poor little faithless Grace, utterly overcome by the exceeding embarrassments of her situation, bowed her head on her bosom, and burying her face in her hands, wept with ill-subdued violence; so that, vehemently as I longed to avail myself of the opportunity of offering her my services, common decency forbade me to intrude upon her. No similar scruple, however, actuated the discomfited bailiff: after pondering for a moment or two, he suddenly advanced to the carriage, and leaning across the door, in a tone as wheedling and soft as Nature would allow one of his craft to assume, he uttered the monosyllable "Miss." At the very sound of his voice the poor girl, seemingly but too conscious of the nature of his business, crouched back, cowering in the very far-

theft corner, while the low moan that involuntarily escaped her, struck to my very heart, and quite eradicated whatever resentment I felt at first on experiencing the shortness of her memory.

"Miss," repeated the bailiff; and to insure her attention the scoundrel stretched his hand towards her shoulder. It jars on one's nerves indescribably that touch on the shoulder, bestowed whether in jest or earnest by any of that ill-omened craft, — as the Connaughtman said of the gun, "Charge, or no charge, she's dangerous." To stand neuter while such an outrage was being perpetrated would require more coolness than I possessed, at least at that moment, even had it been any other than my inamorata who was in jeopardy; so, taking one long step, which just brought me within a convenient distance of his ear, I summoned all my strength for the blow, and floored the man of law by one judicious tip planted just where it ought to be. He did not lose a moment recovering and gathering himself up; which, being achieved, he looked angrily round for his assailant, and faced me with a show of spirit not always to be found in those who wear the sheriff's livery.

"You infernal ruffian!" exclaimed I in explanation, "how dare you attempt to lay your ugly paw on any lady?"

The fellow made no answer, but eyed me from head to foot with a look of puzzled incredulity. I was rapidly losing my temper while undergoing his inspection, and was about repeating the assault, when in a half audible voice he ejaculated, "Galway, by jingo!" and forthwith proved his prudence equal to his sagacity by decamping without further parley. I was now master of the field, fully entitled to enjoy all the honours therefrom accruing, and yet, albeit that bashfulness, as everybody knows, was never the besetting family failing of "our house," my heart trembled while I proceeded to the task of awakening the strangely dormant recollections of the lady.

"Miss Seymour," said I gently, "don't you know me?"

Slightly starting at this abrupt claim on her acquaintance, she looked up, but her eyes were dim with tears, and her memory with terror, and in a doubting sort of voice she answered me,

"Yes — no; and yet something tells me I ought to remember you."

"What!" rejoined I, "do you forget Bob Donnellan, your partner at the Galway ball?"

"Oh, Mr. Donnellan!" exclaimed the poor little girl, and giving me one hand, she held her handkerchief to her eyes with the other, and burst again into an agony of tears.

"Perhaps," said I, after a short pause, "you had better let me look for your horses, and see you home; that ruffian might return, and annoy you again."

"Do — do!" she answered with difficulty, "you are very kind," and hastening to where a group of servants stood with their horses, quickly found her coachman, had the horses put to in a space of time truly miraculous, then sprang into the vehicle, and seated myself by her side, and away we went as fast as a willing whip and two smart greys could expedite us.

It was some time before the paroxysm of her grief abated sufficiently to let me edge in one word of consolation, although one would think that a little chat by way of salvage fees was the least

that I might expect. At length I seized the opportunity of a momentary calm, and begged her to quiet her apprehensions, as we were long out of danger either of pursuit or annoyance: the only effect, however, of this intimation seemed to be that, her own personal peril being over, she deemed it now high time to lament the hard fate of her hopeful, for his name, repeated with all the fondness of pity, became the burden of her renewed tribulation. Plague on the girl! couldn't she find some other subject to lament about? I almost writhed with vexation, and would willingly have resigned all the honours of the championship to be out of hearing of this undisguised preference of a rival, who had so coolly deserted, and under such unfavourable auspices.

"Oh, poor Frank!—poor, poor Frank!" she continued to exclaim ever and anon, when her convulsive sobs permitted her to apply her tongue to that very indifferent use.

"By my word, Miss Seymour," said I at length, nettled beyond forbearance, "your lamentations seem to be very much wasted on that gentleman; to all appearance he placed too high a value on his personal liberty to let it stand in jeopardy in any case where a quick pair of heels could secure it to him."

"But," she answered passionately, "if he is caught he'll be ruined!"

I had a great mind to tell her in reply, that in regard of ruination, as far as my opinion went, the boy was past praying for already; but where was the use of it? She evidently loved him, and didn't seem much inclined to love him less for his misfortune. To me she was lost for ever, and I could well afford to be generous on the occasion. I therefore determined to give her such a hint of the character and views of her swain's associate as would form an easy clue to him if he had but the sense to follow it.

"Pray, Miss Seymour," said I with this intent, "do you know a gentleman named Hall?"

"Yes," she faintly answered, a good deal startled by the question.

"A dashing sort of customer," continued I, "dark eyes and hair, whiskers *ad libitum*, and as much gold round his neck and fingers as would redeem a Galway mortgage."

"The same, I should think," she replied, in the same tone, and growing rather pale.

"And, perhaps," said I, "your acquaintance further extends to a person of the name of Desmond."

"I have heard of him," said she, scarce able to answer with some overpowering emotion. "Why do you ask me?"

"Because," I answered, "as I quit this country to-morrow, I would wish first to do one act of duty which chance has thrown in my way. I have happened to discover that both these persons are engaged in a swindling confederacy, and have already succeeded in my presence of defrauding of a very large sum your—your—that gentleman whom I saw in your company to-day. In fact, I overheard them arrange to sue him forthwith on some bond which they have obtained from him, and it is more than probable that his present dilemma is the consequence of their conspiracy."

"It is—it is!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "He told me this morning he was afraid of Desmond; but Hall—Hall," and her voice sank as she named him. "Oh! Mr. Donnellan, he thinks that wretch is his bosom friend."

"I was aware of that," I replied, "and he will find no difficulty in disconcerting their villany, if he only follows the clue I have now given you. Hall seems desirous to have him in his power on account of some lady. The reason of this he will understand himself."

"Oh! too well—too well!" she said with a shudder: "but you must see him, and tell him yourself. Hall knows the very spot where he has concealed himself, and will betray him; it is in L——, where he lodged in the spring, and Hall used to be there with him for days. Dear Mr. Donnellan!" she cried earnestly, "won't you go and explain it to him at once before it is, perhaps, too late."

"Excuse me," I replied, with something of a tremor in my voice, "my time is very limited. There are other reasons, too, why I would not wish to have any interview with that gentleman,—reasons which it would be worse than useless to talk about now."

"Oh! don't say that, Mr. Donnellan," she entreated again. "You can have the carriage this minute. I can walk home; or I will go with you, if you let me. Only don't leave my poor—poor brother at the mercy of that treacherous Hall."

"Mother of Moses!" I ejaculated, confounded at the discovery, "and was that young man only your brother after all?"

"Why," she asked, with undisguised surprise, "what else did you imagine him to be?"

"Bedad!" answered I, overjoyed at the éclaircissement, "I took him for your sweetheart."

"And what, in the name of wonder, could have put such a notion into your head?"

"Faith, I don't know," I replied, "barring 'twas jealousy."

Further explanation was needless; my hopes all blazed out afresh, all the brighter for the little damp they had undergone; but it was no time for regular love-making, nor could I, at all events, have wished for a better opportunity of ingratiating myself with her than by now applying myself sedulously to the rescue of her brother. The horses' heads were accordingly turned round in the direction of the ground we had traversed to convey us to the refuge of the fugitive; and while we rapidly returned towards the park, I extracted from her all she knew of her brother's dealings with Desmond, thus throwing some light on what I knew already myself. It would seem that on that very morning he had accounted for some depression of spirits by imparting to her in confidence the fact of his having passed Desmond a bond for three hundred pounds, for money lost to him in gambling, besides his having expended in a similar pursuit all the ready money he could command; thus leaving himself no other alternative but a jail, in case his *friend*, who had engaged to interfere with Desmond in his behalf, should be unable to prevail with that worthy not to press the demands for payment which he had made in a rather urgent and threatening tone.

"And did he tell you who was this obliging friend, Miss Seymour?" I asked.

She held down her head, and made no answer, but twitched the string of her parasol in confusion; I bethought me of Hall's words that I had overheard in the gambling-house, of his extreme intimacy with her duped brother, and allowing a little for the usual exaggeration inflicted on all stories brought to the country, or in fact

brought anywhere, had not a doubt but that he was the rival with whom I had been threatened; though, if I was to draw any conclusion from the apparent feelings of the lady towards him, he was far from being so dangerous a rival as I was at first led to suppose.

"I shouldn't wonder if it was to Hall he alluded," remarked I carelessly, in order to bring her to some clear demonstration on the subject.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed in a low and fervent voice, "he'll know Hall at last."

"So much for Hall," thought I, dismissing the man from my apprehensions, and stealing a glance at the bowed face of my beautiful companion. It was pale—deadly pale; and while her eyes glowed with thankfulness, tears were straying quick and silent down her cheeks. There was something wrong still. I took her hand in mine, and spoke some nonsense or other, incoherent enough,—some rambling assurances of devotion, and so forth, ending with a declaration of my willingness to defend her against all comers if she gave me but the title to do so.

"Mr. Donnellan," said she, turning abruptly round, "there is one thing you must promise me. This explanation will naturally place you very much in Frank's confidence; and Hall's treachery, if it be proved, will exasperate him to a degree that I shudder to think of. Will you pledge yourself to me that you will use your best influence to prevent anything in the way of a duel? I know it will be a hard thing to do; but you must promise it to me. Remember, he must not meet Hall."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed I, laughing at her simplicity. "I can only assure you, my dear Miss Seymour, that it would be against all rules for your brother to meet the fellow after his conduct; so you may dismiss all fears on that head. Meet Hall! why the best-natured man in Ireland wouldn't fight him for charity."

"Well," replied she, "remember I place my brother in your hands."

"And in my hands he shall be perfectly safe," I answered; "and now let us talk about ourselves, and that pleasant Galway ball."

Into what a sea of reminiscences we plunged! Who could have thought that an acquaintance of some five hours' length or so could supply such a fund for conversation? yet so it was that even the most trifling incident which occurred during that interim had been so firmly planted in both our memories, that when we drew on them for materials we found a hoard that might keep us employed from sunrise to sunset. I felt myself rapidly gaining ground in her favour, as rapidly approaching the opportunity of winning her brother's good-will, and offering him a substitute for the treacherous friend from whom I was to extricate him. It seemed scarce a minute until we were beyond the smoke of the city; the park was soon left behind, with its rolling thunders of artillery, its floating music swelling and sinking with each fitful breath of the summer air, and dying away at last in the distance, with its glittering pageantry, of which a casual glance could now and then be caught through the foliage of the trees as we swept along the road: high hearts and happy were there, no doubt, but mine was as light as the best of them; and where was the brow even among that throng of loveliness which could vie with that of my gentle Grace? Still we talked, and still we could have talked to the end of the journey, even if it were to

reach to Athlone, until at last, on mounting the crest of the hill which overhangs the town of Lucan, the coachman turned round with an anxious and alarmed expression,—for he had picked up enough to understand the object of our journey,—and pointing to one of the houses in the Main Street, I believe they call it, bade us remark the crowd which had gathered before the door. It was the very house in which Frank Seymour had notified his intention of taking refuge.

Powerless with anxiety, his sister sank back in the carriage, while I sprang to my feet, and leaned forward to catch a glimpse of something that might inform me of what was going on. There was the crowd, sure enough, while people were running from every quarter to increase it,—some in their hurry not waiting to put on a hat,—others coatless, and all straining to reach the scene. Swifter even than before flew the horses, urged on by a renewed application of whipcord. Down the hill we thundered, and pulled up with a jerk within a few yards of the door indicated. With one bound I reached the flagway the moment the carriage stopped, and diving through the crowd, with difficulty reached the hall-door. I could gather from the remarks made as I passed that there were bailiffs up stairs endeavouring to arrest a gentleman, who they said had escaped from them, and locked himself up in one of the rooms. The uproar within confirmed what I had heard, but so dense was the crowd that I almost despaired of reaching Seymour before some mischief would be done. I struggled madly to get forward; and some persons observing my extreme anxiety, and rightly guessing that I had some object connected with the affair, made way for me, and enabled me to reach the staircase.

“Break in the door, my boys; you’ve law on your side!” was shouted in a voice that sounded above all the din, and which I recognised at once to be Desmond’s. Two or three more vigorous struggles brought me half way up the stairs, and gave me a view of the landing-place where was the door that stood between Desmond and his prey, and which it seemed they were now about to burst open. One blow had been struck with an iron bar, and Desmond was encouraging the operator to strike another, when the voice of young Seymour from within was heard, warning him to desist.

“By heavens!” he furiously exclaimed, “if another blow is struck, I’ll fire through the door, and you may share what you get between you.”

“Don’t mind him,” shouted Desmond. “Devil a thing he has but the poker.”

“Do you think so?” retorted Seymour, discharging a pistol through the window at the rear, “and there’s another where that came from.”

At the noise of the shot the crowd at the head of the stairs and the lobby, deeming their personal safety as of more importance than their curiosity, made a burst down the stairs, and effectually stopped my further progress in that direction. Just as Desmond, enraged at the defection of his satellites, snatched up the bar, and was about to try his own strength on the refractory door, I shouted to him to forbear, but he heeded me not. The opposite balustrade of the ascending staircase was within about a yard of that on which I stood, and having stretched across, and grappled in the rails, I swung myself over, hanging by my arms, determined at any risk to prevent such a fatal

collision as must take place if he put his threat into execution. I was too late, however; ere I could obtain a footing on the lobby, a blow had been struck, and in quick succession the report of a pistol followed from within, the balls splintering the panels as they passed through, one whizzing by my ear, while a stinging twitch in my right arm indicated where the other had found a resting-place. I looked down in horror at the depth below; it was little less than twenty feet; my head grew dizzy, my arm failed, and down—down I went crashing into the hall of the basement story.

When I came thoroughly to myself, and recovered from the bewilderment in which I was plunged immediately on my resuscitation, I found myself stretched on a sofa in a little parlour, with the wind blowing on my face, and a strong smell of apothecary stuff affecting my nostrils. Seymour I recognised at once, standing at my head, with a face as doleful as if he had been guilty of manslaughter. Desmond and one of his bailiffs were looking on, and a couple of policemen gave interest to the group. A surgical-looking old gentleman was feeling my pulse, and two or three other people whom I did not know, but whose local importance authorised them to poke their noses into the transaction, were standing at the foot of the sofa. A buzz ran through the whole party when I revived, and I observed the servant who drove me out quit the room hastily, as if to impart the good news elsewhere.

I made an effort to rise, that I might test the soundness of my limbs, but a thrilling sensation of pain in my arm, side, and head, compelled me to resume my prostrate attitude even before the surgeon could issue his injunctions.

"Very little hurt, sir. A most fortunate escape; but must remain strictly quiet for a day or two. There now, pray don't stir, and you'll be all to rights long before you want to get married. Mustn't talk, though—mustn't talk."

This latter part of the prohibition, however, I insisted on breaking, and addressing Seymour, who, poor fellow! seemed deeply affected by the accident, I procured the departure of all persons unconcerned, and disclosed to him all I knew, and all I had to say about the swindling partnership existing between Hall and Desmond, and expressed my regret that I had not been on the spot a few minutes sooner, when the disclosure might have had the effect of preventing the occurrence of anything unpleasant. One thought alone, however, seemed to engross him; he had trusted, and been deceived, and but for this timely discovery of the designs of his false friend, would have been made the instrument of worse than ruin to his sister. He was stunned by the magnitude of the danger he had escaped, as well as by the mortification he had already undergone, and for a time could do no more than offer his incoherent acknowledgments of the service I had rendered to him and his. Desmond and his gang, on the first allusion to his confederacy with Hall, had slunk out of the room, and finally from the premises, abandoning the doubtful capture; and, a sufficient explanation having been afforded to the police, they too departed, leaving Seymour at liberty to do what he liked, so as he abstained from the further use of gunpowder; and now, having succeeded in freeing him from the ugly dilemma in which he had been placed, it is time I should say something about myself. My hurts, on a closer inspection, seemed to amount, — *imprimis*, to a pistol-wound in the arm; item, a cut on

the head ; item, a serious bruise on the hip ; item, a couple of ribs broken ; and, all things considered, I regarded myself as being more fortunate than usual. Seymour's deepest sympathy I had, as a matter of course. People always have such a liking for their own jobs, even though they are not professionally entitled to kill or slay ; but the joy of his sister when she learned that I was but slightly hurt, was more to me than the sympathy of all the lords of the creation together. She had fainted on the first report of fire-arms, and on her recovery received the distracting intelligence that her brother had shot a gentleman. I don't want to take credit to myself for all her woe, since even the death of a tinker under such circumstances would have been a serious affliction ; however, that it was in some slight degree aggravated by my being the victim was an idea too pleasing to be abandoned. Be that as it may, as soon as my wounds and bruises were dressed, and my garments replaced according to the rules of decency, Seymour led her into the room to join him in thanking me for all I had done, and in pleading with him for pardon for his almost fatal rashness — a thing that I had forgotten already, dazzled by the hopes which now crowded upon me. A fig for Demerara ! I should wait for the next packet at all events, and before that time I might have reason good to stay in Ireland.

To shorten my story, let me say that the surgeon refused to let me be removed for at least a week ; and as Seymour refused to quit me for a moment, Grace had to return home by herself, promising to pay us a visit on the morrow. It is needless to say that double the pain I suffered would have been a cheap purchase for half the bliss ; and, as I don't intend inflicting on you the journal of my sick room,—how I grew feverish with very delight, and recovered under the same stimulant, until at last I was permitted to change my quarters for the greater comforts which their residence in M—— Street afforded, — let me omit the daily attentions of my gentle little Grace, the hourly cares of her brother, who at my instance moreover consented to rest satisfied with the bloodshed he had already perpetrated, and let Hall go to Jericho after his own fashion, — a sacrifice which after all he could not have helped making, for the fellow absconded next morning to Germany. Let me, in fine, transport myself to the quiet, cozy little study in M—— Street, where a bed had been prepared for the invalid. It was the first day I had been allowed to take wine, and Mrs. Seymour and I were sitting by ourselves, Frank and Grace having gone out to pay a few visits. The worthy old woman being a bit of a proser, and deeming it her duty to keep me in chat, had commenced a long and edifying disquisition, displaying no small fund of labour and learned research, with the purpose of investigating within what possible degrees of consanguinity the Donellans of Killmony might, could, would, or should stand related to the Blakes of Fort something, from which ancient and respectable house she derived her origin. In vain, however, she laboured ; to her infinite regret she could not make out even a thirty-first cousinship. Common politeness demanded I should come to the poor woman's rescue ; and so, following the suggestions of the wine, I spoke my mind boldly, and proposed an arrangement which would obviate the necessity of tracing back so far for an alliance. You may guess the rest. In a year's time, when she reached her years of discretion, Grace Seymour became Grace Donellan. And now, how do you like my story ?

TAGLIONI.

FROM A POEM BY THE REV. J. MITFORD, PREFIXED TO THE NEW EDITION OF THE WORKS OF PARNELL.

THE universal admiration excited by the unrivalled grace and activity of Mademoiselle Taglioni produced the following poetical effusion from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Mitford. It struck me, however, upon reading it, that the frequent classical allusions, and the high strain of poetical metaphor pursued throughout the poem, might render it somewhat obscure to the general reader. I have, therefore, taken the liberty, by some slight alterations and additions, and by occasionally drawing the allusive imagery from more common-place scenery and circumstances, to render it a little more familiar, but, I trust, not less acceptable to the lovers of *Poetry* and *Motion*.

O. SMITH.

ONE moment linger ! lo ! from Venus' bowers
Descends the youngest of the roseate Hours :
She comes in all her blushing beauty, borne
From the far fountains of the purple morn,
Aurora's self ! what time her brow resumes
The bright refulgence of its golden plumes.
Sylph of the earth ! the sky ! and oh ! as fair
And beauteous as her sisters of the air.
In that sweet form what varied graces meet,
Love in her eye, and Music in her feet !
Light as the bounding fawn along the lea,
Or blythe bird glancing o'er the summer sea ;
Light as the foam when Venus leaves the wave,
Or blossoms fluttering over April's grave.
Mark, on yon rose lights the celestial tread—
The trembling stalk but just declines its head ;
Sweet Ariel floats above her as the springs,
And wafts the flying fair, and lends her wings.
Now wreathed in radiant smiles she seems to glide
With buoyant footsteps like Favonius' bride,
Or Psyche, Zephyr borne, to Cupid's blushing side.
Her light cymar in lucid beauty streams,
Of woven air, so thin the texture seems.
Round her small waist the zone young Iris binds,
And gives the sandals that command the winds.
A thousand voices challenge Music's throne,
Daughter of air ! this empire is thine own !
Here Taglioni reigns unrivalled and alone !

ONE moment linger !—lo ! from Venus' bowers,
Painted by *Messieurs Griens* with fruit and flowers,
She comes in all her blushing beauty, borne
On canvass clouds to represent the morn.
Aurora's self ! what time her brow resumes
The wreath that's scented with *Delcroix*'s perfumes.
Sylph of the earth ! the sky ! and oh ! as fair
As Op'ra dancers generally are.
In that sweet form what varied graces meet,
From sparkling eyes to tiny twinkling feet,
Light as the bounding fawn along the lea,
" *Ac-tive and spy*" as an industrious flea ;
Light as the foam when Venus leaves the wave,
Without a rag appearances to save :
Mark ! on yon rose lights the celestial tread,
While agile carpenters decline its head ;
Sweet Ariel floats above her as the springs,
And wafts the flying fair with wires and strings.
Now wreathed in radiant smiles she seems to glide,
And in a well-greased groove is made to slide ;
Her light cymar in lucid beauty streams
'Mong fops and dandies crowding 'hind the scenes.
Round her small waist the zone young Iris binds,
And *Corset Parisien* her shape confines.

Fille de Philippe ! * the ballet is thine own :
When o'er the water'd stage the whit'ning 's strown,
A thousand fiddles scrape round Terpi's throne.†
All are on tip-toe till thy toe's tip 's shown.
When for thy farewell night Fame's trumpet 's blown,
Places are purchased at a price unknown
To any.—(but the box-keeper alone).
With weight unusual then the benches groan !
Into the *haut*‡ sixteen are cramm'd—ohone !
In fact it is the greatest house e'er known.

* The father of Mademoiselle Taglioni rejoices in the sponsorial and patronymic appellation of Philippe.
† Terpsichore. Terpi for the sake of brevity, as we say Betty for Elisabeth.
‡ Bus for Omnibus. Mr. Farren says Omnib. Vide Doctor Dürworth.

INDEX

TO THE NINTH VOLUME.

A.

- Abdications, a Prize Essay, 49.
 Acton, Miss, Victoria Regina by, 38
see Poems.
 Advice to Mr. Gabriel Blackadder, 474.
 Ainsworth, W. Harrison, Guy Fawkes by,
 1. 113. 225. 329. 441. 551.
 Aldrich, James, Lines to One far away
 by, 149 ; a Day with Nature, 646.

B.

- Barker, W. G. J. Esq. the Return of
 the Birds by, 421.
 Bath, the Porcelain, a Legend of the Ce-
 lestial Empire, 610.
 Bells, a chapter on, 90.
 Birds, the Return of the, 421 ; *see* Poems.
 Blackadder, Mr. Gabriel, Plain Advice
 to, 474.
 Blacksmith, the Village, a poem, 53 ; *see*
 Poems.
 Blakesley House, Ghost Gossips at, 462.
 622.
 Blue Chamber, Secrets of the, 399.
 Boberfeld, Martin Opitz von, Content-
 ment, a poem, by, 398.
 Bridal Hymn, 530 ; *see* Poems.
 Brigands, a Rencontre with the, 375.
 Brunel, Mr. lines on the rumoured inten-
 tion of knighting him, 461.

C.

- Cemeteries and Churchyards, a visit to
 Kensal Green, 92.
 Chancery Clerk, Messrs. Leach, Battye,
 and Slug's Managing, 293.
 Children of the Mobility *versus* the Chil-
 dren of the Nobility, 164.
 Churchyards and Cemeteries, 92.
 Classical Ode, with a "Free Transla-
 tion," 292.
 Clink, Colin ; *see* Colin.
 Coachman, Stage, Adventures of one
 abroad, 543.
 Colin Clink, his marriage, and conclusion
 of his history, 65.

VOL. IX.

- Comedy, lines on the successful getting-
 up of a new one, 344.
 Contentment, a poem, 398 ; *see* Poems.
 Cook, Nell ; a Tale of the Dark Entry.
 County Legends, No. II. 81 ; *see*
 County Legends.
 Costello, Dudley, the Stage-Coachman
 Abroad by, 543.
 Costello, Miss, the Mill of Pouldu by,
 64.
 County Legends. No. II. Nell Cook,
 81 ; No. III. The Lay of the Old
 Woman clothed in grey, 521. 574.
 Crowquill, Alfred, The Old Ledger by,
 54 ; No. II. Septimus Jeffs, 197 ; No.
 III. The Mountebank, 390 ; No. IV.
 The Girl at No. 507.

D.

- Daniel George, Marrie England in the
 Olden Time by, 17. 12. 257. 361.
 486. 593.
 Dancing Master, the, a poem, 52 ; *see*
 Poems.
 Diary of a Dining-out Man, 280.
 Donnellan, Bob, his story, 647.
 Dramatists, Modern English, 301.

E.

- Election Freedom, lines on, 179.
 E. L. J. lines on the Knighting of Brunel
 by, 461.
 Elssler, Fanny, epistle to, from the
 "Omnibus" in London, 328.
 Epistle to Fanny Elssler, at New York,
 from the "Omnibus" in London, 328.
 Essay on Abdications, 49.
 Exile's Song to Fatherland, 205 ; *see*
 Songs.

F.

- Fawkes, Guy, *see* Guy.
 Fatherland, Song of the Exile to, 205 ;
see Songs.
 Fifteen Acres, an Adventure in the, 647.
 Flemming, Paul, Wishes by, 502 ; Song,
 550.
 Freedom, lines on Election, 179.

G.

Galatea, lines on, 271.
 Gane, W. Law, the Sailor by, 357.
 German Poets, specimens of modern, 573.
 German Student's Tale, 516.
 Ghost Gossips at Blakesley House, 462.
 622.
 Girl at No. 7, 507; *see* Old Ledger.
 Grey Mare, the, *see* Old Ledger.
 Guy Fawkes, an Historical Romance, continuation of, — the Star-Chamber, 1; the Jailor's Daughter, 3; the Counterplot, 113; White Webbs, 121; Marriage of Guy Fawkes and Viviana Radcliffe, 225; the Capture of Guy Fawkes, 233; Flight of the Conspirators, 329; the Examination of Guy Fawkes, 339; account of his undergoing the Torture, 441; the troubles of Viviana, 453; Huddington, 551; explosion at Holbeach, 564.

H.

Hill, Thomas, account of, 86.
 Hindostan, Hours in, 567.
 Ho-Fi of the Yellow Giraffe, story of, 305.
 Hooton, Charles, Coliclink by, 65.
 Hope, a poem, 592.
 Horæ Officiæ; or *de* Man about Town, 272; No. II. *rob* Rambleton and his brother, Sir Jan, 413.
 Howitt, Mary, specimens of Modern German Poetry by, 573.
 Hours in Hindostan, 567.
 Hyson and Bohem, a Tale of the Tea-pot, 382.
 Hynd, Bridal, 530.

I.

Ingoldsby, Thomas, County Legends by, No. II. Nell Cook, 81; No. III. the Lay of the Old Woman clothed in grey, 521. 574.
 Irish Love Adventure, 241.
 Irish Superstitions, 188.
 It is not always May, a poem, 196; *see* Poems.

J.

Jeffs, Septimus, story of, 197.
 J. S. lines on the successful getting-up of a new Comedy by, 344.

K.

Kensall Green, visit to the Cemetery there, 92.

L.

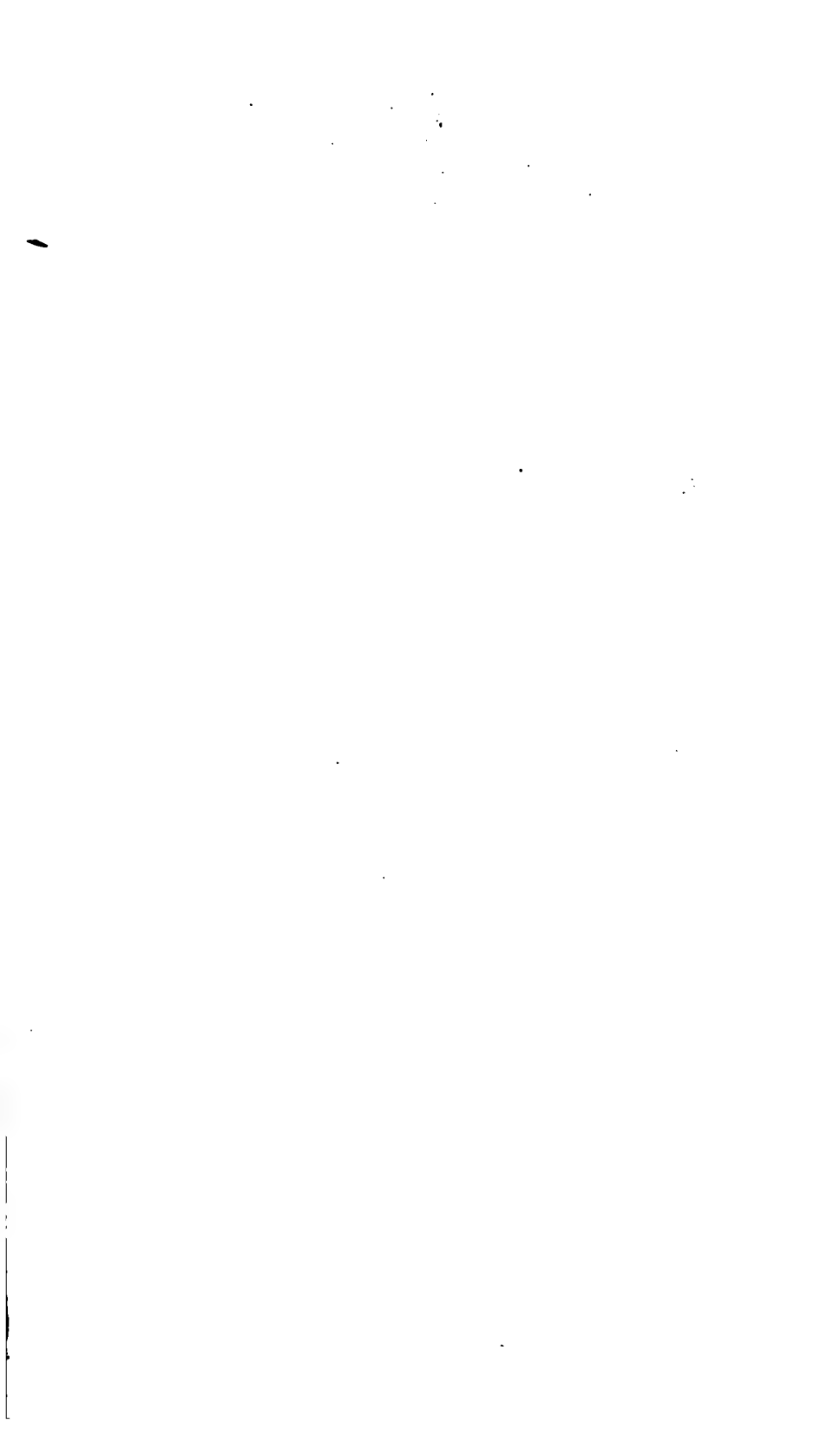
Lay of the Old Woman clothed in grey, 521. 574.
 Legends, County, No. II, Nell Cook, 81; No. III. The Lay of the Old Woman clothed in grey, 521. 574.
 Lessing, Gotthold Ephraim, lines on Galatea by, 271.
 Light, a poem, 422; *see* Poems.
 Lines — to One far away, 149; on Election Freedom, 179; on National Deficiencies, 254; to Paddy, 292; on the successful getting-up of a new Comedy, 344; on the rumoured intention of knighting Mr. Brunel, 461; to Myrtha, 473; to Hope, 592.
 Linkman, the, 685.
 Loewenthal, Jesias Rumpier von, lines to Hope by, 592.
 Longfellow, Professor, the Village Blacksmith by, 53; It is not always May, 196.
 "London Assurance," Light, by the author of, 422.
 Love Adventure, account of an Irish, 241.
 Lundt, Zacharias, Bridal Hymn by, 530.

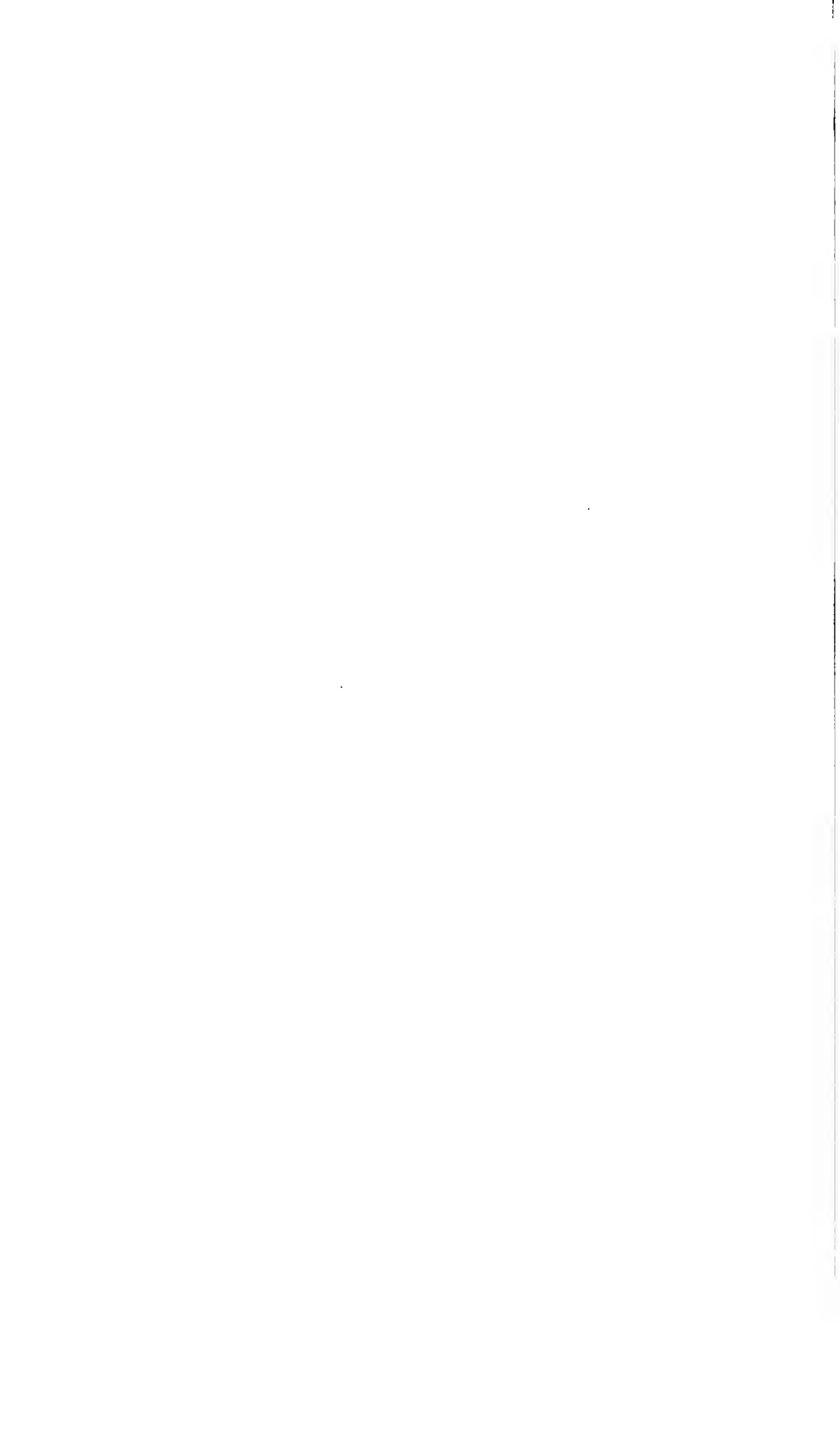
M.

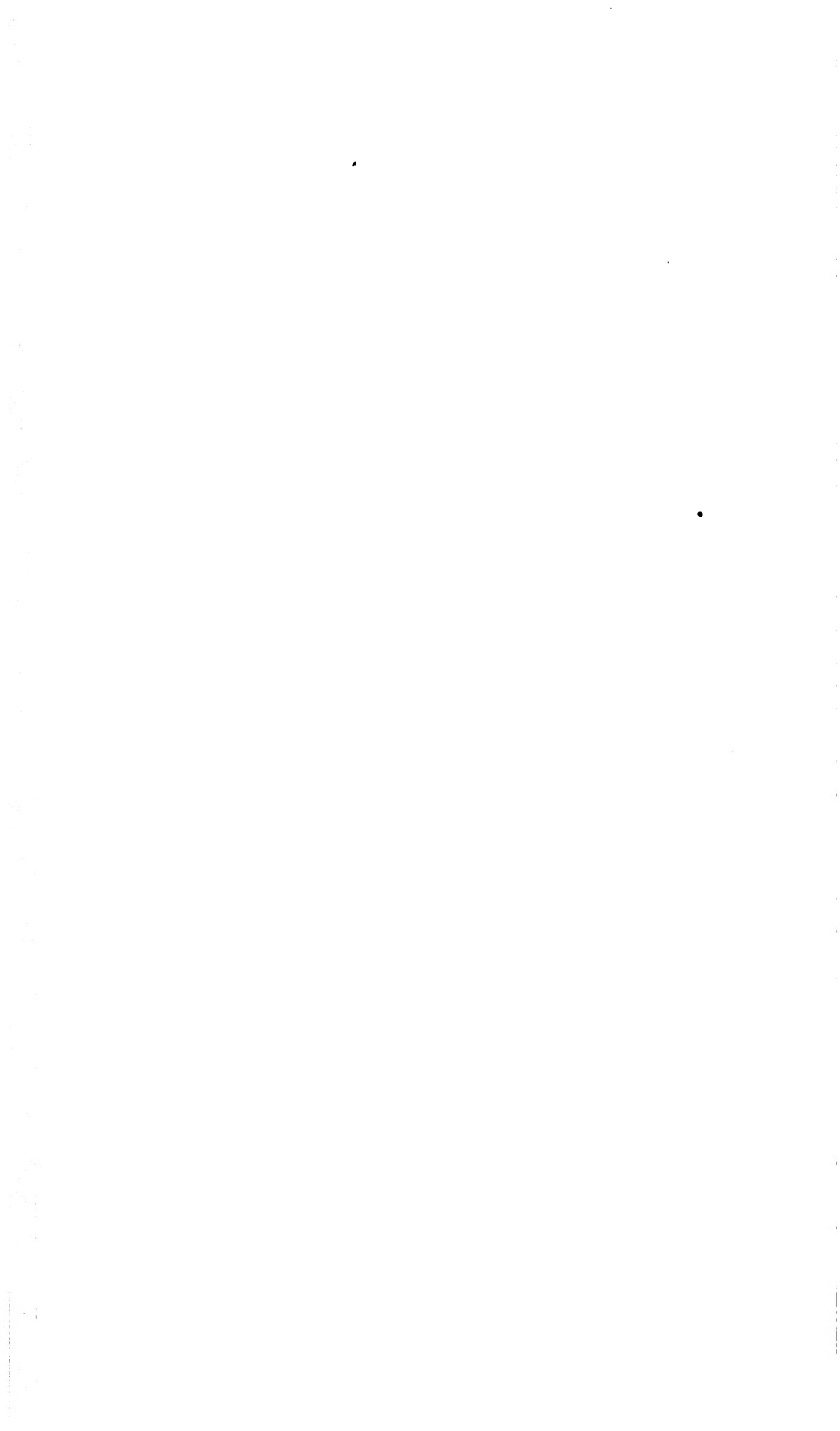
M'Teague, P. Irish Superstitions by, 188.
 Man about Town, Horæ Officiæ by, 272. 413; *see* Horæ Officiæ.
 Marine Memoranda, No. II. 206; No. III. 503.
 Martin Opitz Von Boberfeld, Contentment, a poem by, 398.
 Medwin, Captain, Sydney, from the Memoranda of a Physician, by, 168.
 Merrie England in the Olden Time; ancient sports and pastimes, 17. 129. 257. 361. 486. 593.
 Mobility, Children of the, 164.
 Modern English Dramatists, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, 301.
 Moscherosch, J. M., Praise of Wine by, 186.
 Mountebank, the, No. III. of the Old Ledger, 390; *see* Old Ledger.
 Mump, story of the, 457.
 Murray, Hon. R. Dundas, the Lonja of Seville by, 583.
 Mussulah Boat, 571.
 My Grand Tour, 40.
 Myrtha, lines to, 473.

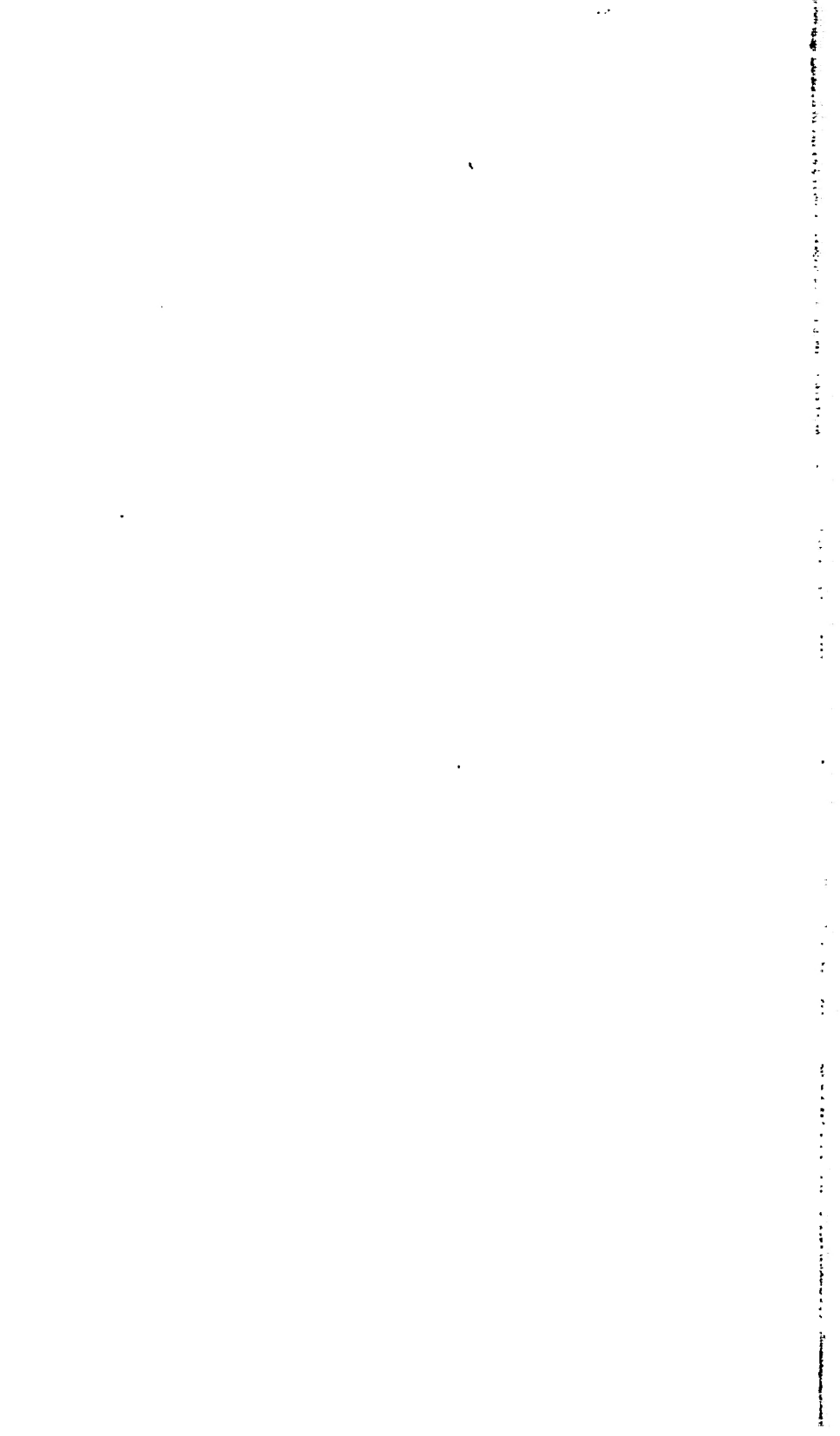
N.

National Deficiencies, lines on, 254.
 Nature, a Day with, 646.
 Nell Cook!! A tale of the "Dark Entry," 81; *see* County Legends.
 Notes on some new Novels, 526.









Oct 16 1931

